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# LAST POST



A Literary Journal from the  
Ford Madox Ford Society

LONDON • NEW YORK

## **LAST POST**

A literary journal from the  
Ford Madox Ford Society

Six & Seven: Spring /Autumn 2021

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Paul Skinner

Editor



## The curious incident of Ford Madox Ford in *that* year

‘And what did you do in the great modernist *annus mirabilis*, Daddy?’ An unlikely question for Esther Julia Ford (born 29 November 1920) to ask her father, Ford Madox Ford, but the irony is striking: that this extremely prolific and versatile writer, producer of around eighty books in a visible writing life of less than fifty years, published not a single volume in 1922, ‘YEAR 1, p[ost].s[criptum]. U[lysses]’ as Ezra Pound’s *Little Review* calendar had it, the Christian Era having ended, curiously, on Pound’s own birthday in 1921.<sup>1</sup>

The year’s literary landmarks are well enough known, though a full list is even more astonishing: in fiction, apart from Joyce, Proust, Lawrence and Woolf – there were notable titles from Herman Hesse, Aldous Huxley, Elizabeth von Arnim, F. Scott Fitzgerald, David Garnett, May Sinclair, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Sigrid Unset and Katherine Mansfield. As well as Eliot’s *The Waste Land*, there were important volumes of poetry by Hardy, Housman, Rosenberg, Hardy and Vallejo. Cummings published *The Enormous Room*, there were dramatic works by O’Neill and Pirandello. It was the year of Frazer’s *The Golden Bough*, of Eddison’s *The Worm Ouroboros*, Crowley’s *Diary of a Drug Fiend*, Sabatini’s *Captain Blood* and the private edition of T. E. Lawrence’s *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

There was, though, nothing substantial from Ford.



He never resumed the hectic rate of publication of his pre-war years. After the five titles of 1915—one a pamphlet, another in collaboration with Violet Hunt—the next few years were, unsurprisingly, patchy: a volume of poems in 1918 (some written years earlier), the long poem *A House* in 1921 and *Thus to Revisit* in the same year; then three titles in 1923: *The Marsden Case*, a novel; *Women & Men*, published in Paris, much of it written a decade before; and *Mister Bosphorus & the Muses*, another long poem, with woodcuts by Paul Nash.

In 1922, Ford finished *The Marsden Case* and published a handful of critical essays, notably 'A Haughty and Proud Generation' (July) in the *Yale Review* and 'Ulysses and the Handling of Indecencies', in the December *English Review*, by which time he and Stella Bowen were, appropriately, in Paris.<sup>2</sup>

He also worked on *Mister Bosphorus*, concentratedly enough for Stella to write to his friend Edgar Jepson (8 October 1922): 'Dear Mr Jepson – Ford is struggling with a Great Poem, so he asks me to write for him to say how he'd read straight through your novel as soon as it came with great delight, and to thank you very much for it.'<sup>3</sup> A little over a fortnight later, Ford wrote to Anthony Bertram to say: 'I am still writing at that immense poem: you will have to send a lorry down for the ms!'<sup>4</sup>

We currently have almost fifty of Ford's 1922 letters (three-quarters of them unpublished) up to the departure for France in November, as well as the letters exchanged between Stella Bowen and Har-

old Monro, poet, proprietor of the Poetry Bookshop and publisher (of *A House*, among others). The cottage at Bedham had its idyllic qualities – but the rain also mattered, increasingly, as did the mud, the damp and the darkness, Stella wrote. ‘So that when Harold Monro came down for a week-end and told us about the little villa he had bought on top of a rock at Cap Ferrat, and described the sun and the view and all the charm of the Mediterranean in winter, Ford was at once filled with an intense nostalgia for his beloved Provence and I with a sharp longing to escape there also, away from the cheerless murk of a fourth Sussex winter.’<sup>5</sup>

As Ford later recalled, he was ‘no sooner installed on those Riviera heights from which one could throw a biscuit on to the decks of the men-of-war in Villefranche bay’, than he ‘wrote the first words of an immense novel’.<sup>6</sup>

So, in the modernist *annus mirabilis*, Ford made the necessary preparations, established a foothold and laid down, quite literally, the groundwork for the writing of *Parade’s End*, one of the true modernist masterpieces. Not, then, an entirely unproductive year.

Paul Skinner

**Notes:**

1 *Little Review*, 8, 2 (Spring 1922), 2, 40. It had already ended in the pages of *Blast: Review of the Great English Vortex*, of course, seven years earlier.

2 Both of these pieces are included in Ford Madox Ford, *Critical Essays*, edited by Max Saunders and Richard Stang (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2002).

3 See Edward Naumburg, Jr., 'A Collector Looks at Ford Again', in Sondra J. Stang, editor, *The Presence of Ford Madox Ford* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press 1981), 165.

4 Ford Madox Ford, *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 146.

5 Stella Bowen, *Drawn From Life* (London: Collins, 1941), 84.

6 Ford Madox Ford, *It Was the Nightingale* (London: Heinemann, 1934), 174.

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## Impressionist Populism? Ford, 'The People', and *le peuple*

Seamus O'Malley

In his 1907 book *The Spirit of the People*, Ford Madox Ford writes that 'It is human to think first of the body and then of the soul. And, since Town and Country form together as it were the body of a nation, so the People is the soul inhabiting them'.<sup>1</sup> When that book appeared in the collected trilogy *England and the English* later that year in the United States—along with *The Soul of London* (1905) and *The Heart of the Country* (1906)—Ford's Preface stated that, regarding the country and the city, 'before either, mounting the hills of the one and shaping the streets of the other, was the People itself' (*EE* 334). That phrase 'The People,' depending on one's historical positioning, can either be anodyne or, as in our recent years, have a political potency idealistic, menacing, or, some argue, merely distracting. 'The People' is a key phrase for populism, and as reactionary nationalist manifestations of it roil much of the West, we might be newly sensitive to the phrase. Yet by no means is 'The People' the rhetorical property of the far right: populist language has long dominated radical civil rights in the United States, for example ('Power to the People!'), and Hugo Chávez and his successors evidence how far across the spectrum populism can thrive. Was Ford, then, a populist when he evokes The People? This is, we might remember, the writer who was responsible, according to Ezra Pound, for bringing 'the actual talk of the people' into English

verse.<sup>2</sup> But who were The People for Ford? And who were *le peuple* when he permanently made France his home? Such questions beg another in our current era: is it possible to be a good populist?

Ford inherits a loaded phrase. 'The People' of the early Enlightenment were signaled in contradistinction to the nobles or aristocracy, and the English Puritan Revolution birthed a Republic—from the Latin *res publica*, a 'public affair'—in the name of The People. Not yet a democracy—from the Greek *demos*, rule by 'The People'—Cromwell's Republic reigned on behalf of whomever they thought The People were. Its most eloquent apologists like John Milton lauded The People while despising the 'vulgar', from the Latin *vulgus* which to the Romans simply meant a crowd, but for English speakers signaled something coarse and certainly not fit for power.<sup>3</sup> Thus The People were expected to be educated and invested in the nation, and this limitation informs the cautious nature of the U.S. Constitution founded in the name of 'We the People', that phrase only referring to White, Protestant, landowning males.

It is *le peuple* who radicalize democratic politics, embracing the masses by the height of the French Revolution. While the American founding fathers spoke in the name of The People, Jean-Paul Marat declared himself their friend in his journal *L'Ami du Peuple*, drawing a careful distinction between educated activists and the bulk of the population. Such usage trickles over into England, so by the time that Mary Shelley edits Percy's posthumous works in 1839—on the other side of the Reform Act

of 1832—she can write of *The Mask of Anarchy* that ‘his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican, and loved a democracy. [...] His hatred of any despotism that looked upon the people as not to be consulted, or protected from want and ignorance, was intense’.<sup>4</sup> (Compare to the earlier Wordsworth: we might expect to find an appeal to The People in his famous Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), but he looks to ‘the common’ instead.) And Romantic nationalism at large, all throughout Europe, was ‘discovering’ The People: *das Volk* became the legitimizing force in the German cultural imagination, and in Ireland ‘The People’ were held by many to have higher authority than British law.<sup>5</sup>

If politically representing The People is fraught, to say the least, representing them artistically or linguistically has been nearly impossible to anyone’s satisfaction. Yet several masterpieces attest to the worthiness of the attempt: the accuracy of *le peuple* in Eugène Delacroix’s *La Liberté guidant le peuple* (1830) aged poorly from its onset, viewers soon noting that the *gentilhomme* in the top hat might be on the wrong side of the barricades, and by the next revolution (1848) it was clear he would sit out this uprising at best, order the troops to fire upon it at worst. Such instability of empirical representations of *le peuple* clash with the other, more stable modes of representation in Delacroix’s painting, the allegorical *La Liberté* and symbolic *tricolor* still functioning today in only slightly altered form. Art historian T. J. Clark writes that ‘The question of the People is a question about representation’, and the empirical effort by Delacroix instantly exposes the work to scrutiny, which the language of

populism always resists, preferring The People to remain vague, subject to the reader's or viewer's own imagination.<sup>6</sup> Thus the enduring success of Jacques-Louis David's *Marat Assassiné* (1793), which, while it depicts the corpse of Marat and a half-finished issue of *L'Ami du Peuple*, is equally a portrait of Charlotte Corday, Enemy of the People—a phrase coined during the Revolution that bequeathed a dark legacy. As Romantic nationalism discovers, The People are best represented negatively, by their perceived adversaries, and when it was not convenient to lambast the ruling wealthy elite, European Jews were reliable foils for populist cultural energies.

When The People roughly means 'the citizenry', enough of society feels that political power is legitimate and representative. When these two terms become incompatible, you have arrived at a populist moment, and may witness a populist movement that deploys populist language. These three possible conceptualizations of populism—as moment, movement, or discourse—obfuscates what is already a notoriously nebulous term. Its linguistic history does not illuminate: Monica Simeoni writes in *A Morbid Democracy: Old and New Populisms* (2015) that 'Historical populism was not born in Western Europe but in nineteenth century Russia, thanks to small groups of young students and intellectuals. The word itself takes its origin from the Russian *narodničestvo* which, in turn, derives from *narod*, people. From this the term *narodnik*, "populist"'.<sup>7</sup> Since then, however, political movements generally eschew the term even if they adopt its methods. Like bad breath, populism is what the

other guy has, and while we currently see it manifested in identitarian, toxic forms of hard conservatism, it could equally be used to describe figures as diverse as Daniel O’Connell, Juan Perón, or Narendra Modi.

Trying to find a commonality in terms of populist politics is futile, yet what most populists share is a language. For the theorist Ernesto Laclau, populism ‘produces’ The People by opposing it to the elite—however defined—and a social system that is represented as ‘having been broken’, suggesting that society used to work but has been ruined by perceived outsiders, hence the importance of the last word in Trump’s ‘make American great again’.<sup>8</sup> We could contrast populism, then, with Marxism and neo-liberalism, both of which look to a progressive future. The last French national election (2017) lay bare the shifting political dynamics of much of the Western world: traditional Socialist and Conservative parties did not make it to the final round of voting, and instead the technocratic Emmanuel Macron, preaching patience in the futurism of a neo-liberal world market, defeated the loudly populist Marine Le Pen, who portrayed a French nation ruined by immigrants and their defenders. What seemed anomalous to modern European development, like Ireland’s odd two-party, technocrat v. populist political system, now defines it.<sup>9</sup>

Back to Ford. If he has populist moments, they would be his Edwardian sociological trilogy and his writings on France from the late 1920s. In *The Heart of the Country* he writes, ‘I have here done my best to render my particular impression of the



field labourer, because it seems to me that he is the basis, the bedrock upon which the social fabric of our country-sides must rest. If there be a heart of the country, he is the heart of the heart. He is the stuff from which we have all developed, and to him, no doubt, we shall all return sooner or later' (*EE* 197). Can there be an Impressionist Populism? As most readers of Ford's trilogy would note, it relies upon his direct observation of England, and eschews any political, economic, or sociological expertise necessary to understand an entire nation. But his rhetorical gesture is one that Laclau would term 'privileging', whereby a subset of society stands for the whole of The People, and a 'plurality of links become a singularity through its condensation around a popular identity'.<sup>10</sup> Because of its traditional associations, agricultural workers have often been deployed in such a manner. (Crucially, the 'privileged' group does not usually materially benefit from populist movements—American coalminers are not better off post-Trump.) By placing agricultural labourers at the 'heart' of England, Ford signals his ideal society.

But if the field worker is the titular 'heart' of England, does such language anticipate his ironic use of 'heart' in *The Good Soldier*? How earnest is the narrative voice of Ford the sociologist? I would argue, quite so: for while John Dowell thought he had 'sounded the depths of an English heart. I had only known the shallows',<sup>11</sup> the earlier writings feel free of such epistemological reservations, and Ford sounds sure that his impressionist methods have hit 'bedrock'. While we might expect impressionism to undermine the goals of sociological dis-

course, John Attridge has argued that the ‘impressionist disclaimers Ford gives in the prefaces to all three volumes function, I suggest, as a license to take in the whole social scene, exempting the author from that mastery of secondary literature or possession of a technical qualification incumbent on the specialist’.<sup>12</sup> Ford’s very impressionism is what takes him to the heart of England, and unlike *Heart of Darkness*, another modernist deconstruction of the notion of a ‘heart’, Ford can confidently declare that ‘there, for me, the agricultural labourer stands. He is, after all, Everyman, this final pillar of the state, this back-bowed creature who supports king, soldier, priest, merchant and the rest. And if I desire to have a good idea of my kind, *une fière idée de l’homme*, I think of him. He is the raw material from which we draw, the mud from which our finer clays are baked’ (*EE* 198). In both passages, the labourer is the origin of civilization, and the statement ‘to him, no doubt, we shall all return sooner or later’ is free of the horror of recognition that Conrad stages in his novella when European encounters African. Ford here is in tune with both German and Irish conceptualizations of cultural populist nationalism that relied so heavily on populist energies, but where in those places—not yet fully nations—populism had been a destabilizing force, in England it often helped legitimize existing power structures, insulating the nation from the revolutionary waves of 1848. The populism of William Cobbett, for example, was safely conservative, and Margaret Canovan writes that ‘Because so much populist radicalism in nineteenth-century Britain aimed at inclusion in the existing parliamentary system, an accommodation with the liber-

al democratic reform movement proved eventually to be possible'.<sup>13</sup> Ford's praise for the fieldworker would not disturb any cultural consensus, and he even, maybe troublingly, pushes the metaphor of the 'heart' further, writing that 'For the real heart of the country is the cottage [...] The cottage is, as it were, positively the heart, since it sends forth the aspiring drops of blood that go to make up the body politic, since it receives them always again at last, purifies them always once more, and always once more sends them forth upon the eternal round of ups and downs that is the history of the families of mankind' (*EE* 198). If the cottage and *The People* are the heart, then the 'drops of blood' that 'purifies' cannot help but evoke the 'blood and soil' of *das Volk*.

However, as Sara Haslam wisely reminds us in her 2003 introduction to *England and the English*, we must always keep the three sociological volumes in conversation, and clearly *The Soul of London* is the least populist, and speaks explicitly against any nationalist blood language that might linger in *The Heart of the Country*.<sup>14</sup> For while populism depends so heavily on a fear of outsiders, Ford celebrates the openness of his capital: 'London is the world town, not because of its vastness; it is vast because of its assimilative powers, because it destroys all race characteristics, insensibly and, as it were, anaesthetically. A Polish Jew changes into an English Hebrew and then into a Londoner without any legislative enactments, without knowing anything about it....And, in externals, that is the high-water mark of achievement of the Modern Spirit' (*EE* 12). Such a portrait is akin to James Joyce's riposte to

Irish racial nationalism in *Ulysses* (1922), where Stephen Dedalus on Sandymount Strand imagines Viking invaders killing, then breeding with, the Celtic aborigines:

Galleys of the Lochlanns ran here to beach, in quest of prey, their bloodbeaked prows riding low on a molten pewter surf. Danevikings, torcs of tomahawks aglitter on their breasts when Malachi wore the collar of gold. A school of turlehide whales stranded in hot noon, spouting, hobbling in the shallows. Then from the starving cagework city a horde of jerkined dwarfs, my people, with flayers' knives, running, scaling, hacking in green blubbery whalemeat. Famine, plague and slaughters. Their blood is in me, their lusts my waves. I moved among them on the frozen Liffey, that I, a changeling, among the spluttering resin fires.<sup>15</sup>

Both urban modernist texts stage contemporary capitals as sites of racial heterogeneity and make any appeal to some essential origin seem naïve, Ford writing that 'we know practically nothing of the aboriginal inhabitants of England' (*EE* 261). Ford also writes that the English are 'a people so mixed that there is in it hardly a man who can point to seven generations of purely English blood, it is almost absurd to use the almost obsolescent word "race", and that it is not 'a matter of race but one, quite simply, of place' (*EE* 256, 255), again anticipating Leopold Bloom's definition of a nation as simply 'the same people living in the same place' (*Ulysses* 272). Here both Ford and Joyce anticipate Stuart Hall's elegant notion of 'a culture not

of “roots” but of “routes” that he sees as the defining nature of the African diaspora.<sup>16</sup> Ford will later declare Provence to be the international center, ironically, of such rootlessness, celebrating such hybridity in *Provence* and the aptly named *Great Trade Route*.

Yet Ford's celebration of the cultural diversity of London signals a related cause of anxiety, as Andrzej Gasiorek notes: on the one hand, Ford is 'playing his own small role in creating a cultural counter-myth to resist England's parochial fear of the alien other. On this view, London signifies tolerance, open-mindedness, and heterogeneity. But there is a dark underside to this humane vision. Ford insists that cultural differences are not maintained in a spirit of diversity but are *eradicated*: the cultural *work* that London performs does away with differences, creating subjects who are modern “types”.<sup>17</sup> Such a process generates anonymous masses, and notably in *The Soul of London* Ford refers less to ‘The People’ than he does to ‘the crowd’, as when he writes that ‘the immense crowd is still the indubitable end’ (*EE* 50). Ford's tone here is light and comic, but that word ‘crowd’ has a thick history in the early twentieth century, and what we sometimes call High Modernism is often defined against the crowd or the anonymous masses who threaten the lone, often artistic individual.<sup>18</sup> Ford could sometimes put on his mandarin hat and declare that ‘the great majority of mankind are, on the surface, vulgar and trivial—the stuff to fill graveyards [...] easily and quickly affected by art which is vulgar and trivial’.<sup>19</sup> Yet in *Spirit of the People*, he characterizes English history as ‘a broad

and tranquil stream of popular advance to power', displaying no anxiety about the growth of democracy, and a few years after this he would participate in one of the greatest leaps forward for democratic representation, the Suffragist movement that culminates in the Representation of the People Act of 1918. And even his agoraphobia did not turn him against the crowd. Despite the connections—Max Saunders writes, 'Spatial anxiety in the city is of course inseparable from the idea of the crowd. City squares are no less menacing when full than when empty'—Ford did not fear 'the crowd' or 'The People' so much as their places.<sup>20</sup>

Ford does not live to see women achieve the right to vote in France. But before turning to *le peuple*, one last look at Ford's fieldworker. In *The Heart of the Country* he disaggregates country labour: 'For I must confess that the small tenant farmer as a class does not interest me nearly as much as either the farm-labourer or the landowner. I am far less at home at the ordinary of a market-day than at the fireside of a ridge alehouse; I feel myself more likely to come in contact with ignorant prejudice and self-conceit uttered in loud voices, and it has always seemed to me that, as a class, the tenant-farmer is just a tradesman like any other' (*EE* 210). This strikes a conspicuously critical tone in a book otherwise warm, and notably such rhetoric is out of sorts with populist nationalism across Europe, especially, closest to home, with the Irish Renaissance. Then at its height of influence, its assumptions were threatened by a play that depicted the community of tenant farmers in unflattering terms. J.M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*

(1907) and its week of riots soured the general optimism of the early Revival, which saw the Irish tenant farmer as the privileged site of cultural renewal, as in the early plays of W.B. Yeats and Lady Augusta Gregory.

Ford, like Synge, is not in thrall to this subset of society, yet he does privilege another group, although certainly not the wealthy: 'And the real fight for existence will come not so much from the great landowner. The ownership of 40,000 acres and a castle is not so poignant a thing as to own 2,000 and an old house. The great man is, as a rule, much further from his fields and his trees. But the small one knows, sometimes, each blade of grass' (*EE* 208). Interestingly, Ford sees the Big Houses of England as not organic to the countryside: they are 'not intimate products of the soil. They were not based on fortunes made by plough and crook; they were bought with money made on the battle-field or the back stairs of palaces, with money earned at sea or in the plains of the Punjab' (*EE* 200). The Big House is almost as alien to England, in this passage, as Irish nationalists would see the Anglo-Irish houses that were given such careful, but ironic treatment by Maria Edgeworth and Elizabeth Bowen. So Ford rejects both the Big House and small renter, but lauds the small landowner, and this attachment endures through his stays in Sussex and Provence. Yet—again before we turn to France and *le peuple*—we must note how characteristically English such privileging is: the nineteenth-century novel looked to the small landowner as the mediating force between other warring social classes, as David Lloyd has claimed: 'Essential to the assumption of the sta-

bilizing character of the middle classes, an assumption derived largely from English models of civil and political society, is the notion of ownership of property. The yeoman farmer is for this reason the presiding spirit of English political theory, liberal and conservative alike', and 'representative figures through whom progressive reconciliation could be envisaged' often dominate Victorian fiction.<sup>21</sup> Ford is thus closer to George Eliot than he might realize in his praise of the small producer, be they English or French.

