

‘ALL THAT IS SOLID SELTS INTO AIR’: FORD AND THE SPIRIT OF EDWARDIAN ENGLAND

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My title refers to Marx and Engels’ account of the ‘constant revolutionizing of production’ and the ‘uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions’ under capitalism, when ‘all fixed, fast-frozen relations’ have melted into air.¹ The category of ‘fixed relations’ presupposed by Marx and Engels in the *Communist Manifesto* was clearly intended to include the phenomena of nationality and the national character, which Ford Madox Ford discusses everywhere in his writings, but particularly in his 1907 book *The Spirit of the People*, the third of his trilogy devoted to ‘England and the English’. The title *The Spirit of the People* itself suggests a kind of melting, due to the Shakespearean echo which is also found in Marx and Engels. It is Prospero in *The Tempest* who says that ‘These our actors [. . .] were all spirits, and/ Are melted into air, into thin air’ (IV.i 148-50). Prospero’s ‘insubstantial pageant faded’ could, unkindly, be taken to suggest posterity’s verdict on a great deal of the pre-First World War writing of Ford and his contemporaries. Instead, I shall argue that it also sums up those writers’ own disillusioned perceptions of the future of imperial England’s ‘cloud-capped towers’ and ‘gorgeous palaces’ – perceptions whose relevance today is not, of course, limited to Edwardian England.

In speaking of ‘Ford Madox Ford and Edwardian England’ we face the embarrassment that the writer known to his pre-war contemporaries was, of course, Ford Madox Hueffer. His ungainly and somewhat woodenly pedestrian name must have continually reminded his early readers that Ford was the son of a German immigrant, for all his English-country-gentleman airs and Pre-Raphaelite graces. Moreover, he was destined himself to become an emigrant, moving eventually to France and the United States. It is part of his huge talent for self-dramatization that Hueffer, the editor of the

English Review, became Ford, the editor of the *transatlantic review*. The name ‘Hueffer’ has been all but expunged from modern publishing and scholarship and even from library catalogues, but it points to some crucial aspects of what I must refer to as ‘Ford’s’ work.

Ford claims in *The Spirit of the People* to write as an outsider – ‘a man of no race and few ties’ (SP 171) – and yet of all his literary contemporaries only Kipling, born in India, is so ostensibly concerned with English national identity. It is not that this was a new thing amongst English novelists. Ford’s title for his trilogy, *England and the English*, had already been used by Bulwer-Lytton in a book published in 1833.² Among the other English novelists from Defoe to Peter Ackroyd who have also provided non-fictional accounts of English history and the national character, Ford might be most interestingly contrasted with two who were, like him, of immigrant descent: Defoe himself, and Benjamin Disraeli. But that is material for another paper.

One of his earliest books is his historical and topographical survey of *The Cinque Ports* – the tiny Kent and Sussex ports that were the continental immigrant’s traditional gateway to England. Leafing through this hyperpatriotic folio work for the coffee table, we discover, for example, that three miles east of Battle in Sussex there lies Ashburnham Park, which has been ‘in possession of the Ashburnham family from time immemorial’ (CP 57). Suddenly we are in the territory of *The Good Soldier*, notwithstanding that Ford was to make Edward Ashburnham a native of Hampshire, not Sussex. In writing the history of Dover (the largest of the Cinque ports), Ford says that ‘With the least tendency to digressiveness’ (and who has ever accused him of lacking such a tendency?), ‘With the least tendency to digressiveness one would find oneself writing a history of England’ (CP 242). And Ford in this book foreshadows his later readings of English history and English identity. England itself, he remarks at one point, must one day disappear leaving not a wrack behind:

England, too, must in the end fail before the oncoming of a New Spirit of the Age – [. . .] But civilisations to come, civilisations in which little trace of English influence can be found, will have cause to thank England

FORD AND THE SPIRIT OF EDWARDIAN ENGLAND

and the makers of England. In its day, the confederation [of the Cinque Ports] was the door through which the course of empire fared westward. England is, perhaps, but the door for a larger movement. (CP 20)

In this passage – which moves very quickly from the treachery to the wonderfully incisive – Ford's Hegelian idea that the course of empire moves westward links the Roman Empire (since Julius Caesar landed near Dover) to the coming American Empire.

