ARTICULATIONS OF FEMININITY IN *PARADE'S END*

Isabelle Brasme

One of the dimensions inherent in *Parade's End* is that of a case study of a particular class at a particular time in the history of England. This sociological aspect perhaps still remains underrated today. John Attridge has foregrounded Ford's sociologist aspiration in *The Soul of London*: he demonstrates that 'modernist sociology' as derived from Matthew Arnold's ideal is intrinsic in Ford's work and argues that it is to be understood as 'cognitive altruism', mentioning Ford's quotation of Terence's aphorism in the *English Review*: 'nihil humanum a me alienum puto' ('Nothing that is human is foreign to me').[1] I wish to argue that this maxim applies to Ford's treatment of womanhood and femininity in *Parade's End*: his giving individual voices to his women characters derives from his profound humanism.

Parade's End is a reflection on Edwardian and post-war English society; and within this reflection, the changing status of women takes a major place. In keeping with Ford's aim at impersonality, the narration renders the contrasting responses of various women to the challenges set them by modernity. Femininity may first appear as articulated along a clear-cut spectrum running from conservatism to modernity, with Edith Duchemin at the more traditional end, Sylvia Tietjens striving for modernity in an inconsistent manner, and Valentine Wannop portrayed as a torchbearer for social and political autonomy. But as is often the case in *Parade's End*, lines become blurred, and some of the characters' positions shift as the narration unfolds. This chapter is offered as a starting point for a wider study of the voicing of the feminine in Ford's narratives. Due to space constraints, the characters of Marie-Léonie and Mrs Wannop will not be discussed in detail.

Edith Ethel Duchemin: a frozen ideal of conservative femininity

Edith Ethel Duchemin, then Macmaster, embodies a conservative vision of femininity. This is made obvious through the following depiction, as Macmaster complacently considers his belongings:

> Amongst all these [things], gracious, trailing, stopping with a tender gesture to rearrange very slightly the crimson roses in the famous silver bowls, still in dark blue silks, with [. . . .] her elaborate black hair, waved exactly like that of Julia Domna of the Musée Lapidaire at Arles, moved Mrs. Macmaster – also from the rectory. Macmaster had achieved his desire [. . . .] An astonishingly beautiful and impressive woman [. . .] dark blue eyes in the shadows of her hair and bowed, pomegranate lips in a chin curved like the bow of a Greek boat. . . .[2]

Edith here encapsulates various works of art: from antiquity – through the statue of Julia Domna and the Greek boat – to the Pre-Raphaelites, partly in the echo of Rossetti's lines: 'I looked and saw your eyes / In the shadow of your hair'.[3] The whole description is a striking match to a painting by Rossetti: *Jane Morris (The Blue Silk Dress)*;[4] it may be read as an ekphrastic rendering of the painting, through the regularly crimped hair, the 'pomegranate lips', the 'crimson roses', and the phrase 'dark blue silks', which directly echoes the painting's title. The theatrical curtain in the background of the painting emphasizes the deliberate constructedness of the scene. Additionally, the mention of the pomegranate may allude to another painting by Rossetti, *Proserpine*,[5] where Jane Morris, holding a pomegranate next to her mouth whose shade mirrors that of the fruit, models in yet another dress of dark blue silk.[6] Like Jane Morris in both paintings, Edith is frozen into a meditative pose. In both cases, the women exist as the object of a male representation and appear to behave only to satisfy a fantasized vision of femininity. The juxtaposition present in the first painting's title – *Jane Morris (The Blue Silk Dress)* – seems to intimate an assimilation between the portraitee and her costume. What matters is the attire that the model complies in wearing, and which finally absorbs her. Similarly, Macmaster only considers his wife among other artefacts. Through the phrase 'also from the rectory', Edith is put on a par with the furniture. It is also telling that Edith is referred to as 'Mrs. Macmaster': she has lost her identity as an independent woman.