So while the Francophile Ford who champions garlic and rural frugality might like to position himself against English industrialism, his valorization of the Provençal sustenance farmer has, ironically, English roots. While he would no longer, post-war, depict England with such optimistic notes as in his Edwardian writings, what he lauds about France is precisely what he—and his cultural forebears—had admired about England. For if the Victorians often saw the yeomen class as The People, Ford's Provençal decades envision the small rural landowners as *le peuple*: in *A Mirror to France*, he writes, referencing Flaubert's story 'Un coeur simple', 'The salvation of the world, if it is to be saved, will come from Mme Aubain and her servant Félicité—the moral as much as, or even more than, the material salvation'.<sup>22</sup> Similarly, in *Great Trade Route*: 'No, I want to belong to a nation of Small Producers, with some local, but no national feeling at all. Without boundaries, or armed forces, or customs, or government. That would never want me to kill anyone out of a group feeling. Something like being a Provençal'.<sup>23</sup> And finally, in *Provence*,



'The point is that, in Provence, the arts live, if hidden from Missouri then in the hearts of the people. And you cannot call it either a proletariat art or indeed one from above, since it is the product of peasant-proprietors—and not of peasant-proprietors only'.<sup>24</sup> Observe how 'the people' here are not Marx's proletarians: in keeping with his feud against both industrial capitalism and its socialist antagonists, Ford instead advocates rural ownership as a means to circumvent class conflict. Martin Stannard identifies this 'rural myth, the simplicity of the countryside and the individual, the small producer, set against the anonymous battalions of the mechanical, rational, functional society, the totalitarians of right or left'.<sup>25</sup> While Ford resists the worst of the modern world, his rhetoric is classically populist, privileging The People against a system ruined by outsiders—in this case, the industrial North and everything it represents.

As much as Ford might contrast Provence and England in his writings from the 1930s, what he has admired about both places, at differing times, has been their international character. 'The frame of mind that is Provence' includes an aversion to the concept of borders, a rural internationalism open to visitors and exiles. As in *England and the English*, concepts of a rooted race are anathema to Ford's vision: 'Origins are so mixed and borders so flexible and extensible that speaking in terms of race or nation has become irrelevant and certainly useless for one in search of France. Civilization—that big word—has little to do with origins, essence, roots, and more with mixture and multiplicity'.<sup>26</sup> He celebrates trade routes, not roots, and while Ford is

deeply cosmopolitan, he disdains the technocratic leanings that often accompany such a mindset, and such cosmopolitanism is precisely what makes him open to a kind of rural populism. This is ultimately what binds *England and the English* with his writings on France: in *The Spirit of The People* he insists that England is not a nation, not the home of a race but a small compacting of globalization, and subsequently in *Provence* he claims that the south of France brings in the best of the entire world. In both texts Ford privileges the small producers as the sites of this global condensing process.

What ultimately divides these two texts are not so much Ford's personal development as their place in history, and their interest in history. The English sociological writings evince a kind of Whig progressivism, a trust in history as a vehicle bringing society closer to perfection. The French writings—perched as they are between the wars, one he dreads and another he remembers all too well—are written from within a crisis, and thus *Provence*, he speculates, 'may turn out to be in part a book of prophecies—as to what may and mayn't happen to us according as we re-adopt, or go ever farther from, the frame of mind that is *Provence* and the civilising influences that were carried backwards and forwards in those days' (*Provence* 13). Trust in the future disintegrates in populist moments, fueling anxieties all across society, and Ford insists we turn our minds South to regain safety and stability: 'Somewhere between Vienne and Valence the South begins; somewhere between Valence and Montélimar ...Eden! The Rhone, having those towns on her banks runs due South from Lyons to

the Mediterranean. And nothing will persuade me to believe that when Man in contagious madness left those regions for the North that was not the real Fall and that what Eve ate sinfully was, not an apple, but a dish of Brussels sprouts boiled in water that lacked the salt of the Mediterranean. Let that at least serve for a symbol' (*Provence* 77). Ford's turn to Provence is part of his effort to make the world great again, and his symbolic, Edenic version of European history aims to restore a lost world. But before we lament the comparison to the noxious political discourse of our own times, we should acknowledge how much our response to an even larger crisis, climate change, is partly driven by a desire to recapture previous modes of production that we intuit will lead us out of disaster, hence our return to the local and the sustainable. Can there be a good populism? The appeal of the later Ford is driven by our own historical crisis.

## Notes

1 Ford Madox Ford, *England and the English*, edited by Sara Haslam (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2003), 231—henceforward *EE*.

2 *Pound/Ford, the Story of a Literary Friendship: The Correspondence between Ezra Pound and Ford Madox Ford and Their Writings about Each Other*, edited by Brita Lindberg-Seyersted (New York: New Directions, 1982), 171.

3 Paul Hammond, *Milton and the People* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2014), 9.

4 Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, *Notes to the Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (The Floating Press, 2010), 64.

5 See Seamus O'Malley, *Irish Culture and 'The People': Populism and its Discontents* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2022).

6 T. J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1999), 47.

7 Monica Simeoni, *A Morbid Democracy: Old and New Populisms* (Brussels: Peter Lang, 2015), 105.

8 Ernesto Laclau, *On Populist Reason* (New York: Verso, 2005), 74–79.

9 Ireland throughout the twentieth-century did not have two political parties built around economic class, as in most Western nations, but rather around their stances on the 1922 Treaty with Britain. Fianna Fáil was the more avowedly populist and anti-Treaty party, while Fine Gael stood for technocratic accommodation with the British Empire.

10 Laclau, *On Populist Reason*, 94.

11 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier*, edited by Martin Stannard, Second Edition (New York: W. W. Norton, 2012), 9.

12 John Attridge, 'Steadily and Whole: Ford Madox Ford and Modernist Sociology', *Modernism/*

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*Modernity* 15, 2 (2008), 302. See also Nick Freeman, who demonstrates how literary impressionism broadly had elite and populist manifestations, the latter especially in journalism where 'Impressionist concerns with the recording of the brevity of experience encouraged openly subjective accounts of everyday living'. Ford 'oscillated between the elite productions acclaimed by his peers [...] and less ambitious, often ephemeral work that offered a blending of "high" and "popular" discourses'. 'Not "Accuracy" but "Suggestiveness": Impressionism in *The Soul of London*', in *Ford and the City*, IFMFS 4, edited by Sara Haslam and Max Saunders (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2005), 33.

13 Margaret Canovan, *Populism* (New York: Jovanovich, 1981), 71.

14 Sara Haslam, 'Introduction', xviii.

15 James Joyce, *Ulysses: The Corrected Text*, edited by Hans Walter Gabler (New York: Vintage Books, 1986), 38.

16 Stuart Hall, *Familiar Stranger: A Life Between Two Islands* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 2017), 76.

17 Andrzej Gasiorek, 'Ford among the Aliens', in *Ford Madox Ford and Englishness*, edited by Dennis Brown and Jenny Plastow, IFMFS 5 (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006), 63-82, 66.

18 See John Carey, *The Intellectuals and the Masses: Pride and Prejudice Among the Literary Intelli-*

*gentsia, 1880-1939* (London: Faber & Faber, 1992). The field of New Modernist Studies has pushed back against Carey's binary.

19 Ford, 'On Impressionism,' in *The Good Soldier*, 283.

20 Max Saunders, 'Ford, The City, Impressionism and Modernism', *Ford and the City*, 67-80, 69.

21 David Lloyd, *Anomalous States: Irish Writing and the Post-Colonial Moment* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1993), 139. See also Patrick Joyce, *Visions of the People: Industrial England and the Question of Class, c.1848-1914* (Cambridge University Press, 1991), and Rohan McWilliam, who writes: 'The rise of mass political parties in the second half of the century allowed for a more enduring engagement between popular culture and formal politics. Championing "the people" rather than a single class helped build constituencies. The populist style became integral to the vocabulary of every politician who wished to generate a large base of support'. *Popular Politics in Nineteenth Century England* (New York: Routledge, 2012), 58.

22 Ford Madox Ford, *A Mirror to France* (London: Duckworth, 1926), 42.

23 Ford Madox Ford, *Great Trade Route* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1937), 74.

24 Ford Madox Ford, *Provence: From Minstrels to the Machine* (Manchester: Carcanet, 2009), 230—henceforward *Provence*.

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25 Martin Stannard, 'Going South for Air: Ford Madox Ford's Provence', in *Ford Madox Ford, France and Provence*, IFMFS 10, edited by Dominique Lemaire and Claire Davison-Pégon (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2011), 248.

26 Caroline Patey, 'France as Fieldwork, or, Ford the Ethnographer', in *Ford Madox Ford, France and Provence*, 140.

## **Letter from America: Thoughts on Florida Man**

Meghan Hammond

‘Some miserable degenerate has committed a sordid crime that revolts all the imaginations of the North East West, Middle West and West.’

‘From Boston to Denver’

*(Ford Madox Ford and America, 229-230)*

I’ve been in Tampa, Florida for the last five weeks. I did not plan to spend five weeks in Tampa, Florida. I planned to spend five days in Tampa, Florida. Thanks, however, to a medical emergency, my third child was born here more than two months before her due date. I am eager to return to Chicago but for now the baby is safe and healthy in an excellent hospital.

I’m told that people in the UK know about ‘Florida Man.’ His ripped-from-the-headlines exploits amuse the populace no end. Florida man charged with assault after throwing alligator through Wendy’s drive-thru window. Florida man arrested for assaulting girlfriend with fried chicken. Florida man asks trooper if he can leave scene of crash to get more meth. Florida man dies after winning roach-eating contest. These are all real, as reported by local news sources and spread across the world on social media.



Meghan Hammond

We Americans prefer reading about the crimes of Florida man to reading the actual news of our nation and world. This is a national tendency that Ford pointed out in the 1930s, noting that American newspapers do not carry 'more than twenty lines as to the world situation' but are obsessed with reporting sensational crimes. Traveling through the United States, he wrote of his misgivings about 'the dreadful nature of the pabulum [Latin 'food' or 'fodder'], material and mental, on which feeds this isolated and special civilization' (230, 231).

Given his interests in foodstuffs and his familiarity with American advertisements, I would guess Ford knew about Pablum, a cereal meal patented by the Mead Johnson Company in 1931 and used to combat infant malnutrition. My father, born in 1937, recalls it as a famously unappetizing gruel that his mother, although poor, did not feed her children. Pablum was a marker of poverty that my grandparents took pride in keeping out of their pantry. (Looking, at this very moment, at a child born under four pounds, a child that needs a feeding tube just to stay alive, I feel a newfound pang of sympathy for those 1930s Americans who wondered every day if their children would, as they said back then, fail to thrive.)

Ford feared that we were a nation of Pablum eaters, feeding our bodies and brains with the stuff that keeps you going but leaves you with stunted faculties of taste. Given our love of fast food and Florida Man, I can't say his fears were unmerited.

I find myself looking out for Florida man around

every corner. I imagine he'll be shuffling down the street in flip-flops, a snake wrapped around his neck. Last week, I thought I had found him. I was driving late at night after leaving the NICU and saw a car with a prominent bumper sticker: In God We Trust.

In God We Trust is the official motto of the United States and the state of Florida. I prefer the more elegant motto of my home state of Minnesota, *L'étoile du Nord* ('the star of the north'), or the pleasantly cerebral state motto of Wyoming, *Cedant arma togae* ('let weapons yield to the toga'). I detest the fact that in 1956 the U.S. Congress, no doubt fearing godless communists, replaced our unofficial and longstanding national motto, *E pluribus unum* ('Out of many, One') with In God We Trust. It's a downgrade if ever there was one.

To return to the car. What caught my attention was the fact that this car was weaving erratically around the road, from one lane to another, veering across the middle line. In other words, textbook drunk driving. All the while displaying In God We Trust for all to see. I had discovered Florida Man.

Sorely tempted to record this display (that I might share my meal of Pabulum with the masses), I reached for my phone and started swiping my access code before I reminded myself that recording a funny video while driving is as stupid as driving drunk. So I have no evidence. But it happened. Trust God, it happened. It could only have been more on the nose if the bumper sticker had said, 'Jesus, take the wheel.'

Meghan Hammond

The resulting metaphor is far too easy. From the outside and the inside, my country too often looks like a weaving car emblazoned with ‘In God We Trust,’ blissfully unaware of whatever mailboxes it might be sideswiping and whatever pedestrians it might be running over. We trusted God for twenty years in Afghanistan and now we must live with the inevitable outcome. No, pardon me, the Afghani people must live with it.

If that sounds glib, please know it’s only the sad defense mechanism of a forty-year-old lady whose entire adult life has taken place post Bush v. Gore, post 9/11, post the era when a thoughtful person could say, ‘Yeah, we’re nailing it out there,’ or even, ‘We’re doing our best.’

I pulled up next to the car at a stoplight and craned my neck to peer at Florida Man—shirtless, maybe with a face tattoo. But no, it was just a forty-something woman like me. She was dressed in business casual and she had a nice haircut. I suppose she had one too many margaritas. Florida Man was nowhere to be found.

Have I seen Florida Man while here? I suppose the woman wearing torn tights in a Whole Foods and screaming at an employee to ‘Take your homosexuality and socialism and shove it!’ was a Florida Man. I stared at her, mouth agape, thinking I would like nothing more than to get myself and my baby the hell out of Florida and surround ourselves with homosexual socialists. My fellow shoppers barely noticed. Perhaps they, as Whole Foods shoppers, were beyond Pabulum, both material and mental.

Five minutes later, next to an astonishingly large selection of 'hard kombucha' in the alcohol refrigerators, I saw a beer cheerily named 'Florida Man.' Ah, a self-referential joke. It seemed to me the worst Pablum of all.



Andrew Gustar

## **'Words by F M Hueffer': A Survey of Song Settings of Ford's Poems**

Andrew Gustar

Music was important in Ford Madox Ford's life. His father, Francis Hueffer, was a prominent musicologist and critic, as well as a composer. Mizener refers to Ford's 'considerable musical training',<sup>1</sup> and Max Saunders describes how 'music or the enthusiasm for music put an end to his education, stopped him from going to university, but ultimately led to his becoming a writer instead of a composer'.<sup>2</sup> Nathan Waddell argues that Ford was 'attuned to the enormously rich possibilities of dialogue between music and the other arts', and that music influenced his writing.<sup>3</sup> Music is often mentioned in Ford's fiction and memoirs, and several of his poems were clearly intended as songs. Indeed, Ford composed music for some of his own and others' poems, as described by Stang & Smith.<sup>4</sup> Ezra Pound claimed that 'we would not be far wrong in calling Mr Hueffer the best lyricist in England'.<sup>5</sup>

This essay surveys other composers' musical settings of Ford's poems. A search of library catalogues, musical literature and other sources reveals fourteen published songs, summarised below. Only those by Warlock and Britten are mentioned in Ford biographies.

The following sections discuss these songs in more detail.<sup>6</sup>

	Composer	Year	Song Title
1	G. H. Sunderland Lewis	1902	Close the Book <i>(At the End of a Phase [An End Piece])</i>
2	Herbert Dyer	1907	Close the Book <i>(At the End of a Phase [An End Piece])</i>
3	Donald Tweedy	1923	The Little Angels of Heaven <i>(There Shall Be More Joy)</i>
4	Peter Warlock	1923	Consider
5	Thomas Wood	1928	A Country Lullaby <i>(Lullaby)</i>
6	Thomas Wood	1928	Old Winter
7	Erik Chisholm	1928	The Song of the Women <i>(The Song of the Women: A Wealden Trio)</i>
8	Benjamin Britten	1929	The Wealden Trio: The Song of the Women <i>(The Song of the Women: A Wealden Trio)</i>
9	George Antheil	1933	An End Piece
10	Paul Nordoff	1938	There Shall Be More Joy
11	Robert Fleming	1939	The Wealden Trio: The Song of the Women <i>(The Song of the Women: A Wealden Trio)</i>
12	Herbert Kennedy Andrews	1942	An End Piece
13	Zdeněk Blažek	1953	Závěrná <i>(An End Piece)</i>
14	Peter Schickele	1979	The Posy Ring

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### 1. G. H. SUNDERLAND LEWIS: CLOSE THE BOOK

George Harold Sunderland Lewis (1862-1936) was born in Ripon. He attended Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and from 1886 until at least 1911 was Choir Master, then Study Master, at Haileybury College near Hertford.<sup>7</sup> He retired to Teignmouth, Devon, and died in Highgate, London.<sup>8</sup> At Haileybury he composed songs, hymns and other vocal works, including a 'clever and entertaining' operetta 'Insularius' performed there before Christmas 1903.<sup>9</sup>

His song 'Close the Book' was published by Boosey & Co. in 1903. Ford's poem 'An End Piece' was first published as 'At the End of a Phase' in October 1901 in *Pall Mall Magazine* (Volume 25, p.192):

#### AT THE END OF A PHASE

CLOSE the book,  
And here's an end of ev'rything;  
Pass up from the shore,  
And pass by byre and stall.

For the smacks shall trail home on the tail of the tides,  
And the kine still stay deep in the sweet-water sides,  
And they still shall be burying, still wedding brides;  
But I must be gone in the morning.

One more look,  
And then farewell sweet summering;  
A moment more,  
And then no more at all.

For the skipper shall summon his hands to the sea,  
And the shepherd still shepherd his sheep on the lea,  
But it's over and done with the man that was me,

And over the hill comes the morning.

A slightly revised version appeared six months later in *Living Age* (Volume 233, April 1902, p.128).<sup>10</sup> By the time the poem was published in *The Face of the Night* (London, 1904, p.100), it had been further modified and retitled:

AN END PIECE

CLOSE the book and say good-bye to everything;  
Pass up from the shore and pass by byre and stall,  
–For the smacks shall sail home on the tail of the tides,  
And the kine shall stand deep in the sweet water sides,  
And they still shall go burying, still wedding brides,  
But I must be gone in the morning.

One more look, and so farewell, sweet summering;  
A moment more and then no more at all.  
For the skipper shall summon his hands to the sea,  
And the shepherd still shepherd his sheep on the lea,  
But it's over and done with the man that was me,  
As over the hill comes the morning.

Sunderland Lewis set the poem in December 1902,<sup>11</sup> largely following the 1901 *Pall Mall* version. Printed inside the song's title page, the poem is laid out and indented as above. However, the smacks 'sail' rather than 'trail', and the shepherd has a 'flock' not 'sheep'. These might be Sunderland Lewis's changes, or perhaps there is another intermediate version of the poem.

It is an attractive and straightforward song in 6/8 time, with a largely stepwise melody and a simple



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piano accompaniment. The two verses are set to essentially the same melody, which has no accidentals (i.e. notes outside of the main key of F major), although the accompaniment includes some chromatic passing notes. No tempo is specified, but a moderate speed seems appropriate. I can find no mention of any recordings or public performances.<sup>12</sup>

The song is dedicated to 'R H Powell Esq'. Richard Henry Powell (b.1884) was president of the Hailbury school Literary Society in 1901, and later went to Trinity College, Cambridge. He became a journalist, and then sports editor, at *The Times*, and published two plays. He was killed in action in France in May 1915.<sup>13</sup>

Stang & Smith mention that Ford also set 'An End Piece' to music (no later than 1905), describing his setting as a 'conventionally Sullivanesque solo parlor song'.<sup>14</sup>

## **2. HERBERT DYER: CLOSE THE BOOK**

Herbert Arthur Dyer (1878-1917) was born in Cheltenham to musical parents (his father was Music Director at Cheltenham College), and he probably went to Bromsgrove School.<sup>15</sup> He studied music at Oxford, and was a keen singer.<sup>16</sup> By 1903 he had returned to Bromsgrove School as Music Master. Dyer was a Second Lieutenant in the 65th Squadron Royal Flying Corps, and was killed in action in France on 7th December 1917: his Sopwith Camel biplane B2464 was 'last seen flying near Baillieul towards Armentières at 14:30/15:30 on special

mission Comines – Warneton.’ One report mentions that before the war he had been conductor of the Queens Hall Orchestra.<sup>17</sup> The British Library contains several songs and piano pieces by Dyer published between 1903 and 1916.

Dyer’s song ‘Close the Book’ dates from January 1907,<sup>18</sup> and was published by Boosey & Co.<sup>19</sup> Dyer also sets the early version of ‘An End Piece’, sticking exactly to the poem as published in *Pall Mall* in 1901. It is a darker, more serious setting than Sunderland Lewis’s, marked *Adagio*, with bigger melodic leaps, richer harmonies and occasional chromatic notes. A shift from 3/4 time to 4/4 for the beginning of the second verse has the effect of punctuating the melody (which is otherwise essentially the same for each verse). Dyer picks out the rhythm of the longer 5th, 6th and 7th lines of each verse with repeated quaver chords in the piano, contrasting with the gentler accompaniment of the opening and closing lines. Unlike Sunderland Lewis, Dyer supplies detailed markings for tempo, dynamics, stresses, pauses and articulation.

Both Dyer and Sunderland Lewis set ‘An End Piece’ in F major. Nevertheless, Edward Buxton Shanks, writing in 1913, describes it as a poem which ‘a composer would be obliged to set ... in the minor’.<sup>20</sup>

### **3. DONALD TWEEDY: THE LITTLE ANGELS OF HEAVEN**

Donald Nichols Tweedy (1890-1948) was born and died in Danbury, Connecticut. He earned his MA at Harvard in 1917, then studied for a while in Eu-

rope. He taught at the Eastman School of Music from 1923, then at Hamilton College, Texas Christian University, and Danbury Music Center. He was best known as a music educator: lecturing and writing programme notes, journal articles and *A Manual of Harmonic Technique Based on the Practice of J.S. Bach* (1928). He composed several instrumental and orchestral works, songs, and a ballet.<sup>21</sup>

‘The Little Angels of Heaven’, a setting of Ford’s ‘There Shall Be More Joy’, dates from 1923. It is the second of two songs for voice and piano published by G Schirmer in New York, the first being ‘A Late Lark’, a setting of William Ernest Henley’s ‘Margarithae Sorori’. Both poems appeared in the 1920 anthology *Modern British Poetry*,<sup>22</sup> which is probably where Tweedy encountered them. The only available copy of the score is in the British Library. I can find no evidence that it has ever been recorded.<sup>23</sup>

Tweedy’s setting is a jaunty *Andantino grazioso* in 12/8 metre. It is in a folk-like E-Dorian mode. The first and last verses are set similarly, with the second and third having variant melodies and increased harmonic and rhythmic tension, including sections with half-bar-alternating semitone modulations. The vocal range and a few large chromatic leaps in the melody suggest that it is intended for a reasonably proficient soprano (or mezzo). The accompaniment requires a competent pianist, with some modulating semiquaver arpeggios, wide leaps, and filled octaves.

