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ISSN 2631-9772

AUTUMN 2019

LAST POST A LITERARY JOURNAL FROM THE FORD MADOX FORD SOCIETY

VOL. 1. NO. 3

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

Three: Autumn 2019

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Printed in the United States by Sheridan MI, A CJK Group Co.
Chelsea, Michigan

ISSN 2631-9772

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Acknowledgements

My thanks go to the members of the *Last Post* editorial board, particularly Society Chair, Sara Haslam; to Jan Serr & John Shannon for their foundational support; and to Meghan Hammond and Max Schleusener.

And my continuing thanks to our anonymous peer reviewers.

Paul Skinner
Editor

Editorial notes

[Though this issue of *Last Post* is dated ‘Autumn 2019’, to maintain the sequence of issue dates, these remarks were written in the spring of 2020 – unlike Ford Madox Ford, I have no marked prophetic powers.]

In *Ancient Lights*, looking back a decade to the Boer War, Ford Madox Ford remarked that it ‘set, as it were, an iron door between the past and the present.’ He observed too that it appeared to him ‘like a chasm separating the new world from the old.’ Twenty years on, in *It Was the Nightingale*, he wrote: ‘Terrible things—for those to whom terrible things occur in their lives—happen in the last days of January’.

Amidst menacing political conditions, environmental emergencies and now a global public health crisis unprecedented in our lifetimes, Ford’s words seem eerily prescient. In that particular context, though, he was speaking specifically of the deaths of John Galsworthy and George Moore. And it’s remarkable how frequently the deaths of writers and artists occur in the Fordian oeuvre and how the circumstances of those deaths or, rather, the circumstances of Ford’s learning about those deaths, can provoke some of his most memorable writing.

Perhaps most notably, there is the death of Joseph Conrad in Ford’s personal remembrance of him: ‘They were demolishing an antiquated waiting-room on the opposite platform, three white-dusty men with pickaxes: a wall was in broken zig-

zags. The writer said to himself: “C’est le mur d’ un silence éternel qui descend devant vous!” There is Ford’s grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, on the last evening of his life, pointing with his brush to the ‘X’ of his name, half the picture done and feeling that he is ‘going home’. And here, reading of Galsworthy’s death in a Paris café, Ford sees, ‘through the white sheet of paper . . . dull green hop-lands rolling away under the mists of the English North Downs’, rapidly and skilfully evoking another time (in both their lives and in literary history) and one of the places most important to Ford’s part in that history.

Ford may have paid Galsworthy and Moore fulsome tributes here but he was not wholly convinced by some of their—particularly later—work. They were, though, serious practitioners of their art and he honoured them as such. Doubts of that kind are often more productive than untroubled admiration. Ford certainly felt differently about the later work of many writers whom he championed earlier in their careers, among them D. H. Lawrence, Rudyard Kipling – and Gilbert Cannan. We have an essay here on Ford and Cannan; plus one on Ford and a later critic of his work, whose praise was also often selective: the poet, translator and critic, C. H. Sisson. We have the first part (of two) of an extensive study of the critical reception of Ford’s great tetralogy, *Parade’s End*, from initial responses to those of our own time; and contributions from our three regular columnists: a further consideration of Ford’s reading; a look at his use of animal imagery to represent madness in his work; and a diverting if unsettling letter from America.

One of those columnists, Helen Chambers, has been receiving some excellent notices for her monograph, *Conrad's Reading: Space, Time, Networks* (most recently in *Joseph Conrad Today*). So we're happy to be able to bestow the ultimate accolade of a review in *Last Post* (and very grateful to Andy Pursell for writing it).

A few Fordian items

John Fowles the Fordian? A letter from Dr Bernard Richards, emeritus Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, in the *Times Literary Supplement* of 12 July 2019, recalled a visit by John Fowles on 6 February 1991, where he 'performed at a public session.' Fowles talked about how to become a novelist, answered questions and responded to undergraduates in the audience who read extracts from his novels. 'He said many incidental interesting things', Dr Richards commented, 'recommending Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*, for instance, and saying "shame on you!" when it turned out that almost no one in the audience had heard of it.'

I'd read most of Fowles' work but could recall no hint of interest in Ford. There seemed to be no mention of him in either volume of Fowles' published journals, nor in *Wormholes*, the collection of his essays and occasional writings, nor in Eileen Warburton's biography. My last port of call was the online list of the John Fowles papers at the Harry Ransom Center and yes, finally, included under 'Reviews of books, 1970-1991' was an entry for 'Ford Madox Ford', dated 1991. This was surely in connection with Alan Judd's biography, published

in the United Kingdom by Collins in 1990 and Harvard University Press in 1991? It was. A bit more digging produced the May 1991 issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, featuring ‘Literature’s Good Soldier’, Fowles’ notice of the Harvard edition, probably well-known to some Ford scholars but not something I’d ever come across.

I couldn’t help wondering how familiar Fowles was with Ford’s writing before he began work on this review. Several phrases in the published piece strongly suggest that his recommendation to the students of Brasenose College on that visit in February 1991 was based on a very recent first acquaintance with Ford’s books. ‘I have just read two of his best-known fictions’, he remarks. Unsurprisingly, these are *The Good Soldier* – ‘which seems his generally most esteemed work’ (Fowles didn’t much like it) – and ‘the Tietjens tetralogy (1924-1928), now published under the omnibus name of *Parade’s End*’. ‘Now published’? The Knopf edition had appeared in 1950, paperback reprints of that edition in the 1970s and 1980s. Fowles certainly responds very positively to the tetralogy’s ‘unforgettable characters, led by Tietjens himself’, and while he believes that *Parade’s End* ‘is not generally counted among the outstanding British war novels’, he asserts that ‘it should be.’

Dai Greatcoat — In William Blissett’s *The Long Conversation: A Memoir of David Jones* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1981, 52), Blissett writes: ‘I interested [David] greatly by recalling an encounter that occurred one summer when I was teaching at Queen’s University in Kingston [Canada]. Hav-

ing rented a house, I found myself gardening under the law while an elderly gentleman next door was gardening with love. We fell into talk, and one day he asked, "Have you ever heard of a writer named Joseph Conrad?" I nodded. "He was my next-door neighbour, in Kent. We would go for long walks from time to time and see the ships making the turn between the channel and the Thames. "Post," he would say, "Post, I have seen much of the world – " and he was a well-travelled gentleman, in the merchant navy – "I have seen much of the world but no sight to compare with that."

Post then went on to ask Blissett whether he had heard of a university professor by the name of Northrop Frye and said: "Professor Frye gave a talk on the wireless, on Conrad, and mentioned a man named Ford, whose real name was Hueffer." (Mr Post said "Hooper".) "I wrote to him and said that we all thought, perhaps wrongly, that Hueffer was a German agent, but he wrote back to say that such was not the case, that Ford, as he called him, was a loyal Englishman though of German origin, and that anyway Conrad would never have associated himself with a German agent, and I had to agree to that." Hueffer, or Ford, didn't mean much to David, but he agreed with the assessment of Conrad.'

William Slater Brown — Catherine Seelye's *Charles Olson and Ezra Pound: An Encounter at St. Elizabeths* (1975; reprinted by Paragon House, New York, 1991), is well-known as a source of diverting Poundian comments reported by Olson, including several about Pound's old friend Ford Madox Ford. Olson's poem, 'Auctour', probably

written in 1946 and used as the body of a letter to Pound, begins:

Said the Man of Word, in lated tribute to Good Ford:

“In gratitude for your Grace and dispensations
I weep coarse thanks, of the living to the dead”

Said Pound the Red, one turquoise earring at his head

“FMF knew more than any of us, he . . .

from the literary centre, 12 years start of me”

In June of that year, about the news that the journal *WAKE* was planning to devote an issue to Pound: “They are doing Marianne Moore, then next spring they will do me. A daisy. It will be if I’m still around. What they regard as living!—Ford is a thousand times more alive than those living they want to celebrate!”

Another source of such comments is the extensive correspondence between Olson and Robert Creeley, one of my favourites being the reported conversation between Creeley and Slater Brown, in a letter from Creeley to Olson, 5 September 1950. “Thinking of Slater [Brown], also, had told me he met Ez [Pound] in Paris in the ’20s and was very drunk at the time. Went to his hotel, & the only thing he can remember is P saying: well, are you having a good time in Paris??? He sd: he liked Ford a good bit better & told a collection of the tales of same: including the dog that was 12 feet long, with details to prove it. That is, S/ sd: each time anyone sd/ now Ford/

he'd burst into details, offended, like they had to move out a wall so the dog wd fit.'

William Slater Brown died a little over twenty years ago, at the age of one hundred. He's most often remembered now less for his own books than for being the friend of E. E. Cummings, referred to as 'B.' in Cummings' famous 1922 novel, *The Enormous Room*. He was a friend too of Creeley, and of Hart Crane, whom he met in 1923 – 'his long crushes on me', Brown recalled, 'he consistently treated with reticence and a high degree of delicacy'. Allen Tate met and liked him; he crops up in the correspondence between Caroline Gordon and Ford, who must have known Brown, through the Tates, if by no other route—'Bill Brown swore that he, or perhaps it was somebody else, saw you on the street in New York this spring', Gordon wrote to Ford in 1936—but I don't know of any mention by Ford of Brown or his wife Susan Jenkins Brown. Perhaps another reader does?

Samuel Hynes (1924-2019) — The writer and scholar Samuel Hynes died on 9 October 2019. He was ninety-five. Hynes' published work falls broadly into two halves: his literary history and criticism included the trilogy *The Edwardian Turn of Mind* (1962), *The Auden Generation* (1977) and *A War Imagined* (1990), together with a collection of essays, *Edwardian Occasions* (1972) and studies of William Golding and Thomas Hardy. But he also wrote specifically about war: his own—he served as a Marine Corps pilot and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross—and those of others, and was a contributor to two documentaries by Ken Burns,

acclaimed director of *The War* (2007) and *The Vietnam War* (2017). He was a fellow of the Royal Society and received the Arts and Letters award for literature from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 2004.

Professor Hynes was an honorary member of the Ford Madox Ford Society from the outset. His name is there at the top of the first Society Newsletter, dated 1 December 1997, one of a dozen eminent figures, several of them, alas, no longer with us: Bernard Bergonzi, Malcolm Bradbury, Frank Kermode, Ruth Rendell, Tony Tanner – and Janice Biala. He was also on the editorial board of the International Ford Madox Ford series.

I came across his ‘Ford Madox Ford: “Three Dedicatory Letters to *Parade’s End*” with Commentary and Notes’ (1970) years before I saw those letters in their original settings, and found them revelatory. Other Ford-related pieces were ‘The Genre of *No Enemy*’, in *Antaeus* (1986) and several pieces in *Edwardian Occasions* (1972)—‘The Conscious Artist’, ‘Ford and the Spirit of Romance’, ‘Conrad and Ford: Two Rye Revolutionists’—which also included his early, influential ‘The Epistemology of *The Good Soldier*’ (1961).

In response to our circulated invitation to the launch of *Last Post* at the Authors’ Club in November 2018, Professor Hynes replied to our membership secretary (and treasurer) Lucinda Borkett-Jones:

Dear Ms. Borkett-Jones,

I'm sorry that age and the unfinished work on my desk make it impossible for me to join you on Nov.27th, but I'm pleased that you keep me on your mailing list. If some publication should emerge from the meeting, I hope you'll send me a copy.

Sincerely,

Samuel Hynes

No serious student of early twentieth-century literature and literary history should ignore his work—or deny themselves the profound pleasures it offers.



Samuel Hynes

1924 - 2019

Ford story reprinted After the inclusion of Ford's 'The Queen Who Flew' in *Victorian Fairy Tales*, edited by Michael Newton (Oxford University Press, 2018), his story 'The Medium's End' is included in *Echoes: The Saga Anthology of Ghost Stories*, edited by Ellen Datlow (Saga Press, 2019). First published in *Bystander*, 33 (13 March 1912), the story is not in David Dow Harvey's bibliography but was picked up by Max Saunders in his invaluable 'Ford Madox Ford: Further Bibliographies', *English Literature in Transition 1880-1920*, 43:2 (2000), 131-205. *Echoes* was one of the 'Books of the Year' selected by Joyce Carol Oates in the *Times Literary Supplement* (29 November 2019): '(Who knew that ghosts could take such diverse forms, and still remain ghosts? And who knew that Ford Madox Ford could write such a deftly executed "ghost" story?)'

Other recent publications Guy de Maupassant, *Mademoiselle Perle and Other Stories*, translated by Ada Galsworthy and Elsie Martindale, selected with a preface by Robert Hampson and Helen Chambers (Riverrun Editions: 9781787479272, February 2020, paper £9.99)

Max Saunders, *Imagined Futures: Writing, Science, and Modernity in the To-Day and To-Morrow Book Series, 1923-31* (Oxford University Press: 9780198829454, October 2019, cloth £60)

Eve C. Sorum, *Modernist Empathy: Geography, Elegy, and the Uncanny* (Cambridge University Press: 9781108595667, June 2019, cloth £75)

— Paul Skinner

C. H. Sisson and Ford: sinking 'into the arms of an octopus'.¹

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The work of the English poet, critic, translator and novelist C. H. Sisson may not be very well known to Fordians, but it is likely that his name is vaguely familiar. If your interest has extended to Ford's less known books it is probable that you have read some of the titles published by Carcanet, and among these you may have noted that several have 'afterwords' by him. These 'afterwords' pre-date the Millennium Ford series which began in 1997, although in the case of *The English Novel: from the Earliest Days to the Death of Joseph Conrad*, the new format reprints Sisson's 'afterword' which was originally published in 1983. Others of those early Carcanet editions were originally hardback: *The Rash Act* (1982), *A Call* (1984), *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes* (1988). Each had a short piece written by Sisson.²

Sisson was born in Bristol in 1914 and was educated at the University of Bristol. In the mid-1930s, after graduation, he was able to travel to Germany and Paris. He eventually found employment in the Civil Service and, after service in World War Two, he rose through the ranks to reach the position of Under Secretary at the Ministry of Labour. From childhood he had been writing poetry and, although he temporarily gave this up, the experience of being sent to British India helped him to find his own voice. His breakthrough came in the pages of David Wright and Patrick Swift's magazine *X* (1959-62). His debut collection *The London Zoo* was

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published in 1961, and soon afterwards Methuen published two more collections, *Numbers* (1965) and *Metamorphosis* (1968). Perhaps his best poetry was written in the next few years and was collected in *In the Trojan Ditch: Collected Poems and Selected Translations* (1974), his first book with Carcanet, *Exactions* (1980) and *God Bless Karl Marx!* (1987). Further volumes of verse appeared, including *Collected Poems* (1984, 1998) and, after his retirement from the Civil Service, a number of impressive translations, including Horace's *The Poetic Art* (1975), Lucretius's *The Poem on Nature* (1976), Dante's *The Divine Comedy* (1980), *The Song of Roland* (1983), Joachim Du Bellay's *The Regrets* (1984) and Virgil's *The Aeneid* (1986). Much of his best work in prose and verse can helpfully be found in the *C. H. Sisson Reader* (Carcanet, 2014). This includes some of his key critical work, as he also established himself as a polemic essayist and commentator with a sceptical distrust for the cult of personality: 'I have the greatest difficulty in believing in the existence of human personality, and I hardly know what sort of thing it would be, if it did exist' (*On the Look-Out* 11). His association with Carcanet and *Poetry Nation Review* and then *P.N. Review*, where he was editor alongside Donald Davie and Michael Schmidt, gave him a platform from which he could and did critique the culture of his day and the art of poetry. He died in 2003.

