

Honorary Members: Julian Barnes, Bernard Bergonzi, Janice Biala, Malcolm Bradbury, A. S. Byatt, Samuel Hynes, Alan Judd, Sir Frank Kermode, John Lamb, Sergio Perosa, Ruth Rendell, Michael Schmidt, The Hon. Oliver Soskice, John Sutherland, Gore Vidal.
Executive Committee: *Chair:* Max Saunders *Treasurer:* Sara Haslam *Secretary:* Jenny Plastow

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CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

Annual General Meeting

December 1999. The Centre for English Studies, Senate House, University of London

1999 has been an extremely active year for the Society. On 9th January the first Ford Madox Ford Lecture was given, by Martin Stannard. In June the conference in Münster commemorating the 60th anniversary of Ford's death was held, followed by the conference in Canterbury in July bringing us together with the Joseph Conrad Society (UK) and the Henry James Society of America. The day symposium on 'Ford and the City', organised in London on 17 December 1999 by Sara Haslam was technically our first event of the year 2000, brought forward slightly to avoid the Millennium aftermath, and to coincide with Ford's birthday. But even excluding this event, we have already exceeded the target we set ourselves, of organising at least one conference-type event and one less narrowly academic event each year.

In addition, we have had two substantial newsletters from our new editor, Michela Calderaro. Michela has also established the Ford Society Web Site. This is a very valuable development, which can facilitate communication between members, attract new members, and advertise our activities more widely. We need to establish links to other relevant sites, so please let Michela know when you find any sites that could be approached.

There have also been significant developments concerning three major projects. The forthcoming Bologna conference scheduled for January 2001; the launching of a project to get *Parade's End* translated as widely as possible; and the establishing of an annual volume of Ford studies. Each of these projects is described elsewhere in the newsletter. All of them will help to raise Ford's profile internationally.

Finally, however, these activities are going to require more members of the Society, and will make higher demands upon them. For the annual volume to be viable in the long term, we should aim to double our membership to around 200 by the year 2003. We shall need editors for each volume, as well as contributors. We also need members to submit more material for the newsletter, which will still have an important role alongside the annual volume. We shall need help with the running of the Society, and the planning of future events. Paul Skinner has kindly agreed to act as Membership Secretary (so please put him in touch with potential members). We probably need someone to concentrate on promoting the Society's activities, such as the awarding of a Ford Essay Prize. Unfortunately no entries were received in its first year, so we must make sure that it is better advertised in future.

RECENT ACTIVITIES and ABSTRACTS

Ford and the City – One Day Colloquium

Ford's Birthday – 17 December 1999

[Sponsored by the Everyman Library / Orion Books]
Institute for English Studies (Room 329-30),
Senate House, University of London,
Malet St., London WC1

The Ford and the City event, held to coincide with Ford's birthday on December 17th, at the Institute for English Studies, went off smoothly and delightfully, without a hitch. (Unless you count Gene Moore unexpectedly having to teach on that date, Caroline Patey suffering a three-line whip forbidding her from absence, and me proving utterly unable to work a slide projector for Vita Fortunati's talk as hitches. We missed both Gene Moore and Caroline Patey, and somebody with technical expertise, deeply.) Our second more populist day of talks, it attracted dedicated Fordians, but also others who had previously been unable to find such a forum for their interest in Ford.

New members were gained in this way by the Society, which was a welcome outcome, additional to the obvious enjoyment of the day by those who could attend. Although, as event organiser, I was prevented from listening to some of the contributions, those I could attend (and the other written-up versions I have read since) proved once more the energising and provoking qualities of Ford's writing. From Joe Wiesenfarth's thoughts on the city in Ford as both describing civic life, and preserving a space within which art can happen; to Vita Fortunati's portrayal of the city as a place of frantic movement, so large, in the case of London, that it can be understood only in fragments (and thus proving itself related to Ford's impressionist poetics); to Paul Skinner's interpretation of Carcassonne, Ford's/Dowell's dream city in *The Good Soldier* – varied and exciting proof was found of the profound significance of the city in the body of Ford's work. Details of these and the many other inspirational readings of the city and the country in Ford are given in what follows.

The resultant discussions were frank, informal, and continued late into the evening. In addition, the Society was delighted to be able to manipulate the format of the Annual Ford Madox Ford Lecture to allow a double bill, as it were, of biographical talent. Alan Judd and David Crane provided stimulating and energetic accounts of the engagement of the biographer with his/her subject, and of the very thorny problems of validation and fabrication in this field. The subsequent series of animated debates testified both to the skills of the panelists, and to the continuing live status of this issue in Ford.

Many thanks to all those who contributed to, sponsored, attended and helped to organise this event – thus ensuring its success. We are also extremely grateful to the Orion Publishing Group for their kind sponsorship of the second Ford Madox Ford lecture.

Sara Haslam

Why 'Ford and the City'?

Introductory Remarks to the Colloquium.

Ford's need of the country has generally been to the fore: first due to his contacts with the Southern Agrarian writers in the 1930s, then as he was rediscovered in the 1960s, when he seemed a prophet of the anti-industrial revolution. Yet he was always a two-way mirror; someone who loved living out paradoxes, and this colloquium will look more at the other side: Ford and the city. London, Paris, New York, and other cities in Britain, France, Germany and America; cities of Ford's life, and those of his work; the cities he wrote in, and those he wrote about; the real city, and the unreal city; the city of vision, the city of desire, the city of memory. Soon after he wrote *The Soul of London*, Ford started his historical trilogy about the London of Henry VIII; then he wrote of 'The Future in London'. So we shall hear about the present city, the past city, and the future city. The city in verse, in fiction, in reminiscences, in journalism.

Two pieces of evidence could stand for the importance of the city to Ford's imagination. The first comes from his preface to Conrad's *The Sisters*. He says Conrad's sea novels were less interesting than his urban fictions dealing with 'the misty problems of the Slav soul amidst the more complicated, strained and subtle psychologies of city streets' (p. 16). Conrad, he argues, 'regarded the writing of novels as the only occupation for a proper man and he thought that those novels should usually concern themselves with the life of great cities'. (p. 3) The second is the book Ford planned but didn't complete. It was to be a companion volume to the books *Provence* and *Great Trade Route*; and it was to be a book of 'Portraits of Cities', described by Ford and illustrated by Janice Biala, as the previous two books had been. The only surviving fragments are about Nashville, Boston, and Denver. But the scope of the work kept changing. The original list of American Cities was varied, and European cities were added.

Right to the end, then, Ford was writing the city. 'Civilized man', he said, was 'man who must live in great cities'. The 'highly cultured civilizations' he valued were, from the days of Athens and Rome, the products of cities. So 'Portraits of Cities' is a phrase that describes an important element running through much of Ford's work.