*The Musical Quarterly* described the song in 1925 as ‘delightfully naïve’.<sup>24</sup> This would have amused

Ford, given the poem's unorthodox origins. 'There Shall Be More Joy' was first published in *On Heaven* (1918, p.122), a collection of poems written during the war.

THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY

The little angels of Heaven  
Each wear a long white dress,  
And in the tall arcadings  
Play ball and play at chess;

With never a soil on their garments,  
Not a sigh the whole day long,  
Not a bitter note in their pleasure,  
Not a bitter note in their song.

But they shall know keener pleasure,  
And they shall know joy more rare—  
Keener, keener pleasure  
When you, my dear, come there.

The little angels of Heaven  
Each wear a long white gown,  
And they lean over the ramparts  
Waiting and looking down.

The poem is not in the main body of *On Heaven*, but appears in an appendix, alongside a Latin translation. Ford's introduction explains that it was one of the 'verses written in moments of leisure in the O.R. [orderly room] of No.1 Garrison Coy., Welch Regt. These were poems written to *bouts rhimés* supplied to me by my friend and old O.C. Coy. [officer commanding company] H. C. James.

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When in a minute or two I had filled in the lines in English, in a few seconds he would supply the Latin version'. James would disguise the rhyming words as an official army memorandum, an example of which Ford also includes in the appendix. This is the same game that Tietjens and MacKechnie play in chapter two of *No More Parades*:<sup>25</sup>

Tietjens said:

'Give me the fourteen end-rhymes of a sonnet and I'll write the lines. In under two minutes and a half.'

Mackenzie said injuriously:

'If you do I'll turn it into Latin hexameters in three. In under three minutes.'

Ford's young partner in this game, Captain Herbert Cyril James (1892-1961), was born in Neath, near Cardiff, in December 1892 - the fifth of seven brothers who all served in the war. He attended St John's School, Leatherhead, from 1902, and in 1911 won a scholarship to read Classics at Jesus College Oxford, graduating in 1914, before joining the 3rd Welsh Regiment. He was 'wounded, mentioned in dispatches' in 1917, and finished the war as a captain in the Indian Army. In 1939 he was working as a coppersmith at HM Dockyard in Sheerness, Kent, and he died in nearby Sittingbourne in early 1961, aged 68.<sup>26</sup>

#### **4. PETER WARLOCK: CONSIDER**

Philip Arnold Heseltine (1894-1930) was born in

the Savoy Hotel, studied at Eton and (briefly) Oxford and London universities, and was a conscientious objector during the war. He was an admirer and friend of D H Lawrence and the composer Frederick Delius. Around 1917 he became interested in the occult and adopted the pseudonym Peter Warlock. A prolific composer of songs, he also wrote choral works, piano pieces, and orchestral music including the *Capriol Suite*, based on a manual of Renaissance dances, for which he is best known.<sup>27</sup>

Warlock's setting of Ford's 'Consider' was composed in 1923 and published by Oxford University Press the following year. The score states that the words are reprinted 'by permission of Messrs. Martin Secker and the author', implying that Ford was aware of the song.<sup>28</sup> Secker published Ford's *Collected Poems* (1916), so this was probably Warlock's source.<sup>29</sup> It is tempting to speculate that D H Lawrence introduced Warlock to Ford, although Lawrence and Warlock only seem to have been on good terms for six months before they fell out in April 1916 – a period during which Ford was otherwise engaged on the Western Front. Nevertheless, Lawrence might have introduced Warlock to Ford's poetry.

Ford first published 'Consider' in *Songs from London* (1910, p.18):

CONSIDER

NOW green comes springing o'er the heath,  
And each small bird with lifted breath

Cries, 'Brother, consider the joy there is in living!'

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‘Consider! consider!’ the jolly throstle saith.

The golden gorse, the wild thyme, frail  
And sweet, the butter cowslip pale,  
Cry ‘Sisters, consider the peace that comes with giving!  
And render, and render your sweet and scented breath!’

Now men, come walking o’er the heath  
To mark this pretty world beneath,  
Bethink them: ‘Consider what joy might lie in living,  
None striving, constraining none, and thinking not on Death.’

The poems in *Songs from London* are not all ideal for setting to music,<sup>30</sup> so it would be wrong to read too much into the collection’s title. ‘Consider’, however, is clearly a good candidate.

Warlock’s song is a lively *Allegro con fuoco* in F major for solo voice and piano, clearly influenced by the composer’s love of English folk song. It is largely in 3/4 time, with occasional brief shifts to 4/4 or 9/8. The three verses are set similarly, with some variation and development as the song progresses. The tricky piano part consists of triplet semiquaver arpeggios more-or-less throughout. The top notes of the accompaniment often form a ‘cuckoo-like’ motif which recurs throughout the song, linking to the pastoral imagery of the text. Michael Pilkington notes that ‘[t]he accompaniment is very unlike Warlock’s usual style; it is possible that the dedication to C. W. Orr, a songwriter who frequently used this texture, is significant’.<sup>31</sup> It has been recorded several times, and the sheet music is readily available.<sup>32</sup>

## 5. THOMAS WOOD: A COUNTRY LULLABY

Thomas Wood (1892-1950) was born in Chorley, Lancashire, the only child of master mariner Thomas Wood and his wife, who took young Thomas on several voyages. He studied at Oxford University and the Royal College of Music. In 1919 he became Director of Music at Tonbridge School in Kent, and in 1924 returned to teach music at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1930 he went to Australia for a couple of years, subsequently publishing a book *Cobbers* (OUP, 1934), described by the Australian Dictionary of Biography as ‘the most perceptive and captivating characterization of Australia and its people ever written by a visitor’. He died of a heart attack in 1950 in Bures, Essex, where he had lived for many years.

As well as writing and teaching, Wood composed choral music, songs and some instrumental pieces. His music often has a nautical theme, inspired by his lifelong love of the sea. His arrangement of ‘Waltzing Matilda’ was the first to achieve commercial success.<sup>33</sup>

‘A Country Lullaby’ is a setting of Ford’s poem first published as ‘A Lullaby’ in *Poems for Pictures* (1900, p.27). It reappeared (as ‘Lullaby’) in *From Inland and Other Poems* (1907, p.39).

### LULLABY

WE’VE wandered all about the upland fallows,  
We’ve watched the rabbits at their play;  
But now, good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,  
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.



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Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last;  
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling.  
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must  
    sleep at night;  
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even the wind among the quiet willows  
Rests, and the sea is silent too.  
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows,  
Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little lambs are still now the moon peeps down  
    the hill;  
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting.  
Ships have hung their lanthorns out, little mice  
    dare creep about;  
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

Wood's song was published by Stainer & Bell in 1929 in a version for unison voices and piano.<sup>34</sup> The score indicates that it was written at 'Bures St Mary 1928'. In 1933, Stainer & Bell published a choral version (for Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass) with piano part 'for practice only',<sup>35</sup> which was written at Bures St Mary in July 1933. The score states that Wood used *Collected Poems* (1916) as his source.<sup>36</sup> Interestingly, he replaces the word 'Liebchen' with 'Darling' throughout.

The song is slow, marked 'Simply, with quiet beauty', and is dedicated to the poet Helen Parry Eden (1885-1960). It is in D major, with no accidentals (i.e. notes outside the D major scale) anywhere in either the vocal parts or the accompaniment.<sup>37</sup> This lack of tonal variety is partially offset by occasional

shifts from triple time to two or four beats in the bar.

The lack of accidental notes, and a largely stepwise melody with a range of just over an octave, suggest that this was intended for unsophisticated or novice singers. This is supported by the inclusion, in both versions, of ‘tonic sol-fa’ notation.<sup>38</sup> The choral version, whilst still not difficult to perform, has a richer sound from the four-part harmony (actually six-part for a few bars at the end, when the tenors and basses each split into two groups). Wood takes advantage of the extra voices to overlap and shift the lyrics between the parts, and extends the second and fourth verses to bring them to a calmer and fuller close. A review in the *Musical Times* reported that ‘[t]he BBC Singers, conducted by Trevor Harvey, were happily in the spirit, in some imaginative songs by Thomas Wood, of which ‘A Country Lullaby’ was particularly attractive’.<sup>39</sup>

Ford also set this poem to music. The Cornell archive contains a musical manuscript (from between 1894 and 1905) inscribed ‘Lullaby – Words and Music by F. M. Hueffer.’ Stang & Smith (1989, p.198) describe Ford’s setting as ‘a very lovely, occasionally surprising piece ... [recalling] the music of Gabriel Fauré’.

## **6. THOMAS WOOD: OLD WINTER**

Thomas Wood’s part-song ‘Old Winter’, for unaccompanied mixed choir, was published by Stainer & Bell in 1929.<sup>40</sup> The score notes that it was composed at Bures St Mary in Winter 1928. It is dedicated to Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960), an

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English composer known for his prolific output of songs.

Ford's poem of the same name was first published in *Poems for Pictures* (1900, p.42).

OLD WINTER

OLD Winter's hobbling down the road,  
Dame Autumn's cloak looks frosty grey  
With a furry edge.  
We deemed it berry red in the ray  
The sun vouchsafed the dying day  
E'en now through the gap in the hedge.

*Chorus*

Spring's gone, Summer's past,  
Autumn will never, never catch them,  
But Winter hobbles along so fast  
You'd almost think he'd match them.

Old Winter carries a heavy load,  
Sticks and stakes to your heart's desire,  
But as for me,  
I'll not tramp in the Autumn mire,  
But sit and blink at the merry fire  
And hark to the kettle's minstrelsy.

*Chorus*

Spring's gone, Summer's past,  
Autumn was mellow, mellow yellow,  
But for all old Winter's hollow blast  
He's not such a bad old fellow.

The title page of *Poems for Pictures* adds the subtitle 'And for Notes of Music'. It is clear from the 'chorus' indications that Ford intended 'Old Winter' to be sung.

Wood's song is marked 'Cheerfully, with a touch of rough good-humour', and uses the Dorian mode (the white notes of the piano, starting on D rather than C) to give it a folk-like feel. It is more challenging than 'A Country Lullaby', with wider ranges, a few changes of metre (though predominantly in 2/4), a handful of accidentals, independent vocal lines, some attractive harmonic suspensions, and detailed markings for dynamics, tempo and articulation. The two verses are set differently, with the chorus using the same music each time.

I can find no reviews of any concert performances, nor recordings. On 28 October 1939, the BBC Home Service broadcast a 15-minute programme of music by Thomas Wood, sung by the BBC Singers conducted by Trevor Harvey, including both 'Old Winter' and 'A Country Lullaby' (and finishing with 'Waltzing Matilda'). The programme was repeated in 1941. Wood and his music often appear in broadcast listings between 1927 and 1953.<sup>41</sup>

## **7. ERIK CHISHOLM: THE SONG OF THE WOMEN**

Erik William Chisholm (1904-1965) was born in Glasgow. He showed early musical talent and was giving organ recitals by the age of 12. As a composer and performer, he played an important role in Glasgow's musical life between the wars, and was a founder of the Celtic Ballet. After the Second World

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War he became head of the South African College of Music in Cape Town, where he died of a heart attack in 1965.

Chisholm wrote over 100 works, including nine operas, 35 orchestral pieces, and more than 40 songs. He has been described as the 'leading Scottish modernist composer', and his style, influenced by Scottish traditional music, as 'varied, eclectic, and challenging'.<sup>42</sup>

'The Song of the Women' is not inconsistent with this description. It was published by Curwen in 1928, so may have been composed whilst Chisholm was working in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia (1927-8).<sup>43</sup> The scoring is for three unaccompanied female voices (or three-part chorus). Although ostensibly in F minor, the melody is highly chromatic, and there are many changes of time signature (many lasting a single bar) and other rhythmic irregularities, with a fast tempo.

An article about Chisholm in *The Musical Times* of 1 June 1932 describes 'The Song of the Women' as a 'charming part-song'.<sup>44</sup> It does not appear to have been recorded, although the sheet music is available from the Erik Chisholm Trust.

Ford's poem 'The Song of the Women: A Wealden Trio' was first published in *Savoy* magazine in August 1896 (volume 4, pp.85-6), then in *Philistine* the following December (volume 4.1, pp.11-13), and subsequently in *Poems for Pictures* (1900, pp.34-35):

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN: A WEALDEN TRIO

*1st Voice*

WHEN ye've got a child 'ats whist for want of food,  
And a grate as grey's y'r 'air for want of wood,  
And y'r man and you ain't nowise not much good;

*Together*

Oh—  
It's hard work a-Christmassing,  
Carolling,  
Singin' songs about the 'Babe what's born.'

*2nd Voice*

When ye've 'eered the bailiff's 'and upon the latch,  
And ye've feeled the rain a-trickling through the thatch,  
An' y'r man can't git no stones to break ner yit no sheep to watch—

*Together*

Oh—  
We've got to come a-Christmassing,  
Carolling,  
Singin' of the 'Shepherds on that morn.'

*3rd Voice, more cheerfully*

'E was a man's poor as us, very near,  
An' 'E 'ad 'is trials and danger,  
An' I think 'E'll think of us when 'E sees us singin' 'ere;  
For 'is mother was poor, like us, poor dear,  
An' she bore Him in a manger.

*Together*

Oh—  
It's warm in the heavens, but it's cold upon the earth;  
An' we ain't no food at table nor no fire upon the hearth;  
And it's bitter hard a-Christmassing,

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Carolling,  
Singin' songs about our Saviour's birth;  
Singin' songs about the Babe what's born;  
Singin' of the shepherds on that morn.

Like its companion 'Old Winter' in *Poems for Pictures*, Ford clearly envisaged it as a song.

The poem was included in *An Anthology of Modern Verse* in 1921, which was probably Chisholm's source, as he set two other poems from the same anthology, for similar forces: 'Cradle Song' (for three female voices, published by Curwen in 1928) from the poem of the same name by Padraic Colum, and 'The Song of the Workers' (for mixed choir and bagpipes, date unknown) from the poem 'Piper, play' by John Davidson.<sup>45</sup>

## **8. BENJAMIN BRITTEN: A WEALDEN TRIO**

Shortly after Chisholm, 'The Song of the Women' was set to music by the young Benjamin Britten (1913-1976). The song, composed between April 1929 and May 1930, was part of his application for a scholarship to the Royal College of Music. It remained dormant until 1967, when Britten revised it, and it was published by Faber in London and Schirmer in New York the following year. Britten's portfolio for the RCM also included a setting of Hilaire Belloc's 'The Birds'. Both poems appear in *An Anthology of Modern Verse* (1921), which is likely to have been Britten's source.<sup>46</sup>

Britten inverted Ford's title, calling his song 'A Wealden Trio: the Song of the Women'. Like

Chisholm, he follows Ford's directions, setting it for three-part unaccompanied women's voices.<sup>47</sup> It is slower than Chisholm's version (marked 'Freely') and is a catchy tune in a tonal G-minor, skipping along in a regular 12/8 metre.

The song is dedicated to Rosamund Strode (1927-2010), Britten's music assistant from 1964. Although the cover page has 'The Song of the Women', the title at the top of the score is 'Christmas Song of the Women', which is also used in some catalogues (it is sometimes described as a 'carol'). There are several recordings, and the sheet music is readily available.

'Wealden' refers to the dialect of the Weald of Sussex and Kent, which Ford evokes. Britten's score explains that 'by using dialect the poet wished to suggest a certain roughness of language' and advises that 'singers must take care to avoid undue exaggeration'.

## **9. GEORGE ANTHEIL: AN END PIECE**

George Johann Carl Antheil (1900-1959) was born to German immigrants in Trenton, New Jersey. He started playing the piano aged six, and wrote music, prose and poetry from a young age. He never formally graduated from high school, but from 1916 he studied piano in Philadelphia and New York, where he met prominent members of the modernist movement. In 1922, he sailed for Europe, giving concerts in several major cities, spending a year in Berlin, and settling in Paris in mid-1923. He returned to the US in 1933 and became a prolific and



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sought-after film composer. He died of a heart attack in Manhattan in 1959.

Antheil is the only composer on this list who can be definitely linked to Ford. In *It was the Nightingale* (1933, pp.260-1) Ford describes Antheil's friendship with Ezra Pound, whom he met in Paris. Pound might have introduced him to Ford, who was also in Paris in 1923-24.<sup>48</sup> Antheil's brief *piano sonata no.3* was published in Ford's *The Transatlantic Review* in 1924,<sup>49</sup> and he contributed two articles - 'Mother of the Earth' and 'Notes for Performers' - to the magazine during its short run.<sup>50</sup> The Cornell Ford archive contains two letters from Antheil to Ford, one undated, the other from the 1930s.

'An End Piece' was the last of Antheil's *Six Songs* for voice and piano published by Schirmer in 1933. The others were settings of 'The vision of love' (George Russell), 'Down by the Salley Gardens' and 'The sorrow of love' (W. B. Yeats), 'Lightning' (D. H. Lawrence) and 'I hear an army' (James Joyce). These all appear in the *Anthology of Modern English Poetry*, a German edition of English poems, which was almost certainly Antheil's source.<sup>51</sup> The five poets represented in *Six Songs* were probably acquaintances of Antheil, most likely through his friendship with Pound.

The Schirmer edition is a facsimile of Antheil's manuscript score.<sup>52</sup> It is in C major in a regular 6/8 metre. There is no tempo indication, but it cannot be too fast as several times separate syllables are set to runs of semiquavers. The song begins dreamily, with a repeated rocking bass line and rich four-note

chords in the right hand. Later in the first verse the accompaniment becomes dissonant and percussive, and the vocal line increasingly irregular and chromatic. The second verse follows a similar pattern, with a particularly harsh dissonance (repeated chords using six pitches within a single octave) for the climactic line 'But it's over and done with the man that was me'. Antheil repeats 'Close the book up and say goodbye', returning to the dreamy mood to close the song. Note that he adds the word 'up' (both at the start and end), probably to better fit his tune.

I can find no recordings or evidence of public performances. The song is unrelated to a piece of the same name that closes Antheil's *Piano pastels: 15 pieces for Jenny* (Weintraub: 1969), composed around 1956.

#### **10. PAUL NORDOFF: THERE SHALL BE MORE JOY**

Paul Nordoff (1909-1977) was born in Philadelphia and raised by his grandmother. Aged fourteen he went to the Philadelphia Conservatory to study piano, and later studied at the Juilliard School. He received two Guggenheim Fellowships for composition (in 1933 and 1935), travelled to Germany, then from 1938 worked as Head of Composition at the Philadelphia Conservatory, and subsequently at Michigan State College and Bard College. From 1958 he devoted himself to music therapy for disabled children, developing the influential Nordoff-Robbins method with Clive Robbins (1927-2011). Nordoff died of cancer in Herdecke, West Germany, aged 67.<sup>53</sup>

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Nordoff's music is generally tonal and neo-romantic in style. His setting of Ford's 'There shall be more joy' for voice and piano was published by Schott in 1938, and was probably composed during his time in Germany.<sup>54</sup> It is a cheery *allegro* in F sharp major, with the second and third verses in E flat, and a return to the opening melody for the final verse. There are no accidentals in the vocal line, but the rippling accompaniment in 12/8 time makes frequent use of the flattened sixth, adding a touch of harmonic ambiguity.

This is the eleventh of twelve songs Nordoff published simultaneously. The other texts – by Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Kathleen Millay, John Dryden, Conrad Aiken, Elinor Wylie, Charlotte Mew and Anonymous – do not appear to have been published together in an anthology, so Nordoff probably used a variety of sources. The sheet music is still available, the song has occasionally been performed in public (though I can find no reviews), and there are a couple of recordings.

### **11. ROBERT FLEMING: THE WEALDEN TRIO**

Robert James Berkeley Fleming (1921-1976) was born in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada. Between 1937 and 1939 he studied at the Royal College of Music in London, before returning to Canada to study piano, conducting and composition in Saskatoon and then at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. He worked at the National Film Board, Ottawa Ballet Festival and Carleton University, and as organist and music director at several churches.

He was most prolific as a composer of film music, contributing to well over 200 film scores. He also wrote songs, choral and other works. The Robert Fleming Prize for young composers is awarded annually by the Canada Council for the Arts.

According to the German music encyclopaedia *MGG*,<sup>55</sup> Fleming composed 'Song of the Women' in 1939, perhaps during his time in London. The published version (a facsimile signed manuscript) is dated 'Nov 1940 – Saskatoon' and is scored for three-part women's choir (soprano, soprano, contralto) accompanied by piano or string quartet.<sup>56</sup> Fleming attributes the words to 'Ford Maddox Hueffer'. There do not appear to be any recordings.<sup>57</sup>

Fleming's setting is a *moderato* in 4/4 time, with folk-like harmonies in F major / D minor, shifting to G major / E minor half-way through the third verse, and occasional modulations to C minor. Fleming replaces 'wood' with 'food' on the second line, and makes some small alterations, such as removing 'not much' from the last line of the first verse. He has the final three lines sung simultaneously, so that 'saviour's birth', 'babe what's born' and 'shepherds' rise together in a chromatic crescendo, followed by four bars of accompaniment that draw the song to a close.

## **12. HERBERT KENNEDY ANDREWS: AN END PIECE**

Herbert Kennedy Andrews (1904-1965) was born in Comber, County Down and educated at Bedford School, the Royal College of Music, Trinity College

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Dublin and New College Oxford. He was organist and choirmaster at Beverley Minster from 1934-8. Thereafter, apart from some teaching at the RCM, he lived in Oxford, playing the organ and lecturing at New College and Balliol. He died whilst playing for the inaugural service of the new Harrison & Harrison organ of Trinity College, Oxford, having been consultant for the project.