But – England as, not a land of hope and glory, or home and beauty, or a blessed plot set in a silver sea, but as a 'door' – a 'door for a larger movement'! In *The Spirit of the People* Ford is scathing about the insular versions of English history he associated with his schooldays – J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People* and Dickens's *A Child's History of England*. Yet, as H. Robert Huntley has shown, Ford does have something in common with what we now call the Whig interpretation of English history, even if he doesn't view it as a continuous march of progress.³ *The Spirit of the People* is, in fact, a frontal assault on the conception of national character as a stable and unchanging inheritance, the natural expression, to use the words of Joyce's Leopold Bloom, of the same people living in the same place. For Ford, Englishness is (by and large, as we shall see) a willed identity rather than a settled character. Anyone who wants can come to England and call himself English. Ford's idea of Englishness is diametrically opposed to the conception of national character set out by Walter Bagehot in his book *Physics and Politics* some thirty years earlier.⁴ In fact, Ford carefully avoids the term 'national character', with its implication of something solid, rounded and morally robust. Bagehot's 'national character' is pre-capitalist, and its integrity is deeply threatened by the dynamism of commercial enterprise and the mingling of peoples brought about by trade. Ford, on the other hand, in *The Heart of the Country* and *The Soul of London* sees both the country and the city as in a constant flux. People are always selling up, and property changing hands; people are always coming to the city, gambling with opportunities and winning or losing in the process. At most, in *The Spirit of the People* he speaks of 'national characteristics', but he prefers quasi-empirical, scientific terminology such as 'national manifestations' and 'national psychology'. *The Spirit of the People* is subtitled 'An Analysis of the

English Mind'. Note the 'English mind', rather than 'English society' – apart from a few remarks about English law he makes no attempt at the constitutional history which had preoccupied Disraeli and Bagehot. And his English mind is, as T. S. Eliot would soon be saying, a mind that changes.

In *The Spirit of the People* Ford calls the idea that Englishness is a consciously chosen identity and that the English people were formed by the assimilation of wave after wave of immigrants, the 'great English theory'. (It is remarkable how closely this so-called 'great English theory' resembles what we are much more likely to think of as the 'great American theory', so much so that one of the chapters of *The Spirit of the People* is called 'The Melting Pot'.) Ford claims that the mixed-race and multicultural English type is the 'type of the future' (SP 166), and that what is now specifically English will one day become universal. His conception of England as a door open to immigrants is certainly not new – Defoe had said much the same thing in his famous satire on the 'True-Born Englishman' two hundred years earlier – and Ford's phrase the 'great English theory' implies a view of the nation that (as with America as a melting-pot) is felt to be reassuringly familiar. But, though conservatives have always accepted that the English nation was formed by a long process of invasion and settlement between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Norman Conquest, they generally assume that this process stopped, to all intents and purposes, in 1066. It is the radicals such as Defoe who have insisted that England should continue to be regarded as a nation of immigrants.

Ford's writings are very inconsistent about this, so far as I can tell. One half of him harks back with Christopher Tietjens to the settled image of George Herbert's pastoral England. The other half sees England not just as a land of immigration, but of emigration too. In a sense, this makes Ford complicit with the imperialist ideology of his own time, the idea that the English have a mission to form settlements all over the globe. But Ford is not a simple imperialist, since he doesn't suppose that the white settlers who have gone out to, say, Canada and Australia will remain English.⁵ Nevertheless, to describe the Englishman as the 'type of the future' and of the coming universal man could only suggest the 'White Man's Burden' – Kipling's classic apologia for that phase of imperialism.