Max Saunders

Coda for the City

The value that Ford placed on the city as a center of civilization might best be seen in "The Old Houses of Flanders," a poem that is an elegy for family life, religious life, and civic life as they developed in Belgian cities over centuries only to be destroyed in seconds in a bombardment that toppled houses, churches, and town halls in the First World War. Ford again takes up cities as centers of thought and creativity in "Coda," the last poem in the *Buckshee* volume. He envisions the coming destruction of the Second World War at the same time that he emphasizes the possibility of Paris offering artists like him and Haimtchka a chance to be creative in their work and in building their life together. Throughout *Buckshee* Ford develops the drama of two individuals trying to establish their emotional life on a sound basis at the same time that they work at their respective arts. "Coda" concludes the volume by seeing both the perils and possibilities for individual artists in Paris as it faces, yet once more, the utter barbarism of war.

Joe Wiesenfarth

How Some People Want to Go to Carcassonne

The city of Carcassonne, mentioned several times in Ford's *Provence* and in half a dozen of his other books, is often linked with the Albigensian crusade and with the Troubadour poet Peire Vidal, who, despite the absurdities of his life and hopeless love affairs, produced good and lasting work. Ford uses Carcassonne most importantly in *The Good Soldier*, where it signifies both a kind of dream city and death. Ford's use of Vidal's story in that novel, together with many other indications of his writings of the 1913-14 period, point towards a situation paralleling that of 1903-4, the worst period of Ford's life. Fears of nervous breakdown, of suicide and artistic failure, all combined to exert enormous pressure on Ford and on the novel he was then writing. In these terms, *The Good Soldier* can be seen almost as a suicide note from what Ford called 'the writing self', a last chance to speak up against the destructive forces – personal, historical and artistic – which threatened it. Carcassonne comes to stand, for Ford, for all that he may not see, do and achieve. But, paradoxically, 'talking in a low voice', which is finally and emphatically his own, Ford comes through, in and by the writing of *The Good Soldier*.

Paul Skinner

The Country and the City: A Modernist Contrast

In my paper "The Country and the City: A Modernist Contrast", I have tried to demonstrate that Ford's *The Soul of London* (1905), which has been unjustly neglected, anticipates many reflections on the metropolitan city which will be further explored afterwards by Modernist writers, from James Joyce to Virginia Woolf, from Joseph Conrad to D.H. Lawrence. Ford, trying to define the modernity of London ("the modern spirit"), expresses the ambivalent attitude common to many Modernist writers in relation to the city. On the one hand, the city is seen as a large magnet which attracts, a place of frantic movement, the centre from which innumerable activities and energies radiate. On the other hand, the city is the place in which all the contradictions of modernity are concentrated: alienation, solitude and fragmentation are the inevitable effects of living in a large and huge metropolis, perceived as a massive space without clear boundaries. Therefore, rereading *The Soul of London* means reflecting again on Ford's double soul: the first nostalgic, still tied to the Edwardian world, and mainly turned to a mythical and anachronistic medieval past with its chivalric code of values and traditions, the second more disenchanting and ironic, looking to the future. Ford in this sense is clearly aware that the reality which he is living is changing profoundly, due to the mass-transport means, such as the car and the train. For Ford, the city becomes the place where this reality-in-movement reveals itself, a reality which requires a new technique to be described. Indeed, Ford's impressionist technique will be the one capable of creating effects similar to those found in impressionist painting, also anticipating futurist and expressionist paintings (such as Balla, Kirchner, Marc and Holde). Techniques such as the multiple point of view, the juxtaposition of emotions and situations that Ford uses to express the new urban and dynamic principle of simultaneity, reveal, in fact, the close correspondences between Ford's literary impressionism and the other avant-garde movements of the time.

Vita Fortunati

Ford's Fortunes in Germany

Coinciding with the Millennium Year *Die Andere Bibliothek*, a series of books edited monthly by the German poet and essayist of international fame, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, brought out as its 181st volume *Die allertraurigste Geschichte* (German for *The Good Soldier*).

It is, as far as I know, the fourth time that the translation by Fritz Lorch and Helene Henze first published in 1962 has been re-issued. And it is by far the most attractive format even though Ford's letter to Stella Bowen was relegated to the back and it was not deemed necessary to replace the paraphernalia by Mark Schorer and Kenneth Young by more recent contributions.

Using *La coquille* by Odilon Redon, 1912, attractively to design both end-papers the edition is arguably the finest I have ever seen. It is published by Eichborn, Frankfurt, typeset in Korpus Bulmer Antiqua and printed in an edition of six thousand copies, all of which being numbered, with numbers 1 to 999 handbound in leather.

All collectors should rush to procure a copy because on 14 April 2000 "Das literarische Quartett" ('The literary quartet') chaired by the famous Jewish critic Marcel Reich-Ranicki will devote precious fifteen minutes to Ford's novel, arguably the greatest publicity his writing ever got in Germany – and who knows – perhaps initialising something like a Ford craze in the near future.

It seems fitting that, independently, a foundation gave me a grant to translate Ford's and his father's writings into German in early February. All this will help to raise Ford's fortunes in Germany, and I am still grateful to all who helped to make this possible through coming to Münster in June 1999.

Jörg W. Rademacher

'These Things Are Bringing In the Millennium...'

Nowadays we have discovered, as if in the night, a new secret of rapid communication: with that, as with every previous modification of the kind, the face of London bids fair to change unrecognisably. Whilst the pen is actually on my paper London is spreading itself from Kew towards Hounslow, towards Richmond, and towards Kingston, and on its other bounds towards how many other outlying places? The electric tram is doing all this.

(The Soul of London (1905) Ch 2 p 27)

Or we cry out: 'These things are bringing in the millennium.' Perhaps they are. To really descend, not in body alone, but with the spirit receptive, into this whirl and crash, to see men running with set faces, at the continual risk of their lives, that they may link up wagons, bringing screws from Birmingham, com from Canada, pine-planks from Norway, pork from the United States, to whirl oneself in the whirl of it, is to be overcome with convictions. We live in spacious times. Humanity is on the march somewhere, tomorrow the ultimate questions shall be solved and the soul of man assuaged. Perhaps it shall. It is possible in the contagion of these things to see the opening up of Empires wider of sway than Rome, clearer of sight than Greece, kinder of heart than Carthage, purer in joy than was to be had among the hanging gardens of Babylon. Or is this only rhetoric, or only romance?