His key critical text, *English Poetry 1900-1950: An Assessment*, was published in 1971, and as Elizabeth M. Knottenbelt has noted, 'his book is the first by an Englishman to consider Ford's poetry and his unquestionable importance for poetry'. This

importance is essentially what Ezra Pound called 'The Prose Tradition in Verse' in a notable review of Ford's poetry, and what Sisson refers to as 'the paring of the language' so that there is a return to a poetry that has its 'roots in the rhythms and diction of natural spoken speech.'³ In the 1976 introduction to Sisson's version of Lucretius, Ford makes an appearance as one of the critics that the poet has consulted. However, in this instance, Ford is presented as an unreliable critic of this particular work, one who in *The March of Literature* (1938) doubts that the subject of the poem is suitable for rendering in verse. This view is contrary to Sisson's own, and he dismisses Ford's verdict, questioning whether Ford had actually read the work. However, he still finds space to praise Ford for 'his immense gifts'.⁴

Earlier, when writing his autobiographical fragment *On the Look-Out* in 1964, though it was only published in book form in 1989, he had written that among the randomly collected books on the ground floor of his house at Sevenoaks were a collection of works by Ford. He qualifies the possession of these, or the very fact that he has chosen to mention them at all, by writing: 'there is no rhyme or reason about this collection, nor much in the selection of the odd few I have chosen to name' (*On the Look-Out* 11). Nonetheless, he has chosen to mention Ford, and elsewhere in his memoir he admits that Ford was an 'addiction', with the implication that it is not just one or two works that he possesses (*On the Look-Out* 50).

What books by Ford did he have and when did he come to own them? Sisson states that he had read

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It Was the Nightingale in the 1930s, and *The Critical Attitude* in 1940 (later the pretext of an essay).⁵ Sisson's addiction seems, by his own account, to have crept up on him. He says that he began reading Ford's books 'to soothe the nerves'; but that very soon after they 'began to pour in on me' (*On the Look-Out* 50). This must have been during the mid-1950s, as a list compiled by Sisson's grandson, Charlie Louth, records that many of the Ford books on Sisson's shelves were bought during those years, with nineteen having being bought in 1954 alone.⁶ In *On the Look-Out* we are told that he soon had about forty titles. It has to be said that Sisson does not seem to have been temperamentally sympathetic, yet he records that Ford's 'insinuating style made its way to every corner of my mind' (*On the Look-Out* 50). In Sisson's analysis there is a gap between Ford's style and his content, in the sense that it is felt that Ford was often capable of writing without reference to anything objectively present in the exterior world. He notes that, 'if I were recovering from flu I might still reach for *The Rash Act*'. For all the insistence on Ford's technical facility, however, Sisson does point to one aspect of Ford's works where there is substantial content as well as style, and this is to be found in his critical books. Ford is praised as a critic who uses the impressionist method to largely effective purpose: 'The writers he mentions casually in passing almost always turn out to be good ones. He directs the mind to good things, seen a little askew and out of context' (*On the Look-Out* 51).

This is a point of view taken up again in 'An Afterword' to the Carcanet edition of *The English Novel*.

Here he comes to Ford's defence, stating that: 'His impressions are undoubtedly more worth taking account of than most people's, and where he claims to have seen something there does indeed prove to be something to be seen.'⁷ Sisson dismisses Ford's reputation as a liar as something that too much has been made of, and whilst he accepts that Ford is in some ways 'irresponsible' as a critic, as he is inclined not to check his facts and sometimes gets his details wrong, he notes that what *The English Novel* offers the reader is a work that has the freshness and freedom that comes from the mind of a critic who has thought deeply about the 'problems and techniques' of novels, and who had 'written a score of novels of his own, including several which are among the best of the century' (*The English Novel* 144). Sisson believes that, 'For Ford the essence of the novel was a recording of how individual people actually behave' (*The English Novel* 147). That is, it might be argued, a radical interpretation, as all societies tend to see their own times in a favourable light, rather than as they actually are, with all their contradictions and too easily accepted assumptions. It is a perspective that places Ford in the same school as Flaubert and which defines the novel as a medium in which the working out of an 'affair' – any situation in which people move from one state of inter-relationship to another, not necessarily a more conclusive one – is explored. This, Sisson suggests, Ford saw as the 'civilising function' of the novel (*The English Novel* 147). It is this concern with recording truthfully the experience of life that Sisson finds most attractive in Ford's work, a body of work that appeals because the view taken is always on the level of flawed humanity. Michael

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Schmidt has written that Sisson wrote in a tradition that included Ford Madox Ford.⁸ In an extended essay, first published in *P.N. Review* in 1977 when Ford was a very neglected writer known, when known at all, as the author of just one book, *The Good Soldier*, Sisson wrote:

Some of Ford's need never be read, but the number of pages he covered – and the way he covered them – is part of his achievement. If six or eight books give you the best of Ford, they do not give you him entirely, nor will they enable you to see entirely what was remarkable about him. He was a great talent who slipped occasionally into genius, but the talent itself was of so remarkable a kind as to be almost a sort of genius in itself.⁹

This talent is related to his ability to write in such a lucid way that the prose does not draw attention to itself but, as Pound suggested, 'lay so natural on the page that one didn't notice it.'¹⁰ In Pound's obituary of Ford, the remark is almost a casual observation, but in Sisson's essay it is made a central part of the argument in favour of Ford as a writer, for in Ford's writings he finds 'volume after volume of this unnoticeable material' (*Avoidance of Literature* 324). It is the lucidity of his work that is the basis of his technical achievements, and Sisson suggests that this has 'the psychological depth of a moral virtue', something uncorrupted by the actions and statements made by Ford in his social and material existence. This is related to Ford's repeated claim of 'an absolute fidelity to his impressions, however wrong the facts might be here and there.' It is a view of the world that relies on subjective 'percep-

tions and sympathies' and yet Sisson claims 'unless the reader has some sympathy with Ford's claim, he is deficient in some of the qualities for which literature is valued [. . .] and lacks some of the antennae with which the life of other people can be touched, and so some of the humanism which is the gift of such a touch' (*Avoidance of Literature* 325). In other words the significance of Ford is located in the insight by which the reader is brought into contact with life that is different from their own but which is capable of entering into their vicarious experience so that it has meaning for them as if it were a personal experience.

An essay by Sisson on Ford's critical writing was included in Sondra J. Stang's *The Presence of Ford Madox Ford* – and this was reprinted in a collection of Sisson's purely literary essays, *In Two Minds: Guesses at Other Writers* (1990) – the title and subtitle are characteristic. This volume contains pieces that had previously appeared, but it is worth noting that there are nine entries for Ford Madox Ford in the index. The one extended piece referred to above is titled 'Ford Madox Ford and the Critical Attitude' and is an attempt to quantify 'Ford's contribution to the critical mind of the twentieth century' (*In Two Minds* 259). Sisson notes that no one work of Ford can be recommended as the source of all that is best in his critical writing, and states that even his books of reminiscence are full of critical perspectives. Nonetheless, he attempts to examine what is important about Ford's radical approach to criticism by reference to the essays published in *The Critical Attitude* (1911). These essays were of course originally published in the *English Review*

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and Sisson makes play with Ford's jokes about the hopelessness of teaching the English man or woman to adopt a critical attitude, going on to suggest that this is a task which:

always remains to be done afresh, for no sooner has a critical mind persuaded a number of people that some widely diffused view does not contain the whole truth about a problem than most of the number settle down to be as smugly convinced that the new aspect of the subject just brought to light is all there is to be said about it – lethargy being the condition to which most of us long most of the time to return. (*In Two Minds* 261)

In Sisson's understanding of Ford, the strength of Ford's critical attitude is that it is a plea for 'a lack of dogmatism as a humane recognition of variety, the endless qualification of one view by another' (*In Two Minds* 262). In such a reading we may see that Ford's critical writing is all of a piece with his imaginative work, where the viewpoint is always in transition and provisional. Therefore, as Sisson writes, 'The sort of "thought" Ford stands for is the recognition of differences of impression, which turn on the variety of character in the observers'. The result is that to awaken the critical attitude the writer must present himself in his art not as he wishes others to think of him, as some form of superior being (the error of many nineteenth century writers in Ford's perspective) but as he or she is, and giving an expression of a view of the world that is not based on what the writer would wish it to be but as it is found to be by the majority of people. Sisson summarizes Ford to mean that: 'the writer's impressions, how-

ever superficially disjointed, must be presented as they are, and that this material, which has not been rounded into a theory, is the fundamental matter of art, to which all considered opinions are secondary if not irrelevant' (*In Two Minds* 263). The value of this is that, as Ford and Sisson make plain, 'England is a place of Accepted Ideas', and therefore there is a need for Ford's concept of a critical attitude, and that it is something that is of historical importance because without it the nation will not be able to know itself.

To conclude one must turn to Sisson's 'Introduction' to the Carcanet edition of *The Rash Act* (1982), where he states that Ford noted the symptoms of a changing world in that particular novel, with the comment that: 'He has not made a final statement; there are no final statements according to Ford.'¹¹

Notes

1 Sisson wrote in his autobiography: 'There is plenty to be said against Ford Madox Ford, but so far as I was concerned at this time it was like the objections one might raise as one sank into the arms of an octopus.' See *On the Look-Out: A Partial Autobiography* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1989), 51.

2 The first was written as an introduction to *The Rash Act*, but in later printings it appeared as an afterword. It was usual at this time for classic literature (whether in the Penguin English Library or Oxford World's Classics series) to be prefaced by an introduction which discussed the text without regard to whether the reader knew the narrative or not. The Sisson afterwords from 1983 were

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arguably among the first to encourage the new reader to read the text before reading about it. Later Penguin Classics began to include statements such as: 'New readers are advised that this introduction makes the details of the plot explicit' – in this case quoted from the Penguin Classics edition of Nikolay Gogol's *Dead Souls* (2004), xiii.

3 Elizabeth M. Knottenbelt, 'C. H. Sisson on Ford Madox Ford and the Native Tradition in English Verse', in *Modernism and the Individual Talent/Moderne und besondere Begabung: Re-Canonizing Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer)/Zur Re-Kanonisierung von Ford Madox Ford (Hüffer)*, edited by Jörg W. Rademacher (Münster: LIT Verlag, 2002), 163-172; Ezra Pound, 'The Prose Tradition in Verse', in *Pound/Ford: The Story of a Literary Friendship*, edited by Brita Lindberg-Seyersted (New York: New Directions, 1982), 16-21; C. H. Sisson, *English Poetry 1900-1950: An Assessment* (London: Methuen, 1981), 47.

4 Lucretius/C. H. Sisson: *De Rerum Natura/ The Poem on Nature* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1976), 14.

5 C. H. Sisson, 'The Critical Attitude', in *The Presence of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Sondra J. Stang (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1981), 109-114, reprinted in Sisson, *In Two Minds: Guesses at Other Writers* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1990), 259-264.

6 I am very grateful to Dr Charlie Louth (The Queen's College, Oxford), Sisson's grandson, for taking the trouble to compile this list for me. Sisson's Ford collection is housed in his former home in Langport, Somerset; and we are fortunate that he had the habit of noting in his

books the date of their purchase, thus providing a record of his reading habits. See Appendix.

7 C. H. Sisson: 'An Afterword', in Ford Madox Ford, *The English Novel from the earliest days to the death of Joseph Conrad* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1997), 143.

8 Michael Schmidt, 'Introduction', C. H. Sisson, *The Avoidance of Literature: Collected Essays* (Manchester: Carcanet, 1978), 11.

9 C. H. Sisson, 'Ford Madox Ford: Saltavit et Placuit', *The Avoidance of Literature*, 324.

10 Ezra Pound, 'Ford Madox (Hueffer) Ford; Obit', *Nineteenth Century and After*, cxxvi (August 1939), 178-181; reprinted in *Ford Madox Ford: The Critical Heritage*, edited by Frank MacShane (London: Routledge, 1972), 217.

11 Ford Madox Ford, *The Rash Act*, with an introduction by C. H. Sisson (Manchester: Carcanet, 1982), 6.

Stephen Rogers

Appendix: Ford Madox Ford books in C. H. Sisson's library . In the list that follows dates are given where Sisson marked his copies with the year of purchase, as was his usual practice. Thanks to Dr Charlie Louth, Sisson's grandson, for gathering this information.

Letters of Ford Madox Ford, ed. Ludwig – 1966

Mr Apollo – 1957

When Blood is their Argument

Thus to Revisit – 1945

Provence – 1954

Ford Madox Brown: A Record of His Life and Work

Return to Yesterday – 1954

Selected Poems, edited by Basil Bunting

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood – 1954

Rossetti – 1954

The Good Soldier – 1954

The Soul of London – 1954

The Queen Who Flew – 1971

Between St Dennis and St George – 1954

Ladies Whose Bright Eyes – 1954

Mightier Than the Sword – 1954

Buckshee – 1969

The March of Literature – 1947

Mister Bosphorus and the Muses – 1949

The Fifth Queen Crowned

Mr Fleight – 1977

Some Do Not. . . – 1954

A Man Could Stand Up – 1954

No More Parades – 1954

Last Post – 1954

The Portrait – 1954

The Rash Act

Collected Poems (1914) – 1953

New York is not America – 1954

The Benefactor – 1954
When the Wicked Man – 1971
The Critical Attitude – 1940
Ancient Lights – 1954
It was the Nightingale
A Call – 1970
A Little Less Than Gods
The Spirit of the People – 1954
The Heart of the Country – 1952
A Mirror to France – 1953
Joseph Conrad – 1954
The Nature of a Crime

Gillian Gustar

The Journal of a PhD Student: A Menagerie of Madness

Gillian Gustar

In this column I share some of my experiences and learning as I research and write about Ford. Both activities have their challenges, and do not always sit neatly together. Research sometimes leads down interesting byways, some of which prove to be dead ends. Others lead you to ideas which remain interesting but sit on the side-lines of your argument, waiting for a time when they might become significant. This account is about one of those pieces of research waiting in the wings of my thesis.

My research is about how Ford represents madness in his novels.¹ Given that *Parade's End* is widely accepted as a pivotal point in Ford's oeuvre and life, I reasoned that if I were to examine what strategies he deployed there, it would give me a point of comparison for considering earlier and later novels. I discovered at least seven different, interlinked, strategies for representing madness at work. One of these is Ford's engagement with animal imagery. Whilst acknowledging that Ford often uses animal imagery in unexceptional ways, to suggest appearance or character, I want to suggest that in *Parade's End*, he uses it to say something about madness.

Andrew Scull identifies the link between madness and animality as an 'ancient stereotype' and depictions of 'biting bestial characters'² as one of several signs and symbols used in art and literature. Elaine Showalter suggests that Charlotte Bronte borrowed

from such conventions in describing Bertha Mason, Rochester's mad wife in *Jane Eyre*, as 'a wild beast' and a 'clothed hyena.'³ It was this portrayal which prompted Jean Rhys to write *Wide Sargasso Sea*, finding Bertha 'a fat (and improbable) monster.'⁴ Rhys claimed never to have 'really believed in Charlotte's lunatic,'⁵ effectively a 'lay figure' who always 'shrieks, howls, laughs horribly, attacks all and sundry – *off stage*.'⁶

Some of Ford's mad people are effectively off stage in *Parade's End*. Mr Duchemin is a good example. He is memorably immobilised by being punched in the kidneys, then removed from the breakfast room on the grounds 'that certain excesses being merely nervous cravings, can be combatted if not, indeed, cured altogether, by the fear of, by the determination not to ensue, sharp physical pain'.⁷ Clearly, this 'treatment' worked only temporarily because readers later learn that Mr Duchemin 'mauled his wife like a savage dog' (*SDN 232*) and is committed to an asylum, never to be heard from again. The equivalence between a savage dog, which might be put down, and a madman who might be put away, seems clear.