Edith's monolithic status as a woman within the narration may appear to serve as a pendant to the complexity of the other forms of femininity explored in *Parade's End*; it seems to reveal only more clearly their ambivalences and contradictions.

Valentine Wannop: a fluctuating opposition to order

Within the community staged in *Parade's End*, Valentine Wannop is the most vehemently opposed to established order and its patriarchal premise. Valentine holds it her intellectual and moral duty to

relentlessly question the validity of the political, social and cultural status quo.

The prominent role of Valentine in the narration and the profuse voicing of her ideas is where Ford's feminism may be considered as most explicit in *Parade's End*. Ford's support of the suffragette movement is unequivocal in *Ancient Lights* (1911): 'I am an ardent, I am an enraged suffragette.'[7] In his study of Ford's most significant relationships with female artists, Joseph Wiesenfarth stresses Ford's link with the suffragette movement:

> he was a friend of Emmeline and Christabel Pankhurst. And he made Valentine Wannop, the heroine of *Parade's End*, a suffragette. His writing *This Monstrous Regiment of Women* for the Women's Freedom League in 1913 firmly aligned him with the Votes for Women movement.[8]

Valentine's self-assertion against the social and cultural order at large indeed finds a channel through her militancy as a suffragette. Her first appearance is significant in this respect. Valentine is first introduced in an outdoors setting – in 'the bright open' (*SDN* 82) – and she is little concerned with her appearance. Her appeal as a woman is quickly dismissed by Tietjens, since he considers her 'a perfectly negligible girl' (*SDN* 85).

Valentine is introduced to us as an essentially active character, occupying both physical and linguistic spaces: she speaks through long, commanding sentences. Individual self-assertion and suffragette militancy are thus intertwined in Valentine's attitude. Likewise, in this first appearance, the space Valentine runs across is anything but neutral, as it is a golf course – an archetypal male space, traditionally set out of women's bounds. The gendered compartmentalization of space is highlighted a few years later in Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* (1929), as she describes her visit to Cambridge University.[9] Valentine's infringement on the taboo space that is the golf course is akin to Woolf's literal and figurative intrusion into the male territory that constitutes the University. Both occurrences emphasize the existence of a strongly sexualised topography within the collective psyche.

Valentine's antagonistic relationship with the dominant ideology described in *Parade's End* is expressed with particular eloquence in the first part of *A Man Could Stand Up* –, which consists entirely of an interior monologue by Valentine. The recurring expressions such as 'no more respect' and 'no more parades' signal a systematic irreverence on the part of Valentine. Here again, Valentine's rebellion

is inseparable from her political involvement for women's rights. Her vision of the Armistice as a watershed is interwoven with her defiance of male authority, as this passage makes clear:

> If, at this parting of the ways, at this crack across the table of History, the School – the World, the future mothers of Europe – got out of hand, would they ever come back? The Authorities – Authority all over the world – was afraid of that; more afraid of that than of any other thing. Wasn't it a possibility that there was to be no more Respect? None for constituted Authority and consecrated Experience? [. . . .] No more respect. . . . For the Equator! For the Metric system. For Sir Walter Scott! Or George Washington! Or Abraham Lincoln! Or the Seventh Commandment!!!!!![10]

The accumulated upper cases are ironic, questioning the validity of the notions thus highlighted. According to Valentine, the wished-for collapse of order hinges on the defiance by women – 'the future mothers of Europe' – of authority, conceived here as fundamentally male and patriarchal. The figures catalogued as cornerstones of ideological order – Scott, Washington and Lincoln – are all men. Furthermore, the Seventh Commandment here challenged is the one forbidding adultery: in other words, the potential undermining of patriarchal order founded on the exclusive possession of a single woman by a single man.