For myself, when on a train into London, I feel almost invariably a sense of some pathos and of poetry. To the building up of this railway, of this landscape of roofs, there went so many human lives, so much of human endeavour, so many human hopes. Small houses, like the ranks of an infinite number of regiments caught in the act of wheeling, march out upon the open country; in the mists of the distance they climb hills, and the serrated roofs look like the jagged outlines of pinewoods with, at the top, the thin spike of a church tower. The roofs come closer together; at last, in their regular furrows, they present the appearance of fields ploughed in slate, in tiles, in lead, with the deeper channels of the street below. Certain details strike at the eye: parallel lines of white cement set diagonally in the slate courses whirl past, bewilderingly, like snow in a wind; lines of rails shoot suddenly from beneath the embankments; and, rather surprisingly, bits of black field lie in the very heart of it all, with cabbages growing, and a discoloured donkey tethered to a peg. The plain of roof tops broadens out again. Perhaps the comparative quiet fosters one's melancholy. One is

behind glass as if one were gazing into the hush of a museum; one hears no street cries, no children's calls. And for me at least it is melancholy to think that hardly one of all the lives, of all these men, will leave any trace in the world. One sees, too, so many little bits of uncompleted life. As the train pauses one looks down into a main street – and all streets are hardly recognisable from a height. A bus is before the steps of a church, a ragged child turns a catherine wheel in the road, and holds up her hand to the passengers. Suddenly a blue policeman steps into the roadway. The train moves on.
(Ch 2 p 41)

On his 'Underground' he will glance at a board rather than inquire of a porter; on bus-routes he will catch instinctively, on the advancing and shapeless mass of colour and trade announcements, the small names of taverns, of Crosses, of what were once outlying hamlets; he will have in his mind a rough sketch map of that plot of London that by right of living he will make his own. Yet, to the great majority of Londoners whose residence is not an *arrière boutique* London will remain a matter of a central highway, a central tunnel or a central conduit, more or less long; a daily route whose two extremities are a more or less permanent workshop – a thing, figured on a map, like the bolas of certain South Americans, a long cord with balls at the extremities. At the one there will gradually congregate the parts of a home, at the other, the more or less familiar, more or less hypnotising, more or less congenial, surroundings of his daily work. It will be a matter of a daily life passing unnoticed. (Ch 1 p 11)

It is, in fact, comparatively easy to evoke a picture of England as a whole, still easier, perhaps, to think of this world as a green orange revolving round a candle, or as the pink and blue of a Mercator's projection. One may easily round England, or circumnavigate the globe. But not the most enthusiastic geographer – one must of course qualify these generalisations with an 'as a rule'- ever memorised a map of London. Certainly no one ever walks round it. For England is a small island, the world is infinitesimal amongst the planets. But London is illimitable.
(Ch 1 p 15)

Angus Wrenn

Virtual Cities: Ford and the Republic of Letters

Today, in the “information” or “electric era”, our traditional idea of “city” appears to be a concept “in progress”: new technological environments tend, in fact, to encourage what could be perceived as a sort of “semantic shift” of the original idea. In the electronic and digital world, the idea of “city” is less and less associated to that of city-planning, as traditionally understood, and more and more to the idea of “virtual community”, an idea that, vaguely, retrieves some of the original implications related to the Greek concept of POLIS. The image of the NET, now used to define the World Wide Web, presents itself as a virtual space, as a new electric, shifting and ethereal city-plan along which individuals group not according to geographical or material borders, but on the basis of common interests, goals, values.

Ford's idea of a “Republic of Letters”, as expressed in his editorials at the time of *The English Review*, that is London 1908-1910, somehow recalls this idea of “virtual communities”, of “virtual cities”. In fact, Ford envisages a community of artists and thinkers who do not share a common, geographical space, but, instead, share a common set of values, experiences, hopes, no matter their original homeland. It is an extremely virtual community, as it only seems to exist in Ford's imagination: to be citizens of this ideal communal land, you must believe in the arts and literature as your guiding muses, and must possess “clarity of diction and earnestness” of purposes to get your green card. Unlike utopian writers, Ford has never offered us a possible, tangible model for such a community, he has never conceived a possible architecture for his dreamt of Republic.

Yet, as previously suggested, it is in the editorials published in *The English Review* that we can find some interesting clues enlightening us on Ford's Republic. Tricky enough, they are all "indirect clues", because, again, Ford never describes his Republic in a direct way; instead, he implicitly forces his readers to imagine his ideal community by means of oppositions, by means of contrasts, that is by "indirect means". That's why he offers us two different paradigms and, implicitly, invites us to use them as two complementary touchstones in order to finally give some shape to this imaginary and dreamt of Republic. By pointing at what this Republic is not, he ends by providing a clue of what it could possibly be. The two touchstones, or paradigms, here at stake, are respectively the city of London, that Ford uses metonymically as a symbol for a wider, philistine and materialistic *Anglosaxondom*, and Plato's *Republic*, a classic, philosophical model that Ford sees as one of the major causes leading to contemporary materialism, and, therefore, to "materialistic London". A discussion of these two fundamental paradigms enables to better focus what could be presented as Ford's *manifesto* for his *virtual community*, a sort of virtual web of connected, even though idealised, intelligences, something which is effectively summarised in a sentence he wrote in his memoir *It Was the Nightingale*: "I never had much sense of nationality. Wherever there were creative thinkers was my country. A country without artists in word, in colours, in stone, in instrumental sounds – such a country would be forever an Enemy Nation. On the other hand every artist of whatever race was my fellow countryman – and the compatriot of every other artist".

Elena Lamberti

“The Future in London” – the “missing chapter” from Ford Madox Ford's *The Soul of London*

Ford wrote *The Soul of London* in 1905. The book dwells almost exclusively on the past and present in England's capital. In 1909, however, he published a long essay (seventeen large pages) entitled "The Future in London" which in many ways can be regarded as the "missing chapter" from the 1905 book. "The Future in London" was published as the final chapter in a two-volume work entitled *London Town Past and Present*. The remaining 1110 pages in the two volumes were written by W.W. Hutchings. In "The Future in London" Ford shows himself to be quite an accurate forecaster of the future, as well as something of an early environmentalist. This short paper looks at these aspects of the essay, as well as highlighting other points of interest from "The Future in London".

Brian Groth

During the London meeting, Bettina Culham, a LAMBA graduate, read excerpts from Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* (Chapter 30) (Hutchinson, 1980).

Ms. Culham joined a theater company in the post-war years and later travelled to West Africa, where she joined "The Group" as an actress but also as a stage manager. Back in Europe, she joined "The English Speaking Drama Group" in Monaco, where she met Anthony and Liana Burgess. She directed a dramatic reading of Mr. Burgess's *The Eve of Saint Venus*, and performed with him in a one-act play about Elizabeth I. She now lives in Eastbourne.

[Bio note was provided by Liana Burgess]

REFLECTIONS

This is a new section, resulting from an interesting 'soul-searching' discussion that initiated at the Society's last meeting in December. Hopefully, this will mark the beginning of a healthy discourse in our newsletter, which should serve as a welcoming stage for such comments.

The Origins and Aims of the Ford Madox Ford Society: some reflections

Since we have just celebrated our fourth annual meeting and AGM, it seems a good moment to take stock. There, sitting in the seminar room at the University of London on 17 December 1999 were the same twelve or so people who had been sitting there at the very first meeting in 1996. True, there is a fringe of people who come and who go (about 15 on the 17 December) but it still remains basically twelve, the twelve, or twelve who follow One, who form the unwobbling pivot. Our Secretary assured us that the actual membership of the Society was between 70 and 80, but I entertain honest doubt about their 'commitment'. Joe Wiesenfarth said that there were some dozen or so American members of the Society. Doubtless there are.