Although Ford apparently calls upon traditional conventions here, generally his use of animal imagery is more nuanced. For instance, when Valentine is about to be reunited with Tietjens on Armistice Day, expecting to become 'the cold nurse of a shell-shock case,' she imagines him as a bear, with herself as his keeper.⁸ Bears were dangerous animals muzzled and displayed by their keepers⁹ so the image suggests that she will need to contain or

control Tietjens. When he appears, however, he is 'More like a lion,' who 'charged upon her. There in the open' before 'charging down the steps, having slammed the hall door'. The combination of 'in the open' and 'charging' suggests Valentine as a victim of an animal of prey, but this is an animal which nevertheless rushes by carrying 'a diminutive piece of furniture' (*AMCSU 183*). Ford's juxtaposition of a wild animal with domestic artefacts undercuts the idea of danger while also hinting at something caged or restrained rather than tamed. It suggests a man on the edges of control.

Ford uses wild animals to suggest a link between madness and control, or loss of it. So Captain McKechnie, with the 'beginnings of a definite, dangerous lunacy',¹⁰ is compared by Tietjens to a wild-cat. He has 'mad fits' during which 'His face would be distorted like that of a wild-cat in front of its kitten hole.' It is an image of something fierce and feral, perhaps unpredictable. Tietjens complains that McKechnie 'never brought his fits to a crisis' shifting 'Suddenly! Without rhyme or reason!' into a 'submissive subordinate' (*AMCSU 119*). These fluctuations between control and the loss of it signal the 'beginnings' of a 'dangerous' madness.

If wild animals alone suggested the link between madness and something uncontrolled, Ford could be said to be reinforcing the 'othering' of the mad which these depictions allow. However, even domestic animals have the capacity for uncontrolled behaviour. In *Some Do Not....*, Tietjens reflects that women can be made as 'hysterical as a cat on heat' by attending to 'lewd husbands' (*SDN 134*). It is

both a common cliché associated with demands for attention, usually sexual, but also a loaded one. Until the First World War hysteria had long been seen as a predominantly female ‘malady,’ often defying treatment and sometimes considered imaginary.¹¹ It is an image which hints not only at the lack of control which sexual desire might generate, but at an instability of mind.

Ford often uses animal imagery to depict a state of mind. In *A Man Could Stand Up*—Tietjens wishes his mind would ‘not go on and on figuring’ but do as ‘a well-trained dog will do when you tell it to stay in one part of a room’. Instead, the mind ‘prefers to do figuring. Creeps from the rug by the door to the hearth-rug, its eyes on your unconscious face....That was what your mind was like. Like a dog!’ (*AMCSU* 73). In contrast to cats, dogs are biddable, trainable. In comparing the mind to a dog, therefore, Ford does two things. He first suggests that lack of control is not inevitable but manageable. Secondly, he emphasizes the need for vigilant control, not only of one’s emotions, but of one’s thoughts. Losing control of one’s own mind risks madness.

Hence, when Masterman notices Tietjens in turmoil ‘staring with the intentness of a maddened horse’ (*SDN* 19) he worries that Tietjens is ‘going mad: that he was mad.’ In the context of the novel, horses are domestic animals reliably in the service of men. A maddened horse, therefore, is an aberration. Macmaster is relieved when Tietjens ‘assumed the mask of his indolent, insolent self’ (*SDN* 20). Equilibrium has apparently been regained. It hints

that outward control appears to be more important than what might be happening internally. Similarly, Lady Macmaster is described by Sylvia Tietjens as dressed 'in widow's weeds of the most portentous crape, that gave her at once the elegance and the direness of a funeral horse' and as seeming 'more than a little out of her mind.'¹² It is an image suggestive of black despair and chaos beneath surface control.

To be 'out of one's mind' is to have lost control of it, a common worry for many of the characters in *Parade's End*. Immobile and silent in *Last Post*, thoughts are all that are left to Mark Tietjens. He recognizes that 'his memory was failing' and had been 'ever since that day his brain had checked at times as a tired horse will at a fence....a tired horse!' (*LP* 108-109). It is an arresting image of a horse trying still to be in the race but unable to quite muster the strength. Try as it might, the mind simply cannot respond as it used to do, as it is expected to do.

It would be a hard-hearted reader who could feel no sympathy for a tired horse giving up the struggle or who would judge harshly a cat protecting its kittens. Some readers might find it difficult to dismiss as expedient the destruction of a savage dog. Ford's use of animal imagery in *Parade's End* creates not improbably mad monsters, but all too believable people.

Of course, this analysis is based on only one novel. As such, it gives a perhaps frustratingly brief glimpse into the topic. If so, it conveys something of the research process. It is one of several exam-

ples I could have chosen to illustrate how simply following the words on the page leads down byways which might prove tangential to a final argument, but also create new questions to pursue. Whilst any conclusions must be tentative, and open to re-examination, it is possible to say that Ford's use of animal imagery primarily associates madness with the loss of control. Whether such an association is peculiar to *Parades End* and indeed what its further significance might be are among the questions which reverberate through my research as I read on.

Notes

1 I am holding open the broadest definition of madness to avoid assumptions that Ford necessarily sees it as an illness.

2 Andrew Scull, *Madness in Civilisation: A Cultural History of Insanity* (London: Thames and Hudson, 2015), 142, 113.

3 Elaine Showalter, *The Female Malady: Women, Madness and English Culture, 1830-1980* (London: Virago Press, 1987), 66.

4 Letter to Selma Vaz Dias, 6 November [1957]: *Jean Rhys Letters, 1931-1966*, selected and edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly (London: Andre Deutsch, 1984), 149.

5 Letter to Diana Athill, 15 February [1966]: *Jean Rhys Letters*, 296.

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6 Letter to Selma Vaz Dias, 9 April [1958]: *Jean Rhys Letters*, 156.

7 Ford Madox Ford, *Some Do Not...* (1924; edited by Max Saunders, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2010), 126; hereafter *SDN*.

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

9 A footnote to the text states that this practice was outlawed only in 1925.

10 Ford Madox Ford, *No More Parades* (1925; edited by Joseph Wiesenfarth, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 15.

11 Andrew Scull, *Hysteria – The Disturbing History* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009).

12 Ford Madox Ford, *Last Post* (1928; edited by Paul Skinner, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011), 146; hereafter *LP*.

Last Post

Elizabeth Hibbert

'Waves of Resurgent Interest': The Critical Reception of Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*, 1924-1974

Elizabeth Hibbert

In 2004, Robert E. McDonough made the wry observation that 'Ford Madox Ford is perhaps best known for not being as well known as he deserves to be.'¹ Sixteen years on, the once ubiquitous idea that literary criticism has forgotten Ford's works has been, for the most part, abandoned. As Sara Haslam noted in last year's *Routledge Research Companion to Ford Madox Ford* (2019), the twenty-four years since the publication of Max Saunders' *A Dual Life* (1996) 'have witnessed a refreshed and more particular attention to a writer who was exceptional in the range of his connections, his literary endeavours, and his publications.'² Even so, the long-held myth of Ford's critical neglect has led to a lasting relative neglect of the critical reception of Ford's works.

This is beginning to change. As Karolyn Steffens and Joseph Wiesenfarth describe elsewhere in the *Routledge Research Companion*, the critical reception of Ford's work has been 'a tale of conflicting opinions.'³ Their chapter on 'Ford's Reception History' provides a comprehensive overview of what Edward Hungerford called the 'waves of resurgent interest' that have marked Ford's place in the critical and popular imagination.⁴ This article provides a supplement to that work by concentrating more closely on the 'waves of interest' associated with Ford's perhaps most studied work, *Parade's End*

(1924-1928). It proceeds chronologically, examining how and why responses to Ford's tetralogy have evolved over the ninety-six years since the publication of its first volume.

The critical reception of *Parade's End* can be divided into six distinct 'waves.' First, contemporary readers held Ford's tetralogy up as a great technical achievement on the part of its author, in the tradition of Henry James. After the Second World War, debates over Ford's portrayal of the First superseded this praise for his technique. In the 1960s, formalist critics shifted focus back from content to form. This was again reversed in the mid-1970s, when the rise of historicism renewed interest in Ford's handling of war. Historicist readings continued to dominate until the late-1990s, when the work of Max Saunders re-established Ford's reputation as a major modernist writer and the New Modernist Studies took *Parade's End* up as a hinge 'in between' modernism and its precursors. Most recently, the 2012 BBC adaptation of *Parade's End* and its surrounding publicity have led to a renewed interest in how Ford's tetralogy might relate to contemporary cultural and political concerns. In this first part of the article, I examine the first three of these 'waves' to provide an overview of critical responses to *Parade's End* in the first fifty years following the publication of *Some Do Not. . .* (1924). In the next issue of *Last Post*, the second part will examine works published between 1975 and the present day, which is the period in which Ford studies might be said to have emerged as a discipline of criticism.

1924-1938: 'A novel of unusual power and art'

From the publication of *Some Do Not. . .* in 1924, contemporary responses to the four novels which became *Parade's End* were marked by near-universal admiration for Ford's authorial skill. This admiration prompted two main critical concerns: over the novels' perceived difficulty, and over where to place Ford in the canon of 'the greats.'

Ford's reputation as a skilful and prolific novelist was already well established in 1924, but the critical and commercial success of *Some Do Not. . .* was unprecedented in his career so far. Reviewers of the first novel were struck by the manifest technical dexterity of its author, which they sought to convey to their readers through metaphors relating to other creative forms. For example, although the *Nation and Athenaeum* reviewer expressed consternation at the 'strange, erotic' nature of the England that Ford 'constructs,' they also proclaimed that 'when the preliminaries are over, the strange scenery set,' and 'Mr. Ford's wonderfully realistic marionettes get into their stride,' the 'passionate drama that results is continuously enthralling.'⁵ A puppet implies a puppeteer, and the association of Ford's ostensibly realist novel with 'scenery' and 'marionettes' implies an author whose every move is deliberate and exact. The reviewer's implication therefore, is that *Some Do Not. . .*'s ostensible narrative realism obscures its true technical and conceptual complexity.

The comparison of authorship with craftsmanship is redolent of contemporary theoretical works such as E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel* (1927), which sought to 'define what a novel is' through examination of the technical aspects of writing.⁶ One of the most influential of these works was Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction* (1921), which begins with the declaration that the author is uninterested in matters of 'imagination' or 'intention,' and concerned 'only' with '[h]ow [novels] are made.'⁷ Lubbock describes this process of 'making' through a series of ekphrastic analogies, likening Balzac, Stendhal, Maupassant, Dickens and Meredith, for instance, to a 'painter' who 'sees a quality in a face that other people never saw' (49). Forster's analogies for the novelist are more practical: they are a cook with a 'lot of ingredients to handle'; they are a 'maker' with 'deft and powerful hands'; Joyce is imagined in his workshop 'looking round for this tool or that' (102, 110, 199). Although the analogies vary, throughout works such as Forster's and Lubbock's, elucidation of the technical aspects of writing engenders comparison to work made by hand.

The influence of this critical trend upon contemporary reviews of *Parade's End* is palpable. The *TLS* reviewer of *A Man Could Stand Up*—, for example, echoes Lubbock's painter analogy when he calls the novel a 'mental picture,' into which '[t]he whole war is compressed', and later a 'wonderfully blended mosaic of incidents, speeches, reflections, retrospects, fears and confidences' (*Critical Heritage* 103). In addition to describing the novel itself, the mosaic metaphor also refers to the presumed process of its composition, which is imagined to

entail the same planning and precision necessary to the assembly of a mosaic. A 'blended mosaic' is a contradiction-in-terms: a mosaic's most obvious formal attribute is that its colours are not 'blended' at all, and the artist's skill lies in tricking the eye into viewing them as such. As was the case with the 'marionette' analogy quoted above, then, the figure of the 'blended' mosaic is less concerned with the novel itself than with the skill of the author capable of writing it. According to this analogy, even those elements of the novel which seem the most natural and unconstructed foreground their skilful construction implicitly.

At the same time as they lauded *Parade's End's* technical complexity, reviewers also identified it as a potential stumbling block for readers. The *TLS* reviewer writes that although the novel is 'ingenious,' the 'extremely complicated tissue of events' comprising its plot means that it is 'by no means easy for the reader' (*Critical Heritage* 87). Again emphasising the material, constructed nature of the work, 'tissue' also implies a certain impenetrability. This is no bad thing for this particular reviewer, who suggests a direct correlation between the novel's difficulty and its value when they end the review by calling *Some Do Not*. . . 'a novel of unusual power and art' (*Critical Heritage* 88). In her 1926 *New York Herald Tribune Books* review of the first three novels of *Parade's End*, Isabel Paterson states that Ford's is a 'genuine novel' because 'knowing the plot in advance will not detract from the intelligent reader's enjoyment of the book' yet also notes that a plot-summary may be 'helpful' for 'the nonprofessional reader.' While wholeheartedly

praising Ford for handling time according to ‘consciousness and memory’ rather than chronology, Paterson adds that, for ‘readers accustomed only to the chronological march of the old-fashioned novel,’ it ‘is naturally a trifle confusing.’ Throughout Paterson’s review, the accomplishment and the difficulty of Ford’s novels are inextricable, in that the same things which make it great also make it confusing. She considers such confusion productive, writing that because ‘[m]ethods of reading’ are ‘a matter of habit,’ opportunities to depart from habit ‘are often a source of the keenest pleasure’ (*Critical Heritage* 104). The ‘pleasure’ to be derived from *Parade’s End* is the reward for the hard work of reading it.

This conception of reading as labour is a corollary to the ‘craftsman’ model of writing expounded by Lubbock. Virginia Woolf argues in ‘How Should One Read a Book?’ (1932) that the efforts undertaken by writers should be matched by those required of their readers. Writers ‘build’ novels that are ‘as formed and controlled as buildings,’ but readers cannot gaze upon a novel as they might upon a building, because words are ‘more impalpable than bricks.’ Reading is therefore a ‘longer and more complicated process than seeing.’⁸ A conviction that novels which are ‘long and complicated’ to read are more worth reading is implicit in much of the praise garnered by *Parade’s End* within literary circles. One example is L. P. Hartley’s review of *Last Post*, which appears initially to criticise moments in the novel where Ford seems ‘exclusively preoccupied [...] with himself as artist,’ before

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immediately excusing such moments on the basis that:

in the novels of today there is so much sterility masquerading as simplicity, so much specialisation aping profundity, so much dullness styling itself sincerity, so much coldness calling itself restraint, that we are ready to forgive Mr. Ford all his faults of rhetoric and exaggeration and excess. (*Critical Heritage* 115)

Ford is 'forgiven' not in spite of these 'faults' but because of them: although Hartley finds himself challenged by Ford's style, he presents it as the antithesis to the modern 'sterility' and 'coldness' he abhors. Ford's novel is full of 'complicated issues [...] all bewilderingly mixed,' but it is only by bewildering his reader that Ford is able to render the 'richness and confusion and profusion of life' (115). To Hartley's mind, difficulty is a price worth paying for 'profundity.'