There is more than this, however, to Ford's contention that England should be seen not as a home but as a 'hospice' or 'hotel', an offshore island on which 'the hordes of European mankind have rested during their secular flights westward in search of the Islands of the Blest' (*SP* 54, 56, 46). It is a wistful, utopian idea, suggesting what motivates individual adventurers rather than being a prescription for military conquest and political subjugation. Ford sometimes dreams of an alternative, utopian history in which England could itself be seen as one of the Islands of the Blest, unscarred by civil conflicts. This is Henry VIII's fleeting vision in *The Fifth Queen*, and it is the purpose of Katharine Howard's doomed and rather sinister attempt to reconvert the nation to Catholicism. In *The Heart of the Country* (which for me is the weakest of the 'England and the English' books) Ford suggests that the 'Islands of the Blest' are a subjective, personal vision, a distorting lens through which we all come to see the part of the countryside which 'we' (that is, the visitors to the countryside) happen to like best. Ford's countryside is a subject of personal meditation without the compelling realistic verisimilitude of the (no doubt equally personal) versions of the English countryside evoked by writers of his time such as Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson and Edward Thomas. But, far from regretting his lack of descriptive realism, we should note how deeply Ford's 'Englishness' trilogy is implicated in the development of his 'impressionist' style. These books are, as he says in *The Soul of London*, 'anything rather than encyclopaedic, topographical, or archaeological' (*SL* xi). Ford is a kind of literary alchemist who brings about a deliberate dematerialisation of the city, as London's architecture is transmuted into air, water vapour and fire. He speaks of the 'vast pall of vapour that overspreads London', the 'glow on the sky' that can be seen fifty miles away, and of his 'idea of London [as] a vast cloud beneath a cloud as vast' (*SL* 102, 33). Running through the trilogy is a musical metaphor, heavily influenced by Henry James – that of the 'note' of the city and the 'note' of the country. Even Ford's paragraphs and sentences sometimes show a kind of syntactic melting into intangibility. So he turns away from the sociological materialism of which Virginia Woolf was to accuse the other Edwardians. His reliance on anecdote is a prominent aspect of his method, as in those repeated sentences beginning with some variant on the phrase 'I know

a man who' – even, on one occasion, 'I know a Cabinet Minister whom . . .' (*HC* 145). Each of these persons is a marked 'character', and some of them could well be the figments of a novelist's imagination.

But Ford was not alone in his time in turning the description of his contemporary society into a search for a kind of elusive Philosopher's Stone, something that is never quite there to be observed. The solid, not to say gross, materiality of Edwardian England was not all it seemed. In 1911 Rudyard Kipling and his collaborator C. R. L. Fletcher wrote a crudely imperialistic *School History of England*. In it, they moralize about the fall of the Roman Empire: 'The greatest empire that the world has ever seen was slowly dying at the heart, dying of too much power, too much prosperity, too much luxury. What a lesson for us all to-day!'⁶ This was the Kipling who a few years earlier, in the historical phantasmagoria of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, had envisioned a Roman legionary desperately trying to hold the line against the barbarians. For all their ebullience, the authors of the *School History of England* cannot disguise that they have imagined England's fall, as well as Rome's.

Kipling was a Tory – the same political label that Ford applied to himself – and so was G. K. Chesterton, who burlesqued the idea of a centralised bureaucratic state in *The Napoleon of Notting Hill* and other works, and who was the author of a *Short History of England* published in 1917 which warned that England's wartime achievement of 'social discipline' must be reversed or it would lead to what he and his ally Hilaire Belloc called the 'Servile State'.⁷ (Shades, perhaps, of Conrad's and Ford's *The Inheritors*.) So England, which Kipling feared was dying, was for Chesterton and Belloc being sold into slavery. Two writers rather closer to Ford were his Liberal friend, the cabinet minister C. F. G. Masterman, and his socialist friend and adversary H. G. Wells. Masterman's sense of the precariousness and transience of England's power and wealth was expressed in his 1909 book *The Condition of England*, while Wells's vision of national decline appeared in the same year in *Tono-Bungay*, the novel which Ford prominently serialized in the *English Review*.

Masterman's debt to Ford is evident in the opening chapter of *The Condition of England*, which is entitled 'The Spirit of the People'. But not only does Masterman reiterate that England stands on the

brink of 'far-reaching change'; he views the change with remarkable detachment, searching for a standpoint 'gazing, as from a distance, over a gulf of time'.⁸ His final chapter, 'The Illusion of Security', imagines the day when 'great London itself will become but a vast tomb', yet another rewriting of Prospero's great elegy of dissolution.⁹ Where does this leave the contemporary intellectual? In Matthew Arnold's words, quoted by Masterman, he is 'Wandering between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born'.¹⁰ Ford reviewed Masterman's book and picked up on its extraordinary air of faltering, uncertain prophecy: 'And so Mr Masterman wavers from despondency to hope, wavers from hope to caution and ends by saying that he cannot tell where we stand'. (CE 73-4) Others were less complimentary, wondering whether someone so uncertain of his position had any right to be a government minister.