So, why does our Society never grow? I propose a semi-serious answer, in the spirit of Kierkegaard: we are the *Symparnekromenoi*, 'the fellowship of buried lives'. An honourable estate, showing much spiritual wisdom! But nevertheless, an arcane society, almost a secret society, and perhaps even a gnostic society. For yes, each and every one of us has a reason for being there. For a hidden (we do not tell each other our reason!) and secret reason, each of us has met and understood this unlikely great grey behemoth in tweeds and formed a kind of bond with him. What sort of bond? And why is it so secret?

As a true Kierkegaardian, I would not dream of suggesting an answer to so indelicate a question. But it does point to the existence of another question: why do we lay so much emphasis upon gathering in new members? And that leads to a third question: why are we now embarking upon several parallel publishing enterprises, when there is not even enough interest currently to swell our actual (annual) numbers from a mere dozen?

There is a practical side to my question: any one of the given yearly volumes on Ford, each and every one to be on a themed subject, and edited by a separate individual, and sent in to the publishers in 'camera-ready' condition (and all this, needless to say, to be entirely unpaid) will involve a huge amount of work – let us say several hundreds of hours, spent in sending out invitations, gathering in contributions, going through the editorial practicalities with each contributor, and then getting the whole into 'camera-ready' format, for a publisher who is – in effect, nay, overtly and publicly so – paying us nary a shilling for all this effort. (And yet we say: we academics are overworked already to the point of despair – but accepting such an unpaid commission for 300 hours extra work does not seem to bear out our case?).

But this, while true and pressing, is still not the nub of my question. Where is the impatient audience out there, who are desperate to have 11 new 'annual' volumes on Ford? Are they the same 70-80 persons who are (technically) already members of the FMF Society? Or others? If so, then – who?

Even this, is not the essential question. As I see it, a further preliminary question is this: why, in an age where learned commentary on Joyce, Proust and Woolf; on Kafka, Mann, and Rilke; on Eliot, Pound and Yeats; has bent the creaking and protesting shelves of the Borgesian Library almost to the floor, why are there only a dozen books and papers on Ford, and no-one asking any pertinent questions? Is our man literally not there? Why can no-one see him?

Even this may not be the most important question of all, a question which may involve some form of phenomenological ‘intentionality’. Suppose for a moment that our man *is literally not there*; suppose for a moment, that *no one can actually see him*; the question must surely be this one: why not? Why does the dog not bark? *Why can no-one ‘see’ Ford?*

This, surely, this, this question, this one and this alone, should occupy us, philosophically, before we tear ahead, writing, editing, publishing; gathering in new members, and sending out subscription forms? I suggested at the dinner, which followed the meeting on the 17 December, that each and every member of the twelve, should send in to the *Newsletter* a short account of the reason why he or she feels that Ford is so important a writer. I am not sure whether I was ‘heard’ by anyone, or whether my suggestion was not perhaps tolerantly ‘lost’ (in the interests of good sense) in the rapid exchange of conversation. Nevertheless, I repeat it as a suggestion. It would make fascinating reading (at least, I speak for myself!). I would love to know why each of the twelve has this passionate inward conviction that Ford is a great writer; and I would also like to learn why, therefore, this member of our committee believes that we should thrust 11 volumes of learned commentary, plus two conferences in 2001, plus a Newsletter, and so much more, into the unwelcoming light of common day? (I do not for a moment imply that we should not do so – I would just like to know *why* we are doing so).

I do not mean either (it goes without saying) some dreadful soul-baring intimacy which would be as humiliating as it would be indelicate. I mean: literary reasons. Never was there a being on this earth more literary than Ford. So, then: what literary reasons do we have for believing that Ford is as great a writer as Joyce, as Proust, as Woolf &c? For we must, each and every one of us, have such reasons *in petto*, if not *in mente*.

If we could clarify, for each other, what these literary reasons are for Ford’s eminence as a writer; as well, perhaps, as some form of explanation as to why it is that Ford is ‘invisible’ in the literary / MLA / Ph.D marketplace; then perhaps I (anyway) might look upon this vast projected enterprise of unpaid editorial toll with something a bit more like enthusiasm. And what is more, I would have learnt something about my new friends, something which I very much want to know. For Ford is the writer who, all through his life, brought friends together, and made people friends. That was not the least part of his genius. With every good wish to you all, and for us all, in this New Year.

Roger Poole

Ford: A Few Questions

1. *Why not Ford? (Why do other writers seem to attract so much more attention than Ford does?)*

There are some definite – not only literary – reasons. The unassailable major writer and the unassailable masterpiece are undoubted attractions – but Joyce, for instance, has another major pull: Dublin. There are pubs, there are Martello towers, museums and study centres, there are guided walks. James has Lamb House; Kipling has Batemans; Yeats also has large chunks of Ireland (plus a tower). Woolf has a dedicated feminist audience and a *circle*: pictures to look at; houses, other people, deliciously intimate interconnections. The Edward Thomas people walk those walks, along the leafy lanes – via charming wayside inns – where their boy walked. Ford has no *place*, where admirers can go, look, be impressed and do normal things (eat, drink, walk, talk, flirt, take snapshots) while still remaining in the *ambience*. And this is a major problem. Not, perhaps, all that literary: but literary societies, or many of them, are not exclusively literary.

The Kipling Society, for example, has thousands of members: it attracts some well-known academics but is not itself particularly academic. Much is published on Kipling (and there are occasional conferences) but the majority of the Society's members are people who just like reading Kipling: Colonels, secretaries, solicitors, publicans, antiquarian booksellers. There are people who have enjoyed *The Good Soldier*, even *Parade's End* – but they would be completely lost at our events, which are always, wholly or very largely, academic conferences, with many learned footnotes on wartime propaganda or the history of Anglo-Catholicism. The trouble with Ford is that there is no middle ground: and without a large general readership or a means of attracting one, we are left with the academics. But Ford is not overtly modernist enough for most academics: he seems, in many ways, a little old-fashioned, he doesn't need learned commentaries or skeleton keys or immense glossaries, neither *kudos* nor tenure seem likely to result from a mastery of *that* oeuvre. So while Poundians and Wyndham Lewis devotees can comfort themselves with the unimpugnable maverick status of their man and the *frisson* of dubious politics, and the Joyceans go hilariously to the pub, the Fordians go to the University of London and all fit into a minibus. What we *need* – at least from the more populist point of view – is a film or television adaptation, even a costume drama scripted by Andrew Davies: but, apparently, the rights issues are horrendously complicated and nothing is likely to materialize there soon. Failing that, and with all due respect to our lecturers thus far, we need a Ford lecture or event fronted by someone who is *very* well known, whose appeal goes far wider and deeper than the already committed Fordians.