Valentine's convictions about suffrage have primarily social and not political roots, in so far as it is possible to distinguish the two. In this respect, Valentine's stance is comparable to that of a number of suffragettes, such as Dora Marsden, who was related to the modernists through the review she founded, *The New Freewoman*. She thus claims to Edith Duchemin that she espoused the suffragettes' cause because she used to be a maid: 'I'm a suffragette because I've been a slavey' (*SDN* 104). Valentine holds the male confiscation of the *polis* as responsible for the destitution of working-class women. Here is how she justifies to Tietjens the necessity for women to have the vote:

> 'Women have a rotten time. They do, really [. . . .]' Her voice became quite deep: she had tears in her eyes: '*Poor* women *do!*' [. . . .] We've *got* to change the divorce laws. We've *got* to get better conditions. (*SDN* 144)

Valentine's feminist convictions are based on a system of thought that reaches further than the question of the status of women. Her rejection of the war correlates the male domination of society and the military practices of the First World War:

> she had an automatic feeling that all manly men were lust-filled devils, desiring nothing better than to stride over battlefields, stabbing the wounded with long daggers in frenzies of sadism. (*SDN* 284)

The struggle is clearly identified as a male undertaking, through the redundant 'manly men' and the phallic symbolism of the 'long daggers'. The horrors of the war, and more largely the corruption of which it is a symptom, are thus seen as the ultimate fulfilment of male fantasies.

This vision, however, is itself but another ideological construct. The blatant phallic allusion exposes the hackneyed character of Valentine's view. She seems to be fighting against a set ideology merely to replace it with other equally fantasized clichés. Indeed, Valentine's proclaimed 'modernity' is itself only relative. Her aspirations for the feminine condition are set directly in the wake of those already asserted by eighteenth-century intellectuals – thus going back to the very century Tietjens acclaims as an unparalleled model.[11] Her obsession for physical and intellectual education in women is reminiscent of Mary Wollstonecraft's precepts: 'To render the person perfect, physical and moral beauty ought to be attained at the same time; each lending and receiving force by the combination'.[12] These principles find a strong echo in Valentine's own excellence both as Latinist and physical instructor.

Valentine's general way of life appears decidedly more in keeping with eighteenth-century feminism. The Valentine we are first acquainted with in *Some Do Not* . . . contrasts significantly with the character we discover in the following two chapters, as a demure young woman at the Duchemins', then as a subdued and industrious housekeeper at her mother's. Tietjens notes the transformation approvingly:

> [B]rightened up as he now suddenly saw her, with silk for the pink cotton, shining coiled hair for the white canvas hat, a charming young neck, good shoes beneath neat ankles, a healthy flush taking the place of yesterday's pallor of fear for her comrade; an obvious equal in the surroundings of quite good people; small, but well-shaped and healthy [. . . .]
>
> 'By Jove . . .' he said to himself: 'It's true! What a jolly little mistress she'd make!' (*SDN* 111)

Valentine thus suddenly appears as fitting in with society's precepts for women – and by the same token, as more attractive to a male eye.

Tietjens realizes that Valentine's role as a suffragette does not only stand in the wake of a tradition of thought, but is also the one expected of her; it is in fact the only acceptable pendant to his own position as a Tory. This is made clear as the two walk across the countryside and Tietjens considers their respective situations:

> [T]hank God for the upright young man and the virtuous maiden in the summer fields: he Tory of the Tories as he should be; she suffragette of the militants: militant here in earth . . . as she should be! As she should be! In the early decades of the twentieth century however else can a woman keep clean and wholesome! [. . . .] Thank God then for the Tory, upright young married man and the suffragette kid . . . Backbone of England! (*SDN* 134)

It would therefore appear that Valentine has no other intellectual and cultural choice but to be a suffragette; that although this stance appears on the surface as against the establishment, it is, deep down, an acknowledgement of what is expected of her at this point in history, and given her intellectual heritage. Valentine's obsession with her father, whom she keeps mentioning in her conversations with Tietjens or Edith or in her inner speeches, may confirm the notion that Valentine is breaking traditions on the surface, only to reunite more thoroughly with an intellectual and social heritage that reaches further back. In this, she appears as the feminine counterpart of Tietjens' eighteenth-century ideals.