Andrews wrote books, articles and reviews, and composed songs and music for the church. His setting of Ford's 'An End Piece' was published by Oxford University Press in 1942. The song is dedicated 'In Memory of William Prendergast' (1868-1933) who was organist at Winchester Cathedral from 1902 until his death. There are no clues as to the source of the text, although Andrews credits the words to Ford Madox Hueffer, so he perhaps used one of Ford's own collections.<sup>58</sup>

The song is a *Lento alla marcia* for voice and piano in E major and 4/4 time. A smattering of chromatic notes gives an unsettling major/minor alternation. The piano's regular rhythmic pattern is like a funeral march, with melodic and rhythmic dissonances that propel the song forward despite its slow tempo. A review in *Music & Letters* in 1943 describes it thus: 'This sober poem by Ford Madox Hueffer is rendered by a declamatory chant contrasted with the rhythm of a slow march. The harmony is essentially tonal and the setting of the words artistic except in one place where the singer has nine syllables on a repeated E and then jumps to a high G'.<sup>59</sup> Another review the following year concludes that 'This setting of Ford Madox Hueffer's "Close the

book and say good-bye to everything” is an elegiac march with Dorian effects in a texture not exclusively modal. It gives us a flavour like that of the slow movement in Brahms’s E minor Symphony’.<sup>60</sup>

### 13. ZDENĚK BLAŽEK: ZÁVĚRNÁ

Zdeněk Blažek (1905-1988) was born into a musical family in the village of Žarošice, near Brno. He studied at the Conservatory and University in Brno, and at Prague Conservatory. He taught music theory and composition at Brno Conservatory, and was its director for many years until his retirement in 1971. He died in Brno.

He wrote many vocal works, including songs, choruses and operas, as well as piano, chamber and orchestral music. *Oxford Music Online* says that ‘he remained faithful to the late Romantic, nationalist Suk–Novák tradition. Contemporary musical developments hardly touched his style, which remained essentially homophonic’.<sup>61</sup>

Blažek’s *Tři zpěvy podzimu* [Three autumn songs] op.46, for low voice and piano, were composed in 1953 and published by SNKLHU (Státní Nakladatelství Krásné Literatury, Hudby a Umění [State Publishing House of Fine Literature, Music and Art]) in 1958. The third song, ‘Závěrná’ [‘Closing’ or ‘Conclusion’], is a setting of a Czech translation of ‘An End Piece’ by, according to one entry in the Czech National Library catalogue, ‘Forda Maxe Hueffera’. The other two songs are catalogued as ‘Na stráni’ [On the hillside] by an R Brock (probably Rupert Brooke’s ‘The Hill’ from 1910), and ‘Těšitelé’ [‘The

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Comforters'] by Dora Sigerson.<sup>62</sup> All three poems appear in the Anthology of Modern English Poetry, the same source that George Antheil used for his 'Six Songs'.<sup>63</sup>

The text is as follows (with a rough English translation):

Zavři knihu a pak sbohem, cos měl rád.  
Od břehu se vzhůru kolem stájí dej.  
Vždyť bárky se navrátí s přílivem zpět  
a stáda pít půjdou, než začne se tmět,  
v strastech i slastech si žít bude svět,  
jen mne tu již nebude ráno.

Ještě pohled, chci jen létu sbohem dát,  
jen malou chvíli ještě posečkej,  
vždyť rybář již po ruce sítě své má  
a pastýř se na pastvu se stádem dá.  
Jen člověka nebude, jímž jsem byl já,  
až za horou vysvitne ráno.

Close the book then say goodbye to what you liked.  
From the shore, go up around the stables.  
For the barges will return with the tide  
and the herds will drink before dark,  
the world will live in sorrows and pleasures,  
Only I won't be here in the morning.

One more look, I just want to say goodbye to summer,  
just wait a little longer,  
for the fisherman already has his nets at hand  
and the shepherd shall go with the flock.  
There will not be a man like me,  
When morning dawns behind the mountain.

This is a faithful, if condensed, translation of Ford's poem, with shorter lines and a different rhyme scheme. I have been unable to identify the translator.

The song is calm and meditative, marked *Andante tranquillo*. The two verses are set to the same music in A minor, with some chromaticism in the harmonies, and a varied rhythm (shifting between 3/4, 4/4 and 2/4 time signatures) that seems well suited to the text. The vocal range suggests it is intended for a mezzo-soprano or baritone. There do not appear to be any recordings, nor copies outside of the Czech National Library, and I can find no evidence of concert performances.

#### **14. PETER SCHICKELE: THE POSY RING**

Peter Schickele (b.1935) was born in Ames, Iowa to Alsatian immigrant parents, and studied composition at Swarthmore College and the Juilliard School. He is best known by his *alter ego* of P. D. Q. Bach (1807–1742?), the fictional 'only forgotten son' of the Bach family, and composer of such masterpieces as *The Short-Tempered Clavier*, the *Half-Nelson Mass* and *Fanfare for the Common Cold*.

Under his own name, Schickele has written for folk musicians including Joan Baez, contributed to shows including *Oh! Calcutta!*, and composed many works for orchestra, chorus, chamber ensemble, and other forces. He wrote *Summer Music* in 1979,<sup>64</sup> the second part of which is entitled *Songs on Old French Poems*, for unison chorus or solo



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voice with soprano recorder, piccolo or flute. The last of these three songs is 'The Posy Ring (Clement Marot; trans. by Ford Madox Ford)'. The first two are 'Spring' by Charles d'Orléans (trans. by Andrew Lang) and 'Would I might go far over sea' by Marie de France (trans. by Arthur O'Shaughnessy), so Schickele's source was almost certainly *The Modern Book of French Verse* (1920), which contains all three poems in these translations.<sup>65</sup>

Ford's 'The Posy-Ring' first appeared in *The Face of the Night* (1904, p.56).

THE POSY-RING

(After Clement Marot)

THIS on thy posy-ring I've writ:

    'True Love and Faith'

For, failing Love, Faith droops her head,

And lacking faith, why, love is dead

    And's but a wraith.

But Death is stingless where they've lit

And stayed, whose names hereon I've writ.

Clement Marot (1496-1544), from Cahors in south west France, was a poet in the royal court of Francis I. Many of his poems were set as *chansons* during his lifetime.<sup>66</sup> Ford's 'The Posy-Ring' is based on the last part of Marot's *Rondeau LXI* 'Amour et Foy' [Love and Faith].<sup>67</sup>

Tant sont uniz, tant sont bien alliez,

Qu'oubliant l'ung, l'autre vous oubliez:

Si l'Amour fault, la Foy n'est plus chérie:

Si Foy perit, l'Amour s'en va perie:

Pour ce les ay en devise lyez,  
Amour, et Foy.

A more literal translation is given by Timothy McTaggart (1992, p.xxvii):<sup>68</sup>

Love and faith are so closely allied,  
That by forgetting one, you forget the other:  
If love fails, faith is no longer cherished;  
If faith dies, love shall also die;  
For this reason I have bound them in a motto,  
Love and faith.

Ford's poem is very much 'after' Marot, rather than a direct translation. Posy rings - gold finger rings with a short engraved inscription - were popular lovers' gifts from the 15th to the 17th century in England and France. Ford's 'posy-ring' is Marot's 'devise' [motto].

Schickele's setting is delightfully simple, in 6/8 time, marked 'Robust, very rhythmic'. It starts with a short repetitive theme in the recorder, then the verse is sung unaccompanied, and the verse is then repeated, this time with the recorder accompaniment. The whole song uses a pentatonic scale (G, A, B, D and E), giving it a medieval feel, reminiscent of a cheerful Troubadour song. Ford would have appreciated this, his father Francis Hueffer having a particular interest in the Troubadours.<sup>69</sup>

## CONCLUSIONS

Fourteen settings of seven poems is a modest but respectable tally for somebody whose poetry is little known. Most of the songs were written between

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the wars, when Ford was best-known, especially in North America.

The composers fall roughly into two groups. There were those who, based on the sources they used, probably knew of Ford's poetry and selected individual poems from his own published collections. Sunderland Lewis, Dyer, Warlock, Wood and (perhaps) Andrews fall into this category – all of them British. These were often either the first or only composers to set certain poems.

The other group were those who chose poems from anthologies – Tweedy, Chisholm, Britten, Antheil, Nordoff, Fleming (probably), Blažek and Schickele. In some cases (such as Antheil) they may have been fans of Ford but, being based in North America or continental Europe, could only access his poems via anthologies. In other cases, these composers may have simply browsed for interesting poems, irrespective of who the poet happened to be. Only a handful of Ford's poems ever appeared in anthologies, so some were set several times, and many others not at all.

All fourteen songs are attractive and well-constructed. They are mostly towards the traditional (i.e. tuneful) end of the stylistic spectrum, often with a folksong or pastoral influence, although it is good to see musical modernism represented by Chisholm and Antheil. It is disappointing, though unsurprising, that few of them have been recorded or performed in concert. Like Ford's poems, they deserve to be better known.

## Notes

1 Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford* (New York: World, 1971), 92

2 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: a dual life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 40.

3 Nathan Waddell, 'Ford, Family and Music', in *The Routledge Research Companion to Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Sara Haslam, Laura Colombino and Seamus O'Malley (Abingdon: Routledge, 2019), 79-93 (91).

4 Sondra J. Stang and Carl Smith, 'Music for a while': Ford's Compositions for Voice and Piano', *Contemporary Literature*, 30, 2, 'Ford Madox Ford and the Arts' (Summer 1989), 183-223. The paper includes a summary of Ford's musical life and interests.

5 Ezra Pound, review of Ford's *Collected Poems* in *New Freewoman*, I (15 December 1913), 251. Quoted by Frank MacShane, *Ford Madox Ford: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1972), 58.

6 I have not included music extracts in this essay, which is intended for a literary readership. Further details are available from the author.

7 L. S. Milford, *Haileybury register, 1862-1910*. London: Printed by R. Clay, 1910, p.xxiii. <https://archive.org/details/b28993287>.

8 From <https://www.harant.co.uk/composers/composers.php>, with the years and place of death confirmed from <https://www.freebmd.org.uk/>.

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9 From *The Journal of Education*, No.354 (2 January 1899), 50. <https://archive.org/details/journaleducatio01unkngoog>

10 See the discussion in Ashley Chantler, *A Critical Edition of Ford Madox Ford's The Questions at the Well* (1893). PhD Thesis, University of Leicester, 2003, 18-19. *The Questions at the Well with Sundry Other Verses for Notes of Music* was Ford's first volume of twenty poems, five of which have 'song' in the title (although none appears to have been set to music).

11 '12.02' is printed at the end of the published score.

12 The title page gives the price of '1/6 net', and warns that 'This song may be sung in public without fee or licence. The public performance of any parodied version, however, is strictly prohibited.'

13 See <https://dorkingmuseum.org.uk/2nd-lieu-tenant-richard-henry-powell/>

14 Stang & Smith (1989), 199.

15 He is listed in the 'Old Boys' rugby team in *The Bromsgrovian*, Vol XVIII, No.6 (May 1903), p.142. [http://www.bromsgrove-schoolarchive.co.uk/Filename.ashx?tableName=ta\\_publications&columnName=filename&recordId=106](http://www.bromsgrove-schoolarchive.co.uk/Filename.ashx?tableName=ta_publications&columnName=filename&recordId=106). This source also contains references to his musical activities.

16 M. Humphreys and R. Evans, *Dictionary of Composers for the Church in Great Britain and Ireland* (London: Mansell, 1997), 98. A tenor of the same name is mentioned in *The Musical Times* and elsewhere around

the end of the century.

17 See <https://www.greatwarforum.org/topic/160159-guy-mainwaring-knocker/> and <https://www.wingsofwar.org/forums/showthread.php?19689-100-Years-Ago-Today/page 58>

18 The score ends with ‘1.07’.

19 Since Sunderland Lewis’s song appeared in 1903, the price had increased to ‘2/- net’, and Boosey had added that ‘public performance by gramophone or other mechanical reproductions are not permitted’. Recording technology was developing rapidly.

20 E. Buxton Shanks, review of Ford’s *Collected Poems* in *Poetry and Drama*, i, December 1913, 492-493: quoted by MacShane, *Critical Heritage*, 77.

21 M. Meckna, ‘Donald Tweedy.’ *Grove Music Online*. Oxford University Press, 2016 (accessed 21 March 2020).

22 Louis Untermeyer, editor, *Modern British Poetry* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1920). ‘There Shall Be More Joy’ is on p.104, ‘Margaritae Sorori’ on p.12.

23 There are details of a public performance in Boston, MA in 1937. See <https://archive.org/details/composersforumla1936comp/page/n247>

24 W. T. Upton, ‘Some Recent Representative American Song-Composers.’ *The Musical Quarterly* 11, no. 3 (1925): pp.383-417. Accessed April 7, 2020. [www.jstor.org/stable/738628](http://www.jstor.org/stable/738628). The mention of Tweedy’s song is on p.417.

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25 Ford Madox Ford, *No More Parades* (1925; edited by Joseph Wiesenfarth, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 37-38. At this point Tietjens believes MacKechnie's name is Mackenzie.

26 These details have been pieced together from sources including *St John's School Leatherhead: The School and the War* (April 1919) (<https://stjohnsleatherheadatwar.co.uk/Filename.ashx?systemFileName=%2F-Media%2FSJJ19190002.pdf>); the obituary of his youngest brother Frank in the *Barry Dock News* (July 27, 1917) (<https://papuraunewydd.llyfrgell.cymru/view/4130657/4130664>); the Oxford University Roll of Service (1920, p.464) (<https://archive.org/details/oxforduniversity00univuoft/page/n483>); and genealogical information at <https://www.freebmd.org.uk>.

27 Fuller biographies of Warlock are available on *Oxford Music Online*, *Wikipedia*, and elsewhere.

28 The following year, Ford mentions 'the recumbent tomb of an honourable Mrs Tremayne-Warlock' in *No More Parades* (140).

29 *Collected Poems* was published under the name Hueffer, although the score credits the words to Ford Madox Ford.

30 'Views' and 'Modern Love', for example, are both long, with multiple sections and irregular rhymes.

31 Michael Pilkington, *Gurney, Ireland, Quilter and Warlock* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1989), 140. Charles Wilfred Orr (1893-1976) was also a prolific composer of songs. Warlock helped him to publish some

of his early works.

32 For example in Thames Publishing's *Peter Warlock: Critical Edition: Volume V – Songs 1923-1928*. There are several recordings on *YouTube* and *Spotify*.

33 Wood's arrangement, recorded by Peter Dawson in 1938 (HMV B8771), became the first hit version of the song, and was quickly followed by many others. See <https://www.nfsa.gov.au/latest/waltzing-matilda>.

34 Stainer & Bell Unison Songs No.73.

35 Stainer & Bell Choral Library No.284.

36 The Cornell Ford archive contains a letter from Wood to Ford, dated 25 March 1929, saying that he has 'corresponded with Messrs. Martin Seck with regard to two of your poems'.

37 A note at the bottom of the 1929 score says that although 'the music has been printed in D, [t]he song is however more effective in D flat, the transposition being easily made since there are no accidentals in the song.'

38 Tonic sol-fa, or *solfège*, is a system of hand signals used by conductors to indicate notes (do-re-mi, etc) to singers.

39 W. R. Anderson, 'Wireless Notes', *The Musical Times*, Vol. 77, No. 1119 (May 1936), 424-425.

40 Stainer & Bell Choral Library No.247.



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41 See <https://genome.ch.bbc.co.uk/schedules/bbchomeservice/basic/1939-10-28>.

42 For further details see the website of the Erik Chisholm Trust at [www.erikchisholm.com](http://www.erikchisholm.com).

43 I have not been able to identify the dedicatee 'Miss Beatrice Vennard', although it appears to be a name with some links to Canada.

44 W. Saunders, 'Erik Chisholm', *The Musical Times* 73.1072 (1 June 1932), 508-509.

45 A. Methuen, editor, *An Anthology of Modern Verse* (London: Methuen, 1921). 'The Song of the Women' is on p.121, 'A Cradle Song' is on p.46, and 'Piper, play' on p.50.

46 'The Birds' is on p.8.

47 The score explains that 'the piece was originally intended for three solo voices, but it can be sung by three soloists with chorus, or by one soloist (mezzo-soprano) with chorus, or the whole may be sung *tutti*.'

48 Pound was obsessed with Antheil for a while, and even wrote a book about him - *Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony* (Paris: Three Mountains Press, 1924). Antheil was rather less enthusiastic about Pound. See, for example, Bernard J. Poli, *Ford Madox Ford and the Transatlantic Review* (New York: Syracuse University Press, 1967), 65-66.

49 The sonata, subsequently subtitled 'Death of Machines', consists of four short movements lasting, in to-

tal, under two minutes. It is sometimes described as a sonatina. There are several recordings.

50 The piano sonata was in *The Transatlantic Review* 1:2, (February 1924), 106-107. 'Mother of the Earth' was in 2:2 (August 1924), 226-227), and 'Notes for Performers' (written with Pound) was in 1:5 (May 1924).

51 Leon Schücking, editor, *Anthology of Modern English Poetry* (Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1931). The poems are on pp.217, 261, 266, 150, 148 and 139 respectively. I have a copy marked 'Importé d'Allemagne' with the name of a retailer in Paris, and the warning 'Not to be introduced into the British Empire and USA.'

52 From <https://classicalondemand.com/six-songs.html>

53 There is more on Nordoff and his music in R. C. Friedberg, *American Art Song and American Poetry* (Metuchen, NJ: Scarecrow Press, 1981), 181-199.

54 The song bears the dedication 'For Phyllis' – whom I have not been able to trace.

55 *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* – available (with subscription) at <https://mgg-online.com>

56 The score is available from the Canadian Music Centre at <https://cmccanada.org/shop/8124/>

57 Fleming composed another song for these forces around the same time – a setting of 'Dusk Lights' by William Spearing. He set several of Spearing's poems between 1936 and 1941, but I can find no anthologies that might help identify his source of Ford's poem.

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58 According to the google ngram viewer (<https://books.google.com/ngrams>), by the early 1940s 'Ford Madox Ford' was mentioned in written English about three times more often than 'Ford Madox Hueffer'.

59 E. L. 'Review: An End Piece (Ford Madox Hueffer), Song for Voice and Piano by H. K. Andrews', *Music & Letters*, Vol. 24, No. 3 (July 1943), 184

60 A. H. 'New Music'. *The Musical Times*, Vol. 85, No. 1213 (March 1944), 87-88.

61 J. Trojan, 'Blažek, Zdeněk.' *Grove Music Online*. Oxford University Press, 2001 (accessed 31 March 2020).

62 Dora Sigerson (Mrs Clement Shorter) (1866-1918) published 'The Comforters' in *The Sad Years*, a book of poems written during the war, shortly before her death in 1918.

63 Schücking (1931). I have not been able to find a Czech translation. 'The Hill' is on p.35, 'The Comforters' on p.224, and 'An End Piece' on p.139.

64 Published by Elkan-Vogel, Bryn Mawr, PA. in 1990.

65 A. Boni, editor, *The Modern Book of French Verse* (New York: Boni & Liveright, 1920). The poems are on pp.19, 7, and 63 respectively.

66 Marot gets a brief mention in Ford's *The March of Literature* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1939), 437.

67 See <https://clementmarot.com/other%20poems.htm>

68 Timothy McTaggart, 'Jardin musical, contenant plusieurs belles fleurs de chansons', Volume 1 of *Sixteenth Century Chanson: Chansons from the Atelier of Waelrant and Laet* (New York: Garland, 1992).

69 Francis Hueffer's doctoral thesis was a critical edition of the works of Guillem de Cabestant, a 12th-century troubadour. He later published *The Troubadours: A History of Provençal Life and Literature in the Middle Ages* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1878).

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## **Ford's Reading VI: Researching his 'foul & filthy book'**

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Historians of reading interrogate not only the 'what?' 'when?' 'where?' and 'how?', and 'with whom?' but also the 'why?' of reading. Writers obviously all read beyond their own work and their reasons include entertainment, diversion and various forms of escape, as professional and collegial critics, out of loyalty to friends, for what we now call 'literary-caregiving' (of self and of others) and, in the context of this column, examining source material, for fictional and non-fictional works. Whatever else Ford read (and his tastes were wide) and for whatever reasons, his reading, notably at both ends of his writing career, included intensive researching for his non-fiction books. His late impressionistic travel books/memoirs *Great Trade Route* (1937) and *Provence* (1938) have footnotes and in-text evidence which reveal his research, and his most conspicuous research was the vast programme of reading/re-reading he undertook for his last and monumental work *The March of Literature* (1939). But this practice of fairly meticulous factual research is also noticeable much earlier, and includes not only sources for his historical novels, the *Fifth Queen trilogy* (1906-1908) and *The 'Half Moon'* (1909) but also for some of his early-career non-fiction.

Ford's first non-fiction work, *Ford Madox Brown* (1896), was largely the result of personal observation of paintings and his intimate knowledge of

the man, and shows little if any evidence of textual research. However, in the introduction to *Rossetti* (1902), his chronologically arranged, descriptive and critical appreciation of Rossetti's works, relying largely on observation supplemented by letters and family memories, Ford does mention some secondary sources, particularly those which enabled him to verify dates. He also comments disarmingly of the author that 'With most of the vast numbers of memoirs, treatises and essays on Rossetti and his friends, he [i.e. Ford] may be taken to be familiar'<sup>1</sup> though this does not necessarily mean that Ford actually read them all.

This column will focus on Ford's research for *The Cinque Ports* (1900),<sup>2</sup> a 'foul & filthy book' as he called it in an undated letter to Stephen Crane,<sup>3</sup> a book which Ford was probably already planning before January 1899 when, visiting from Limpsfield, he stayed with Conrad at the Pent near Hythe, on 17 November 1898 and again in December that year, and thus revisited his much-loved topographical territory of the Cinque Ports.<sup>4</sup> Dedicating the book to Robert Garnett,<sup>5</sup> Ford said he intended it to be 'neither archaeological nor topographical, nor even archaeologico-topographical. It was to be a piece of literature pure and simple, an attempt, by means of suggestion, to interpret to the passing years the inward message of the Five Ports'. However, when advised by Garnett, with his lawyer's mind, to limit himself 'to a desire for accuracy' Ford heeded this approach, but without detracting from the book's impressionistic flavour, further enhanced by the illustrations of William Hyde. Indeed, there are scholarly footnotes with specific citations on al-

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most every page.