H. G. Wells, whose science fiction between 1901 and 1914 foretold the invention of the tank, aerial warfare, genetic engineering and nuclear weapons, is not usually regarded as a hesitant prophet. But the narrator of *Tono-Bungay*, George Ponderevo, is also manifestly an Arnoldian pilgrim 'Wandering between two worlds'. One of the most telling images he uses to summarize what he calls (echoing the aesthetic language that Wells had heard from Ford) his 'unusual series of impressions'¹¹ is that of the 'Dissolving Views', an early form of slide projection:

The new order may have gone far towards shaping itself, but just as in that sort of lantern show that used to be known [. . .] as the 'Dissolving Views', the scene that is going remains upon the mind, traceable and evident, and the newer picture is yet enigmatical long after the lines that are to replace those former ones have grown bright and strong, so the new England of our children's children is still a riddle to me [. . .] In the meanwhile the old shapes, the old attitudes remain, subtly changed and changing still, sheltering strange tenants.¹²

Here, juxtaposing Wells with Ford, we may remember the conclusion to *The Spirit of the People* where Ford concedes that his book very possibly portrays a 'national spirit that is already on the wane', as England becomes 'Germanised or Americanised or automobilised or electrified' (SP 173) – or perhaps all of these things. But we may also remember *The Good Soldier*, with the 'dissolving views' effect of its

narrative technique and the strange tenants – the narrator and Nancy – who have purchased and occupied Edward Ashburnham's hereditary estate. *The Heart of the Country* ends with the sale of an estate, and in *Last Post* the Tietjens' ancestral estate at Groby shelters some remarkably strange (and, as it happens, American) tenants.

Edward Ashburnham manifestly belongs to a dying world, since at the end of *The Good Soldier* he commits suicide behind a closed door. Such a sacrificial protagonist plainly appeals to Ford – we need only think of Katharine Howard – and, set beside Wells, Ford could be accused of a wish to stop the lantern show of history and to turn the clock back, though he knows this can never be done. This is true whether we take *Parade's End* to be a trilogy or a quartet, and in *The Good Soldier* we hardly know what to make of the contradiction between Dowell's love and admiration for Edward Ashburnham, and his apparently justified tirades against the English character that Ashburnham represents.

Tietjens and Valentine Wannop for the highest motives – and Ashburnham very possibly for the lowest motives – exhibit what Ford calls the 'peculiarly English habit of self-suppression in matters of emotion'. Since Ford distinguishes between the taciturn stoicism of the English and the French, Prussians, Italians and Americans with their 'noisy, troublesome and thoughtless' societies,¹³ we might think that he has gone against his golden rule of change and flux, and has discovered at least one solid aspect of the 'national character' that will not melt into air. Historically, however, the idea that the English are cold, unemotional, and repressed is largely a twentieth-century perception, growing out of an earlier Puritanism but owing much to the code of behaviour that was impressed on the imperial ruling classes sent out in their small numbers to govern far-flung and heavily-populated lands. It would be hard to find this ethic of the stiff upper lip in English fiction earlier than Charlotte Brontë's *Villette* (1853), where we meet Graham Bretton, the 'cool young Briton', and observe Lucy Snowe's own characteristic reserve and self-suppression. But arguably in *Villette* the English reserve is matched by the secrecy and emotional repression that underlies the volubility of the representatives of the European Catholic mentality. As for more popular expressions of the idea of English reserve, the phrase 'stiff upper lip' itself is mid-Victorian, but it was apparently coined by an

American, not an English, poet (Phoebe Cary, to be precise). In Edwardian fiction for the first time we find novelists such as E. M. Forster and D. H. Lawrence sending their characters to the Catholic Mediterranean countries in order to achieve a sensual awakening apparently denied to them by English society. It can be argued that English self-suppression was part of the governing mystique of the imperialist nation and that it has largely passed away with the empire.

Ford introduces this topic in *The Spirit of the People*, using an anecdote that becomes the germ of *The Good Soldier*. In fact, he uses two anecdotes. Both of them concern behaviour that is observed in public, and both of them concern inter-generational and filial or quasi-filial relationships – which reminds us that a fixed ‘national character’ was handed down, according to Walter Bagehot, by each generation’s unconscious imitation of the one before it. And that is precisely what we find in these two stories. In the first anecdote, a young volunteer comes back from the Boer War maimed and crippled, to be greeted by his father. The only words spoken are ‘Hullo, Bob!’ – ‘Hullo, Governor’ – and nothing more is said. Then we read of another English gentleman’s cold and virtually silent parting from his ward, with whom he has fallen in love and whom he will never see again. Ford goes on to quote a ‘much-travelled American’ (sounding very like Dowell before he makes his shattering discoveries) who opines that ‘it might be taken for granted that English manners [are] the best in the world’ (*SP* 151).