The final volume of *Parade's End* questions the consistency of Valentine's stance in the previous volumes. Valentine appears as considerably less adamant in her feminist claims. Despite her earlier professions of irreverence, including her rejection of the Seventh Commandment, Valentine is not entirely comfortable in the role she now endorses as an adulterous woman: 'It was one thing living with all the tranquillity of conscience in the world in open sin. It was another, confronting American elderly people who knew the fact.'[13] Valentine cannot help seeing her situation as a 'sin', thus renewing the patriarchal codes of society, and consequently shies away from the world.

This state of mind reaches deeper than mere uneasiness: Valentine now sees herself as an instrument in the preservation and the continuity of patriarchal order. She is obsessed with having her son born in an ancient bed. This bed represents a double link with the past: not only does it symbolise the patina of an old world, but it is also the bed in which Valentine sleeps as she is pregnant. She regards

it as the tangible sign of an essential link between past and present, mother and child:

> She passionately desired little Chrissie to be born in that bed with the thin fine posts, his blond head with the thin, fine hair on those pillows [. . . .] Surely a child should lie gazing at what his mother had seen while she was awaiting him! (*LP* 173)

The repetition of 'thin, fine' to describe, alternately, the bed and the child creates a lexical equivalent for the wish of continuity. Valentine here clearly endorses a patriarchal mode of thinking: she is convinced the child she is carrying will be a son, and gives him his father's name, thus perpetuating a heritage transmitted from father to son. Later, she pictures her child as a miniature version of Christopher, with the same 'spinning pebble-blue eyes' (*LP* 176), a phrase echoing Valentine's earlier description of Christopher's eyes as 'blue pebbles sticking out' (*LP* 117), and announcing a later one: 'his eyes stuck out. Blue pebbles' (*LP* 203). Valentine thus dreams of giving birth to a son that may continue the male Tietjens' dynasty. The chiasmus formed by the phrases 'pebble-blue' to describe Chrissie junior's eyes, and 'blue pebbles' to describe his father's, emulates a mirror reflection and deepens the obsession for the perpetuation of identity from one generation to another.

In terms of characterisation, the contrast is striking between the self-confident woman barging into a distinctively male territory at the beginning of the tetralogy and the shrinking figure shown in *Last Post*. No trace remains of Valentine's earlier stance as a woman passionately attached to her financial autonomy, an ardent suffragette and an intellectual who needs no lesson from Oxbridge-taught men. No trace remains either of her triumphant decision to brave conventions and become Tietjens' mistress on Armistice night. At the end of *Parade's End*, Valentine has morphed into an embodiment of the doctrine of 'separate spheres': she remains locked in her room and expects from Tietjens that he alone ensures the family's livelihood. Valentine even asserts: 'an Englishwoman's castle is certainly her own bedroom' (*LP* 182). Through these words, Valentine describes herself as an – albeit failing – epigone of the ideal feminine such as Coventry Patmore depicted in *The Angel in the House* (1862). Valentine here may appear to claim her right to being 'home-worshipp'd'.[14]

A sense of regression is inevitable when this picture is set in contrast with Valentine's fierce social and intellectual autonomy in the previous volumes. In stark discrepancy with the first appearance of Valentine, as an active and eloquent young woman outrunning a dozen men on the golf course, *Last Post* portrays a character willingly locked up and absorbed in material considerations.

Sylvia Tietjens, or the New Woman

If we set aside Valentine's sudden turnaround in *Last Post*, her opposition to the establishment is shown as consistent in the first three volumes, if only on the surface. Conversely, Sylvia's relationship to conventions and to the dominant ideology is unstable and ambivalent. Sylvia's stance as a woman resists any kind of satisfactory categorisation, particularly as regards her relationship to tradition and modernity.