There is, of course, a problem of visibility. We might say that Ford is visible only in his books (most of them unavailable). Or rather, that many Fords are apparently visible in other people's stories – Joyce (Paris, the godfather of 'Work in Progress'); Pound (London *and* Paris); even Lewis (early work, *English Review*); as well as Conrad (*passim*, just about) and James (did he *really* know him or not?). From Robert McAlmon and Nina Hamnett to Robert Lowell and Basil Bunting, a Ford duly appears. (Marginal in their stories and thus, apparently, marginal everywhere.) Is it *our* Ford? Well...

2. *What are the literary reasons for our – for my – valuing Ford? (Fallacies and pleasure principles welcome).*

Firstly, while I've read a great deal of Faulkner, Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Lawrence, James, Pound, Yeats et al, they don't *affect* me in the same way. Fordie may or may not have 'never dented an idea for a phrase's sake' but certainly he 'had more humanitas': jen – that ideogram, meaning 'the full man and all his contents'. On the most basic level, I can't imagine spending half an hour in the same room as the rest of those birds but I can in Ford's case. Something perhaps a little suspect here: the fallibility, the wonderful instability (not always perfectly controlled), the grand hopes and dreams, the sudden flickers of black humour and what Greene called 'hilarious depression', even the occasional lapses into self-pity – something to do with whatever it is that makes Coleridge so much more sympathetic a character to me than Wordsworth.

Secondly: I like a wide range of literature but what tends to stay with me and attract me to re-reading is, I think, realism *plus*. (Even Joyce, though he soars all over the place, still wants to leave a book from which Dublin could be reconstructed in the event of an earthquake.) Ford gives us a world that seems familiar but isn't really. The illusion is generally maintained, up to a point, but what's the point? The point is a country of the mind but one that doesn't lose me, that I don't lose contact with. This interests the novelist in me – in us? – as well as the academic. The illusion is: you could write like this. You could write this book. Of course, you couldn't, quite: but that knowledge is not in the porch of Ford's house, it's tucked away a little: in the parlour or the conservatory. Some writers write only for the reader who holds a pencil poised above the page all the time; others write for people who don't have a pencil in the house. Ford at his best writes for people who hold the pencil but forget to use it – or put off using it until they've forgotten where exactly they meant to leave their mark.

I like (often, not exclusively) a writer who doesn't overuse foreign phrases or neologisms or archaisms or Chinese ideograms but uses deceptively unexceptional language which so fits his basic theme: that 'civilization' on a large scale is essentially illusion or lunacy, that it all comes down to individuals making connections, reading, drinking wine, eating, talking to one another, *remembering* and trying to make sense, which is what modern civilization *does* come down to, it seems to me.

Looking at the bibliography of my thesis, I noted how many primary and secondary works I cited in the cases of Ford and Pound: books and articles *by* them, Ford 109, Pound 64; books and articles dealing, or dealing mainly, *with* them: Ford 49, Pound 112. I find that, in its small way, significant and revealing. Some writers we read, some we study: with many, of course, we do both – but it's the *proportion* that matters. And the central paradox about Ford and his reputation is the one I tried to get hold of in my paper at the first Ford conference: he's much more readable and readerly than the other major modernists, yet probably the one with the smallest readership. And yes, this is due, I suppose, to his absence from university reading lists. And yet – if the academies capture and embrace a writer, doesn't this run the risk of removing him or her from the ordinary universe where people sit engrossed over the pages of a book, without any particular *purpose* (the essay, the thesis, the examination)?

One of the initial attractions of Ford to me was, precisely, that the secondary literature was manageable (more than two hundred books on Pound, how many thousands on Shakespeare?); and also, that much of the basic work (right down to the recurrence of single words and images) was still to be done. And also – again – that modernist history might be interestingly and subtly rewritten if refracted through Ford rather than through one of the accepted monuments. Even that the number of people seriously interested in Ford was so relatively few that they might be gathered together in a large room, that one might know them by name and actually meet them face to face. (*Not*, though, that the numbers should forever remain at that level.) The attraction was, I suppose, being in at or near the beginning of something. We are always so belated, coming in at the fag-end of the procession. There are many neglected writers: but here was one who seemed genuinely misconceived and unjustly undervalued. And a great many people – reviewers, pundits whom I was more than ready to dislike – were so *patronizing* about Ford, so dismissive and so provincial. Ford had made enemies – but they were the right ones.

What I like most about reading Ford is the *effect* of it. The effect for me is a blurring of boundaries, reflecting both the blurring of genres and that tendency towards dissolution of the line between the conscious and the unconscious. The effect of reading Joyce or Pound tends to be a series of bumps, as you hit a brick wall of a particular kind. You put down the book and pick up another: a dictionary or at least a reference book of some sort. With Ford, when you put the book down, it is to pick up another book by Ford. This is what intrigues me. In the case of a great many admired (and often admirable) writers, one simply reads; there isn't, at least for me, this strange double impulse of the mind both focusing on the page read *and* drifting off, while not losing the sense of what is read. Why do we read? (Omit four hundred pages). To accrue knowledge; for therapeutic effect; curiosity; to make or maintain connections; to enlarge our world...Ford seems to me to meet a large number of these requirements. Even the one about knowledge. Yes, much of his information must be treated sceptically *as information*. But accruing knowledge includes knowledge of what knowledge is and isn't. How – and whether – we *know* seems to me to be the basic theme of *The Good Soldier*.

There is the use of the single word, the *mot juste*: “Mrs Wannop, I ought to tell you that your daughter and I are being talked about. Uglily!” ‘Uglily!’ What more could possibly need to be said?

But really – and this gives me away finally and altogether – I remember Ford wanting the novel to give the general impression that life gives: and, for me, his work does that – not always, but very often. Not, of course, in the sense of crude verisimilitude (‘I knew a man like that’) but the rhythms, the reveries, the efforts to remember, the failure to grasp significances at the right time, the moments which make no sense,

the things at the edges of consciousness, sometimes grasped, often lost, the sudden recognition of our own absurdity – or sublimity. The memories – or half-memories – that blur together with our own, that can't quite be extricated and sorted out, the words that we think are ours but can be traced back to our writer, words so right that we wanted to make them ours – and did so.

And I get a sense of England: not an England of a particular historical moment, perhaps not even a specific geographical place, but still one I recognize. The mixture of pride and embarrassment, sometimes not quite there, sometimes quite over-powering, as trivial and splendid as a glimpse of the corner of a field in intermittent sunlight, or as grandiose and sullen as a country house falling slowly and inexorably to pieces.

Something like that.

Paul Skinner

CALL FOR PAPERS

Ford Madox Ford and the Republic of Letters

Bologna, 11-14 January 2001

A Symposium planned by the Università degli Studi di Bologna (Dipartimento di Lingue e Letterature Straniere Moderne), COTEPRA (European Thematic Network on Comparative Studies), the British Council, The Associazione Italo-Britannica, and the Ford Madox Ford Society.