The book has a four-page dedication, 372 pages of main text, 24 pages of substantial Appendices (A-G), five of which are transcribed historical documents in Latin or English and a comprehensive index. We can track the nature and extent of Ford's research, as well as the accelerated time frame of composition of this book from a few of Ford's 1899 letters, from Elsie's 1899 diary and to a lesser extent from Olive Garnett's published diaries.<sup>6</sup> To summarise, on 19 January Elsie noted not only correspondence with Constable (Ford's original choice of publisher) but that Ford had also sent a synopsis to Blackwood and to Conrad. David Meldrum, Blackwood's London representative, recommended the proposal to the Edinburgh house<sup>7</sup> and on 10 February Blackwood's asked for a sample chapter. While it is not clear when this sample was sent or what it included, by 17 May and after an anxious wait as the Hueffers were in dire financial straits by then, Blackwood's eventually proposed to take the book, and Ford instantly sprang into action; the final chapters were sent only five months later, on 15 September, after which Ford then worked on *The Inheritors*. The production of *The Cinque Ports* thus progressed at astonishing speed, with a pattern (largely established from Elsie's diary) which consisted of locating reference material, rapid reading and (presumably) note-taking, fieldwork including local archives, museums and villages alone or with William Hyde, rapid writing almost certainly mostly typing directly,<sup>8</sup> and despatch of the relevant chapter(s), sometimes within the space of a month from research to despatch.<sup>9</sup> One

can deduce that Ford's research-related reading here was almost certainly the opposite of what is generally known as 'immersive reading'; it is much more likely, given the speed of production of *The Cinque Ports*, and the dense and/or challenging nature of some of the sources, that Ford skimmed and cherry-picked where possible, making quick notes from piles of books on his desk at home, or in the British Museum, and also in various local archives.

On 27 May 1899, from Aldington, Ford sent a type-written letter to Olive Garnett<sup>10</sup> asking her to obtain at least ten potentially relevant books. In this letter, too long to reproduce here, he asks Olive: 'Would you, if you happen to have in the house a catalogue of the London Library, just see if they can be had there?' Ford then went on to ask Olive,

'If the Library possesses most of these I shall subscribe to it, if not I shall buy as many of them as I can at moderate prices tho', of course, Hasted [see below] & several others are quite beyond my means. By the bye, Dr. Garnett must be deluged with old booksellers' catalogues. Perhaps you would send me some down that he doesn't want. You might too, hand my list over to Robert. He is always browsing among second-hand booksellers & might come among some of the books named. I don't want to spend more than ten pounds now & ten later on & I should want to sell the books again when I have done with them.'

Olive then noted in her diary on 8 June 'I sent Ford a couple of letters about his Cinque Ports book.'<sup>11</sup>



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These letters have not so far been located but were presumably responses about the availability or otherwise of items on the long list.

The first book Ford requested was: ‘Jeakes’\* *HIST. of the Cinque Ports*. This was Samuel Jeake’s *Charters of the Cinque Ports, two ancient towns, and their members / translated into English, with annotations historical and critical thereupon, wherein divers old words are explain’d and some of their ancient customs and privileges observ’d (completed 1678, printed 1728)* and Ford cited this work, by ‘the most diligent of Cinque Port historians’ (CP 103) no less than twelve times, including transcribed passages in footnotes with the whole of Appendix G in Latin, so this is clear evidence of engagement with what is certainly not an easy read. In his dedication (CP vii) Ford comments that ‘Jeake’s “Charters”, ‘was written in the seventeenth century and is excessively rare.’ As he clearly consulted it frequently, he must have accessed it at the British Museum (or just maybe in a local archive) unless a Garnett family member somehow obtained a copy for him.

Next on the list was ‘Robert Talbot’s Commentary upon the Itinerarie of Antoninus Augustus’ i.e. *The Itinerarium provinciarum Antonini Augusti* (1560) of which there were various editions, including a commentary by Robert Talbot, the 16th century antiquarian. It could also refer obliquely to William Burton *A Commentary on Antoninus His Itinerary, Or Journies of the Romane Empire, So Far as it Concerneth Britain* (1658); however while Antoninus is mentioned twice in Ford’s book nei-

ther of these texts is referenced directly. He then asked rather broadly for ‘Any collection of Anglo-Saxon Town-charters or of Mediaeval English Town-charters or Custumals’. There are over 70 references to ‘charters’ in the text and some direct quotations from some of these, though to what extent Ford obtained these from 19th century or earlier secondary sources is not clear. In his footnote to ‘The Great Charter of the Ports’ (Appendix G) Ford notes ‘This is Jeake’s text. That of the original at Hythe shows only trifling literal differences’, indicating that Ford had very probably studied the original at Hythe (CP 396).

Of the next two books on the list ‘Roger’s Hist. of Agriculture & Prices’ i.e., James E. Thorold Rogers *A History of Agriculture and Prices in England from the Year after the Oxford Parliament (1259) to the Commencement of the Continental War (1793) Volume 5: 1583–1702* and ‘Cooper’s Hist. of Winchelsea’ i.e. William Durrant Cooper ed. John Russell Smith *The History of Winchelsea, one of the ancient towns added to the Cinque Ports* (1850) there is no trace in Ford’s book. Of his request for ‘Records of the Sussex Arch. Soc.’ there is evidence that Ford consulted Volume x of the records (CP 107), presumably on a visit to Lewes for the ‘Hastings’ chapter, as he writes (CP 54) ‘in the museum of the Sussex Archaeological Society one may see the seals of most of the Five Ports’. The scholarly periodical he requested, formally known as *Archaeologia Cantiana: The Journal of the Kent Archaeological Society*, was one of the most frequently cited texts (eight times, including at times specific volumes (v., vi., vii., viii and xviii), and sometimes

merely as ‘a writer in *Archaeol. cantiana*’); he may well have had access to these works locally. As for ‘Hasted’s Hist, of Kent.’ i.e. Edward Hasted *The History and Topographical Survey of the County of Kent* (1778–99), Ford mentioned it twice, once paraphrasing an anecdote and elsewhere providing a short quotation, indicating that he had somehow gained access to what was by then a rare and expensive book.

His request for ‘Lower’s Hist. of Sussex’ meant Mark Antony Lower, *A compendious history of Sussex: topographical, archæological & anecdotal. Containing an index to the first twenty volumes of the Sussex archæological collections* (1870), and this gets two references in footnotes, the nature of these indicating that Ford did consult this contemporary work, presumably relatively easy to find. He also asked Olive for ‘Walsingham’s *Historia Anglicana*’ i.e. Thomas Walsingham *Historia Anglicana* (ed. H.T. Riley, 2 vol., 1862–64). In the index Ford includes ‘Chronicle’ a different work but he did not appear to have found either particularly useful, as it not significantly used, and he may have even obtained the titles from a work not on these lists which he seems to have consulted frequently. This was William Lambarde, *A Perambulation of Kent* (1576) and is the most frequently indexed text of all (more than 20 entries). There was at least one 19th century edition of this work, presumably one of which Ford read. In his list to Olive he also asked for ‘State Papers’ (unspecified), and a ‘Coll[ectio]n of Political Poems & Songs’ the latter possibly Thomas Wright ed. *A Collection of Political Poems and Songs Relating to English History from The*

*Accession of Edward III to The Reign of Henry VIII* (1861), not mentioned in *The Cinque Ports*. The last work on this list is ‘Holloway’s Hist. of Romney Marsh’ which was in fact William Holloway, *The History and Antiquities of the Ancient Town and Port of Rye in the County of Sussex* (1847) and which Ford mentioned several times.

We see more good evidence of research-related reading in Ford’s letter to Elsie of 21 August 1899 from London<sup>12</sup> in which he notes that he ‘met Dr Garnett, read Boys’ Hist. of Sandwich, Nennius, Gildas, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Roach Smith & so on & so on –then started to write the Sandwich & got so engrossed that I forgot all about closing time & was egregiously hustled out’. The four titles mentioned are all cited and indeed quoted at length. William Boys’ *Collections for an history of Sandwich in Kent: With notices of the other Cinque Ports and members, and of Richborough* (1792) is a 900-page volume, essentially a rather unreadable but fortunately indexed compendium of historical documents and illustrations including coins and seals, and from which Ford quoted accurately and at length on at least four occasions. While there are very modern print-on-demand copies available there is no evidence that the book was re-reissued in the 19th century.

‘Nennius’ refers to the *Historia Brittonum*, thought to have been written by a Welsh monk, c.830 and much influenced by the 6th century *Chronicle of Gildas*. In 1896 a collection of these and other works appeared translated and compiled by J.A Giles, *Six old English chronicles, of which two*

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*are now first translated from the monkish Latin originals. Ethelwerd's Chronicle. Asser's*<sup>13</sup> *Life of Alfred. Geoffrey of Monmouth's British history. Gildas. Nennius. and Richard of Cirencester.* It is very likely that Ford consulted this recent book rather than the originals; however, the textual history of 'Nennius' itself is quite complicated and there was in fact a 19th century edition available. Ford referred to 'Nennius' three times, including offering a long quotation with its Latin original, in a footnote (CP 154). Charles Roach Smith (1807-1890), an antiquarian and amateur archaeologist, wrote numerous books and contributed frequently to *Archaeologica Cantiana*. His works on his excavations are mentioned by Ford, though there is insufficient evidence to suggest that he did more than flick through the essays.

On 24 August, three days after his report to Elsie, Ford, along with Olive Garnett and her father, went to the British Museum where Dr Garnett arranged a reader's ticket for Olive (women at that time needed sponsorship from a male householder) and she 'copied for Ford all day for the part about Sandwich' presumably from Boys' book.<sup>14</sup> After lunch that day they went to 6 Great James Street<sup>15</sup> where Ford wrote a letter to Longmans, for permission to use the title 'Cinque Ports' since, in 1892, Longman's had published Montagu Burrows' book entitled *Cinque Ports* in their *Historic Towns* series. Ford had obviously read Burrows' work, which is factual and chronological, and he cites it several times, mostly in disagreement, and in his own dedication to justify his alternative approach. Ford's book was dedicated to Robert Garnett, and though initially

he had promised Olive: 'The only recompense that I can offer is the combination of a certain amount of gratitude, a presentation copy of the work & a more or less graceful note of acknowledgment in the preface', she was nowhere mentioned nor acknowledged.

The book's documented afterlife was brief: only 525 copies were printed in 1900, very expensive at three guineas each, there has never been a new edition and it remains a collector's item selling for up to 500 euros a copy.<sup>16</sup> In a letter to Edward Garnett late in 1900<sup>17</sup> Ford offers to let Garnett read Elsie's copy, complaining that Blackwood's only sent him two copies, and that he could not afford to buy any. Conrad received his directly from Blackwood's on 7 November 1900 (*CLJC* 2:300) and this (unsigned) copy turned up at the sale of Conrad's library in 1925 (Lot 61).<sup>18</sup> Ford had apparently sent (or arranged for) a copy to go to Henry James.<sup>19</sup> An intriguing letter to Robert Garnett, probably in 1902, hints tantalisingly that the latter may have indeed tracked down and sent a copy to Ford. In this letter Ford refers to this 'magnificent present', and perhaps self-deprecatingly, to the text as 'lucid and not unentertaining for an inhabitant of these parts' but most significantly to the 'fact of it being dedicated to you'.<sup>20</sup>

Finally, the epigraphs also give us an idea about what else Ford (and Elsie) may have owned and been reading at the time. There are two lines from George Meredith, 'Where Grisnez winks at Dungeness/Across the ruffled strip of salt', but of more interest is the quotation from the very beginning of

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Maupassant's story 'La Mère Sauvage', transcribed perfectly, so not simply recalled from memory, these lines celebrating the almost visceral appeal of certain landscapes and thus signalling clearly the impressionist face of the work.<sup>21</sup>

## Notes

1 See Ford Madox Hueffer, *Rossetti: A Critical Essay on his Art* (London: Duckworth 1902), fn.5-6.

2 Ford Madox Hueffer, *The Cinque Ports: a historical and descriptive record* (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1900), digitized edition used here. Henceforth *CP* and page number.

3 Columbia, Stephen Crane Papers Series1: Catalogued Material Subseries I.1: Correspondence, undated but from in-text evidence probably late spring 1899 after Ford had completed the 'Rye' and 'Winchelsea' chapters.

4 These are from east to west, Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, New Romney, and Hastings; the 'ancient towns' of Winchelsea and Rye were later added.

5 Robert Singleton Garnett (1866-1932), solicitor, editor of Dumas, book collector and brother of, among others, Edward and Olive Garnett.

6 Elsie Hueffer's diary for 1899 (private collection Lamb family); Barry C. Johnson, *The Diaries and Letters of Olive Garnett* (Padstow: Tabb House, 2019); hereafter Johnson. See also Sara Haslam, 'The Hueffers and the Conrads in 1899', *The Con-*

radian 47.1 (Spring 2022), 66-75.

7 Conrad to Ford 30 January 1899: *The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad. Volume 2: 1898-1902*, edited by Frederick R. Karl and Laurence Davies (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), 154 ; hereafter CLJC2.

8 The location of the book's manuscript/typescript and its proofs is not known, though these would be useful, to further investigate the way in which the book was written and the extent of revision.

9 For example, 17 July, Ford was reading for his New Romney chapter, on 19 July he visited the area, and for 2-3 days thereafter wrote very fast, finished by 23 July and by 26 had not only sent off 'Romney' (first chapter) but commenced 'Hythe', the first chapter of which was finished by 30 July, and by 5 August he had finished both 'Hythe' and 'Romney' (second chapter) and sent them off. Again, on 24 August Ford returned from his research trip to London, on 26 August he finished his first 'Sandwich' chapter, on 28 August made an overnight trip to Sandwich, and finished the second 'Sandwich' chapter by 2 September.

10 Original Kansas, copy of TLS at Cornell 31 96.5. The typewriter had arrived on 14 April 1899 (Elsie's diary).

11 Johnson, 144.

12 Cornell 39:005.



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13 Ford has Katharine Howard reading Asser in *Privy Seal: The Fifth Queen* (London: Penguin Books, 1999), 412.

14 Johnson, 148.

15 The London rooms of Harry Cowlshaw, Olive Garnett's brother-in-law.

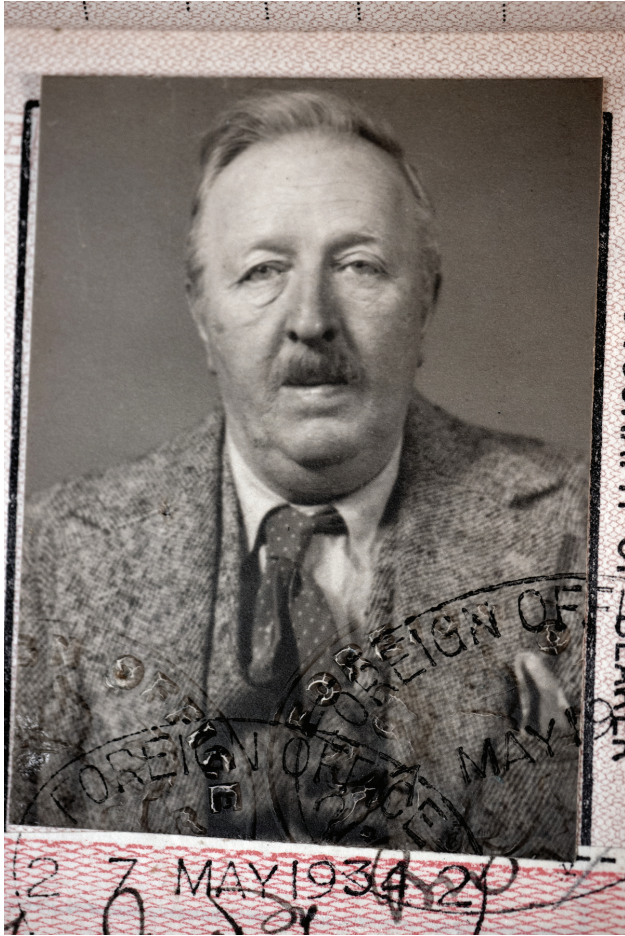
16 There are recent reprints e.g., from Kessinger's Legacy Reprints and from Forgotten Books.

17 Cornell 31. 94.5 (not 1903 as dated but headed Stocks Hall, so before April 1901)

18 See J. E. Hodgson, *A Catalogue of Books, Mss and Corrected Typescripts from the Library of the Late Joseph Conrad* (1925).

19 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, 2 Volumes (Oxford, Oxford University Press 1996) 135. Was this Ford's other copy?

20 Kansas MS P115:2 21 During the summer of 1899 Elsie read two works by Maupassant ('Rosalie Prudent' and *Une Vie*) and was in 1902-03 to translate nine stories for Duckworth, several of which came from the same collection as did 'Rosalie Prudent' though not the collection containing 'La Mère Sauvage', though the Hueffers clearly owned both these collections.



Ford's passport, 1934

*Courtesy of: The Ford Madox Ford Collection, #4605.  
Division of Rare Books and Manuscript Collections,  
Cornell University Library*

Beci Carver

## 'Great Cool California Oranges'

Beci Carver

In the last couple of years, I have written two essays on Ford's relationship with the concept of amplitude: one a chapter on 'The Economics of Generosity in Conrad and Ford' for the Cambridge University Press volume, *British Literature in Transition, 1900-1920: A new Age?*, edited by James Purdon, and the other a chapter on the curious expansiveness of Ford's sexual moralising, for an essay collection edited by Robin E. Field and Jerrica Jordan entitled *#MeToo and Modernism*. The first book was published in December 2021 and the second is forthcoming from Clemson University Press. In both cases, I was invited to contribute an essay on an author of my choice in response to a thematic prompt – economics in the first and #metoo in the second – and in both instances, Ford came to mind because, on reading his *Return to Yesterday* – just because it was sitting on my shelf – I found myself wanting to think harder about his unique revelry in the concept of abundance. Colours are brighter in Ford, oranges larger and 'cooler',<sup>1</sup> motorcars 'magnificent',<sup>2</sup> and hedgehog dinners 'most wonderfully succulent' (RY 99). Never were Stephen Crane's eyes pictured with more lust than they are by Ford: 'His eyes with their fringes of lashes were almost incredibly beautiful' (RY 27). Never was frozen cream more surely outmatched by ice-cream than in his recollection of a favourite breakfast: 'It was not, you understand, ice-cream, but fresh cream frozen thick and eaten with fresh peaches, peeled and cut

in half (RY 205). I learnt from *Return to Yesterday* that he had written a cookbook, and wished I might use it to parse his poetics of sumptuousness. It struck me that he differed from other modernist writers, especially in light of the recent binary division between ‘weak’ and ‘strong’ modernisms, in that however uninhibited his statements of pleasure seem they never render him fragile; however dramatic, they never become aggressive. There is a benevolence and confidence to the very characteristics of his self-expression we would normally connect with bluster and blushing. When nudged to consider these anomalies through the medium of economics and #metoo, I set out on one hand to describe how Ford’s literal, ultimately bankrupting largesse towards his friends inscribes itself into his fiction, and on the other to explore what makes me uncomfortable about his liberality.

My essay on ‘the economics of generosity’ is organised around a moment in *The Good Soldier* when a minor character, Uncle John Hurlbird, is handing out ‘great cool California oranges’ to everyone he meets on his travels, as if there were as many of the fruit in his possession as there are people capable of crossing his path (GS 23). The assumption is that he will always have enough oranges to meet an inestimable demand. Although he is a ‘poor old gentleman, with [a] weak and fluttering heart’ (GS 23), his financial generosity grants his wealth a kind of infinitude. The oranges are more than themselves: they defy rational limitations by a lovely trick of self-maximisation. In this essay, I understand Ford to offer a radical reconception of conventional economic logic, whereby in making the supply of or-

anges keep up with popular demand, he proposes a political strategy of expanding monetary resources to correspond to need. Hurlbird's orange recipients are always in credit orange-wise, however poor they may feel in other ways. By a citrus form of quantitative easing, they succeed in surrounding themselves with wealth. Ford was no socialist, but as Max Saunders points out, he found the contemporary Tory government's response to poverty woefully irresponsible, and was appalled by modern industrialist abuses of power, claiming to want 'all men swept away who made a profit out of other men's labour.'<sup>3</sup> The emergence of the modern bank in the twentieth century, with its accompanying corporate characteristics – more bureaucracy, more power at the top, depersonalisation, abstract calculations, expansion in size, and enslavement to market forces – deepened his horror at the miseries that early finance capitalism threatened to bake into the system. In my reading of *The Good Soldier*, there is a resemblance between Hurlbird's limitless generosity and J. M. Keynes's radical recommendation in 1919, that the Germans simply be 'forgiven' their war debts and that money be created by the Bank of England to cover the shortfall.<sup>4</sup> I see Ford as modernism's David Graeber.

My essay for the essay collection, *#MeToo and Modernism*, tempers this positive account of Fordian abundance with a worry about the quantities of space that Ford imagines himself to take up. This second essay uses Ford's formulation of his need to write at length: 'I need length',<sup>5</sup> as an insight into the rambling self-justifications and moral uncertainty and ambivalence that mark the thinly

fictionalised accounts of his sexual conduct in his work. I begin my discussion with an analysis of a little-known poem of his about a meeting with a prostitute, 'To Gertrude', in which the addressee is described as 'selling [her] caresses' and acknowledged to be much younger than the speaker: 'you're too young and I'm too old.' With the recognition of Gertrude's youth, moreover, comes a further, disquieting speculation as to her pre-pubescence. The request that the girl remove her 'white kimono' and 'Disclose/The little budget of your woes' discloses behind its budget metaphor her 'little' bosom, turning the private encounter between middle-aged writer and near-child into a public one between naked body and reader.<sup>6</sup> At the same moment within the poem's reality that Ford's desire is gratified, an awkward confession is aired.

It is hard to know whether the unfolding of Ford's moral discomfort in 'To Gertrude' is intended as an invitation to the reader to cast judgement upon him (or his transparent proxy) or as a mere personal exercise in self-examination. Why does he admit so much? Does he know he is in public? The possibility that he might see the public space of the text as his – another platform for his moral self-questioning – is striking in view of the physical evanescence of this poem, which was not included in his *Collected Poems* and vanished from public record until Saunders brought out Ford's *Selected Poems* in 1997. Ford was wont to publish in periodicals with short life spans, and I wondered if he saw himself as having the little perishable theatres of these publications all to himself. In *The Rash Act*, he often presents the beautiful Mediterranean re-

gion in which Henry Martin performs his botched suicide as an empty theatre, nominally public and yet empty, exposed and yet unviewed. The idea that the space of consciousness and conscience might expand indefinitely outside one's head is also associated in that novel with the conception of Hell as an infinite container for Henry's 'endless' 'mental worries': 'You would be in blackness with great stars worrying eternally [...] You would earn oblivion by worrying.'<sup>7</sup> It is as if, far from being other people, the whole of Hell were him – his mental arena. The sense of entitlement here is all the more remarkable for being oblivious.