On the one hand, Sylvia shares in the reactionary stance that characterizes the Macmaster clique during the war: she 'spends nearly all her time in retreat in a convent reading novels of before the war' (*SDN* 283), in a rejection of reality that is thus both spatial and temporal: Sylvia refuses the *hic et nunc* of England at war. However, Sylvia is presented on other occasions as an embodiment of modernity. She is constantly associated with the fascination for the disposable culture whose emergence was contemporaneous with the time of the narration. Sylvia's relationship to reading epitomizes her continual ambivalence. Though she insists on reading 'novels from before the war', she nevertheless confesses that these well-known books bore her profoundly as she compares reading and seduction:

> almost always taking up with a man was like reading a book you had read when you had forgotten that you had read it. You had not been for ten minutes in any sort of intimacy with any man before you said: 'But I've read all this before. . . .' You knew the opening, you were already bored by the middle, and, especially, you knew the end.[15]

Sylvia's reading practices come out as emblematic of the modern attitude to the object as disposable commodity, thus undermining the initial impression that Sylvia may endorse a conservative perspective. Sylvia's choice of comparison in the passage quoted above is significant, linking as it does her involvement in modernity with her stance as a woman and in relation to men.

Sylvia's obsession with mass production is such that she turns herself into a disposable object when having her picture printed in

magazines. Her strategy to draw the photographers' attention consists in adopting the external attributes of the New Woman. Again, Sylvia's embracing of modernity is inseparable from her relationship to men, as is made clear in the following excerpt:

> She knew that, like her intimates – all the Elizabeths, Alixs, and Lady Moiras of the smooth-papered, be-photographed weekly journals – she was man-mad. It was the condition, indeed, of their intimacy as of their eligibilities for reproduction on hot-pressed paper. They [. . .] shortened their hairs and their skirts and flattened, as far as possible, their chest developments, which *does* give, oh, you know . . . a *certain* . . . (*SDN* 183)

Sylvia plays the role of the emancipated and masculinised woman, wearing short hair and concealing her curves. She fits – if only outwardly – the criteria delineated by Esther Newton to define 'the Mythic Mannish Lesbian':

> You see her in old photographs or paintings with legs solidly planted, wearing a top hat and a man's jacket, staring defiantly out of the frame, her hair slicked back or clipped over her ears [. . . .] By 'mannish lesbian' [. . .] I mean a figure who is defined as lesbian *because* her behaviour or dress (and usually both) manifest elements designated as exclusively masculine. From about 1900 on, this cross-gender figure became the public symbol of the new social/sexual category 'lesbian'.[16]

Esther Newton here insists on the visual character of these criteria. Significantly, the documents she mentions are above all photographs or paintings, and not novels or memoirs; they are two-dimensional artefacts that focus on the surface. Indeed, Newton further questions the validity of the archetype of the mannish lesbian: 'Was the mannish lesbian a myth created by "the [male] pornographic mind" or by male sexologists intent on labelling nineteenth-century feminists as deviant?'[17] Does the type of the 'mannish lesbian' always rest upon a conscious political positioning on the part of these women; or isn't it rather a myth generated by male fantasies – fantasies that these women end up pandering to?

This second interpretation seems a better fit for Sylvia's attitude. She only adopts the exterior attributes of the New Woman, confessing that she and her friends are in reality 'man-mad', which may in turn easily be construed as man-*made*. In no way does Sylvia truly internalise the motives of the historical New Woman: she merely assumes this role in order to conform to a certain formula of the

sensational. Her awareness of conforming to collective fantasies is suggested through the meaningful ellipses: 'which *does* give, oh, you know . . . a *certain* . . .'. This indefinable quality, coupled with the androgyny here adumbrated through the deliberate flattening of her figure, is precisely what makes Sylvia fascinating in the public eye.