Not all reviewers shared Hartley's view. Two years earlier Mary Colum had, in an ambivalent review of *No More Parades*, denounced such attitudes as Hartley's as 'a certain rampant and disillusioned intellectualism which is the fashionable literary attitude of the moment' (*Critical Heritage* 95). Although *No More Parades* is 'an excellent book and worth every intelligent man's or woman's reading once,' Colum believes its near-universal acclaim to be disproportionate. While Ford is an 'excellent novelist of sorts,' she writes, he cannot compare with 'the great writers' such as Keats and Browning, because he has 'not added anything to the experi-

ence of the race' (95). This evaluation is characteristic of a growing concern with the English literary 'tradition,' and debates over which writers should be a part of it. In 'Tradition and the Individual Talent' (1920), T. S. Eliot argues that no poet can be valued 'alone,' but must be seen 'for contrast and comparison, among the dead.'⁹ Comparison of this sort is a common feature of contemporary reviews of *Parade's End*. The *TLS* reviewer of *Some Do Not*. . . , for instance, saw in it 'a Richardson's completeness,' while Louis Bromfield's *New York Bookman* review called it the *Vanity Fair* of 'our day' (*Critical Heritage* 93). While, with the exception of Colum, most reviewers compared Ford favourably 'among the dead,' such comparisons also diminish Ford's relative status. The *TLS* calls it a 'misfortune' that Ford has had to 'compress into one what Richardson would have taken several volumes of letters to describe.' Bromfield's compliment that *Some Do Not*. . . is 'surpassed in poise, penetration, and literary excellence only by Thackeray's great novel' is ultimately a back-handed one, emphasising above all Ford's deficiency in comparison to Thackeray (*Critical Heritage* 93).

A 1920 essay by Granville Hicks in the *New York Bookman* illustrates the damage to *Parade's End*'s reception by the impulse to 'contrast and compare' it with its literary antecedents. Hicks calls Ford 'the chief contemporary representative of the school of Henry James, and Joseph Conrad' (*Critical Heritage* 203). While most twentieth-century English novels, he writes, have been written 'in the Fielding tradition [...] to give a cross-section of English life', Henry James 'broke away from the tradition' by

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‘imitating the compact organisation of the French novel’ in place of ‘the sprawling leisureliness of the English.’ But Hicks’s comparison to James does not flatter Ford. While James ‘broke away’ from what preceded him, Ford, according to Hicks, ‘has not departed in any fundamental way from James’s aims and methods,’ although he has ‘done certain sorts of things that James could never have done and would not have attempted’ (203). In the context of Hicks’ admiration of James, the direct line he draws from James to Ford is high praise. But it results in Hicks’ saying very little about the Fordian novel as such, instead stating merely that Ford ‘has demonstrated the vitality of the Jamesian novel in our day’ (203). This is the paradox that characterised contemporary responses to *Parade’s End*: it was technically great enough to stand up against *Vanity Fair* or *The Golden Bowl*, but once shelved alongside those masterpieces, it ceased to appear great.

1939-1960: ‘The background of a fatuous war’

When Ford died in Normandy, he and his works had begun to recede from the popular imagination, and there were more newsworthy matters at hand in the summer of 1939. While word of Ford’s death in the English press was therefore scant, two significant obituaries were penned by Graham Greene and Ezra Pound. Barely two weeks after Ford’s death, Greene described it in the *Spectator* as:

like the obscure death of a veteran—an impossibly Napoleonic veteran, say, whose immense

memory spanned the period from Jena to Sedan: he belonged to the heroic age of English fiction and outlived it—yet he was only sixty-six. (*Critical Heritage* 212)

Greene uses the past tense to describe a reaction to Ford's death which at his time of writing was still ongoing, as though speaking of an event several years removed. The 'obscure Napoleonic veteran' simile antiquates Ford further: Ford was a veteran and, as the obituary goes on to affirm, his death was somewhat obscure. The battles of Jena (1806) and Sedan (1870) were far apart, but less than a lifetime so. If the purpose of Greene's simile was to demonstrate the historical reach of Ford's memory, he may as well have replaced 'Jena' and 'Sedan' with 'the Zulu War' and 'the Third Reich,' which would have had the same rhetorical effect and been factually accurate. The main effect of this comparison, therefore, is to classify Ford as a writer of the past.

Ezra Pound praised Ford in his obituary for his role in modernising English style, writing there that '[f]or the ten years before I got to England,' there was nobody but Ford who believed in the 'immense importance' of 'French clarity and simplicity.' According to Pound, Ford was the writer responsible for bringing the 'actual talk of the people' into English prose and verse (*Critical Heritage* 215-216). Even as he praises Ford for his modernism, Pound, like Greene, locates it in the relatively distant past. Since he had come to England in 1908, the 'ten years' to which he refers are those around the turn of the century. Ford's 'modernity' is therefore already an outdated one, relative only to Victori-

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anism. He died less than three months before the beginning of the Second World War, but by 1945 a new world order had emerged. In the context of a bloodier and more technologically advanced world war than the First, *Parade's End* began to look like a relic of a former age.

In 1948 Penguin republished the four volumes of *Parade's End* under the editorship of the critic R. A. Scott-James, which indicates that there remained an enduring audience for Ford's tetralogy even twenty years after the first publication of its final instalment. Yet in Scott-James's preface to the new edition *Parade's End* appears already to have receded into the realm of history. In 1928, he writes, 'there was a sudden revival of interest in books about the Great War,' when the public 'at last' became 'willing to recollect or study emotional experiences which for eight years it had been trying to forget' (*Critical Heritage* 240). Ford's tetralogy had appeared 'too soon,' at a time when people 'were not yet willing to re-live the painful years of the Great War', so the small 'measure of success' it enjoyed relative to its quality 'is understandable in the circumstances' of a 'war-weary Britain'. In 1948, he argues, people should at last be ready to appreciate *Parade's End* on its merits. It is an ironic point to make just three years after the end of a war by many measures more 'painful' than its predecessor, when the British public was arguably more war-weary than it had been three decades earlier.

Yet an awareness of his readers' war-weariness might explain Scott-James's insistence in his intro-

duction that *Parade's End* is not a novel about war. He dismisses Ford's own account that he wrote the tetralogy in order to 'convey the horror' of war with the ultimate end of 'obviating [...] all future wars' as a 'statement' which 'must be qualified.'¹⁰ Of course, he concedes, war 'was the governing factor in the life of that time, thirty years ago,' but only inasmuch as 'the recent war' is 'the governing factor in the life of the present.' Ford's main concern, writes Scott-James, was 'the life, passionate and trivial, of certain people and groups of people, and the conflict arising from their loves, intrigues, vanity, ambition, obstinacy and weakness, honour and dishonour': a subject matter to which the 'circumstance of war' is merely incidental (*Critical Heritage* 244). These more important themes and ideas, Scott-James maintains, are merely set against the 'background of a fatuous war' (245). It is fair to say that Ford came to abhor war in general, and the form and governance of the First World War in particular. Yet Scott-James's notion that he viewed the war as 'fatuous' because Tietjens experiences it as such in *Parade's End* is clearly influenced by post-Second World War ideology.¹¹ The conception of the First World War as senseless is the shadow of a conception of the Second World War as both necessary and just.

In 1950 Knopf published the four novels of *Parade's End* for the first time in one volume under that title.¹² Its editor, Robie Macauley, had been Ford's student at Olivet College. In his introduction, Macauley writes that during his years at Olivet he 'knew vaguely that his Tietjens books were about the First World War' and 'suspected that they

might be a good enough account of a soldier's disillusioning experiences'.¹³ When he returned from service in the Second World War, writes Macauley, he 'took Ford's novels down from the shelf to see if his easy prediction had come true,' only to find what he considered a shockingly inaccurate representation of 'modern warfare.' Rather than considering the ways in which his experience of war may have differed from Ford's, Macauley remembers feeling that Ford had deliberately misrepresented the experience of war as a 'hoax' on his readers, for some 'peculiar reason of his own' (v-vi). Writing five years later, however, Macauley puts the incongruity down to *Parade's End* being 'less about the incident of a single war than about a whole era, more about our own world than his' (vi). Abstracting *Parade's End* into a vague metaphor for the 'modern' world as such, Macauley empties Ford's—and Tietjens's—war of its specificity. The introduction concludes with the statement that *Parade's End* is 'a symbol of our own, destructive, inchoate time', again dismissing the tetralogy's embeddedness in its own historical context (xx). In offering *Parade's End* to a new readership as a culturally relevant text, Macauley also effectively assures them that it will do nothing more than reflect their own historical circumstances back to them.

Steffens and Wiesenfarth write in the *Routledge Companion* that the Knopf *Parade's End* heralded 'the first "boom" in Ford studies,' which developed into what J. A. Bryant called 'a flourishing Ford revival' in 1964 (*Companion* 51). This 'revival' was spearheaded by a generation of scholars such as Macauley, who were the first to read First

World War writing as a genre, and who had also just emerged from their own world war. Such writers generally treated *Parade's End* as an example of 'war writing,' often to the exclusion of its other historical and aesthetic valences, such as when Macauley ignores the specificities of his and Ford's relative experiences of war.

A 1951 essay by William Carlos Williams in the *Sewanee Review* drew similar parallels between Ford's time and his own. It begins with the observation that '[e]very time we approach a period of transition someone cries out: This is the last!' Williams's use of the present tense and 'we' imply that 1951 should be considered as much a period of transition as the years during which Ford wrote *Parade's End*. As far as it applies to Ford's times, Williams goes on to deconstruct that assumption, arguing that those who read *Parade's End* as a 'portrait of the last Tory' are wrong. Instead, writes Williams, Tietjens is a portrait of 'the first in a new enlightenment of the Englishman,' who is somehow both 'new' and the 'sort of English that fought and won Magna Carta.'¹⁴ *Parade's End* is a novel of 'transition' rather than apocalypse, he argues, because the 'roots' of its events 'like those of Groby Great Tree, lie in a soil untouched by the modern era' (323). Williams's use of Groby Great Tree as an image of modernity's historical rootedness demonstrates that his comparison between his and Ford's respective 'periods of transition' works in both directions. In other words, if contemporary anxieties could inform readings of *Parade's End*, *Parade's End* can shed equal light on those anxieties.

Williams's sensitivity here to the interactions between form, content and meaning also nods towards the New Criticism which by 1950 was beginning to dominate Anglo-American literary criticism. He regards *Parade's End's* crowning achievement to be Ford's 'philosophy,' which is 'all of a piece, character and writing,' so that '[t]he word keeps the same form as the characters' deeds or the writer's concept of them' (321). In this statement, Williams observes the convictions enshrined by F. R. Leavis in *The Great Tradition* (1948) that form and meaning are inseparable, and that literature is only 'great' insofar as it is 'morally significant.'¹⁵

A tandem commitment to form and moral seriousness is equally evident in W. H. Auden's 1961 essay 'Il Faut Payer', which finds moral justification for war in *Parade's End*, which it calls a 'four-volume study of Retribution and Expiation.'¹⁶ Auden's essay pays scrupulous attention to form, proceeding from the structure of the plot of Christopher's near-annihilation and rebirth. This structure is then extrapolated from narrative to historical form, and Auden argues that Ford portrays the First World War as 'a retribution visited upon Western Europe for the sins and omissions of its ruling class, for which not only they, but also the innocent conscripted millions on both sides, must suffer' (3). This judgement is far more suggestive of Auden's own radical political leanings than Ford's, but Auden presents it as if lifted directly from the text. Auden's and Williams's readings of *Parade's End* were no less informed by their own politics than those of critics writing in the immediate aftermath of the Second

World War, but the discourse of New Criticism offered a veil of moral universalism.

1961-1974: 'public and private tribulations'

As Sara Haslam writes in the *Routledge Research Companion* 'Ford studies began' in the early 1960s (*Companion* 2). This coincides with a period when critical emphases were shifting away from questions of meaning and value, towards concern with texts' content and form. As Formalism came to dominate Anglo-American literary criticism, critics of *Parade's End* began to look further beyond its handling of war.

The impact of formalists' conviction that historical and cultural contexts are of only tangential relevance to textual study is registered in Richard A. Cassell's *Ford Madox Ford: A Study of His Novels* (1961), which was the first modern academic monograph on Ford's work. Cassell argues that, although *Parade's End's* story is 'set against' a 'transitional period in which world war is the culminating upheaval,' the real focus of Ford's tetralogy is 'internal, not external; psychological, not historical.'¹⁷ Cassell's emphasis on Ford's handling of psychology is characteristic of an emergent strand of criticism which viewed modernism as a departure from Victorian realism which turned away from the material world towards the abstract realms of psychology and subjective experience. One proponent of this view was Georg Lukács, who argued that developments in Freudian psychology, existential philosophy and the ideologies of industrial capitalism emphasised the individual over social groups

and the immaterial over the real, which resulted in “modernist” anti-realism.’¹⁸ It is along such lines that Cassell characterises the ‘central struggle’ of *Parade’s End* as a ‘shift’ in Tietjens’ view of life ‘to one that will allow him to live in harmony with his own soul’ (214).

Cassell’s reading of *Parade’s End* and the ‘inward turn’ reading of modernism from which it emerged are the products of an intellectual climate which had broadly absorbed the Marxist understanding of history as a struggle *towards* something. The idea of the ‘inward turn’ was inaugurated by Harry Levin in his 1960 lecture to Queen’s University, ‘What Was Modernism?’, which emphasised the ‘inner focus on psychological motivation’ of writers such as Eliot and Joyce.¹⁹ The past tense of Levin’s title is instructive: this reading of modernism imagines it as a completed, intermediary step between Victorianism and the Space Age, and hence a period of transition rather than an aesthetic or political movement in its own right.

Thus Cassell disavows Ford’s own statement of his intentions in *It Was the Nightingale* to argue that the real ‘emphasis and meaning’ of *Parade’s End* concern ‘the collapse of the worthy past and the emergence of a *homo simplex*, for whom public and private tribulations are catalysts in a slow evolution towards serenity’ (205). According to Cassell, the war is just one of many ‘battlefields of action’ on which Ford directs a dialectical battle between ‘forces which lead to the protagonist’s renunciation of his ruling class position [...] and to his reaffirmation of the value of personal integrity’ (207). In

contrast to Macauley's characterisation of *Parade's End* as 'a symbol of our own, destructive, inchoate time', ten years later Cassell's *Parade's End* has Tietjens rising phoenix-like from the war into a post-class 'worth-while' future. Despite its apparent disavowal of politics in favour of psychology, Cassell's reading is still a deeply political one, which frames Tietjens as a sovereign, modern individual.

Cassell's reading of *Parade's End* as a story of collapse and renewal fails to reckon with the ambivalence of its ending in *Last Post*. When Graham Greene edited a new Bodley Head edition of *Parade's End* in 1963, he omitted its final novel entirely. He writes in the introduction that *Last Post* was 'an afterthought which [Ford] had not intended to write and which later he regretted having written,' then cites some comments by Ford to that effect as proof that 'in this edition, for the first time, we have Ford's own version of *Parade's End*.'²⁰ But, as Greene goes on to describe, his primary motivation for omitting *Last Post* from his version of *Parade's End* was not fealty to Ford's wishes, but his view that it was too 'sentimental' a novel. In *Last Post*, he writes, the 'sentimentality' which had been lurking under the surface of the previous three novels 'emerged there unashamed', culminating in an ending where '[e]verything was cleared up' (5). Although he does not state so explicitly, it appears that Greene's objection to this is that it is not realistic: either that history was not 'cleared up' in the 1920s, or that nothing in life is ever truly 'cleared up.'