Dowell, however, is furiously hostile to what he sees as the peculiarly English code of manners. It seems odd that the silence, hypocrisy and secretiveness that he rails against are equally exemplified by his wife Florence (of New England Puritan stock, like himself), and by Leonora (who identifies herself as an Irish Catholic), as well as by Edward Ashburnham and by Nancy, who is an English Catholic.¹⁴ There is, evidently, no virtue in being a Catholic in *The Good Soldier*, since the experience of generations of persecution is said to have bred in Leonora the ‘Nonconformist temperament’.¹⁵ Leonora, too, is Anglo-Irish – a child of the British Empire, accustomed to rule over a hostile peasantry – and, moreover, she is coldly determined to maintain her position in English society. The hatred directed at her by Ford’s narrator is quite remarkable and, however unreliable Dowell is, I can only think that he provides a vent

for Ford's own growing irritation with the 'English character'. And what the Irish and American members of this quintet of characters have in common is that they are all the products of that onward westward migration from England that Ford had first described in *The Cinque Ports*.

I wish to conclude with some remarks on *Parade's End* in relation to Ford's position as the son of an immigrant, a writer able to position himself as both inside and outside English society. In *The Good Soldier* he takes up the perspective of a foolish and deeply flawed outsider, but in *Parade's End* he presents the interior monologues of at least three richly contrasted English characters, Tietjens, Sylvia and Valentine Wannop. Nevertheless there is much truth, surely, in Mary Colum's remark (quoted in Max Saunders' biography) that *No More Parades* reads 'as if it were the work of one of those aliens in the British Empire, Celt or Semite, who in their souls resent what England stands for' (Saunders, vol. 2, 288). It is not just Ford's apparent expression of sympathy with the Irish rebels brutally executed after the 1916 Easter Rising that leads to this conclusion. Sylvia Tietjens despises the war as an unending series of schoolboy games, while Valentine's suffragette demonstration on the golf course in *Some Do Not . . .* brings out the misogynistic violence lurking beneath the surface of Edwardian society. And what of Tietjens himself? Like Ford, he has an unpronounceable foreign name, sounding (we are told) something like 'Tea-tray' but also something like Titian.¹⁶ He is a civil servant, a member of the 'English public official class' to which entry was by competitive public examination, but he is also presented to us as the heir of the English country gentry, Tietjens of Groby, the younger son who is also the godson of General Lord Campion. A good deal of the novels' comedy comes from Tietjens's failure to profit from the silver spoon of ruling-class English nepotism, thrust into his mouth as it is – but then just as hastily withdrawn – by Campion and others.

Parade's End is Modernist in manner, but largely Edwardian in plot – even though Ford's decision to concentrate the action on a series of specific days, rather than using the novel's conventional means of historical narrative, leads to an extraordinary build-up of melodrama, fed by the slow drip-feed of crucial information that Ford stage-manages through the interior monologues. The construction is

like a theatrical farce. So what do I mean by saying that these novels are Edwardian in plot? The use of nepotism to bring the characters together is something Ford may have learnt from Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, and also from Wells's *Tono-Bungay* where George and Edward Ponderevo are uncle and nephew. Tietjens explains in *No More Parades* that 'Our station in Society naturally forms rather a close ring',¹⁷ but it is more than that. Sylvia goes to live with Christopher's godfather; Christopher lives with Valentine who is a virtual cousin; there are two Mark Tietjenses, uncle and nephew, both of them possible owners of Groby. McMaster is McKechnie's uncle (though the relationship is scarcely developed). Christopher's army postings in France are decided by his godfather and his brother. No wonder Wells called Ford himself 'the Only Uncle of the Gifted Young', and Rebecca West wrote of Ford's generation as her 'Edwardian uncles'.¹⁸