Sylvia's sartorial style throughout the tetralogy is telling of her contradictory adjustment to the various stances offered to women at the beginning of the twentieth century. This is made all the more significant as Sylvia's choice of clothing is consistently shown as being carefully planned, as a deliberate statement to society. Although the above-quoted paragraph mentions her shortening her skirts to add piquancy to her style, she is also said just a moment earlier to resist following fashion indiscriminately: 'She still wore her hair in bandeaux and her skirts as long as she possibly could; she didn't, she said, with her height, intend to be taken for a girl guide' (*SDN* 181). Indeed, when she enters one of the Macmasters' receptions, she strikes everyone for the very opposite reasons stated earlier – with the width of her skirt and the profuseness of her carefully done hair:

> There came in a very tall, clean run and beautiful, fair woman, dressed in nothing in particular. She stood with extreme [. . .] unconcern [. . .] She must have had an enormous quantity of fair tawny hair, for it was coiled in a great surface over her ears [. . .] Every woman was counting the pleats of Sylvia's skirt and the amount of material in it [. . .] It fitted close round the hips, and gave an effect of length and swing – yet it did not descend as low as the ankles. (*SDN* 300)

From the tall figure and poise – standing with 'unconcern' – to the elaborate hairdo, Sylvia here appears as the epitome of the 'Gibson Girl' – the type made popular by the illustrator Charles Dana Gibson. The similarities with the Gibson Girl archetype are striking:

> She was taller than the other women currently seen in the pages of magazines [. . .] infinitely more spirited and independent, yet altogether feminine. She appeared in a stiff shirtwaist, her soft hair piled into a chignon, topped by a big plumed hat. Her flowing skirt was hiked up in back with just a hint of a bustle. She was poised and patrician. Though always well bred, there often lurked a flash of mischief in her eyes.[18]

The craze for the Gibson Girl originated in the United States, but it spread on the other side of the Atlantic. Following Martha Patterson's argument, the Gibson Girl is anterior to the New Woman chronologically but also in an ideological respect. Patterson analyses this

type as a transitional figure between the Victorian 'angel in the house' and the emancipated and androgynous woman already mentioned: 'a liminal figure between the Victorian woman and the flapper.'[19] The Gibson Girl presents a reassuring antidote to the suffragettes' excesses:

> Tall, distant, elegant, and white, with a pert nose, voluminous upswept hair, corseted waist, and large bust, Charles Dana Gibson's pen-and-ink drawings [. . .] offered a popular version of the New Woman that both sanctioned and undermined women's desires for progressive sociological change and personal freedom.[20]

While acknowledging modernity to some extent, this feminine model perpetuates the ideal of a woman whose role in society is closely confined.

Sylvia's son's vision of his mother at the end of the tetralogy perhaps best encapsulates her ambivalence: 'His mother was splendid. Divinely beautiful; athletic as Atalanta or Betty Nuthall' (*LP* 56). Betty Nuthall was a renowned tennis player after the First World War, and one of the first female athletes to receive heavy media coverage; she was an icon of women's accession to sports previously only allowed to men, which in turn may create some correspondence between Valentine's first and Sylvia's last appearances within the tetralogy. Sylvia thus embodies in her son's mind two contrasted figures of the female athlete: one mythical and timeless; the other inscribed within a specific timeline. In both cases, she seems to stand for female autonomy. Sylvia in *Last Post* may therefore appear as the exact opposite of Valentine, against the grain of the initial portraits of the two women.

The position of the tetralogy's two main female figures in relationship to modernity is thus ambivalent in both cases. This duality itself operates along an inverted symmetry. As was just observed, Sylvia displays the features of the modern and emancipated woman, yet does not inwardly espouse her cause. Conversely, Valentine fundamentally and consistently believes in the feminist cause in the first three volumes, yet cares little about conforming to the exterior type of the New Woman. Her reason for wearing a short skirt on the golf course in *Some Do Not* . . ., and later as a physical instructor in *A Man Could Stand Up* –, is practical rather than ideological. The two women's stances appear however to crisscross in the final volume, with Sylvia now appearing as a figure more clearly

associated with modernity, and Valentine seemingly recanting on her earlier feminist position. In both cases, the ambivalent and symmetrically inverted treatment of the two women is symptomatic of the time's uncertainties. The tensions about the status of woman within society crystallize wider anxieties generated by a rapidly changing world.