Despite Greene's insistence that his omission of *Last Post* made *Parade's End* 'a better book' in stylistic terms, his motivations clearly went beyond the realm of aesthetics (Bodley Head 6). Four years after the publication of Greene's Bodley Head *Parade's End*, Frank Kermode's influential *The Sense of an Ending* (1967) made a case for the role of literary structure in the way readers imagine the structures of their lives. Kermode argues that according to an innate, human 'need for intelligible Ends', it is always a narrative text's ending 'which will bestow upon the whole duration and meaning'.²¹ Greene appears to subscribe to a similar theory when he states that his trilogy version of *Parade's End* is 'a better book, a thousand times' because it ends upon the 'confusion' of Armistice Night, when its characters have 'no absolute certainties about the past [...] or the future' (Bodley Head 6). Greene's omission of *Last Post* in order that it might better represent twentieth-century history as he perceived it, hints therefore at an allegiance to the Kermodian view that literature is a way of 'making sense of our lives' (Kermode 3).

One year after the publication of Greene's *Parade's End*, Ambrose Gordon Jr.'s *The Invisible Tent: The War Novels of Ford Madox Ford* (1964) criticised contemporary critics for being 'preoccupied with the peacetime, or civilian, sections of the book' and not 'much interested in the war.' While some reviewers discussed *Parade's End's* 'formal qualities' and all of them 'of course, its content,' Gordon notes that 'no one seemed much concerned about where the two meet'.²² Gordon's monograph advocates examining *Parade's End's* form, content and

context in tandem, arguing that 'like Joyce, Ford implies there is a connection between word and act, between the prevailing style of a period and its moral insights' (96). Moving beyond the Leavisite formalism of recent criticism, Gordon's book considers the 'connection between word and act' to be driving towards the end of 'obviating [...] all future wars' (3). Significantly, Gordon commits what formalists might call 'biographical fallacy,' by taking Ford at his word that all elements of the tetralogy 'exist ultimately in order that Ford may penetrate and encompass that torn scene and re-create the particular kind of countryside that is called a battlefield' (3). *The Invisible Tent* represents the end of Formalism's dominance of readings of *Parade's End*; in order to get at Ford's moral and political purposes, argued Gordon, it was necessary to commit the cardinal sin of looking outside of the text.

Notes

1 Robert E. McDonough, 'Mister Bosphorus and the Muses: History and Representation in Ford's Modern Poem', *History and Representation in Ford Madox Ford's Writings*, edited by Joseph Wisenfarth, *IFMFS* 3 (Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2004), 155-162 (155).

2 Sara Haslam, 'Introduction: Ford studies in the twenty-first century: bibliography, criticism and the gaps on the map', in *The Routledge Research Companion to Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Sara Haslam, Laura Colombino and Seamus O'Malley (Abingdon: Routledge, 2019), 1; henceforth *Companion*.

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3 Karolyn Steffens and Joseph Wiesenfarth, 'Ford's Reception History', *Companion*, 39.

4 Edward Hungerford, 'Model T Ford Madox Ford', *Chicago Tribune*, 3 November 1963, J6. Quoted in *Companion*, 51.

5 Unsigned review of *Some Do Not. . .*, *Nation and Athenaeum*, XXXV (24 May 1924), 258, in *Ford Madox Ford: The Critical Heritage*, edited by Frank MacShane (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1972), 89-90 (89); henceforth *Critical Heritage*. Throughout this article, in the absence of a gender-neutral third-person single pronoun, 'they' has been used in place of 'he/ she'.

6 E. M. Forster, *Aspects of the Novel* (London: Penguin, 2005), 17.

7 Percy Lubbock, *The Craft of Fiction* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1921), 12.

8 Virginia Woolf, 'How Should One Read a Book?', *The Common Reader* (London: Lund Humphries, 1932), 259.

9 T. S. Eliot, 'Tradition and the Individual Talent' in *The Sacred Wood* (London: Methuen, 1920), 44.

10 Ford Madox Ford, *It Was the Nightingale*, edited by John Coyle (Manchester: Carcanet, 2007), 205.

11 Ford worked for the War Propaganda Bureau under C. F. G. Masterman, where he produced two

books of anti-German propaganda: *When Blood is Their Argument* (1915) and *Between St. Dennis and St. George* (1915). When he enlisted in the Welch regiment at the age of 41 ('military age' was 18-40) he wrote to his mother: 'If one has enjoyed the privileges of the ruling classes of a country all one's life, there seems to be no alternative to fighting for that country if necessary.' Fighting was a political and moral imperative. Furthermore, he added, 'I have never felt such an entire peace of mind as I have felt since I wore the King's uniform.' Quoted by Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life*, two volumes (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 479.

12 Ford had suggested the collective title to his editor in 1930, writing that 'The Tietjens Saga' would be too readily confused with Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. Ford to Eric Pinker, 17 August 1930, *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig, (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 197.

13 Ford Madox Ford, *Parade's End*, with an introduction by Robie Macauley (New York: Knopf, 1961), v; henceforth Macauley.

14 William Carlos Williams, 'Parade's End' (1951), *Selected Essays of William Carlos Williams* (New York: Random House, 1954), 323.

15 F. R. Leavis, *The Great Tradition* (New York: George W. Stewart, 1950), 2.

16 Auden, 'Il Faut Payer', *Mid-Century*, no. 22 (February 1961), 3.

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17 Richard A. Cassell, *Ford Madox Ford: A Study of His Novels* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins, 1961), 212-213.

18 Georg Lukács, *The Meaning of Contemporary Realism*, translated by John and Necke Mander (London: Merlin Press, 1963), 17.

19 Harry Levin, 'What Was Modernism?' *The Massachusetts Review*, vol. 1, no. 4 (1960), 609-630 (624).

20 Ford Madox Ford, *The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford*. Volume III, *Parade's End: Part One: Some Do Not. . .* (London: Bodley Head, 1963), 5; henceforth Bodley Head.

21 Frank Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending: Studies in the Theory of Fiction* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1966), 8, 46.

22 Ambrose Gordon Jr., *The Invisible Tent: The War Novels of Ford Madox Ford* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1964), 6.



First Edition
April 1924

Helen Chambers

Ford's Reading III: From Brook Green to Cap Brun: spaces and places of reading

Helen Chambers

In *Return to Yesterday* Ford gives us a memorable example of how a (re-)reading experience in a particular space, place and time powerfully evokes the same reading twenty-five years earlier. Sometime in the late 1920s, 'in a tall room of a friend in Greenwich Village', he picks up a 'dullish book at random' and it falls open at the unfinished letter of the dying Bobby Wick to his girlfriend, in Kipling's story 'Only a Subaltern'. This elicits a vivid recollection of Ford's first reading of this story, at eighteen and presumably in the collection *Under the Deodars* (1888), on the train to Winchelsea on his way to see Elsie, his own beloved. As the reading historian Robert Darnton wrote almost thirty years ago, 'the "where" of reading is more important than one might think, because placing the reader in his setting can provide hints about the nature of his experience'.¹ Darnton's concept is arguably even better illustrated by Ford's description of reading Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* in the Ypres Salient in 1916, recently discussed by Max Saunders.² In the first two pieces for this column I touched on the 'what', 'when' and a little of the 'where' of Ford's youthful reading until the age of about eighteen. We know of course that Ford read widely and voraciously as an adult, in spaces such as bedrooms, terraces, libraries, hotels and cafés, in places including London, Germany, Sussex, Paris, America and the Mediterranean littoral. He read

in trains and boats, trenches, officers' quarters and wartime hospitals, and these reading experiences, which were, as Max Saunders puts it, so 'bound up with questions of space and time', directly influenced his life and his writing.³

Definitions of space and place can at times become quite slippery, but in the context of reading I use the terms in the simplest manner. 'Space' is abstract, unbounded, not precisely located; and 'place' is space to which meaning has been ascribed, usually with a specific identity and location.⁴ Ford's (or any reader's) spaces of reading may be indoor or outdoor, public or private, static or moving (for example trains and ships). So the young Ford in the coal cellar is reading in both a static *space* (an obscure hidden environment for reading forbidden books), and a defined *place*, the basement level of 90 Brook Green, Hammersmith. Furthermore, for reading while travelling, there is a nested interrelationship between space and place. Reading can take place in a compartment of a train (an indoor space), which is itself within a moving place (a specifically identifiable train, for example the 17.20 from Charing Cross, the Paris-Lyon-Marseille overnight *rapide*), which itself moves through *space* (a blur of urban and rural landscape), in a geographically identifiable *place*, a region or location (for example in Surrey, or Kent, or the Rhône valley). A similar structure applies to maritime reading (whether immigrant ships, passenger clippers, troop-ships or transatlantic liners) and by extension to inflight reading.

All these reading spaces, whether private or public, depend on adequate *lighting*, to date a rather under-estimated aspect of the history of reading. This may be natural daylight, candles, firelight, oil lamps, gas lighting, reflected street lighting and, by the early twentieth century, electric lighting. Lighting is also closely linked, in a contingent relationship, with eyesight, which profoundly influences reading practices. All photos of Ford show him without spectacles (apart from a single 1905 photo of him wearing what seem to be pince-nez, perhaps prescribed for his headaches). Biala's portrait of him reading, posed with legs splayed, in a deck chair, presumably on the terrace at Villa Paul, does not show spectacles nor is he represented holding the book (entitled *Cézanne*) at a long-sighted reader's arm's length. However, a little-known sketch by Biala of Ford, perhaps caught unawares reading, shows him wearing glasses. He almost certainly would have had some age-related long sight and there are references in letters to reading glasses after 1922.⁵ But if, as a child with good eyesight, he did actually read in the coal cellar at Brook Green, how was it lit? Full of combustible material, it was surely not lit by oil lamps, gaslight (though the other rooms by then would have been gas-lit), or by candlelight; flashlights were only invented later, in 1899. So unless this recurring anecdote is fabricated, reading would be facilitated by daylight or street lighting entering through openings below street level, usual in terrace houses of Brook Green. To some extent Ford's reading in the trenches, in dark places lit by 'a candle stuck on a bully beef case beside my head,' revisits this kind of reading environment.⁶

Ford certainly read while at Red Ford and at Bedham in Sussex while living there with Stella Bowen (their letters discuss reading and include requests to Stella for books from London) but when and how? Ford was usually very busy during the day with his house renovations, gardening and livestock, so any reading probably took place in the evenings. At that time rural dwellings were still only lit by oil-lamps and candles. In a letter to Stella in May 1919, Ford mentions the flickering candlelight at Red Ford, and an American academic visiting Bedham also noted candles as the only lighting.⁷ Before the war The Pent was lit only by oil-lamps and Conrad had to rewrite, with Ford's help, large amounts of 'The End of the Tether' after a fire caused by an overturned lamp destroyed much of the manuscript. Their well-documented shared reading during evenings at the Pent must also have been illuminated in this way, though in the daytime Ford sat 'in his grandfather's chair, his back to the window [. . .] reading, his manuscript held up to the light'.⁸

Ford habitually read in bed all his adult life, as do several characters in his novels, for example Granger in *The Inheritors*. In November 1895, while Ford and Elsie were visiting the Garnetts at Limpsfield, Olive Garnett (who was with them) noted that Ford 'came down sleepily to a later breakfast [. . .] having read to read himself to sleep as his custom is far into the night.'⁹ His usual private space at that time for late night reading (and writing) was his bedroom at Brook Green. A late-night letter to Elsie on 23 June 1893, in which he describes the moonlight on the Green, suggests his room was at the front of the house, on the first or second floor.¹⁰

Early in 1917 Ford spent a month convalescing at a ‘gilded caravanserai’,¹¹ Lady Michelham’s officers’ hospital in the (very) Grand Hotel overlooking the Mediterranean on Cap Martin-Roquebrune, between Menton and Monte Carlo (now converted to luxury apartments). With stunning sea views, comfortable bedrooms, extensive gardens, gourmet cooking and fine wines, it seems an ideal place ‘where the Mediterranean spurts up into rosemary & lavender’ (as Ford wrote in 19 February 1917 to F. S. Flint),¹² for rest and reading. While we do not know what he read, that month, in or out of bed, in this idyllic Mediterranean space, we do know that benevolent army hospitals and convalescent centres for soldiers often had extensive libraries, as their directors and staff were well aware of the importance of reading as therapy for all ranks.¹³ Years later at Villa Paul, Ford and Biala read in bed as well as on the terrace in the daytime.¹⁴ In Toulon they also often went to the Grand Café de la Rade on the Quai Cronstadt, and frequented the adjacent bookstore (both still there), and presumably read or browsed, in front of the sea. A few blocks back from the quay was, and still is, the Toulon Museum and Public Library, a neoclassical building on what is now Boulevard Général Leclerc, ‘at the foot of the hill on which I live [...] a magnificent library’ which is described in similar terms in *Henry for Hugh*.¹⁵

Ford frequently mentions libraries, private and public, in his memoirs and his fiction, indeed throughout Ford’s fiction are many descriptions of spaces of reading as well as fictional readers and acts of reading. Rather wonderfully, in the 61 pages of the unfinished *True Love & a GCM*,¹⁶ there

is a vivid, painterly description of a great private library, the adolescent Gabriel Morton's ideal reading space ('curled up in the window seat as a dog sleeps'), all strongly echoing Ford's own formative reading. Fictional depictions of reading, while not hard evidence, do offer clues to an author's own reading practices, as well as those of the period in which a novel is set, and so in the next column I will examine more of Ford's lesser known fictional readers, and how these might reflect his own reading practices and those of the relevant period of Ford's writing life.

Notes

1 Robert Darnton, 'First Steps towards a History of Reading', in *The Kiss of Lamourette: Reflections in Cultural History* (London: Faber & Faber, 1990), 167.

2 Max Saunders 'Impressions of War: Ford Madox Ford, Reading and *Parade's End*', in *Reading and the First World War: Readers, Texts, Archives*, edited by Shafquat Towheed and Edmund King, 'New Directions in Book History' series (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2015), 69-83.

3 Saunders, 'Impressions of War', 69.

4 The equivalent French words *espace* and *lieu* or *lieu-dit* better express the difference.

5 I am grateful to Max Saunders for showing me this image and for more information about Ford's spectacles.

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6 See Ford, *War Prose*, edited by Max Saunders (Manchester, Carcanet, 1999), 230.

7 *The Correspondence of Ford Madox Ford and Stella Bowen*, edited by Sondra J. Stang and Karen Cochran (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1993), 134; Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life, Volume 2* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), 106.

8 Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (London: Duckworth, 1924), 22.

9 *Olive and Stepniak: The Bloomsbury Diary of Olive Garnett 1893-1895*, edited by Barry C. Johnson (Birmingham: Bartletts Press, 1993), 219.

10 Letter in Ford Madox Ford Collection, Carl A. Kroch Library, Cornell 4605/33.021.

11 Ford, *Provence* (1935; edited by John Coyle, Manchester: Carcanet, 2009), 265.

12 *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 83.

13 See various chapters in Towheed and King, *Reading and the First World War*.

14 *Ford/Bowen*, 407.

15 Ford, *Provence*, 250; *Henry for Hugh* (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1934), 264.

16 Ford, *War Prose*, 77-139.

Helen Chambers

The most silent man – Ford's Gilbert Cannan

Paul Skinner

In the early months of 1914—whatever the uncertainties over the date of the novel's completion—we can be confident that Ford Madox Ford was working on *The Good Soldier*, or 'The Saddest Story' as it was called when its opening section appeared in *Blast: Review of the Great English Vortex*. He was also publishing weekly articles in *Outlook*, in which phrases, images and sentiments surely relevant to *The Good Soldier* appear.