I understand Ford's greed in relation to moral thinking terrain as a reinscription of his adoptive status as an Englishman. In *The Rash Act*, Martin quips: 'get an Englishman alone in a railway carriage on a long journey and inside of ten minutes he would be rehearsing to you his most infinite, private grievances.'<sup>8</sup> The American-born Martin's grievances are both monetary and sexual and are mostly levelled against himself, while he differs from his low-born English father in engaging at length with his own sexual conduct: '[Father] appeared to have no views on masculine sexual morality.'<sup>9</sup> Martin reinvents himself as an English aristocrat through his mental habits. His relationship with the expression of 'private grievances' is thus territorial, in that he assumes he has 'infinite' space for navel gazing – or much more space than one would expect his co-passenger to grant him willingly. Ford writes in *The Heart of the Country* in a passage on rural land and the English aristocratic assumption of entitlement: 'Perhaps it is the fate of the country

– of the English country at least – to become just one large playground for millionaires. In essentials, large stretches of England have for many years past been little else than that.<sup>10</sup> Just as English millionaires annex the countryside as their ‘playpen’, so too Ford hungrily keeps claiming new domains in which to analyse his conduct in love and sex. Published words become his estate, as if there were no one else around.

In my #metoo piece, I reflect upon the discrepancy between the immense ‘length’ Ford purchases for himself when thinking through and anxiously defending his romantic and sexual choices, and the vocal displacement of his female characters. Gertrude has no words to herself.

### **Notes**

1 Ford Madox Ford, *The Good Soldier* (1915; edited by David Bradshaw, London: Penguin Books, 2002), 23; hereafter *GS*.

2 Ford, Madox Ford, *Return to Yesterday* (1931; Manchester: Carcanet, 1999), 11; hereafter *RY*.

3 Quoted in Saunders’s *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 251.

4 John Maynard Keynes, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919; edited by Michael Cox, Cham: Palgrave Macmillan, 2019), 202.

5 Ford Madox Ford, *It Was the Nightingale* (Lon-



Beci Carver

don: William Heinemann, 1934), 155.

6 Ford Madox Ford, *Selected Poems*, edited by Max Saunders (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2003), 54.

7 Ford Madox Ford, *The Rash Act* (1933; Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1982), 158.

8 Ford, *The Rash Act*, 142.

9 Ford, *The Rash Act*, 57.

10 Ford Madox Ford, *The Heart of the Country* (1906), in *England and the English*, edited by Sara Haslam (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2003), 201.

## **The Journal of a PhD Student: Research Cul de Sacs**

Gillian Gustar

Writing this regular column is an opportunity to share my research into Ford's representations of madness as it unfolds. In my contributions I aim for a balance between glimpses of my findings and insights into my experience of being a PhD student. It is sometimes tricky to share enough material for the argument whilst reserving that which properly will belong in my thesis. I hope the compromises made in this column will not detract too much.

When you read descriptions of the research process it can sound quite an orderly affair but it is a much more fluid experience, with occasional roadblocks. Seasoned researchers will know all too well the line of inquiry that seems promising but somehow cannot be satisfactorily completed, a cul de sac in the work. Here I share my own frustrating experience of an inquiry that is, so far, inconclusive.

I have been examining Ford's claims about the 'wickedly unskilful doctoring' he encountered when he was ill between 1903 and 1906 and sought treatment 'mostly in Germany' but also in 'Austria, Switzerland and Belgium.'<sup>1</sup> One aspect which remains tantalisingly difficult to pin down is Ford's account of the treatment he received in Austria, in an 'institution that is now even more famous than the Rhineland K.W.H.A.' (RY 203). The Rhineland institution is Marienberg in Boppard am Rhine, the subject of my Spring 2019 column (*Last Post* I, 2,

109-117). Ford's comparison hints at a facility of some size. He also provides other clues.

For instance, he describes visiting 'several jewellers' shops' to find a silver christening cup on his way to an appointment at this institution. One of these jewellery shops, in which he finds a golden christening cup, he places near the Kärntnethor.<sup>2</sup> This was the first seductive suggestion for it places Ford in Vienna, where Sigmund Freud then lived and worked.<sup>3</sup> Add to this Ford's description of his treatment, and it becomes even more interesting. He compares a treatment at Marienberg, designed to 'prove that (his) troubles had an obscure sexual origin' with earlier attempts in Austria to 'demonstrate the same thing' with 'similar unsuccess.' If these attempts predated the Marienberg instance, then they would have been prior to November 1904. Ford's account of the visit which included the search for a christening cup was clearly one of several for 'One day' he says, 'my soul straightener had a ray of hope' (RY 203). On this occasion, asked by the doctor what he had been thinking about, he immediately responded 'Eine Goldener Tasse' (a golden cup). The specialist pounced on this as evidence that he was "suffering from....' some sexual disorder or other.' For, 'in those days' a gold cup was seen as 'a symbol of something improper' by those early 'enthusiasts' of 'the mania that has since beset the entire habitable globe'. In an uncharacteristically generous portrayal of a doctor Ford says that he was 'bound to say for the Austrian practitioner that I explained to him why I was thinking about a golden cup' and he 'abandoned his theory'(RY 204). Ford's anecdote is part of a claim that

he was repeatedly misdiagnosed in this period, but it is also a series of veiled hints that he may have experienced some form of psychoanalytic treatment in Vienna in either 1903 or 1904. If so, it would be a significant exposure of psychoanalytic theory and practice well before it was mainstream knowledge in Britain and before Ford referenced it in his own work.<sup>4</sup> This, in turn, could affect readings of his pre-war novels. His account offers a beguiling invitation to find out more.

The institution was the most concrete clue so I began with investigating where it might have been. The description of moving from shop to shop made it likely that Ford had been on foot so the institution would need to be within reasonable walking distance of the Kärtnethor. It was exciting to discover, therefore, that in 2006 a commemorative plaque was placed at the site of a former mental hospital in Vienna, located at Leonhardgasse,<sup>5</sup> which Google Maps estimates suggest is less than a thirty-minute walk from the Kärtnethor. It was led by a psychiatrist named Wilhelm Svetlin, by 1890 could accommodate sixty inpatients and numbered the composer Hugo Wolf, the painter Carl Schuch and the actor Karl Wilhelm Meixner amongst its patients.<sup>6</sup> Like Marienberg it attracted an artistic clientele and was famous enough to merit a commemoration, so seemed a reasonable contender.

Though location, of course, says little about the kind of treatment available, an indication lay in Edward Shorter's research into nineteenth century private nerve clinics in Vienna. He identifies Svetlin's hospital as 'Vienna's second oldest and perhaps second

most reputable nervous clinic'<sup>7</sup> and names Freud as the admitting physician for a patient known as Mathilde S. in October 1889 (Shorter, 149). Clinic staff reported that she 'made a cult out of worshipping her doctor, who had treated her with hypnosis during her depressive phase' (Shorter, 149). So, now I had Ford's claim to be in Vienna, a hospital and Freud working there. On the surface, it looked promising. Dishearteningly, however, Shorter pointed out that his information had been pieced together from hospital records of admittance and published case studies, and that few case history records have survived. The likelihood of establishing whether Ford had been there retreated.

Faced with this obstacle I turned my attention to Ford's mention of waiting in 'the ante-room of the nerve-specialist' for his appointment, reasoning that this might indicate a smaller private clinic outside the main institution (RY 203). It was an idea made more attractive by the fact that, just as Svetlin's hospital was within a 30 minute walk of the Kärntnetheor, so was Freud's private clinic at Berggasse 19.<sup>8</sup> Nowhere does Ford say the nerve specialist he consulted was Freud. In fact, in his account he addresses the doctor as 'Herr Wirklicher Geheimrath', a term best understood as trusted adviser, a keeper of secrets. Nor does he use the term 'psychoanalysis', though he was certainly aware of both years before he wrote *Return to Yesterday*. For instance, he mentions Freud by name in *The Marsden Case* (1923) and in the same year in a letter to A.E. Coppard he writes that he prefers not to have 'sexually esoteric' or 'psycho-analytic' material for publication in the *Transatlantic Review*.<sup>9</sup>

Instead of specifics he offers a delightfully vague account which leaves the impression that he might, perhaps, without even knowing it at the time, have been treated by Freud. It was very tempting to believe this might have been the case, especially since other research had demonstrated that many of Ford's claims about his treatment at spas in Germany and Switzerland have foundations in fact.<sup>10</sup> I think the path of my research hints at that. So attractive was the idea, that I tried all the angles I could to link things together. Yet they do not add up.

Notice that Svetlin's clinic was the second most reputable identified by Shorter. If Ford was treated at a prestigious institution in Vienna, it could as easily have been Ober-Döbling, a place Shorter describes as the most socially distinguished (Shorter, 162) and one in which Freud had also worked in 1885. At four miles from the Kärntnetheor, and an estimated eighty-minute walking time, it was less obviously a good fit with my theory, but it can hardly be said that Ford was averse to walking, as his biographers attest. Nor is it impossible that he took transport. There is also the distinct possibility, however, that it was neither of these places. Ober-Döbling closed in 1916 and the Svetlin clinic in 1920 so it is a stretch to argue that they might be the institution Ford claimed was famous in the 1930s. So, much like Ford's Austrian physician, my theories do not fit the findings neatly enough. This does not rule out, of course, the potential for Ford to have been treated at an unidentified private clinic by one of the many physicians exploring psychotherapeutic ideas in Vienna at the time. Further

research might turn up new options but there is a more fundamental question to answer.

The biggest obstacle to concluding this line of inquiry is Ford himself. I have yet to find any corroborating evidence to show that he was in Vienna in the period 1903 to 1906. There is no reference to it in his other autobiographies, or published letters,<sup>11</sup> or by his biographers. Without this, any claims would remain mere speculation. It is a tough lesson in research. Not all promising avenues lead to insight and, however much you might wish it otherwise, forcing the facts to fit your theory undermines the integrity of the research. So, here I am, firmly lodged in a research cul de sac. Unless, of course, someone else in this wonderful Ford community has information which puts Ford firmly in Vienna in 1903/4?

## Notes

1 Ford, *Return to Yesterday* (1931; Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1999), 202; hereafter *RY*.

2 The Kärntnethor was originally a gateway in a ring wall but was demolished in 1861. In 1869 the Vienna State Opera was built there but the theatre was flattened in 1870 and replaced by apartments which eventually became the Hotel Sacher. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theater\\_am\\_K%C3%A4rntnertor](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theater_am_K%C3%A4rntnertor) – accessed 31st May 2019. It is likely, therefore, that Ford used the term to denote that general area.

3 Freud moved to Vienna in 1859 and left in 1937: <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Sig->

mund-Freud – accessed 16 March 2022

4 *The Marsden Case* (London: Duckworth, 1923) is the first novel to reference Freud and psychoanalytic terminology.

5 <http://www.dasmuseen.net/Wien/BezMus03/page.asp/3144.htm> - accessed 15 May 2019

6 [https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wilhelm\\_Svetlin](https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wilhelm_Svetlin) - accessed 15 May 2019

7 Edward Shorter, 'Women and Jews in a Private Nervous Clinic in Late Nineteenth-Century Vienna', *Medical History*, 33 (1989), 164.

8 <https://www.viennadirect.com/sights/bellevue.php> - accessed 31 May 2019

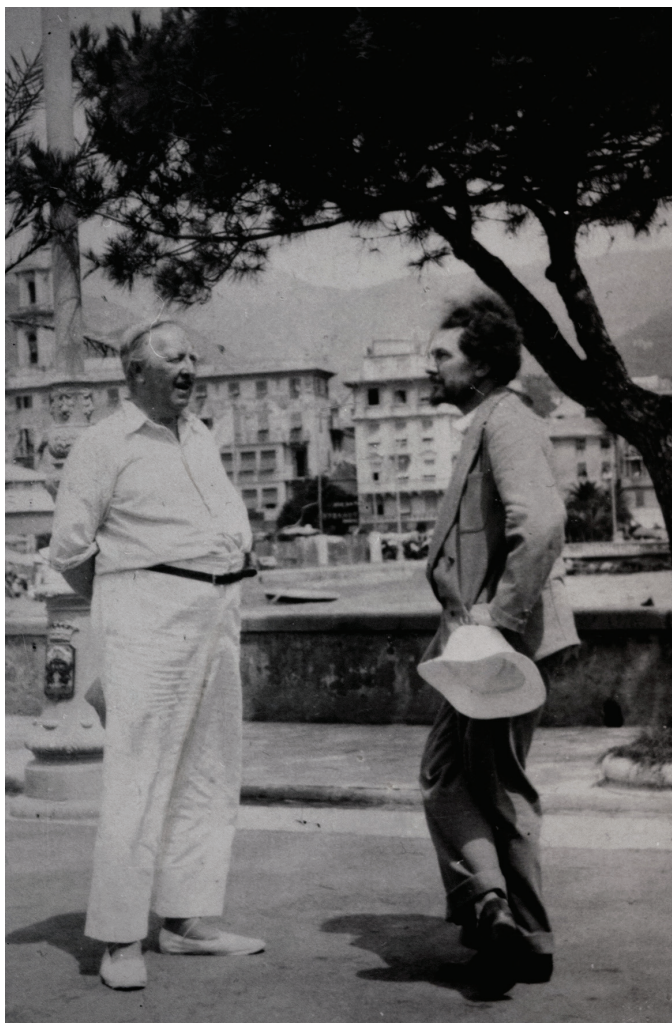
9 Richard M. Ludwig, *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 152.

10 As this forms part of my thesis it is not included here and I ask readers to take on trust this claim.

11 Nor has Max Saunders found any reference to Vienna in the letters currently being edited.



Paul Skinner



Ford and Ezra Pound before the Columbus monument  
Rapallo, Italy — c. 1932

*The Ford Madox Ford Collection, #4605. Division of Rare Books  
and Manuscript Collections, Cornell University Library*

## 'Good between the sticks': Cricketing Ford

Paul Skinner

'Of strategy Mr Pound never heard, nor yet, though he sits at the feet of a statue of Columbus has he permitted his mind to be opened by travel', Ford Madox Ford wrote, in a piece dated 'St Katherine's Day, 1932'.<sup>1</sup> It was his contribution to the promotional pamphlet, *The Cantos of Ezra Pound: Some Testimonies*, which he had organised, eliciting contributions from fifteen writers, including James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, H. D., William Carlos Williams, Allen Tate and Basil Bunting, distributed by Farrar & Rinehart to accompany the first US edition (15 March 1933) of Pound's *A Draft of XXX Cantos*, initially published in Paris almost three years before.<sup>2</sup>

Ford had begun this project shortly after his visit with Janice Biala to Ezra Pound and Olga Rudge in Rapallo in the summer of 1932.<sup>3</sup> 'Madox Ford at Rapallo', a dialogue purporting to represent a conversation between Ford and Pound, appeared in the local paper, *Il Mare* (20 August 1932). Two photographs of the visit survive (probably taken by Biala).<sup>4</sup> Describing one of these, Alan Judd writes, 'Ford is wearing espadrilles, a shirt with rolled up sleeves and white cotton trousers that, hitched well up above his belt, manage to look like cricket trousers. He stands with his feet astride, arms behind his back, like an umpire having a quiet word with a fast bowler whose action has become a little suspect; which in a sense he was, though they continued to have limitless tolerance of each other.'<sup>5</sup>

An umpire, rather than a player, unsurprisingly, given that he was now almost sixty years old and of a markedly unathletic build. In other times, in other places, things had, it seems, been different. Ford, Douglas Goldring wrote, ‘achieved the dignity of being captain of the cricket team’ at Pretoria House, the boarding school in Folkestone he attended between the ages of seven and fifteen. In consequence, Elsie Martindale, with whom Ford already had what Goldring terms ‘a warm boy-and-girl friendship’, was ‘nicknamed “the captain’s wife”’.<sup>6</sup> The second of Ford’s propaganda books, *Between St Dennis and St George*, includes the recollection of “‘Piggy’ Pearson and myself, playing truant from fagging at cricket on a hot afternoon and hidden away up in the top of one of the old trees in Epping Forest’.<sup>7</sup>

In 1919, during the months before Stella Bowen joined him at Red Ford Cottage, Ford worked at ‘English Country’, three pieces under that title appearing in the *New Statesman* (August to September, 1919), and later revised as part of *No Enemy: A Reconstructionary Tale*. There is a moment in that autobiographical fiction, when Ford’s narrator—one of them, rather, if they are indeed two and not one dual narrator—who has not been able to write, begins again to do so. He’s been listening to Rosalie Prudent, who has lost husband, sons, home and possessions but goes on, as Ford’s much-admired Meary Walker had gone on. Reminded, surely, of Meary’s courage, of her ability and determination to ‘keep all on goeing’, Gringoire reflects:

So I felt that I ought to be writing. It would not

be fair to have a soft job for the purpose of wooing the Muse and then not to woo her. So I had pulled out from my wet tunic which hung over the chair back, my disreputable and sodden tablet of writing paper, which I had purchased two days before from that miserable Canteen Lance-Corporal and had begun, with a wet stump of pencil, to write the article called '*Une Partie de Cricket*' which, if only because it is a souvenir, I hope will be printed as an appendix to these remembrances. I know I wrote the first ten sentences, because I remember them and also because, the other day, I turned out the repulsive flap of my camp bed, and there, along with a damp sock and some mildewed straps, was the mouldering tablet with three scrawled pages. . . .<sup>8</sup>

It is, of course, included twice, as 'A Cricket Match' and, in the original French, '*Une Partie de Cricket*', as 'Envoi'.<sup>9</sup>

'By the bye', Ford wrote in a postscript to his letter to Herbert Read in June 1920, 'Are you a cricketer? I have been invited to do a week's country house cricket in August with Snaith and Drinkwater and other Literary County Cricketers. I don't want to go—or rather I do, but shall be busy at Bedham, just then. Would you care for me to suggest you? Most Yorkshiremen are good between the sticks—not, of course, anywhere near Kent—but still. . . .'<sup>10</sup>

That summer, it was a year since Stella Bowen had moved in with Ford; they had then bought a cottage, Coopers, taking possession in March 1920

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but unable to move in until September (the sitting tenant having ceased—permanently—to sit). The day before Ford's letter to Read, he had dated the final copy of his long poem 'A House', inscribing it 'For my dear Stella.' It was published by Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop in March 1921, with designs for both front and back covers and five illustrations by Stella (who was uncredited). Stella would later write of the Adelaide Oval (she grew up in that city): 'It was there that I acquired that hatred of all sport and especially cricket, which has lasted all through the years. I can neither explain this nor excuse it, but even to-day, there is something about a band playing, flags flying in the sunshine, green grass, and the scramble in the tea-tent, that fills me with a huge, irrational, agonizing depression. . . .'<sup>11</sup>

'Especially cricket'. The sport's long, close links with social class and empire are well-established and documented.<sup>12</sup> International contests between England and the 'white colonies' began in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Australia in the 1870s, South Africa in the 1880s, though the first Test match with New Zealand was not until 1929-30, more than twenty years after it was granted dominion status. Other countries emerged rather later as international opponents: the West Indies in 1928, India in 1932 and Pakistan, of course, after partition, in 1954. In late-Victorian and Edwardian England cricket was 'the most status-ridden sport of all', first-class players being designated either 'gentlemen' (amateurs) or 'players' (professionals), with separate entrances and different provisions of food and drink.<sup>13</sup> A match between 'Gentlemen' and 'Players' was first played in 1806, became an annu-

al fixture from 1819 and continued to be played until the early 1960s.