Conclusion

The growing complexity of Valentine's and Sylvia's positions as the tetralogy unfolds precludes any attempt at simplistically categorising the former as a 'progressive' and the latter as a 'conservative' take on femininity. This in itself bespeaks Ford's sense of the intricacy of the feminine issue. The complexity of Sylvia and Valentine – along with the highly empathic treatment of Mrs Wannop and Marie-Léonie – is also testimony to his fascination for, and attachment to, his women characters.

The exploration of femininity in *Parade's End* therefore does not open out on to a stable representation of the feminine. In rendering the characters' various stances, Ford does not favour one position over another. The various ideological discourses attached to femininity coexist in a constant tension, in a way that is typical of the tetralogy's orientations at large. Ford's narrative stance – aloof and impersonal – allows a variety of voices to emerge, among which those of women figure prominently and convincingly. His feminism surfaces not so much through a direct comment on the various choices made by the women protagonists, but through the way in which he allows his narration to be constantly inhabited by women's voices.

NOTES

1 John Attridge, 'Steadily and Whole: Ford Madox Ford and Modernist Sociology', *Modernism/modernity*, 15.2 (2008), 279-315.

2 Ford, *Some Do Not . . .*, ed. Max Saunders, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2010 – henceforth *SDN*; p. 298. The Lapidaire museum is in Avignon, not Arles.

3 Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 'Three Shadows', *Rossetti's Poems*, ed. Oswald Doughty, London: Dent, 1968, p. 246.

4 Rossetti, *Jane Morris (The Blue Silk Dress)*, 1868, oil on canvas, 110.5 x 90.2 cm. The Society of Antiquaries of London, Kelmscott Manor. Viewable online at http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Jane-morris-blue-silk.jpg
5 This latter comparison was suggested to me by Max Saunders, to whom I owe thanks.
6 Rossetti, *Proserpine*, 1874, oil on canvas, 125 x 61 cm, Tate Britain, London. Viewable at https://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/rossetti-proserpine-n05064
7 Ford, *Ancient Lights*, London: Chapman and Hall, 1911, p. 294.
8 Joseph Wiesenfarth, *Ford Madox Ford and the Regiment of Women*, Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 2005, p. 25. Elizabeth Crawford lists *Some Do Not . . .* among novels that mention the suffragette movement: *The Women's Suffrage Movement: A Reference Guide*, London: Routledge, 2001.
9 Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998, pp. 6-7.
10 Ford, *A Man Could Stand Up –*, ed. Sara Haslam, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011 – henceforth *MCSU*; pp. 17-18.
11 See Sara Haslam's chapter in this volume.
12 Mary Wollstonecraft, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1999, p. 257.
13 Ford, *Last Post*, ed. Paul Skinner, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011 – henceforth *LP*; p. 182.
14 Coventry Patmore, *The Angel in the House*, London: Macmillan, 1866, p. 107.
15 Ford, *No More Parades*, ed. Joseph Wiesenfarth, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 2011 – henceforth *NMP*; p. 128.
16 Esther Newton, *Signs*, Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984, pp. 558, 560.
17 Newton, *Signs*, p. 560. Newton is quoting Andrea Dworkin, *Pornography and Silence: Culture's Revenge Against Nature*, New York: Harper and Row, 1981, p. 219.
18 Susan Meyer, *America's Great Illustrators*, New York: Abrams, 1978.
19 Martha Patterson, *Beyond the Gibson Girl: Reimagining the American New Woman*, Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2005, p. 27.
20 *Ibid*., p. 28.