In January, in terms familiar to readers of Ford's accounts of 'working with Conrad', he asserts that 'every word in a novel should help the story forward towards the taking of that last trick which is your final effect.' He adds, again familiar from other contexts,¹ that 'the "strong scene" is the curse of the novel.' Finally, he suggests that: 'What we need, what we should strive to produce, is a novel uniform in key, in tone, in progression, as hard in texture as a mosaic, as flawless in surface as a polished steel helmet of the fifteenth century.' At the end of the same month, he refers to 'the pleasant diffidence, the modesty, the inarticulateness of the English gentleman'.

Two weeks later, we find this: 'I will tell you with extreme ferocity that what is to be aimed at in a style is something so unobtrusive and so quiet – and so beautiful if possible – that the reader shall not know that he is reading, and be conscious only

that he is living in the life of the book.' *The Brothers Karamazov* is not, Ford explains, 'in the matter of form, so consummate as [Maupassant's] *Fort comme la Mort*.'² And as to the 'ideal' novel, the kind of book that is needed to tell the contemporary world the truth about itself? (Because 'the essence' of Ford's 'self-appointed task is to record my own time, my own world, as I see it.') Ford answered, in a passage riven with echoes of, and allusions to, several of his other writings:

And indeed I don't know. If I did I should try to do it myself. The only thing that I can imagine as an ideal is a book so quiet in tone, so clearly and so unobtrusively worded, that it should give the effect of a long monologue spoken by a lover at a little distance from his mistress's ear – a book about the invisible relationships between man and man; about the values of life; about the nature of God – the sort of book that nowadays one could read in as one used to do when one was a child, pressed against a tall window-pane for hours and hours, utterly oblivious of oneself, in the twilight.

The last of these was Ford's piece on Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*; the second was on W. L. George and *The Making of an Englishman*; the first was devoted to a new novel, *Old Mole*, by Gilbert Cannan.³

Cannan is not widely read these days. He's a stranger to, for instance, *Chambers Biographical Dictionary* and, indeed, *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*, though the *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* has a good entry, written

by his biographer, Diana Farr.⁴ Dedicated readers of early twentieth-century history and literature are likely to know some or all of perhaps five facts about him—Fordians can probably add one more.

The first fact is Cannan's involvement—after an unconsummated affair with Kathleen Bruce, future wife of Robert Falcon Scott—with Mary Barrie, wife of the playwright and more than twenty years Cannan's senior. In 1909, Cannan was cited as co-respondent in the divorce case and, shortly afterwards, married Mary, against the advice of several of his friends, including H. G. Wells. Cannan was then already well-advanced upon his translation of Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe*, which appeared in ten volumes between 1904 and 1912. Cannan's four-volume translation was published between 1911 and 1913, and Rolland won the Nobel Prize two years later. In 1913, Cannan and Mary moved to Cholesbury in Buckinghamshire, where they lived in a converted windmill. They had many distinguished visitors, including D. H. Lawrence, David Garnett and Katherine Mansfield; and they visited Ottoline Morrell at Garsington. The windmill—together with the dogs, Sammy and Luath—is famously depicted in Mark Gertler's painting, *Gilbert Cannan and His Mill*, now in the Ashmolean.⁵

Another Gertler-related fact is Cannan's 1916 novel *Mendel*, clearly drawing on Gertler's early life and on his relationship with Dora Carrington, which caused a good deal of controversy and negative comment at the time of its original publication. 'How angry I am over Gilbert's book!', Carrington wrote. 'Everywhere this confounded gossip & ser-

vant-like curiosity. It's ugly & so damned vulgar. People cannot be vulgar over a work of art, so it is Gilbert's fault for writing as he did'. D. H. Lawrence thought it 'journalism: statement with creation' and 'a vulgarising of life itself.'⁶ Isaac Rosenberg, 'cast-away and used up' in the trenches, saw it mentioned in newspapers sent to him by Mrs Herbert Cohen, commenting in a letter to Ruth Löwy, 'Cannan is very clever and is ranked very high as a satirical novelist, a kind of Piccadilly Voltaire.'⁷

Shortly afterwards, Cannan's marriage broke down, as Violet Hunt noted in her diary: 'And the Gilbert Cannan—Barrie ménage has given out. Mrs Buchanan, as Ford used to call her, has bolted & left him to his servant girl and her coming baby. And he has another love now "a Southern" girl. His letters to Mary are like F's to me. She is the one woman, the real one—all the others are merely "illusions." It is a prick for me. I *can't*, but people think our alliance has, too, gone the way of all (younger) flesh!'⁸ D. H. Lawrence and Frieda had known the Cannans when living in Chesham in 1914-15 and had, for a while, been close to Gilbert as well as to Mary. Writing to Lady Ottoline Morrell—who thought Cannan 'too self-centred and conceited to realize what other people felt'⁹—Lawrence wrote: 'Strangely enough, I feel a real, unalterable power for good in Gilbert. But he is very crude, very shockingly undisciplined, and consequently inarticulate. He is not *very* passionate.' Mary was, he added, 'rather nice too: she is rather a dear: but shallow.'¹⁰ Still, it was with Mary that the Lawrences renewed the friendship in Capri and then in Sicily in early 1920, Lawrence continuing to have his publishers send her presentation

copies of his books. In 1922, he wrote to her: 'As for Gilbert, he has lapsed into the land of ghosts, in my soul.'¹¹

The final fact is that of Cannan's deteriorating mental health. In *The Release of the Soul*, he detailed the first phase of this: 'In the year 1916 at the very crisis of the war, its intense strain reduced or raised me to a condition in which I could think with an extraordinary clarity but without words.'¹² Registered as a conscientious objector, he was exempted from active service due to a heart murmur but ordered to find 'a job of national importance'. His condition worsened and, in early 1917, Mary had him admitted to a London nursing home (Farr 136, 148). He seemed to rally for a while but was finally certified insane in 1924, first as a patient at the Priory in Roehampton then, many years later, transferred to Holloway Sanatorium. Thereafter, as his bibliographer notes, 'With the exception of a translation of a poem by Heine in October 1943, Cannan remained mysteriously silent from 1924 to his death on June 30, 1955 at Virginia Water.'¹³ He died of cancer after thirty years' incarceration, leaving, apparently, a single possession: a barrister's moth-eaten wig in a cardboard box beneath his bed (Farr 197). He'd read for the bar after leaving Cambridge.

But Fordians may also remember him as 'the most silent man I have ever known', in Ford's phrasing.¹⁴ Ford recalls taking walks with Pound, Wyndham Lewis, Galsworthy or Cannan in that before-the-War world.

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On one occasion when we were just parting Cannan gave every sign of speaking. He really made a sound. We hung on his lips. We certainly both respected him as a profound thinker and were only too anxious to hear what he might have to say after so long a period of cogitation. It came. It was:

“I see Kent have beaten Sussex by four runs.”¹⁵

Elsewhere, Ford remarked that: ‘I used to go for morning constitutionals with him [Galsworthy] and Gilbert Cannan. Occasionally with Ezra too, across the park to Hyde Park Corner’.¹⁶

Between 1909 and 1924, Cannan published twenty-seven books of fiction, translation, essays and plays—including *Windmills: A Book of Fables*, dedicated to D. H. Lawrence—plus many poems and articles.¹⁷ To Henry James in 1913, he was one of just four up-and-coming authors.¹⁸ In 1919, in the course of his ‘friendly enquiry into how literature has survived Armageddon’, Ford recalled that Cannan, ‘before the war’, had been ‘one of *les jeunes*’: now he set Cannan’s *Time and Eternity*, ‘a Novel’, against Virginia Woolf’s *Night and Day*, ‘a Romance’.¹⁹

In a letter to Hugh Walpole (30 April 1913), Cannan reported that he and Mary had taken ‘a windmill to clear out to—in the Chilterns and I’m to have a round study in it looking towards the four corners of the Heavens and the Earth. I shall like that.’ He’d begun work on a new book: *Old Mole* (Farr 96-97).

Cannan's fifth novel, it describes a recognisable arc: a respectable, middle-class man is thrown by circumstance into an unfamiliar, usually slightly hazardous milieu, where his assumptions and conventions are questioned, subverted or confounded, sometimes effecting no change by the story's end, sometimes completely recasting the protagonist's life, or stance towards life.

What is the circumstance in this case? Cannan's protagonist, schoolmaster H. J. Beenham, commonly known as 'Old Mole', dozes off on a train, waking to find 'a very pretty girl, with a white, drawn face and her hands pressed together, her shoulders huddled and her face averted.' Moved by the girl's tears and 'with an impulsiveness altogether unusual to him', he leans forward and reaches out to touch her. 'He was still only half awake and was wholly under the impulse to bring comfort to one so wretched. The train lurched as it passed over a point and instead of her hand he grasped her knee. At once she sprang forward and slapped his face.'²⁰

Stung, indignant, shocked, but still dominated by his impulse, urged by it to insist on its expression, he seized her by the wrists and tried to force her back into her seat and began to address her:

"My poor child! Something in you, in your eyes, has touched me. I do not know if I can. . . . Please sit down and listen to me."

"Nasty old beast!" said the girl.

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Naturally, things go from bad to worse: a stopping train, screams and hysterical sobs, then ‘an immense form clad in parson’s clothes—the very type of vengeful muscular Christianity.’ The train runs into Thrigsby where a policeman is waiting (*Old Mole* 16).

Was this, like Edward Ashburnham’s railway carriage misjudgement in *The Good Soldier*, inspired by the case of Colonel Valentine Baker, arrested and cashiered for his assault on a governess in a first-class carriage in 1875?²¹

Beenham loses his job, is made unwelcome at his club – then encounters the girl again. She had lost her position ‘in service’ when he first saw her on the train, having been ordered out of the house without wages at fifteen minutes’ notice. (“‘It was the young master. I did love him. I did really.’”) Her aunt won’t take her in; together they seek out her uncle, a Mr Copas, master of a theatre troupe (this may prompt memories of Vincent Crummies and his touring company in Dickens’ *Nicholas Nickleby*).

To Beenham, ‘It was a strange sensation of being detached and remote, of having passed out of ordinary existence into a region not directly concerned with it and subject to other laws’ (*Old Mole* 29). The girl, Matilda, is pregnant: ‘Old Mole’ marries her; the child is lost; she becomes an actress. ‘When he left her at the stage door she would give a shrug of the shoulders that was almost a shake, give him a swift parting smile that he always felt might have been given to a stranger, and with a quick gladness

darted through into the lighted passage...' (*Old Mole* 105).

This echoes, in some particulars, the glance over her shoulder that Florence Dowell would give to her husband: 'And when she came to the door of the bathing place and, when it opened to receive her, she would look back at me with a little coquettish smile, so that her cheek appeared to be caressing her shoulder' (*GS* 25).

There are other small details which sometimes recall Ford's novel, such as allusions to the diminishing political power of 'the great-leisured governing classes' (*Old Mole* 198-199) or the use of Heine's 'Du bist wie eine Blume': 'Like nearly every lover who has any acquaintance with the German language he had tagged Heine's verses on to his beloved' (*Old Mole* 245; and see 248). Yet it is tempting to see *The Good Soldier* as, in some senses, an anti-*Old Mole*. A review of Cannan's novel in the *Sunday Times* is highly suggestive in this regard.

The reviewer begins by remarking that 'There is scarcely a young novelist writing among us today, from whom on the strength of past achievements we have a right to be more hopeful than Mr. Gilbert Cannan.' A good deal of plot summary is followed by the assertion that, up to the point at which Matilda falls in love with another, younger man – a former pupil of 'Old Mole', in fact – the reader has been interested but hardly excited.

But when once Matilda and her young lover have taken the plunge the novelist carries all before

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him, so direct and passionate is his narrative, so impressive is his study of the husband's jealousy and the better feelings that replace jealousy, so human and natural is his whole management of the tragic triangle of love.²²

The Good Soldier's John Dowell, apparently finding out from Leonora Ashburnham that his wife has been unfaithful with her husband, produces a narrative that is neither direct nor passionate. The 'whole management' of what is, rather, a tragic quartet of love (if it is tragic and a quartet and love), is certainly human but strikes few readers as 'natural'.

What, then, is Ford's take on this, on Cannan's novel and the wider considerations of the novel form that prompted it?

His piece on Cannan begins with Dostoevsky, responding to a contributor's objection to Ford's reference to the formlessness of the Russian's work in his earlier article ('Cannan' 110). Ford asserts that Dostoevsky's 'elaborate passages' and 'magnificently strong scenes' don't help the novel on: 'They are written for themselves, per se.' And he makes his recurrent assertion that 'the "strong scene" is the curse of the novel'. This he sees as a throwback to the Victorian days of serialisation, of cliffhangers designed to ensure the reader's return for the next instalment: essentially 'the same old thing', which is the point at issue.

Adverting to the ways in which 'the balance of things is preserved', Ford suggests that 'little harm would

come of preaching about “form” to Mr Cannan’. He has, he says, been thinking of Cannan all the time – and worrying about him, as he has done for years. He mentions the exchange about *Punch* with E. V. Lucas, which resulted in the latter’s description of Ford as ‘not really English’ (see *IWN* 55-58). Ford supposes, then, ‘it is because I am not really English that I have never been able quite to get the hang of Mr. Cannan’s literary personality.’ He recalls printing some of Cannan’s work and wishing it had been ‘somehow different’: there was no obvious defect, so perhaps he wished that Cannan ‘would choose different subjects’.²³ And now the new novel hasn’t helped – Ford is still ‘befogged’, he can’t make out what Cannan is: he’s not a satirist, not an ironist, not a social reformer nor a preacher nor a humorist – and not ‘a beautiful poet’ (like Hardy or Wells).²⁴

Why, then, is he writing about Cannan? ‘Because *Old Mole* hasn’t in the least helped me to classify him.’ The novel is ‘rather the book of a solitary, of a man not much accustomed to the necessities of human intercourse. I cannot anyhow quite figure out at what the author is getting.’ (Ford’s syntax becomes a little more tortured as he continues to express his bafflement.)

The reference to a man unaccustomed to human intercourse glances aside to the remarks about Cannan’s characteristic silence. In fact, established in Cholesbury since the early summer of 1913, Cannan and his wife had persuaded Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield to take the cottage next to them, together with Gordon Campbell (though the Murrays moved to Paris when winter arrived).

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The artist Vladimir Polunin and his wife Elizabeth, a painter and stage designer took it over. Other visitors included Compton Mackenzie, S. P. B. Mais, Mansfield's friend L. M. (Ida Baker) and Mark Gertler—'I have got on with him very well—we talked and talked last night' (Farr 99-103).²⁵

Comparing Cannan's 'fairy-tale' with Gerhart Hauptmann's *Atlantis*, which he'd discussed in his *Outlook* column of the previous week, Ford noted that neither 'deals with the material necessities of life': the German is rich while Old Mole discovers 'that he is too typical a member of the comfortable and unthinking classes', thus requiring his adventures with the strolling players, since he has 'to see the underside of the comfortable life' ('Cannan' 111). The German returns home to take up 'something or other to make him a good citizen'. Old Mole, on the other hand, 'having diligently worked himself into having dreams (the German had them all the time, like fits!), retires to Southern climes and a green umbrella.'