The reader unfamiliar with cricket may be imperfectly aware of the number of phrases and expressions used in social and political contexts which are specifically—sometimes originally—connected with the game. Playing with a straight bat (or a dead bat), stonewalling, a sticky wicket, a washout, an all-rounder, getting one's eye in, following through, grafting, on the front foot (and on the back foot), bowling a googly – and, of course, 'it's not cricket'. The language could be highly infectious. 'Met W. H. Hudson the other day at F. M. H.'s & was "clean bowled"', Ezra Pound wrote to his mother in February 1912.<sup>14</sup> There have, of course, been many famous cricketing writers—Arthur Conan Doyle, Harold Pinter, A. A. Milne, P. G. Wodehouse, Siegfried Sassoon, Samuel Beckett, Edmund Blunden. And cricketing references often serve to indicate a certain kind or class of Englishness. Henry Green's sly humour has one of his characters, Alexander, in a fogbound London, 'bowling along in his taxi the length of cricket pitches at a time, from block to block, one red light to another, or shimmering policemen dressed in rubber.'<sup>15</sup> And when Christopher Tietjens only catches the train to Rye by the expedient of 'running alongside it, pitching his enormous kit-bag through the carriage window and swinging on the footboard', Vincent Macmaster reflects that, had it been him, 'half the station would have been yelling: "Stand away there."' As it is Tietjens, the 'galloping' stationmaster opens the carriage door for him and 'grinningly' pants: "Well caught, sir!" for it was a cricketing county.'<sup>16</sup> In *Ancient Lights*,

Ford straight facedly asserts that writers in England, being 'well aware that they are not regarded as gentlemen', all 'desire to be something else as well. Sometimes, anxious to assert their manhood, they cultivate small holdings, sail the seas, hire out fishing boats, travel in caravans, engage in county cricket or become justices of the peace.'<sup>17</sup>

In a curious sidelight on Anglo-Irish relations, when James Joyce first went to meet Frank Budgen in Zurich, he had made up his mind that the painter was 'a spy sent by the British Consulate' (with whom Joyce was then in dispute). What reason had he to come to the conclusion that he was wrong, Budgen asked. "Because," said Joyce, "you looked like an English cricketer out of the W. G. Grace period. Yes, Arthur Shrewsbury. He was a great bat, but an awkward-looking tradesman at the wicket."<sup>18</sup>

Ford employs cricketing references throughout his Edwardian years and beyond. In the first of his trilogy on *England and the English*, he writes of 'the London child' that 'He will attach a certain significance to the grimy stretch of waste ground—it will by now have been, ah, so long since "built over"—on which he played cricket with meat tins for a wicket', while, in *The Heart of the Country*, he recalls driving 'nine or ten miles along a hog's-back ridge to a cricket match in company with a railway porter who was just one of those slum children grown up.' Later, lamenting the 'dying out' of 'all the old seasonal excitements of the country', he cites 'even the very cricket clubs' and when, as 'one of the ordinary half-town, half-country mortals that most of

us are', he 'shuts his eyes and builds his castle in the air', the image of 'where and how he would live if he became really rich', he notes: 'We might have our thatched pavilion, our smooth lawns, on which, each summer, our under-keepers, our stable-men, and our local curates should meet wandering teams of cricketers.' Looking back to his book on Holbein of a few years earlier, Ford recurs to the idea of the composite figure emerging from the painter's portraits, a definite type 'that rather curiously coincides with Holbein's sketches of the typical Englishman of that day.' Ford suggests that, 'If it is not too topical or too personal, I should say that he reminds me, this typical Englishman, most of all of Dr W. G. Grace, the cricketer.'<sup>19</sup>

Holbein himself, Ford asserted in his book on the painter, 'was not a man with a mission, but a man ready to do a day's work. And the intent expression of his eyes, which calmly survey the world, suggests nothing so much as that of a thoroughly efficient fieldsman in a game of cricket who misses no motion of the game that passes beneath his eyes, because at any moment the ball may come in his direction.'<sup>20</sup>

Later reminiscences would feature Henry James 'wearing one of his innumerable cricket-caps' (*RY* 8) and Fernand Léger, sitting on a bench on the Boulevard Montparnasse, 'wearing an old-fashioned cricketer's cap like that of Maître Montagnier of Tarascon' (*IWN* 255). In *Provence*, Ford would remember working in the British Museum and going outside for a smoke, whereupon Edward Garnett 'would drift along with his peculiar lounging



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stride of the slow bowler'.<sup>21</sup> The fiction too drew often on the sport's vocabulary. Mr Carver explains to Mr Apollo that he can't have it both ways, "That's not cricket, you know", while Mr Sorrell 'had got a knock — or perhaps it was only a mental shock — something mysterious, something that he could not understand, which had knocked him clean back through time — 483 years, as a cricket-ball is struck by a bat. It seemed extraordinary, it seemed almost incredible.'<sup>22</sup>

Cricket would, unsurprisingly, collide with the First World War — the county championship was suspended, resuming in 1919, while the *Times* refused to print the cricket scores, seeking to put pressure on the cricketing fraternity to volunteer.<sup>23</sup> The classic equation between war and sport had been well-demonstrated, Paul Fussell observes, by one of Sir Henry Newbolt's most famous poems, 'Vitaï Lampada', 'a public-school favourite since 1898', cricket being there the sport of choice:

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—  
Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,  
An hour to play and the last man in.

The second stanza switches to war in the Sudan, the unsuccessful attempt to relieve Gordon at Khar-toum:

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—  
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:  
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"<sup>24</sup>

But the sport also connected with the real and imagined worlds of writing and publishing. In, again, *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*, 'With that pulling together of the whole crew, with that devotion to the team of his whole staff which is the cricket of publishing, Mr. Sorrell imagined that he would score another immense success' (6). A *Call's* 'Epistolary Epilogue', asks: 'And who is this tall and robust gentleman who, wearing across the chest of his white cricketing flannel the broad blue ribbon of His Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, bearing in one hand negligently the *Times* of the day before yesterday and in the other a pastoral rake, approaches from the hayfields, and, with an indulgent smile, surveys the happy group?'<sup>25</sup> In *Joseph Conrad*, Ford recalled the occasions on which he would engage the publisher Pawling in conversation while his fellow-conspirator was touching Heinemann for an advance: 'Then Conrad would come in, buttoning his overcoat over the cheque; Mr. Pawling would throw up his hands and exclaim to the writer, "You've let him get at that ass William again. By God, that is not cricket!"'<sup>26</sup>

A great many of Ford's cricketing references and expressions of interest concerned the professional game: Test and country cricket. But the experience of the majority of the game's devotees was at a quite different level: it was local, amateur – and highly sociable. Both cricket and football, Ford suggested,

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‘were more beneficial to the nation and flourished better themselves before what is called the era of professionalism.’<sup>27</sup> Village cricket – and country house cricket. Paul Delany commented of Limpsfield—where Garnetts and Fabians flourished and Ford lived with Elsie for a year—that it differed from ‘both the planned utopian community of Welwyn Garden City and the “beer and cricket” flavour of villages then being colonised by middle-class intellectuals.’<sup>28</sup> ‘O England, country of my heart’s desire’, E. V. Lucas wrote:

Land of the hedgerow and the village spire,  
Land of thatched cottages and murmuring bees,  
And wayside inns whereone may take one’s ease,  
Of village green where cricket may be played<sup>29</sup>

George Orwell’s ‘Inside the Whale’ (1940) looked back to a period that he claimed was marked by ‘a cult of cheeriness and manliness, beer and cricket, briar pipes and monogamy’, when ‘a few pounds could always be earned by writing an article denouncing “highbrows”.’ He went on: ‘But all the same it was the despised highbrows who had captured the young. The wind was blowing from Europe, and long before 1930 it had blown the beer-and-cricket school naked, except for their knighthoods.’<sup>30</sup> Orwell had mentioned J. C. Squire, editor of the *London Mercury*: the coterie that surrounded him was known as ‘the Squirearchy’, often identified with the Georgian poets and thus tending to be at odds with such newer writers and critics as Eliot, Woolf and Middleton Murry.

Squire and his associates were central to A. G. Macdonnell's satirical *England, Their England*, presented as a view of England by a foreign visitor, which famously portrays a village cricket match. Squire had founded The Invalids Cricket Club in 1919 (it still flourishes, more than a century on), many players being officers wounded in the war (Macdonnell himself had probably suffered from shell shock while serving in the Royal Field Artillery). Squire 'led his motley group of literary acquaintances to do battle against village sides each weekend. Club colours were hospital blue and old gold (inspired by the army officers' hospital pyjamas), with a crest representing a pair of crossed crutches.'<sup>31</sup>

In his book on Henry James, Ford had remarked that he would 'rather read Tilbury Nogo than Daniel Deronda, and any book of Surtees than any book of George Meredith excepting perhaps *Evan Harrington*, which is a jolly thing with a good description of country house cricket.'<sup>32</sup> It was country house cricket to which Ford had invited Herbert Read in the letter quoted earlier in this essay: a sociable and comfortable affair. In E. W. Hornung's stories of A. J. Raffles, his hero is an accomplished cricketer—an amateur, a 'gentleman'—and such events afford him excellent opportunities for his primary pastime of burglary.

But perhaps Ford's most extended engagement with the subject occurs in a late work, *Great Trade Route*, where he recalls his visit to the United States thirty years before, and tells the story of Philadelphia's cricket team, claiming that he met a young

man in 1906 who ‘introduced into the English game’ the googly. In a footnote he mentions that ‘the patient and omniscient gentleman who reads my proofs’ has pointed out to Ford that the googly was invented by an Englishman named Bosanquet. Ford assures him that he’s not forgotten Bosanquet but insists that in late 1906 his friend ‘bowled to me in the nets for a quarter of an hour or so balls that broke back both in the air and on the ground and that I found absolutely unplayable. His fellow cricketers who were more used to them played them more easily. They were there called “googlies.”’ His friend afterwards went with a cricket team to England and, Ford says, ‘it certainly seems to me that it was after 1907 that Bosanquet distinguished himself with the googly’.<sup>33</sup>

Well, now. Philadelphia certainly did have a good cricket team, which declined as baseball became the country’s dominant sport.<sup>34</sup> Ford was indeed briefly in Philadelphia in 1906 and a team from there did visit England: the third and final tour was in 1908. Bernard Bosanquet actually captained a team that visited Philadelphia in 1901 and it was during the previous English season that he first used the googly in a first-class match. Around 1903, the delivery he’s now famous for became more widely known as ‘a googly’. So Ford’s chronology is a little out while his statement that cricket ‘was rather dying then in England’ is puzzling. Hayward, Hirst, Hobbs, Woolley: the period up to the First World War is sometimes termed ‘the golden age’ of cricket. And in 1906, Ford’s beloved Kent had actually just won the county championship for the first time. Famously, the great Australian batsman, Don

Bradman, coming to the crease in the final Test at the Oval in 1938, needing to score just four runs to achieve a Test match career average of 100.00, was bowled without scoring a run, playing forward to the second ball he received from Eric Hollies. He thus ended with an average of 99.94. Hollies had dismissed him with a googly.

To quote J. L. Carr again: ‘B. J. T. Bosanquet, Midx., b. 1877, (whose great-grandniece works in this office) having secretly invented the googly at tishy-toshy first unveiled it in the presence of the great Victor Trumper and immediately dismissed him.’<sup>35</sup> ‘Tishy-toshy’? Why, yes. An item in *The Week-end Book* explained the rules of the game, played with a tennis ball on a large table, ‘a game of skill, not of strength’, throwing the ball to your opponent in such a way that they’re unable to return it, though it must stay on the table. The entry includes a note that ‘An early version of the game is said to have taught Bosanquet the googly.’<sup>36</sup>

In ‘Jane Austen Bowls a Googly: The Juvenilia’, Joseph Wiesenfarth, eminent critic of Ford Madox Ford and also the nineteenth-century novel, particularly the work of George Eliot and Jane Austen, begins: ‘To “bowl a googly” is a term from cricket that means to catch a batsman off guard by throwing a very tricky pitch. Idiomatically and figuratively, it means to catch someone unawares with something unexpected.’

A fine essay, well worth seeking out – still, I pause briefly over that strikingly American construction, ‘throwing a very tricky pitch’: even my minimal

knowledge of baseball is enough to locate such terms in that lexicon, rather than a cricketing one. Cricket has bowlers rather than pitchers; and in a cricketing context, the word 'throwing' is treated with great wariness, having been central to several long running 'chucking' controversies in the past, Griffin, Meckiff, Griffith, Muralitharan, whose bowling action was adjudged at some stage to be suspect. But that 'idiomatically and figuratively' is very much to the point—and one which applies to Ford as well—since a googly is not just 'tricky', it's a trickster, an illusion, a feint, a sleight-of-hand. It has had, for most of its life, a very specific meaning: a ball delivered with an apparent leg-break action but behaving as an off-break when it touches the ground, that is, it spins in one direction while the manner of its delivery had led the batsman to believe that it will spin in precisely the opposite direction.

Wiesenfarth cites Alan Bennett's *The Uncommon Reader*—in which the British monarch has gone off-piste to the extent of reading novels and wanting to discuss them with other people—before moving on to Austen: 'When the author of six classic novels of manners takes to getting some people drunk and throwing others out of windows, we could say that Jane Austen bowls us a googly.'<sup>37</sup> We could. And yes, in that sense, we might well make a case for Ford bowling his readers a googly in the process of telling us the story of the googly's invention, his sprightly version of its origin myth.

The umpire, of course, always has the final say.

## Notes

1 See Brita Lindberg-Seyersted, editor, *Pound/Ford: The Story of a Literary Friendship* (London: Faber & Faber 1982), 116. Ford's 'Editor's Note' is initialled 'D. C.' (his old pseudonym, 'Daniel Chaucaer'). St Katherine's Day is 25 November.

2 See Donald Gallup, *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography*, revised edition (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1983), 45-47. The Paris publisher was the Hours Press, owned by Nancy Cunard, who had bought William Bird's printing press when his Three Mountains Press ceased operations. See Anne Chisolm, *Nancy Cunard* (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1979), 110, 150; Nancy Cunard, *These Were the Hours: Memories of My Hours Press, Réanville and Paris, 1928-1931*, edited with a foreword by Hugh Ford (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1969), 4, 6. Cunard's edition combined the contents of earlier editions produced by Bird (1925) and John Rodker (1928), and added three more cantos.

3 Reprinted in *Pound/Ford*, 108-110.

4 See Ford's letter of 8 August 1932 to Ray Long of Farrar & Rinehart ('I enclose two photographs of myself with Ezra Pound'): *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 211; hereafter *Letters*.

5 Alan Judd, *Ford Madox Ford* (London: Collins, 1990), 416.



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6 Douglas Goldring, *The Last Pre-Raphaelite* (London: Macdonald, 1948), 33. Forty years later, the wife of 'Capt. F. M. Ford' (see *Letters*, 93-94) was Stella Bowen—though not legally.

7 Ford Madox Ford, *Between St. Dennis and St. George: A Sketch of Three Civilisations* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1915), 96.

8 Ford Madox Ford, *No Enemy* (1929; edited by Paul Skinner, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2002), 132.

9 First published in *Bibliothèque universelle et revue suisse*, 85 (January 1917), 117-126: Max Saunders, 'Ford Madox Ford: Further Bibliographies', *English Literature in Transition 1880-1920*, 43:2 (2000), 155. See *No Enemy*, 67-73, 149-154.

10 *Letters*, 104. The novelist John Collis Snaith (1876-1936), author of nearly 40 books, including *Willow the King: the story of a cricket match* (London: Ward, Lock, 1899), played county cricket for his birth county of Nottinghamshire, and in the Authors Cricket Club alongside A. A. Milne, P. G. Wodehouse and others, including Conan Doyle (and his brother-in-law, E. W. Hornung), J. M. Barrie, E. V. Lucas, A. E. W. Mason and Hugh de Sélin-court. John Drinkwater, poet and dramatist; ran the Repertory Theatre in Birmingham, at which Nigel Playfair proposed putting on Ford's translation of *Alcestis* until, Ford wrote, Drinkwater 'lost my manuscript': *It Was the Nightingale* (London: Heinemann, 1934), 133-134; hereafter *IWN*. There is a copy at Cornell. The lauding of Kent while liv-

ing in Sussex—Ford’s two most favoured counties—recalls his remarking, ‘So it is Kent and Sussex against the Rest, as cricketers say’: *Return to Yesterday: Reminiscences 1894-1914* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1931), 8; hereafter *RY*.

11 Stella Bowen, *Drawn From Life* (London: Collins, 1941), 25.

12 Exemplified in C. L. R. James’s classic *Beyond a Boundary*, (1963; London: Vintage, 2019). His preface ‘poses the question *What do they know of cricket who only cricket know?*’, echoing the famous line—‘And what should they know of England who only England know?’—in Kipling’s poem, ‘The English Flag’ (1891). The book’s primary dedicatee is the brilliant Trinidad all-rounder Sir Learie Constantine, who became the first black member of the House of Lords and was granted a memorial service at Westminster Abbey. His suit against the Imperial Hotel in London, which had refused to accommodate him in 1943, played a part in the eventual passing of the Race Relations Act: see Michael Henderson, *That Will Be England Gone: The Last Summer of Cricket* (London: Constable 2021), 129.

13 G. R. Searle, *A New England? Peace and War 1886-1918* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), 113.

14 Ezra Pound, *Ezra Pound to His Parents: Letters 1895-1929*, edited by Mary de Rachewiltz, David Moody and Joanna Moody (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010), 273. Three and a half years’ residence have not removed the quotation marks

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from that phrase. Pound was, according to his wife, Dorothy, 'the most American thing going': Hugh Kenner, 'D.P. Remembered', *Paideuma*, 2, 3 (Winter 1973), 486. And: "He was in reaction for twenty years against the English. They never called things by their proper names."

15 Henry Green, *Party Going* (1939), in *Loving, Living, Party Going* (London: Vintage, 2005), 401.

16 Ford Madox Ford, *Some Do Not. . .* (1924; edited by Max Saunders, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2010), 30.

17 Ford Madox Ford, *Ancient Lights and Certain New Reflections* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1911), 110.

18 Frank Budgen, *James Joyce and the Making of 'Ulysses' and other writings* (1934; enlarged edition, London: Oxford University Press, 1972), 14-15. Shrewsbury (1856-1903) was a Nottinghamshire and England batsman: as the incomparable J. L. Carr reports, 'in his day second only in reputation to W. G. Grace. No one ever saw the top of his head, which on the field he concealed by a cap; off it, by a bowler, and in his bed, with a night-cap. Believing himself afflicted by an incurable disease, he shot himself'. See Carr's *Dictionary of Extra-Ordinary Cricketers*, new edition (London: Aurum Press in association with the Quince Tree Press, 2005), 60.

19 See Ford Madox Ford, *England and the English*, edited by Sara Haslam (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2003), 27-28, 129, 202, 270. Grace, born in

1848, finally retired only in 1908 (he died in 1915).

20 Ford Madox Ford, *Hans Holbein the Younger: A Critical Monograph* (London: Duckworth, 1905), 34.

21 Ford Madox Ford, *Provence* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1938), 249.

22 Ford Madox Ford, *Mr Apollo* (London: Methuen, 1908), 117; *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (London: Constable, 1911), 99. It was, of course, 583 years, as Ford belatedly realised, mentioning the fact on a postcard from Giessen in August 1911 to Irene Lalonde.

23 Juliet Nicolson, *The Great Silence, 1918-1920* (London: John Murray, 2009), 105; Martin Pugh, *'We Danced All Night': A Social History of Britain Between the Wars* (London: The Bodley Head, 2008), 283.

24 Paul Fussell, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1975), 25-26. The setting of Newbolt's first stanza is Clifton College, where he was Head of School (1881). Ford's friend Arthur Marwood went there – so too, it seems, did Christopher Tietjens and Vincent Macmaster: *Some Do Not* . . . , 7.

25 Ford Madox Ford, *A Call: The Tale of Two Passions* (1910; with an afterword by C. H. Sisson, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1984), 295.

26 Ford Madox Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal*

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*Remembrance* (London: Duckworth, 1924), 53.

27 Ford Madox Ford, *The Critical Attitude* (London: Duckworth, 1911), 182.

28 Paul Delany, *The Neo-Pagans: Friendship and Love in the Rupert Brooke Circle* (London: Macmillan, 1987), 41.

29 E. V. Lucas, 'The Old Country', in Ernest Rhys, editor, *The Old Country: A Book of Love & Praise of England* (London: Dent, 1917), 161. A footnote states that the poem was 'Written for a Gramophone Record.'

30 George Orwell, *A Patriot After All: 1940-1941*, edited by Peter Davison, revised and updated edition (London: Secker and Warburg, 2000), 96.

31 From the club's website: <https://theinvalidsec.com/> (accessed 8 April 2022)

32 Ford Madox Ford, *Henry James: A Critical Study* (London: Martin Secker, 1914), 150. *Tilbury Nogo* was an 1861 novel by George John Whyte-Melville, army officer, commander of Turkish irregular cavalry in the Crimean War and author of historical novels as well as those involving fox-hunting and steeplechasing.

33 Ford Madox Ford, *Great Trade Route* (London: Allen & Unwin, 1937), 246-249.

34 Ford would not have endeared himself to the sport's fans by recalling a debate with James B.

Connolly about cricket or baseball being the better game. ‘In England’, Ford commented drily, ‘baseball is called “rounders” and is played by small children’ (RY 330).

35 Carr’s *Dictionary of Extra-Ordinary Cricketers*, 9.

36 *The Week-end Book: A Sociable Anthology* (revised edition, London: The Nonesuch Press, 1926), 266. Apparently, this tabletop game was also known as Twisti-Twosti.

37 Joseph Wiesenfarth, ‘Jane Austen Bowls a Googly: The Juvenilia’, *Style*, 51, 1 (2017), 1-16 (quotations from first couple of pages). Joseph Wells, father of Ford’s friend (and sometimes adversary) H. G. Wells, was the first county cricketer to take four wickets in four successive balls, playing for Kent against Sussex in 1862. The second of those four batsmen was Spencer Austen-Leigh, great-nephew of Jane Austen.

Review by Robert L. Caserio

**John Hope Morey. *Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford: A Study in Collaboration*. *Conrad Studies*. Volume 10.**

Ed. Gene M. Moore. Leiden and Boston: Brill, 2021. xi+185 pp.

Review by Robert L. Caserio

Joseph Conrad wrote a surprisingly derogatory preface to a 1924 single-volume re-publication of his and Ford Madox Ford's short story from 1909 'The Nature of a Crime.' Conrad had consented to Ford's desire for the re-issue; but Conrad's preface says that the story is outlandish, and worth only throwing 'overboard' (vii). He goes on to call the story's I-narrator a 'most fantastic thing' because 'we two'—he and Ford—'who had so often discussed...methods of literary composition should have believed for a moment that a piece of work in the nature of an analytical confession [by a single teller]...could have been developed and achieved in collaboration! What optimism!' (vi-vii). It was left to Ford, in a second preface to the same slim book, to reclaim optimism about his and Conrad's shared compositional 'method'; indeed, to assert the very fact of their creative coupling ever since its first major outcome in *Romance* (1903), which they began to work on in 1898.

'The Nature of a Crime' is of uncertain artistic value; yet its uncanny blend of authorial voices is fascinating. Conrad was not fascinated. Aiming his tart remark at collaboration no less than at the story, he implied that optimism about shared authorial achievement is deceptive. He thus set the stage (af-

ter his death in the same year as his published preface) for Edward Garnett and Jessie Conrad's belying of Ford's veracity in their responses to Ford's *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (1924). Their assault, piled on top of critics' assumptions that Conrad was the superior writer, and that Ford was opportunistically parasitic on Conrad's reputation, resulted in decades-long doubts of Ford's 'remembrance.' Those doubts were resisted (at times only half-heartedly) by Arthur Mizener's biography of Ford in 1971; they were brought to a definitive halt by Max Saunders' biography in 1996. If anyone looks like a prevaricator, especially in Saunders' telling, it is Conrad. By emphasizing examples of Conrad's hypocrisy vis à vis Ford, Saunders all but turned the tables on the accepted versions of Conrad and Ford's history.