This major four-day conference involving authors as well as scholars will be devoted to a comparative approach to Ford's writing and critical ideas. Offers of twenty-minute or thirty-minute papers are invited comparing Ford's work with that of other Modernist writers and critics; comparing his literary and technical achievements with other media forms; attending to questions of intertextuality (both Ford's responses to other writers, and the reception of his work internationally); and considering questions of translation studies, literary internationalism, and globalization.

Sessions on the following areas are envisaged:

- Ford and the Canon (both his attitude towards it, and his position in relation to it)
- Ford and Twentieth-Century Criticism
- The 'Man of Letters' and the Mass Society
- *Parade's End*: Ford and the First World War
- Ford and the Media

Two Panel Discussions will be organized on:

- Creative Engagements with Ford's Experiments: Contemporary Authors Discussing Ford
- Translating Ford

Please send the title and 300 word abstract by 14 June 2000 to:

Prof. Vita Fortunati, or Dr. Elena Lambert, Università degli Studi di Bologna, Dipartimento di Lingue e Letterature Straniere Moderne, Via Cartoleria, 5, 40124 Bologna, ITALY.

fortunat@lingue.unibo.it

elambert@lingue.unibo.it

or

Dr Max Saunders, Department of English, King's College London, The Strand, London WC2R 2LS.

max.saunders@kcl.ac.uk

Nostalgia and Modernism

A panel to be proposed for the Modernist Studies Associations conference "New Modernisms II"
University of Pennsylvania, October 12-15, 2000

This panel will focus on the relations between nostalgia and modernism. Nostalgia is often considered antithetical to modernism, a brooding on the past, a turn away from what is new or challenging. Papers for this panel will complicate this relationship, examining the diverse ways nostalgia interacts with modernism. How does nostalgia inform our definitions of modernism? How do modernist writers conceive nostalgia in their texts, and to what end? How does nostalgia influence modernist narrative and the role of memory? In what ways does nostalgia provide a useful vehicle for modernist longing? Papers may cover a wide range of genres; essays including less traditional texts such as advertisements, propaganda posters, etc. are welcome.

Send 1-2 page abstracts or completed papers to Elizabeth Outka, either by email or mail (email preferred).

eno7w@virginia.edu
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Charlottesville, VA 22904-4121

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Ford Madox Ford Essay Prize

Sponsored by

Macmillan Press and Carcanet Press

The Ford Madox Ford Society announces a new annual prize to be awarded for an essay dealing wholly or substantially with Ford's works and/or life. The prize will consist of £50, plus a copy of each book by Ford published by Carcanet and still in print. Entries are invited from those under 30 at the closing date, or from those currently taking undergraduate or postgraduate degrees. The competition will be judged by two members of the Executive Committee of the Society, who reserve the right only to recommend an award of the prize if work of the required standard is submitted. The winning essay will be considered for publication in the Ford Society Newsletter. Essays should not exceed 5,000 words, including notes and bibliography. Two copies should be sent by 30 September 2000 to:

Sara Haslam, English Department, Chester College, Parkgate Road, Chester CH1 4BJ.
E-mail: s.haslam@chester.ac.uk

European Society for the Study of English

ESSE 5 – Conference in Helsinki

25-29 August 2000

<http://www.eng.helsinki.fi>

Workshop on 'Editing and Translating Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*'

If you would like to participate, please contact Max Saunders.

After the success of the Münster Conference, Jörg Rademacher promises a long-term programme of exciting events:

August/September 2001 - A week of cycling along the Hueffer trail in Münsterland (of particular interest to graduate students and their supervisors).

February 2002 - Third James Joyce Festival with a section devoted to Ford Madox Ford.

September 2003 - Three-day Workshop on Ford Madox Ford.

24-28 June 2004 - Five-day Commemoration of the 65th Anniversary of Ford's Death.

PUBLICATIONS AND NEWS

- Max Saunders's "Ford Madox Ford: Further Bibliographies" (*English Literature in Transition 1880-1920*, 43:2, 2000).
- Ford Madox Ford's *The Inheritors*, edited by David Seed, has just been reprinted by Liverpool University Press.
- Ford Madox Ford, *War Prose*, ed. Max Saunders (Manchester: Carcanet 1999).
- Ford Madox Ford, *Return to Yesterday*, ed. Bill Hutchings (Manchester: Carcanet 1999).
- *A Literary Friendship: Correspondence between Caroline Gordon and Ford Madox Ford*, ed. Brita Lindberg-Seyersted (U. of Tennessee P. 1999). Forthcoming.
- P J Kavanagh, "Bywords" from the *TLS*, 3 Dec. 1999, p. 16. An appreciative review of Ford's *War Prose* and *Return To Yesterday*. Mr. Kavanagh concludes that "If people like Ford can exist, to surprise and amuse and encourage, all is not lost," questioning however the existence of such people – young journalists, young poets – today.
- "Ten Essential Novels from the British Century," *New Statesman*, 20 Dec. 1999 - 3 Jan. 2000, p. 119, includes *The Good Soldier* defined as "A wonderful example of oblique storytelling, and a prescient insight into a public world on the very edge of dissolution."
- "Books of the Year," *The Spectator*, 20 Dec. 1999. Alan Judd's choice of Ford's *War Prose* is a confirmation of the great success of this selection of works. In Mr. Judd's words, the publication "does much to enhance Ford's growing status in the canon of First World War writers."
- In the *Northwest Magazine*, Dec. 1999, p. 20, in a piece titled "History Foretold," about H. G. Wells, Peter de Loriol noted how the prose of Wells had influenced Ford Madox Ford. Indeed Ford admitted that "he had been so conditioned to modern warfare by reading the novels of Wells, that when he actually experienced it, he felt 'apathetic and resigned'."

Jeff McCarthy's Ford Web Page: http://www.wcslc.edu/pers_pages/j-mccart/ford_page

Ford Madox Ford Society Web Site: http://www.rialto.com/fordmadoxford_society

Information regarding collaboration: http://www.feedmag.com/deepread/dr309_master.html

The collaborative texts of Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford:

<http://mindit.netmind.com/go/1/13861885/2736376>

Text of *The Good Soldier*: <http://eldred.ne.mediaone.net/fmf/gs.htm>

RENEWALS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Rates:

Pounds sterling:

Individuals: £12; Concessions £6; Member Organisations £25

Please send Sterling cheques to:

Dr Sara Haslam, English Department, University College Chester, Parkgate Road, Chester CH1 4BJ.