There are faint noises off here – not just the later departures of both Mister Bosphorus and his creator to 'Southern climes' but that comment on the Englishman having to work himself up into having dreams while the German hero 'suffers from nervous hallucinations and has dreams'. 'There was the matter of "visions"', Ezra Pound told Denis Goacher. 'There is no doubt whatever that Ford, from time to time, used to have visions without any effort at all: this was a little humiliating to dear Yeats, who spent a lifetime trying to have visions: he did have some, I think, but he would keep trying

to have more than nature allowed him.’²⁶ And of Hauptmann, Ford had written that prose being ‘a matter of looking things in the face’, the German poet, being ‘less civilised’ than a Frenchman, ‘is also more adventurous’. *Atlantis* was ‘a story of adventure in a dark forest’, that dark forest being ‘the hero’s neurasthenia.’²⁷

Ford praises Cannan’s gift of character-drawing, citing by way of comparison Dickens, Fielding, Thackeray and ‘the national picaresque school’. We already know from other sources that Ford was not a great admirer of any of those named authors; and he draws attention to what he would regard as a real novelistic weakness, that ‘after every such episode Old Mole must pull up and moralise for quite a long time’. But he decides that, in brief, Cannan is a humorist; and inserts a long quotation about the death of Sir Robert Wherry, the highly successful writer, ‘who, in a syrupy medium, depicted women as virginal mothers controlling and comforting a world of conceited helpless little boys’ (*Old Mole* 172). Glancing at Old Mole’s self-exile to Capri, Ford mentions the sun, the umbrella and a view of Elba. Elba, of course, evokes Napoleon and the Hundred Days: ‘Maybe’, Ford comments, ‘Old Mole will return for his hundred days’ campaign against Wherryism, which we may take to be the English spirit.’

In early 1914, Anglo-German comparisons would have been much in vogue; but then, given the relatively recent decline in personal relations between Ford and Conrad, a reminder occurring with the success of *Chance* (1913)—which Ford had predict-

ed—Elba would also have brought back memories of plans for a novel centred on Marshall Ney, likely a collaboration, though one not to be realised until Ford's novel, *A Little Less Than Gods* appeared in 1928.²⁸

Ford's piece on Cannan and *Old Mole* seems to be setting out prospective—even prescriptive—criteria for the Novel. And, surely, for the novel he is writing: 'a novel uniform in key, in tone, in progression, as hard in texture as a mosaic, as flawless in surface as a polished steel helmet of the fifteenth century.' Music—'key', 'tone', 'progression'—and sculpture; and a steel helmet offers not only a reflection but, from a convex surface, one which exaggerates foreground—"The impressionist must always exaggerate"²⁹—and curves out of sight of the static spectator. And 'mosaic'? A composite art and a composite term: Greek *mousa*, muse; Latin *musaeum* or *musivum*, work: muse work – quite opposed to Ford's usual emphasis on craft rather than inspiration. But composition by the piecing together of different elements: that is true not only of Fordian 'modernism' but of the Fordian corpus more generally.

The word also has its individual history in that corpus. 'The anthologist bolsters up the noxious idea that the poet always is, and ought always to be, a timid chiseller and mosaicist, instead of a master craftsman who has gained skill through many failures.'³⁰ To Iris Barry, Ford later wrote: 'A poem—a volume of poems—isn't a set of cubes for mosaics exhibited in the black velvet of museum cases. It is a quiet monologue during a summer walk in which

one seeks to render oneself beloved to someone one loves.’³¹ And in the novel itself:

I had forgotten about his eyes. They were as blue as the sides of a certain type of box of matches. When you looked at them carefully you saw that they were perfectly honest, perfectly straightforward, perfectly, perfectly stupid. But the brick pink of his complexion, running perfectly level to the brick pink of his inner eyelids, gave them a curious, sinister expression—like a mosaic of blue porcelain set in pink china. (*GS* 29)

In his 1919 review of Woolf and Cannan, Ford asserted that Cannan ‘carries excision almost to extremes’; and that his book is ‘written with lurid heat’ (*CE* 188). Further disillusion is suggested by Ford’s comment that Cannan, ‘the literary descendant of the Maupassants, the Goncourts, and all the non-moral overseas writers, has become an almost virulent and certainly an incoherent moralist’ (*CE* 189).

In his *Reputations: Essays in Criticism*, Douglas Goldring, writing of three ‘Georgian novelists’, claimed that Cannan’s worst enemy, throughout his career, had been ‘his own cleverness. In his life as an artist this cleverness has been his greatest danger; it has constantly tripped him up, interposed itself between him and his inspiration, and at times lured him into a display of mere mental gymnastics.’³²

He pointed out that, unlike Walpole and Mackenzie, Cannan had ‘had a shot at everything’, with a

few successes but more failures and wrong turnings. Then, perhaps unaware of Cannan's earlier breakdown and not yet having access to his account of it in *The Release of the Soul* (1920), Goldring went on: 'The War, instead of liberating him from his self-consciousness, his undue subjectivity, seems to have narrowed his outlook, impaired his mental equilibrium and upset his sense of values' (60). Goldring added that Cannan 'has, perhaps, been on the watch to try to put off cleverness, and where his inspiration comes freshly from the heart, as in *Round the Corner*, and, in a less degree, in *Old Mole* and in *Mendel*, he largely (though not completely) succeeds in doing so' (62). Cannan needed to discover and concentrate on what he could do best, 'to produce a work of art which shall fulfil all the promise which his various literary experiments have given so abundantly' (63).

Running through the forms that Cannan has tried, in addition to novels—the satire, the treatise on satire, the critical essay, the poetry, the plays—it's difficult not to be reminded of Goldring's editor at the *English Review*, who, by 1920, has tried fairy tales, poetry, short stories, historical novels, satires, critical essays, biography, art criticism, memoir, propaganda and collaborative works; although, mindful no doubt of Henry James's *Guy Domville* and Joseph Conrad's *One Day More* (whatever the extent of his own involvement),³³ Ford had largely steered clear of the drama, save for those early 'Little Plays'.³⁴

Yet if *The Good Soldier* can indeed be seen as an anti-*Old Mole*, Cannan himself is one version of an

anti-Ford. Just as Ezra Pound was able to slough off some aspects of his younger self through the mask of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley,³⁵ so Cannan—wrestling in both life and work with mental illness, divorce and diminishment—could be seen as a version of the Edwardian writer that Ford evaded or outpaced. Whether it was due to his experience of war, the disruption of his personal life or his engagement with *les jeunes*, Ford's trajectory was radically altered. His increasing mastery of the novel, the memoir and the curious hybrid of both, together with his confident selection and adaptation of modernist strategies and procedures, enabled him to possess, recast and deploy that material in his work while poor Cannan, faltering, finally lapsed into silence and madness.

Notes

1 See, for instance, *Thus to Revisit* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1921), 41-44; *Return to Yesterday: Reminiscences 1894-1914* (London: Victor Gollancz, 1931), 208-209; hereafter *Return*.

2 In his 'Dedicatory Letter to Stella Ford', which first appeared in the 1927 edition of the novel, Ford wrote: 'I had in those days an ambition: that was to do for the English novel what in *Fort Comme la Mort*, Maupassant had done for the French': *The Good Soldier* (1915; edited by Max Saunders, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), 5; hereafter *GS*. Maupassant's title is often translated as 'Strong as Death', a phrase originally from The Song of Solomon 8:6 – it also occurs in William Cowper's 1768 hymn 'Hark, my soul! It is the Lord!' And Llewellyn

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Powys, in *A Baker's Dozen* (1941; London: Village Press, 1974), 97, quotes the last lines of a translation of an old Swiss harvest song: 'Do you not hear the voice of Love,/ Love that is stronger than bread,/ Stronger than Death?'

3 Ford Madox Ford, 'Literary Portraits – XX. Mr Gilbert Cannan and "Old Mole"', *Outlook*, XXXIII (24 January 1914), 110-111; hereafter 'Cannan'; 'Literary Portraits – XXI. Mr W. L. George and "The Making of an Englishman"', *Outlook*, XXXIII (31 January 1914), 142-143; 'Literary Portraits – XXIII. Fyodor Dostoievsky and "The Idiot"', *Outlook*, XXXIII (14 February 1914), 206-207.

4 Diana Farr, *Gilbert Cannan: A Georgian Prodigy* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1978): hereafter Farr – her mother, Joanna, was one of Cannan's second cousins. See also Richard J. Buhr's 'Gilbert Cannan: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him', in *English Literature in Transition*, 20, 2 (1977), 77-107.

5 Ezra Pound recalled Cannan in Kensington, 'During I suppose a year's tenure, along with Barrie's LARGE Dawg, et alia', in a letter to Patricia Hutchins, 1 December 1953. 'When asked if this was the prelude to Cannan's going off with Mrs Barrie, Pound replied, "No, took 'em both.'" (Pound's note on Hutchins' typescript). See Patricia Hutchins, *Ezra Pound's Kensington: An Exploration, 1885-1913* (London: Faber and Faber, 1965), 72.

6 *Carrington's Letters*, edited by Anne Chisholm (London: Chatto and Windus, 2017), 54; *Letters of*

D. H. Lawrence III, October 1916–June 1921, edited by James T. Boulton and Andrew Robertson (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), 35.

7 Vivien Noakes, editor, *Isaac Rosenberg* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008), 328, 329.

8 Robert Secor and Marie Secor, *The Return of the Good Soldier: Ford Madox Ford and Violet Hunt's 1917 Diary* (Victoria, BC: University of Victoria, 1983), 47 and fn.

9 *Ottoline at Garsington: Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell 1915-1918*, edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (London: Faber, 1974), 84.

10 *Letters of D. H. Lawrence II, June 1913-October 1916*, edited by George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), 311. Lady Ottoline was among those frankly puzzled by the marriage: see *Ottoline: The Early Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell*, edited by Robert Gathorne-Hardy (London: Faber, 1963), 245-246.

11 Lawrence to Mary, 27 September 1922: *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, IV: June 1921–March 1924*, edited by Warren Roberts, James T. Boulton and Elizabeth Mansfield (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 312.

12 Gilbert Cannan, *The Release of the Soul* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1920), 77.

13 Buhr, 'Gilbert Cannan: An Annotated Bibliography', 80.

14 The silence is confirmed by T. S. Eliot, who met Cannan in Bosham in 1916: 'a cadaverous silent person'. See *The Letters of T. S. Eliot, Volume I: 1898-1922*, edited by Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton, revised edition (London: Faber and Faber, 2009), 159. In 1913, Rupert Brooke alluded to Cannan's 'wise silences': *The Letters of Rupert Brooke*, edited by Geoffrey Keynes (London: Faber and Faber, 1968), 537.

15 Ford, *Return*, 412-414. Kent beat Sussex often, frequently by large margins, in and around the *English Review* period: between 1906 and 1913, they were county champions four times (Sussex only achieved this for the first time as late as 2003). There was, though, no Kent victory over Sussex by a margin of four runs.

16 Ford, *It Was the Nightingale* (London: Heinemann, 1934), 35; hereafter *IWN*.

17 'The first of these fables has a history. It was published originally in London as a little orange-covered booklet, called *Old Mole's Novel* and it was issued simultaneously with *Old Mole*, a character to whom I was so attached that it gave me great pleasure to attribute authorship to him': see Cannan's 'Preface' to *Windmills: A Book of Fables* (1915), xiii.

18 Henry James, 'The Younger Generation', *Times Literary Supplement* (19 March 1914), 133. The others were Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole

and D. H. Lawrence.

19 Ford Madox Ford, 'Thus to Revisit – I. The Novel', *Piccadilly Review* (23 October, 1919), 6; reprinted in *Critical Essays*, edited by Max Saunders and Richard Stang (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2002), 186-189; hereafter *CE*.

20 Gilbert Cannan, *Old Mole* (London: Martin Secker, 1914), 15.

21 On Baker, see 'The Case Against Colonel Valentine Baker', *Times* (25 June, 1875), 11; Ian F. W. Beckett, *Victorians at War* (Hambleton: Hambleton Continuum, 2003), 78-79; Emelyne Godfrey, *Femininity, Crime and Self-Defence in Victorian Literature and Society: From Dagger-Fans to Suffragettes* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), 29-30.

22 'Old Mole', *Sunday Times* (11 January 1914), 5.

23 Ford is referring to Cannan's 'Lucy Evans', published in the *English Review*, IV, ii (December 1909), 47-63; IV, iii (January 1910), 257-286.

24 Brooke wrote of Cannan to Edward Marsh, 'His peevish intellectuality sometimes irks me. *Old Mole*, not as spacious or good as *Round the Corner*, is it? [. . .] He's good on actors, isn't he? [. . .] He seems, though, to fumble with so many things, & not carry them through. It was to have been a modern picaresque: & suddenly shifted to social satire.' See *Letters of Rupert Brooke*, 576.

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25 Letter to Dorothy Brett, dated January 1914: Mark Gertler, *Selected Letters*, edited by Noel Carington (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1965), 63.

26 Denis Goacher, 'Pictures of Ezra Pound', *Nimbus*, 3, 4 (1956), 32.

27 The 'dark forest' thread, which runs through much of Ford's work, is usefully indexed in Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996), I, 616.

28 Ford Madox Ford, *Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance* (London: Duckworth, 1924), 60, 63-64, 78.

29 Ford Madox Ford, 'On Impressionism', *Poetry and Drama*, II (June 1914), 169.

30 Ford Madox Ford, 'The Making of Modern Verse', *The Academy and Literature*, (26 April 1902), 439.

31 Letter of 4 July 1918, from Ripon: *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, edited by Richard M. Ludwig (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1965), 88.

32 Douglas Goldring, *Reputations: Essays in Criticism* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1920), 59.

33 See Arthur Mizener, *The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford* (London: The Bodley Head, 1972), 107-108.

34 Or 'poems in dialogue': Ford Madox Ford, *Col-*

lected Poems (London: Max Goschen, 1913 [dated 1914]), 169, 171-226.

35 Michael Alexander recently described Mauberley as ‘an invented version of what the younger Ezra Pound might have been like had he been English’: *Medievalism: The Middle Ages in modern England* (2007; updated edition, New Haven: Yale University Press, 2017), 202.

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Letter from America: Thoughts on a Laundromat

Meghan Hammond

‘When I arrived at Coney Island I sought a dancing hall where, so I had been told, the entire population of the United States could dance in comfort, and with pleasure. (One does get told things like that when one is a traveler.) In the center of the otherwise completely empty ballroom a gentleman was slowly turning round, both his arms extended, and in each hand was a six-shooter, which he was discharging.’ — Ford Madox Ford, *New York is Not America*

Shortly before the birth of my second child last spring, my family spent two weeks in a small town in Wisconsin. We stayed in a cabin that sits high above a lake. It was a beautiful place, about ninety minutes east of the city where I grew up.

I think of Ford often when I leave Chicago and go into the countryside. He took great pleasure in rural life. I don’t. Yes, the lake was lovely and I took some satisfaction in lazy walks with my four-year-old, who delighted in the chickens down the road and the fawns flitting to and fro in the woods. The gravel lane struck me as a place Ford would haunt contemplatively. I, on the other hand, would poke along with my son, miserably drinking the drip coffee in my travel mug and lamenting the fact that I’d need to drive thirty miles to get a decent cortado. The experience made me doubt the hardiness of my internal resources.

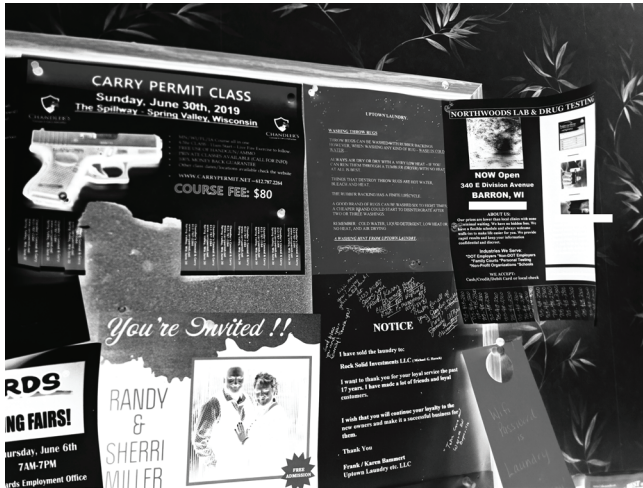
Meghan Hammond

The town a few miles away offered little diversion, save an empty movie theater and a Walmart. But I drove in daily with my son for groceries or, on one occasion, to do our laundry. On that day, we were the only patrons in the coin-op laundromat, which I was surprised to find unmanned. A quick look at the community corkboard painted a bleak scene.