Another aspect of the plot not so much Edwardian as Victorian is the family curse on the Tietjens of Groby, caused by their dishonest expropriation of the land from its rightful owners in the seventeenth century. They are Protestant immigrants who came over with William of Orange – the estate previously belonged to a family of Catholic gentry. Tietjens' experience throughout the novel is represented as a continual process of mental distraction – partly the result of the hectic nature of modern life, of Society, bureaucracy and the war, partly an expression of his need to repress various intractable personal problems. But finally he has to confront the family curse, though (typically for Ford) he does so off-stage. In *Last Post* he flies to Groby to try to prevent the ancestral tree from being felled. But the tree, like the Tietjenses, is a European immigrant – it is a cedar imported from Sardinia,¹⁹ not an English oak or a wych-elm like the one in Forster's *Howards End*. It is surely high time it was felled, even though it takes an American to do it. Will Groby be rebuilt and restored after the damage done by uprooting the tree, and, if so, will Christopher or the young 'Catholic and Communist' Mark decide to do it? Or will the American tenants buy the estate and turn it into a grotesque feudal theme-park, as they have threatened to do? Ford leaves everything up in the air. It's as if, like Masterman in *The Condition of England*, he really can't tell where he stands, or whether the Last Post, blown by a drunken bugler on Armistice Day, actually

does mean the 'Last of England' (*LP* 98).

Apart from the younger genius whom he claimed to have 'discovered' – D. H. Lawrence – there is no more insistently English early twentieth-century novelist than Ford. Both Ford and Lawrence left England for good after the First World War; both were English writers for whom England had lost its solidity. But to Ford, much more than to Lawrence, we can apply the following statement by the contemporary novelist Hilary Mantel: that the god of writers is 'Janus, the double-faced god, the guardian of gates and doors'.²⁰

NOTES

1. 'Manifesto of the Communist Party', in Karl Marx, *The Revolutions of 1848*, ed. David Fernbach, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1973, pp. 70-1.
2. For a modern edition see Edward Lytton Bulwer, *England and the English*, ed. Standish Meacham, Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 1970.
3. H. Robert Huntley, *The Alien Protagonist of Ford Madox Ford*, Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1970, esp. pp. 45-6.
4. According to Bagehot, a national character is fixed by 'unconscious imitation' during 'long ages of transmitted discipline'. Walter Bagehot, *Physics and Politics* [1872], 6th edn., London: Kegan Paul, 1881, esp. pp. 37, 40.
5. Here Ford disagrees with the influential argument put forward by Sir John Seeley. See Sir J. R. Seeley, *The Expansion of England* [1883], 2nd edn., London: Macmillan, 1897, esp. pp. 54, 88-9.
6. C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, *A School History of England*, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1911, p. 22.
7. G. K. Chesterton, *A Short History of England*, London: Chatto & Windus, 1917, p. 241.
8. C. F. G. Masterman, *The Condition of England*, London: Methuen, 1909, pp. 18, 3.
9. Masterman, pp. 287-8.
10. Masterman, p. 236.

FORD AND THE SPIRIT OF EDWARDIAN ENGLAND

11. H. G. Wells, *Tono-Bungay*, London: Macmillan, 1909, p. 3.
12. Wells, p. 12.
13. *Parade's End: The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford*, vol. III, London: Bodley Head, 1963, pp. 223-4.
14. Vincent J. Cheng notes that in his 1913 study of *Henry James* Ford describes evasiveness and the refusal to call a 'spade a spade' as being characteristic of 'all Anglo-Saxondom' and not merely of the English; but Leonora does not define herself as Anglo-Saxon. See Vincent J. Cheng, 'The Spirit of *The Good Soldier* and *The Spirit of the People*', *English Literature in Transition 1880-1920* 32:3 (1989), 314.
15. Ford, *The Good Soldier*, ed. Martin Stannard, Norton Critical Edition, New York and London: W. W. Norton & Company, 1995, p. 47.
16. Valentine thinks of Christopher as 'a man with a name like Tea-tray' (*Parade's End: The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford*, vol. III, p. 108-9). The verbal association between Tietjens and Titian appears in Valentine's consciousness in *A Man Could Stand Up* -: 'That was because she, Valentine, was Tietjens' mistress. . . . There's a picture in the National Gallery called *Titian's Mistress*. . . .' (*Parade's End: The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford*, vol. IV, London: Bodley Head, 1963, p. 467).
17. *Parade's End: The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford*, vol. IV, p. 76.
18. Reginald Bliss [H. G. Wells], *Boon*, London: Fisher Unwin, 1915, p. 133; Rebecca West, 'Uncle Bennett', in *The Strange Necessity*, London: Cape, 1931, pp. 199-213.
19. *Last Post*, London: Duckworth, 1928 – hereafter *LP* – p. 155.
20. Hilary Mantel, 'No Passes or Documents Are Needed', in Zachary Leader, ed., *On Modern British Fiction*, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002, p. 106.