Tel: (01244) 375444 ex. 3157, fax: (01244) 392820 E-mail: s.haslam@chester.ac.uk

US Dollars:

Any category: \$25

Please send US dollar checks to:

Prof. Joe Wiesenfarth, 273 N. Bascom Hall, 500 Lincoln Drive, Madison, WI 53706-1380 USA

You may print and send the form below to the above addresses:

Ford Madox Ford Society Membership Form			
First Name _____	Last Name _____		
Category:	Individual <input type="checkbox"/>	Concessions <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Member Organisations <input type="checkbox"/>	Others <input type="checkbox"/>	
Academic institution _____			
Address _____			

Telephone _____	Fax _____		
E-Mail _____			
Total Membership Fee Enclosed _____			
Date _____	Signature _____		

FUTURE PLANNING

At the Annual General Meeting on 17 December 1999 we agreed to launch an annual volume devoted to international Ford scholarship. There are three pieces of good news to report in connexion with this plan, which raised some concerns about its impact on both our funds and our time. In a further meeting with the publisher, Rodopi, a price more affordable by the Society was agreed. It was also agreed that the Society would be free to discontinue publication at any time. Finally, and most importantly, I am delighted to be able to announce that the Joseph Conrad Society (U.K.) has very generously agreed to give us a grant from the Juliet McLachlan Fund for the first three years of publication.

The first volume, which should appear at the end of 2000, is to be edited by Robert Hampson and Tony Davenport, and will comprise studies of Ford's lesser-known works. Future volumes are envisaged on: *The Good Soldier*; Ford and the City; Ford and Comparative Literature; Writing and Painting in Ford's work; *Parade's End*; and Ford and Translation. If you are interested in contributing to or being involved with any of these volumes, or would like to propose further issues, please contact me.

Max Saunders
max.saunders@kcl.ac.uk

Harriet Cooper is currently organizing a Ford panel for the December 2000 Washington MLA. Contact her on hycoo@dellnet.com.

What follows is a revised version of a talk given by Max Saunders to a meeting of COTEPRRA in Bertinoro, Italy, on 28 November 1999. COTEPRRA is a European network of Comparative studies, directed by Vita Fortunati. The acronym stands for Comparative Literature in Theory and Practice.

Translating Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End* in a European Context

I want to introduce a project which relates to several of COTEPRRA's concerns, in particular to Translation Studies. It was launched in June 1999, but is still in the planning stage, so I should very much welcome advice about how to refine it.

Introduction

In January 1918, when Europe was at war, T. S. Eliot wrote of Henry James (but was perhaps also thinking of himself), that it 'is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European – something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become'.¹ The recent history of Europe, and now COTEPRRA, are working to prove Eliot wrong; to establish a truly European identity even for citizens of particular European nationalities. Ford Madox Ford is relevant to this aim, for though British by birth, his richly cosmopolitan upbringing made it impossible for him to feel himself a person of any *single* European nationality. His German father, Franz Hüffer may have anglicized his name and naturalized himself. But his erudition and seriousness, his advocacy of Wagner and Schopenhauer, his ideas on education, remained thoroughly Germanic. Ford was sent to a school in Folkestone run by German émigrés, one of whom had been a pupil of Froebel, the pioneer of the kindergarten. The classes were conducted alternately in German, English, and French. His father shaped Ford's love of Romance civilisations as well as his intimacy with German culture. Besides his exclusively musical criticism, Francis Hueffer wrote a book on *The Troubadours*; he published a collection of *Italian and Other Studies*; and he translated a German study on *The Life of the Greeks and Romans described from Antique Monuments*. Ford said his father was 'too impatient to teach anybody anything'; that all he learned from him was 'a very little Provençal, by means of the poems of Guillem de Cabestanh'.²

As a boy Ford was taken to visit his Hüffer uncles: Wilhelm in Rome; Hermann, the absent-minded professor of History and Law at Bonn; and Leopold, who left his American tobacco business to spend time

¹ T. S. Eliot, 'In Memory of Henry James', *Egoist*, January 1918, vol. 5, pp. 1-2.

² *A Mirror to France*, p. 112. My references are to the English first editions of Ford's books unless otherwise indicated. For fuller bibliographical information see David Harvey, *Ford Madox Ford, 1873-1939: A Bibliography of Works and Criticism*, Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1962. The biographical details are based on my *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, volume 1 (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996).

in Paris and on the Riviera. The branch of the family in Münster ran – indeed still run – a publishing house. Other relatives lived in Holland. From an early age Ford was aware of his family contacts spread right across Europe and the Atlantic.

But it was Ford's maternal grandfather, the painter Ford Madox Brown – in many ways a classic English eccentric – who most represented the kind of trans-national that Ford eventually became. Brown had studied painting in Antwerp and Paris, then in Rome, where he came into contact with the German Nazarene painters. Ford said of him:

My French I had from my grandfather who, born in Calais and passing the whole of his youth and early manhood in France, knew French better than English, which indeed he never learned to spell correctly. But he insisted characteristically that although one must know French with accuracy one must speak it with a marked English accent to show that one is an English gentleman. I still do.³

Ford also received the standard public school training in the classics, and remembered enough to be able to translate Euripides' *Alcestis* after the war.⁴ His terrifyingly precocious Rossetti cousins provided a connexion with Italy. Through the Rossettis and Garnetts he came to know Russian exiles and Russian literature. Through his friendship and decade of collaboration with Conrad he learnt about Poland too. It would be no exaggeration to say that, as with Mr Kurtz in Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, all Europe contributed to the making of Ford Madox Ford. His friend and first biographer Douglas Goldring said that Ford could 'make himself feel like a Frenchman, like a German or like an American', as well as like Englishmen such as Ashburnham or Tietjens.

It is above all for his writings, of course, that Ford deserves to be remembered as a European. If ever there was a writer of 'Euro-Literature', it was Ford. His first masterpiece, for example, *The Good Soldier* (1915), was rightly described by his friend John Rodker as 'the finest French novel in the English language'. Like much of his work, it is often read as an exploration of Englishness. But it treats the Jamesian 'international theme', following the American narrator's travels in England and on the continent. Most of the action takes place in Germany, with scenes from France and Belgium. *The Good Soldier* has been translated widely; but it is the only book of Ford's that has.

His next two books were written (also in 1915) as wartime propaganda: *When Blood is Their Argument: An Analysis of Prussian Culture*; and *Between St. Dennis and St. George: A Sketch of Three Civilisations*. But these were far from the general run of propaganda literature peddling atrocity stories and other misinformation. As the subtitles make clear, they are analyses of civilisations; forerunners of what we might now call comparative cultural studies. Ford had already written studies of *England and the English*. With these works (as with his editorship of *The English Review*, which, *pace* its title, was dedicated to international literary excellence), he inaugurated a phase of writing about European and American culture that was to last for the rest of his life, culminating in his books of 'mental travel', *Provence* and *Great Trade Route*, and his mammoth work of comparative criticism, *The March of Literature*.

³ *A Mirror to France*, p. 113.

⁴ *It Was the Nightingale*, pp. 131-34.