A large notice with an image of a handgun advertised a Carry Permit Class. Let me explain, for my friends outside this august nation. In Wisconsin, by no means the most gun friendly state, any adult who is not expressly prohibited from owning a firearm may ‘open carry’ a gun. Imagine the wild west, but with handguns that are less aesthetically interesting and more capable of committing mass murder. A permit is only required for ‘concealed carry.’ Six of the little tags with contact information had been removed from the advertisement.

Less popular was the advertisement for Northwoods Lab and Drug Testing. I suppose there are employers with a credible need to drug test employees and I understand why family courts (listed as one of the ‘industries’ served) require drug testing from time to time. And I suppose somebody has to do that testing (although why not the court itself?). But it was a grim reminder that rural America has been hit particularly hard by our opioid crisis, which has contributed to our current political morass by leaving swaths of people angry, disaffected, and nostalgic for a better—pardon me, a *greater*—time.

Despite my predictable distaste for the ‘invitation’ to see a musical worship duo, I found my mood



lightened by a flyer with ‘a washing hint’ about cleaning throw rugs. It seemed both genuinely well intentioned and perfectly passive aggressive, which is how I would describe the general mood of the part of the world where I was born and raised. I could almost see a shadow of my grandmother’s face on the yellow flyer as her voice whispered in my ear, ‘Meggie, the rubber backing has a finite lifecycle.’

I was charmed too, by the notice saying that Frank and Karen (former proprietors and apparent authors of the washing hint) had sold the laundromat. Several customers had left handwritten notes thanking them for their years in business.

The warm feeling couldn’t last, of course.

When I was done with the corkboard, I noticed Jehovah’s Witness literature scattered on seats

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around the laundromat. Let me tell you something you might not expect. The Jehovah's Witnesses, at least those who write their copy, are excellent rhetoricians. Their pamphlet wanted me to believe that the world is ending soon. If I'm being honest, the statistics they provided on global bee and amphibian populations, with citations, were pretty damn convincing.

I, however, don't need convincing that awful things are happening and my anxiety about the impending birth of my second child was pretty high at that moment, so I gathered up all the pamphlets and threw them in the trash.

Not five minutes later, an elderly man walked through the door with a stack of the same pamphlets (did he somehow see me throw away the others?) and said he'd like to talk to me about Jehovah-God. Not Jehovah. Not God. Jehova-God. His voice put a hyphen there.

I said no thank you.

He protested that the world would be ending soon. Very soon!

I said no thank you.

He objected. But there's signs everywhere and everything will end. I can tell you all about the signs.

I said no thank you.

He then gestured toward my son, whose hair had dared to grow to the bottom of his ears. What about her, he asked, don't you care about her soul?

That's when I told him to leave. He did.

I started switching my laundry from the washer to the dryer. I thought my son, attention on his toys, hadn't been paying the adult conversation any mind. But after a minute he asked, what did that man want? Nothing, I said. He's just a crazy person.

I'm not happy with my answer. I don't like offhand use of the word 'crazy.' I don't like the implication that somebody is insane because they believe a thing I don't believe. I don't like that my parental instinct was to stop a conversation that might upset my son—that I refused to engage somebody because I didn't want to explain to my child what the apocalypse is. How could he go back to admiring chickens and baby deer after hearing about God's brutal Judgment? How am I supposed to tell him that some people believe in an immortal entity named Satan who controls the world via evil machinations without throwing up my hands and yelling, 'Crazy! That man is crazy!?'?

I don't fear an apocalypse. But I do fear things getting worse and worse while people do nothing, or while people do something but can't seem to surmount the intractable flaws of human civilization. I fear a culture of guns and casual violence. I fear the criminalization, both in law and in our collective imagination, of people with addiction. I fear that

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one day I'll wake up and the news will say, 'Bees all
dead, prepare to starve.'

It was a very pretty lake, though.

Helen Chambers, *Conrad's Reading: Space, Time, Networks* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2018), xiii + 245pp. £79.99

Andrew Pursell

Books regularly feature in Conrad's fiction. One thinks immediately of Marlow's 'extraordinary find', *An Inquiry into Some Points of Seamanship*, discovered, disregarded and abandoned, overwritten and illegible, in the African jungle in 'Heart of Darkness' (1899), whose presence – and impenetrability – adds to the hermeneutical mystery of Marlow's tale. Or there are the 'Boy's Own' adventure novels and colonial romances which feature in *Lord Jim* (1900), providing the eponymous hero with his early models of conduct, with terrible consequences. Then there is Don José Avellanós' *Fifty Years of Misrule*, which Conrad claims was one of the sources for *Nostromo* (1904), but which the reader discovers is not only fictional, but within this fiction, unpublished, its manuscript having been shredded by small-arms fire in one of the novel's many represented revolutions.

Conrad's mischievous claim, made in the preface to *Nostromo*, nevertheless underlines the very real importance of books in the composition of his novels. Writing to William Blackwood in December 1898, for example, Conrad refers to the 'dull, wise books' on which he would repeatedly draw in the creation of his represented Malay worlds: books by colonial administrators and travellers such as Frederick McNair, William Marsden, Stamford Raffles and Rodney Mundy, whose 1848 account of James 'Rajah'

Brooke supplied, among other things, the model for 'Tuan' Jim. Then, of course, there is *The Malay Archipelago* (1869), by the English naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace, which was reputedly Conrad's 'favourite bedside book', and whose influence threads throughout his Malay fiction. In his 1912 memoir *A Personal Record* (serialised in the *English Review* as *Some Reminiscences*), Conrad describes his first encounter with English literary culture through his father's translations of Shakespeare, and his subsequent reading of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and Trollope. R. B. Cunninghame Graham later remarked that Conrad was as steeped in the literature of France as he was that of his adopted Britain or his native Poland: as *Conrad's Reading: Space, Time, Networks* underlines, Conrad's engagement with English literature is only part of the story.

Conrad's Reading is not a critical bibliography in the manner of, for example, Duncan Wu's two volume study, *Wordsworth's Reading* (1995-96) – or, indeed, from within Conrad Studies, David Tutein's *Joseph Conrad's Reading* (1990), an interesting, if flawed, survey of Conrad's books and reading habits. The present volume is not interested in how Conrad's reading feeds into his fiction (a congested, not to mention contested, field). Rather, its focus is on the material circumstances of Conrad's reading – what he read, where and when he read it – and how Conrad's reading might have shaped his thinking. In other words, it brings to Conrad Studies a book history approach rather than a literary critical or theoretical one. The need for such an approach was first suggested by John D. Gordon's *Joseph Conrad: The Making of a Novelist* (1941).

Gordon's study appeared the same year as M. C. Bradbrook's *Joseph Conrad: Poland's English Genius* and F. R. Leavis's articles on Conrad for *Scrutiny*, later collected in *The Great Tradition*, which together marked the beginnings of serious scholarship on Conrad in Britain and the United States. *The Making of a Novelist* identified Conrad's reading as one of the key sources for his fiction. At the same time, it also set the pattern followed by future studies, by making the reading subordinate to the writing. In the decades since, Norman Sherry has uncovered how Conrad read for research, while Andrzej Busza has traced his Polish, and Yves Hervouet, his French, literary inheritances. Meanwhile, the major biographies, Frederick R. Karl's *Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives* (1979) and Zdzisław Najder's *Joseph Conrad: A Chronicle* (1983), have a declared interest in what Conrad might have read, but take their cue, and their clues, from the letters (perhaps inevitably, given Karl was also one of the editors of *The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad*).

The present volume takes a different approach. It grows out from previous research on Conrad's reading by Hans van Marle and Owen Knowles, whose *A Conrad Chronology* (2014) – recently revised and updated – includes a descriptive chronology of Conrad's reading, drawn mainly from the letters. It is also informed by comparable, but different, approaches to other major literary and public figures, including studies by Ruth Windscheffel, Billie Inman, Glenda Norquay and Thomas Wright on, respectively, William Gladstone, Walter Pater, Robert Louis Stevenson and Oscar Wilde. It makes use of advances in digitisation, such as the open-access

Reading Experience Database (UKRED), to help pinpoint, for instance, what genres Conrad tended to favour (unsurprisingly, given his own output, fiction far outweighs poetry). As *The Selected Letters of Joseph Conrad* (2015) underlines, letters provided Conrad with a necessary sense of comradeship and community, especially during a frequently lonely early adult life. *Conrad's Reading* duly pays attention, after Benedict Anderson, to readerly 'imagined communities', whereby the private, individual act of reading becomes an imagined social experience. As well as considering the sociality of reading, the present volume also explores its *spatiality*, whereby the scene and the act of reading are intimately bound up with one another. As all of this suggests, there are some interesting theoretical strands to what is an ostensibly evidence-based approach.

Following Conrad's death in 1924, Richard Curle paid tribute to the voracity, and variedness, of his late friend's reading practices: 'he was one of the widest-read men, one of the fastest and most tenacious readers, I ever met'. As Conrad's executor, Curle would have had a better idea than most of the contents of Conrad's library. In her informative introduction, Chambers briefly considers the cultural history of reading over the turn of the century which made such omnivorousness possible; for example, the growth of literacy and educational reform, the lending library, newspapers and leisure time, among others. One of the subsequent chapters looks at the figure of Marlow as a reader: from the purchase of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* in 'Youth: A Narrative' (1902), to his land-based reading as an

older man in *Chance* (1914), Marlow seems to hold up a mirror to Conrad's own practices and habits of reading. Following on from Franco Moretti's theory of 'distant reading', Chambers considers whether Marlow, and by extension Conrad, has actually read – and, crucially, necessarily needs to have read – all of the works to which he alludes. This recalls Umberto Eco's point about there being a certain (not to mention paradoxical) readerly sophistication signalled in knowing a book is worth reading, despite never having read it.

Conrad's formative years as a reader are also important. In a significant sense, Conrad first encounters the sea not as a sailor but as a literary object, through the novels of his childhood favourites Captain Marryat, James Fenimore Cooper and Victor Hugo. As an author, Conrad contributed to the writing of the sea, and with it, to one of his adopted country's national myths. Following his early critical breakthroughs *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'* (1897) and *Typhoon* (1902), Conrad would forever be associated with the sea. It is striking, then, that while Conrad's sea years are commensurately well-covered, less is known about his habits of reading during this period which, after all, spans twenty years of his life. *Conrad's Reading* capably addresses this gap in the critical literature. One of the most interesting chapters offers a reconstruction of Conrad's shipboard reading. Marlow's discovery of a nautical text in the jungle in 'Heart of Darkness' points to Conrad's reliance on professional texts during his years as a sailor. Yet Conrad spent time on ships not only in a professional capacity but also as a passenger – as his time on the

Torrens underlines, when he sailed in both capacities. Accordingly, what reading might have been available to ship's passengers and other travellers is also covered here.

The final chapter addresses a less-well known but equally important aspect of Conrad's reading, centring on his close relationships with his female peers. Of these, arguably the most important was Marguerite Poradowska, a fellow novelist and distant relative by marriage, with whom Conrad corresponded heavily (Conrad's letters to his 'Aunt' make up a sizeable chunk of *The Collected Letters*), and whose works he evidently read and admired. This chapter adds to the reconsideration of Conrad stimulated by Susan Jones's *Conrad and Women* (1999), which challenges the stereotype that Conrad wrote exclusively male-oriented fiction for male audiences. To an extent, this pattern of reception grew out from his critical investiture under the banner of modernism during the 1950s, which privileged a narrow band of texts focused on male experience as paradigmatic of his literary achievement. In this way, *Conrad's Reading* offers a necessary corrective to earlier, entrenched readings of Conrad. It opens by claiming that Conrad is 'a canonical writer whose works are studied wherever, in the Anglophone and non-Anglophone world, English literature is taught'. Although Conrad's canonical status is surely incontestable, the rest of that claim is perhaps too broad to be true: is Conrad so widely read or studied anymore?

Nevertheless, this rich and detailed study is an invaluable point of reference for anyone interested in

Conrad, the history of reading or book history.

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Joseph Conrad

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Notes on contributors

Helen Chambers made a late career leap from medicine to literature and history of reading. Based in France, she is an honorary associate in English at the Open University, and part of its History of the Book and Reading Research Collaboration. The research strategies used for her PhD and recent monograph *Conrad's Reading* (Palgrave 2018) are now being extended to an examination of Ford's reading.

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Andrew Pursell has published widely on twentieth-century British literature, including the Wordsworth edition of Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End* (2014) and a collaborative study of Graham Greene and cinema, *Adapting Graham Greene* (2015). Recent publications include an article on Joseph Conrad in *The Review of English Studies* (2019). He is currently working on a monograph on Conrad, Ford and Greene. He teaches at Royal Holloway, University of London.

Stephen Rogers is a tutor and a director at the Rothsay Education Centre, Bedford. He has held posts at the universities of Nottingham and Sussex, and was a Research Fellow for the *Oxford Critical and Cultural History of Modernist Magazines*. His publications include essays on twentieth century periodicals, Ford Madox Ford and Laura Riding, which have appeared in *Letteratura e Letterature*, *International Ford Madox Ford Studies*, *Key Words*, and the *Modernist Archives Publishing Project*. He has published a selection from the poems of Harold Monro.

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

Last Post

International Ford Madox Ford Studies Volumes

Ford Madox Ford: A Reappraisal, edited by Robert Hampson and Tony Davenport, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2002.

Ford Madox Ford's Modernity, edited by Robert Hampson and Max Saunders, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2003.

History and Representation in Ford Madox Ford's Writings, edited by Joseph Wiesenfarth, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2004.

Ford Madox Ford and the City, edited by Sara Haslam, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2005.

Ford Madox Ford and Englishness, edited by Dennis Brown and Jenny Plastow, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006.

Ford Madox Ford's Literary Contacts, edited by Paul Skinner, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2007.

Ford Madox Ford: Literary Networks and Cultural Transformations, edited by Andrzej Gasiorek and Daniel Moore, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2008.

Ford Madox Ford and Visual Culture, edited by Laura Colombino, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2009.

Ford Madox Ford, Modernist Magazines and Editing, edited by Jason Harding, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2010.

Ford Madox Ford, France and Provence, edited by Dominique Lemarchal and Claire Davison-Pégon, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2011.

Ford Madox Ford and America, edited by Sara Haslam and Seamus O'Malley, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2012.

The Edwardian Ford Madox Ford: A Reappraisal, edited by Laura Colombino and Max Saunders, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2013.

Ford Madox Ford's 'Parade's End': The First World War, Culture, and Modernity, edited by Ashley Chantler and Rob Hawkes, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2014.

Ford Madox Ford's 'The Good Soldier', edited by Max Saunders and Sara Haslam, Amsterdam: Brill/Rodopi, 2015.

Ford Madox Ford's Cosmopolis: Psycho-Geography, Flânerie and the Cultures of Paris, edited by Alexandra Becquet and Claire Davison, Amsterdam: Brill/ Rodopi, 2016.

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— *Charles Lamb*



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