The reversal in favor of Ford's honesty has owed itself not only to the well-known biographers. Both partly relied on the work of a Cornell graduate student, John Hope Morey, whose dissertation about the contested collaboration, written in 1955 under Mizener's direction, sifted the archives of available evidence. The result attested to Ford's truthfulness throughout his relations with Conrad; and they especially confirmed the accuracy of Ford's claims to have aided Conrad's finances as well as Conrad's writing. Morey's thesis was not ignored by researchers; but it remained unpublished in the usual sense. Gene M. Moore and Brill's Conrad Studies series are to be thanked for now making it generally available. For readers who want an especially balanced account of Ford and Conrad's relationship (and an account that is not crowded by other biographical



matters), Morey provides alternatives: to Mizener's assertive distrust of Ford's 'memories and impressions'<sup>1</sup>; and to Saunders' caustic picture of Conrad's belittlings of Ford (derogations which in my first paragraph above I have momentarily abetted).

One's gratitude is above all for the dispassion of judgment that Morey exemplifies. He means to defend Ford; but he lays out evidence, determines facts and weighs them, in a refreshingly non-partisan manner.<sup>2</sup> He begins with a survey of claims and counter-claims about the origin of 'the Conrad controversy' (Chapter One), as *Joseph Conrad* fueled it, because there Ford named at least six of Conrad's texts that, apart from *The Inheritors*, *Romance*, and 'The Nature of A Crime,' Ford said he had given a hand to. Disinterestedly leaving open the possibility of Ford's reliability, Morey also solicits Ford's accounts of his relation to Conrad in Ford's *Thus to Revisit* (1921), *Return to Yesterday* (1931), and *Mightier Than the Sword* (1938; American title, *Portraits from Life*). But that solicitation remains subject to Morey's probing of external witnesses and searchable proofs of what Ford says. Morey weighs Ford's 'claims [for collaborative input] for which independent evidence exists' (Chapter Two); examines Ford's assertions for which 'no definite conclusion can be reached for or against' (Chapter Three, 67); then tests Ford's avowal that he wrote an installment of *Nostromo* for *T. P.'s Weekly* while Conrad was ailing (Chapter Four). Having built up a history of Ford's assistance thus far—assistance that according to *Joseph Conrad* and the other remembrances amounted primarily to stimulation, encouragement, and impromptu editing, Morey

in his final chapter (Five) closely traces the history of the three jointly-signed works. Two appendices, one of which rivetingly traces unpublished portions of *Joseph Conrad*, conclude Morey's study.

A handful of examples must suffice to witness the fruitfulness of Morey's investigations.

In *Joseph Conrad* Ford mentions that he once loaned money to Conrad, but he does not elaborate. Morey traces the evidence, in letters, of the loan's history; and he shows that the loan, originating in 1903, was extended in 1913, and was still unpaid in 1921, when Ford and Conrad again negotiated it. Over those 18 years Ford himself, frequently hard-pressed for money, would have benefited from re-payment. (Saunders, heated in comparison with Morey, says that 'Ford beggared himself' for Conrad's sake.)<sup>3</sup> But one learns from *Joseph Conrad* nothing of the difficulty for Ford. His mention is not self-serving: he notes the loan in the context of discussing the pecuniary hardships faced by all writers. Despite a cooling of Conrad and Ford's relation after 1908-1909, their letters about the loan, Morey suggests, illustrate the collaborators' continuing civil exchanges—even if only on the surface.

One reason that their deeper ties became frayed was the Conrads' disapproval of Ford's marital troubles. No less a likely reason, however, was the collaborators' continuous immersion in nerve-racking states of emergency. Conrad in 1898 initiated the request that Ford work with him not only to improve Conrad's English but also to assuage Conrad's self-doubting panic: he thought of

abandoning fiction. That crisis past, after the two writers had issued *The Inheritors*, and amid their production of *Romance*, in 1904 another emergency drove Conrad to betake himself to Ford's house. An accidental fire had destroyed an installment of Conrad's 'The End of the Tether' that was urgently due at *Blackwood's*. The two writers, Ford says in *Joseph Conrad*, set up an impromptu workshop, where Conrad labored around the clock to reconstruct the lost manuscript, and Ford 'corrected the manuscript...or wrote in a sentence' (quoted in Morey, 64). Morey found no material evidence of Ford's 'writings-in,' which in *Return to Yesterday* Ford said were 'passages which [Conrad] sometimes accepted and sometimes didn't' (quoted in Morey, 64). Nevertheless, Morey deduces corroboration of Ford's 'additions' from Jessie Conrad. She described the same emergency—in her 1926 *Joseph Conrad As I Knew Him*—but, consonant with her dislike of Ford, she remembers him only as a supplier of midnight drinks and sandwiches. After her attack on Ford in 1924, her refusal to describe Ford's good turn as that of Conrad's writer-collaborator is not a disinterested omission. Morey plausibly takes it to be negative evidence of Ford's active involvement, beyond Ford's function as a caterer.

More than negative evidence is under scrutiny when Morey arrives at his inquiry into Ford's contribution to *Nostromo* in 1904. Emergency had struck Conrad yet again. His banker had failed, Jessie Conrad had suffered an injurious fall, Conrad was working simultaneously on two books and a play, and an installment of *Nostromo* (one of those two books) was due at *T. P.'s Weekly*. Conrad broke

down. According to Ford in *Return to Yesterday*, Ford filled in the installment. Prior to Conrad's death, and before 1931, he covered up the contribution. (Morey 159 shows that Ford deleted from the original draft of *Joseph Conrad* a passing reference to Ford's help with *Nostramo*.) Unfortunately, *Return to Yesterday* again angered Conradians: there was no proof of Ford's contribution, other than Ford's word. In the mid-1920s, however, 15 ms. pages of *Nostramo* in Ford's handwriting had surfaced when they were acquired by George Keating, a Conrad devotee. Keating solicited information from Ford about those pages. In a letter of response Ford admitted his authorship of them, at the same time maintaining that his small part in *Nostramo* 'was of no importance' (quoted in Morey, 93). Keating subsequently suppressed Ford's answer. But in 1955 Morey persuaded Keating to allow him to quote Ford's letter in Morey's thesis. Morey tests the veracity of Ford's letter first by assessing and confirming the probability that Ford's handwritten pages were not dictated by Conrad, then by comparing the holograph pages with the printed serial installment and with the post-serial page proofs that Conrad himself corrected. The comparisons, thoroughly detailed in Morey 100-111, corroborate Ford's account.

What Conrad and Ford's emergency collaborations appear to have brought forward is the seemingly problematic nature for Conrad of 'help.' Did he resent asking for it, as a repeated wounding of his pride? At the end of 1908 the collaborators dedicated themselves to the launching of Ford's *English Review*. It was another emergency. This time it was

Conrad's turn to come to the rescue: Ford had to enlist him to write a review to fill a gap in the journal's first number. But just previously, Conrad had written to Ford—again about loan business—citing 'your unwearied readiness to help me in my difficulties' (quoted in Morey, 53). Ford's support in the next few months included his encouraging Conrad to write *A Personal Record* for installments in the *Review*. Simultaneous with Conrad's dictation of the book to Ford, Ford stimulated Conrad's unfolding of his memories (for which the *Review* paid handsomely). Then, after seven installments, Conrad fell ill. Ford printed a notice of Conrad's illness, and a promise of *A Personal Record's* resumption. The notice and the promise angered Conrad: he didn't want readers to know his state of health; he also insisted that he never meant to extend *A Personal Record*. Yet Morey finds epistolary evidence that Conrad did intend to continue, and that Ford rightfully expected it. Ford no doubt would have gone on coaxing forth Conrad's reminiscences. But Conrad made sure that this was the last emergency: no more help was to be needed or asked for.

Nevertheless, the loan of 1903 lingered on; and Ford, indomitable, finally 'helped' his co-worker to reconsider 'The Nature of A Crime.' Doing so, Ford led Conrad—*pace* Conrad's sarcasms—back to reflections about what Ford, from *Thus To Revisit* onward, considered to be the goal the writers shared all along: 'not so much specific books as...the formulation of a literary theory' (Ford's 1928 essay 'On Conrad's Vocabulary,' quoted in Morey, 119). Remarkably, I think, Morey's history seems to have recovered the facts of the collaboration to clear the

way for a critical rediscovery of an artistic program. Hoping that an accurate biographical account of both careers could be used to ground ‘extensive examination of the creed of fiction which the two men evolved’, Morey points to ‘their common interest in seeking a new form for the novel’ (119), and their discussions ‘about the nature of literature’. ‘Such discussions, I maintain, had a great effect on Conrad’s own fiction, and on Ford’s, though,’ Morey goes on, ‘we have not had the opportunity to trace this influence’ (151).

This influence, on Ford at least, received its consummate tracing, I think, forty years after Morey, in Saunders’s second volume. To say so is to suggest an irony with reference to the fact-finding that Morey beautifully exemplifies. For Saunders emphasizes the career-long persistence in Ford of romance: his fiction’s inclination for flights from documentary reality. The creed of fiction in *Joseph Conrad* exhibits that bias. Ford there does not only foreground Impressionist-inspired realism; he also honors romance as a genre, and he evokes *Romance*—the result of what Conrad called a ‘welded collaboration’ and a ‘*joint production*’ (quoted in Morey, 120, 173; emphasis original)—as a generic epitome. *Romance* varied an ancient form, to be sure; but as Conrad put it to J. B. Pinker in 1901-02, it was ‘the old thing...done in a way that is new... through the artistic care of the execution’ (Saunders I, 142). Part of the novelty was a commitment to modern political content. (In ‘Conrad and the Sea’ [1928] Ford refers to *Nostromo* and similar Conrad novels as ‘political romances.’) Thanks to care of execution, fiction-writing itself is made identical

in *Joseph Conrad* with Ford's favored genre: 'Then you should have seen Romance!'<sup>4</sup> he exclaims when he recounts the emergency repair work on 'The End of the Tether.'

It is in line with the literary-theoretical portion of *Joseph Conrad* that Saunders says *Parade's End* illustrates 'Ford's masterly use of the generic ambiguities of romance...a fiction of unreality which unerringly catches realities of fantasies and feelings' (Saunders II, 262). Saunders says the same mastery is illustrated in Ford's late novels. An equal employment of the generic ambiguities of romance occurs in Conrad's late fiction. It is still condescended to by criticism, which wants to get Conrad past the genre. Nevertheless, the persistence of romance might be 'the great effect' of Ford's influence on Conrad's fiction that Morey points to. Neither novelist jettisoned 'the old thing' even as each was in the process of modernizing fictional form. Thus Morey's empirical research opens onto 'discussions about the nature of literature' that are not anchored in fact. Does it follow that such discussions, especially when they involve romance, should blur the difference between factual and fictive realms? Saunders seems to argue so, in favor of 'a scepticism about whether any "truth" other than rhetorical, fictional ("impressionist") truth can be achieved in matters as subjective as biography and reminiscence' (Saunders II, 179). After reading Morey, I am not so sure. Morey's biography of the Conrad-Ford collaboration refreshes objectivity. It makes one feel the power and pleasure of a kind of research that subscribes to a clear differentiation between history's truths and art's.

## Notes

1 See Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford* (New York and Cleveland: The World Publishing Company, 1971), 292.

2 Only once does Morey become combative: when he trounces Thomas Moser for Moser's attack on Conrad, and by extension for Moser's attack on Ford, a propos of the novelists' work on the opening pages of *The Rescue* (1920).

3 Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 150; hereafter Saunders.

4 Ford Madox Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1924), 261. The Brill text of Morey uses the English edition of *Joseph Conrad*, the pagination of which differs frustratingly from the American edition. I perhaps also should note here that the Brill bibliography is missing *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record*.



Review by Robert L. Caserio

## **Homo Duplex: Ford Madox Ford's Experience and Aesthetics of Alterity.**

Edited by Isabelle Brasme, Montpellier: Presses universitaires de la Méditerranée, 2020.

Review by Andrea Rummel

Isabelle Brasme's essay collection *Homo Duplex, Ford Madox Ford's Experience and Aesthetics of Alterity* brings together essays that have emerged from the September 2017 conference on 'Ford Madox Ford and the Other', held at the University Paul Valéry, Montpellier. The volume stresses Ford's duality as an author in 'perpetual translating mode', writing in between cultures, countries and centuries in the 'productive tension' of a '*homo duplex*'. Brasme plays out her interrogation of the role of alterity in Ford's life and writing along two main axes, the biographical and the literary. Two excellent essays by Sara Haslam and Helen Chambers open the collection, examining the (female) biographical other shaping Ford in two fascinating new readings of his formative relationship with his wife Elsie Martindale. Ford's biographical dual lives are debated in two essays by Zineb Berrahou-Anzuini and Lucinda Borkett-Jones, focusing on his German heritage and the negotiations of his pre- and post-war national identities. The war itself is read as a moment of the dual emerging in Ford's personal conscious (as expressed in the literary) in two essays by Robert Hampson and Harry Ricketts. Lastly, the collection includes two sections that explore the notion of the dual in Ford's fictional output: Seamus O'Malley and Leslie de Bont

Review by Andrea Rummel

highlight the narration of the psychological other in *The Good Soldier*, Laurence Davies investigates the otherness of history in some of Ford's earlier novels and Georges Letissier writes about historical distance and othering in Ford's later fiction.

Overall, I am impressed by the new material the essays in this volume bring to light. This begins right at the outset with Sara Haslam's discussion of two unpublished diaries kept by Ford's wife Elsie Martindale and some of the fiction Elsie was (co-) producing during her early relationship with Ford. Haslam proceeds from the notion of the author as heterotext, that is, as subject to complex and multiple influences and voices: she is interested in the 'different subjectivities' which lastly shape a writer like Ford, particularly in the mutual collaboration and inspiration of husband and wife. Her argument that 'Elsie and Ford's future is from the beginning imagined, conceived and narrated' and her reading of Elsie as Ford's creative 'Other' who 'shared, but also shaped and recorded, Ford's writing life' is fascinating to read and demands, as Haslam argues, 'a fundamental reassessment of the way she has featured in accounts of his life'.

Helen Chambers follows this persuasive opening assessment of Fordian dualities with an analysis of his relationship to both Elsie Martindale and Joseph Conrad, arguing that their critical practice, their reading and co-writing relationships were formative ways of constructing and narrating Ford's own identity as a writer. Chambers' arguments and analysis of Ford, Conrad and Martindale as readers and writers in constant dialogue are conclusive and

complement Haslam's essay perfectly.

The second part of the collection considers Ford's 'German Period' and again brings to light new archival material. Zineb Berrahou-Anzuini's essay includes a detailed account of the legal backgrounds of Ford's application for Hessian citizenship as well as two letters, one shedding further light on Ford's family history and used for the purposes of the application and one illustrating Ford's relationship to his uncle, Hermann Hueffer. Zineb Berrahou-Anzuini offers a fine reading of national identity as an assumed façade which becomes alienating and divisive in the light of both the Anglophobia of Hessian society and the Germanophobia of British society on the eve of WWI. Similarly convincing is her account of Ford's assumed nationalities as divisive from ancestry and personal past. This is the clear strength of her essay as well as her bringing together of her substantial research in the Hessian archives with a detailed analysis of Ford's and Violet Hunt's writings on Germany. I would perhaps question some of her readings of the latter only in so far as the intentionality of texts and the propaganda voice of books such as *When Blood is their Argument* and *Between St Dennis and St George* seems to differ from the poetic voice of texts such as *High Germany: Eleven Sets of Verse* or the lighter tone of *The Desirable Alien* and Ford's chapter 'Utopia' in this collaborative work (with Violet Hunt). However, Berrahou-Anzuini's essay remains a strong and well-researched narrative of Ford's complicated duality as Anglo-German *homo duplex*.

This connects well to Lucinda Borkett-Jones' chapter on Ford's varying constructions of national identity in general and his Germanness in particular. Borkett-Jones places her focus on Ford's writings in *Outlook* in the first year of WWI, arguing that these evidence a reframing rather than a rejection of his views on German culture. Her nuanced reading of Ford's 1914-15 writings outlines his dual stance on Germany and emphasizes his polar division of 'the German' into Prussian and Southern German cultures, a complication which allows the instrumentalization for propaganda purposes. To me, the instrumentalization of this duality seems the most interesting point Borkett-Jones makes for the case of the *homo duplex* torn between cosmopolitanism and nationalism which could, perhaps, have been discussed in more detail. The main point of Borkett-Jones' chapter, however, the revisioning of Ford's view on Germany and the necessary playing out of alterity in his wartime writing, is yet another insightful example of Ford's 'aesthetics of alterity' and concludes the second part of the book beautifully.

The third part of the collection moves from the biographical to the literary and opens with an essay by Robert Hampson that continues the topic of Ford's encounter of war as a watershed experience of otherness. Hampson discusses Ford's approach to writing intimacy in the war tetralogy *Parade's End* and the novel *The Good Soldier*, arguing that various forms of intimacy are set up and explored by Ford in his novels as a form of encountering the other and thereby as a form of envisioning alterity itself. Hampson concludes that this interpersonal

form of encounter finds its antithesis in the material account of the battlefield in Ford's war writings where alterity itself breaks down, as Hampson argues, in the images of dissolution and the disappearance of the subject's 'productive tensions' in death.

The following essay by Harry Ricketts adds to the interrogation of Ford's war fiction: Ricketts pairs Ford's war tetralogy with Siegfried Sassoon's *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston* and is interested in the duality and alterity of author and character, of the biographical and the literary. Ricketts' main argument is that Sassoon's *Memoirs* and Ford's *Parade's End* are both texts in which 'the author others himself in order to create a central character through whom versions of his First World War experience and versions of Englishness can be mediated, refracted and re-presented'. As Ricketts traces the fluid boundaries of the real-and-imagined, the perhaps most interesting argument for the question this volume asks is to read Tietjens as Ford's other and as a character who is, among other things, 'able to hold, with equal probity, two or more contradictory views'. Ricketts' conclusion that lastly both texts 'constantly obscure and reveal, rearrange and redeploy, aspects of identity, origin and self-definition' also concludes the volumes' negotiation of war experience as a central moment in playing out the other.

The following and penultimate section of the volume focuses on fictional interplay and readings of Ford's 1915 novel *The Good Soldier*. Seamus O'Malley's essay thinks about fictional truths and com-

pares Ford's *The Good Soldier* to Sigmund Freud's *Dora: A Case History* (1905). Questioning the two works' strikingly similar plot devices and unreliable narrations, O'Malley reads both narratives as texts in dialogue. He concludes, however, by stressing the 'shift in status of Freud and Ford': *The Good Soldier's* openness and self-questioning insistence on its own fictionality opposes and transcends, as O'Malley argues, Freud's 'factual authority'.

Leslie de Bont's excellent chapter pairs Ford and May Sinclair and suggests, drawing on Ricoeur's concept of 'narrative identity', that Sinclair's *Tasker Jevons* is a 'partial response' to Ford's novel. De Bont carefully analyses both novels' narrators' politics of alterity and concludes that Dowell and Furnival experience alterity as narrating selves but also involve the reader as an 'additional inherent other in the novel's configuration'. As such, de Bont argues, both novels 'revolve around multi-layered and unexpected experiences of alterity for the characters, the narrators, the readers, and even the authors'.

The last section of Brasme's collection considers Ford's writings and historical alterity. Laurence Davies writes on Ford's historical romances, *The 'Half Moon'*, *The Young Lovell* and *The Portrait*, and argues for their 'allochronicity' – that is, their insistence on the alterity of past and present – as well as for their being 'coeval' and therefore bringing into relation the two temporalities. Davies argues for an understanding of Ford's historical fictions as both 'creative' and 'critical' conceptions of history, as historical fiction that speaks to his present.

Georges Letissier focusses on the historical in two Napoleonic romances and at the same time takes the reader back to the idea of collaboration and authorship. Letissier reads Ford's *A Little Less Than Gods* and Joseph Conrad's unfinished *Suspense* as yet another interesting case of co-authorship and 'unique example of deferred tandem writing'. He analyses the historical doubling in the two works and argues that the doubling figure of incestuous intrigue set in the Napoleonic material makes an interesting case of two novels separately authored yet attesting to both literary friendship and past collaboration.

The overall picture of Ford as in many senses *duplex* which emerges after putting down this collection is a complex and interesting one, drawing on much new material and offering a variety of theoretical approaches and 'doublings'. Above all, it also argues for a form of alterity beyond the dichotomic corset, a 'translating mode' as Brasme writes in the introduction that allows for different types of foreign experience rather than merely dialectic oppositionality. Brasme's collection intelligently highlights the different strategies of Ford's alterity that illustrate Ford Madox Ford's frequently real-and-imagined forging of identities – and not least of all of the way he was used to inventing himself.



## Notes on Contributors

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Robert L. Caserio, Professor Emeritus of English, Comparative Literature, and Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies at The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, is the author of *The Cambridge Introduction to British Fiction, 1900-1950* (Cambridge University Press, 2019) and of two other books about the history and theory of the novel. He is the co-editor, with Clement Hawes, of *The Cambridge History of the English Novel* (2012), and editor of *The Cambridge Companion to the Twentieth Century English Novel* (2009). Since 2005 he has been a co-editor of the *Journal of Modern Literature* (Indiana University Press). Currently he is preparing a new edition of Wyndham Lewis's *The Lion and the Fox* (1927) for Oxford University Press.

Helen Chambers is a Visiting Fellow at The Open University and a member of its History of the Book and Reading Research Collaboration. Her publications include *Conrad's Reading: Space, Time, Networks* (Palgrave, 2018), essays and book chapters on Ford and Conrad, and also on shipboard reading (Palgrave, 2022). Her current research interest focuses on Ford's reading and she is also, with Sara Haslam, co-editor for volume 1 of *The Collected Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, to be published by Oxford University Press.

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 a Visiting Fellow with the Open University and on his website: [musichistorystats.com](http://musichistorystats.com).

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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* (Oxford UP 2015) and *Irish Culture and 'The People': Populism and its Discontents* (Oxford UP 2022). He co-edited *Ford*

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*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*.

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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 currently editing volume 3 of *The Collected Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, to be published by Oxford University Press. He is General Editor of *Last Post* and blogs at [reconstruction-arytales.wordpress.com](http://reconstruction-arytales.wordpress.com)

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