Parade's End

The project the Ford Society is initiating is concerned with Ford's other fictional masterpiece, the tetralogy *Parade's End* (1924-28). Its panoramic scale is perhaps the main reason why it has taken so long for it to gain recognition. It has always had influential admirers. William Carlos Williams was not alone in thinking that the four books 'constitute the English prose masterpiece of their time'. Graham Greene called them 'almost the only adult novels dealing with the sexual life that have been written in English'. Over the last decade a consensus has been emerging. Malcolm Bradbury calls the sequence both 'a central Modernist novel of the 1920s, in which it is exemplary', and 'the most important and complex British novel to deal with the overwhelming subject of the Great War'. It has also been increasingly recognised as the best English fiction about the war, even, in Samuel Hynes's words, as 'the greatest war novel ever written by an Englishman'.

The last three volumes were Ford's only post-war best-sellers; and the work has been back in print in English fairly continuously since the 1940s. Yet *Parade's End*, has remained virtually untouched by translators. The second volume only, *No More Parades*, was translated into French (trans. Fernande Bogatyreff & Georges Pillement, Librairie de la Revue Française, Paris, 1933). The first two volumes were translated into Italian, as *La Saga di Tietjens*, trans. P. Oietti (Feltrinelli, 1963). That's all. The tetralogy is scarcely known outside Britain and the USA.

Yet it too is a profoundly European work. About half of it is set outside Britain. The action of the second and third novels takes place on the Western Front, in France and Belgium. The first volume has a major scene in Germany. The protagonist, Christopher Tietjens, has Dutch ancestry. His brother marries a French woman, who becomes one of the centres of consciousness in the final volume.

Other works have been translated; his trilogy about Henry VIII; his collaborations with Conrad; his memoir of Conrad, and some of his other memoirs. *Parade's End* is the work of his that is in most obvious need of translation, and it is this that the present project seeks to achieve. If it were just a proposal to translate it into any single European language, it wouldn't necessarily be of particular interest to COTEPRA. However, this peculiar situation – of a major European text still virtually untranslated – offers unusual opportunities for translation studies.

Aims and Objectives

The present project has four central strands:

- i) to produce a properly edited and annotated scholarly text of *Parade's End*, in both electronic and printed form. Though the tetralogy has been regularly in print since 1948, none of the texts are reliable (even the British and American first editions are differently corrupt) and none are annotated. It's important to have a decent edition from which to produce decent translations. This is where I would be most directly involved with the project, either as editor, or as general editor of an international team. Sir Frank Kermode and Samuel Hynes have agreed to act as editorial consultants.
- ii) to facilitate translations into several languages; primarily European, but if possible also Russian, Polish, Japanese, and others.
- iii) to bring together the translators and editors at regular intervals, both in seminars and workshops at different locations, but also via virtual workshops and other exchanges on the Web. This communication is anticipated to have two outcomes:
 - a) to help solve particular problems of translation or editing.
 - b) to explore questions of comparative literary translation and translation theory. These discussions are expected to lead to published output.

- iv) to produce an electronic text which combines the English edition and the parallel translations. This would be a resource for international scholars of Ford or of modernism. But it could also provide an important literary resource for corpus linguistics and computer translation. Though there are comparable projects in the fields of Classical or Biblical studies, there are none based on substantial modern English literary texts.

Proposed Structure

One striking feature of the tetralogy is that the style evolves from novel to novel. Thus one can envisage it being translated either by one translator working full-time over a long period, or by a team of up to four working together. This can vary from language to language. But as the project is conceived as relating translation and scholarship, it is proposed that for each language there should be:

- i) a co-ordinator, with expertise in twentieth-century fiction; who can act as consultant about the whole translation; who may wish to write a preface to it, and provide or contribute to the annotations; who may even themselves wish to contribute to the translation, but who would not normally undertake all of it.
- ii) from one to four translators. If more than one, they must be prepared to work together, and read each others' work. The translators will need to co-operate with the co-ordinator, and be interested in attending the seminars or workshops.

The Relationship of the Project to Cotepra

Cotepra would be concerned with the interaction between translators: when they actually get together for seminars and workshops, or communicate via a virtual workshop. It would thus be involved with the Translation Studies aspects of the project. It would not have any responsibilities towards, or rights over, the translations themselves, which would be owned by the translators or their publishers. Any financial requests to Cotepra would concern the facilitating of translation studies meetings and other interactions, and the possible publication of their proceedings. Cotepra would not be asked to subsidize the translations.

Timetable

The idea was floated at the 1997 ESSE conference in Debrecen, and some potential translators identified. The Ford conference in Münster in June 1999 included a discussion of the project. A workshop has been accepted for the ESSE/5 conference in Helsinki on 25-29 August 2000. The Ford conference in Bologna on 11-14 January 2001 will include a section on translating Ford. Future meetings are anticipated in France and Germany.

Now is the right time for such a project. Ford studies are particularly active. The international Ford Society, formed in 1997, continues to plan a full and innovative programme. Much of his work is currently being published or republished, notably in Carcanet Press's series. Furthermore, Ford is due to emerge from copyright at the end of 2009. The aim would be to have the edition and translations ready to deliver to publishers by 2007-08 at the latest. It is probable that film companies will turn their attention to Ford at this time. Though they have expressed interest, the imperfect status of the copyright for authors such as Ford whose works went back into copyright when the term was extended in 1996 has deterred them from risking major investments.

Academic Interest of the Project

To summarize:

The structure proposed above makes the project something very different from a single translation. There are two main advantages:

- i) the experience of simultaneous and co-operative translation into several languages.
- ii) the experience of simultaneous translating and editing.

Both of these will help identify and solve the particular problems arising from both the translating and the editing. They will help with decisions about the need for annotation. And they will provide valuable material for translation studies.

The advice of experienced translators has been borne out by my experience on this project to date: the act of translation raises questions about the text which are not always perceptible to a native-speaker; questions which bear upon its editing, annotation and interpretation. Translation theory has much to say on such questions, of course. As, for example, George Steiner, who argues in *After Babel* that reading or interpretation is in essence an act of translation. The concerted work on *Parade's End* proposed here will provide a rich source of cases and developments. This is a comparative project that combines theory and practice, as COTEPRAs aims to do.

Questions

Do you know of any comparable projects, either of multiple translation or that combine translating and editing?

Do you know of anyone who might be interested in participating?

Do you have any advice on the planning or conduct of the project?

Max Saunders

Conference Abstracts

We wish to distribute among society members the abstracts from the Canterbury Conference (of papers focusing on Ford). This should be e-mailed out in December 2000 along with the next newsletter. Publication is delayed because we're still missing a number of authors' approvals. Please send in your permission to publish your abstract in the Society's newsletter and on the Society's web site, as well as the revised versions of your abstract, by summer's end.

Email to: calder@unive.it

If you received this newsletter by mail, but have an e-mail address, could you please send a message to that effect to: max.saunders@kcl.ac.uk

Any material or ideas for the Ford Madox Ford Society web page or this newsletter would certainly be appreciated. Please note that our intention is to include a list of publications on Ford by Society members. Any information you can provide would be most welcome.

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Tel: 39-041-534-7801, Fax: 39-041-534-7807, Email: calder@unive.it