ENGLISH REVIEW, AMERICAN SPECTER: THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

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In December of 1908, Ford Madox Ford's monthly journal the *English Review* made its debut in the already crowded milieu of British periodicals. Ford's ambitious project to promote literature that aided what he called 'the comprehension of one kind of mind by another' was a financial failure, and he was forced to give up his post as editor after only fifteen issues.[1] This chapter asks what America meant to the *English Review*, and what role the figure of the American mind played in the journal's cultivation of what Ford called 'the critical attitude'.

As E. V. Lucas protested in a letter to Joseph Conrad, Ford's *Review* had a strong international character despite its Anglocentric name.[2] The serialization of Conrad's own *Some Reminiscences* in the first seven issues, along with Constance Garnett's translations of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, gave the literature of Eastern Europe significant representation in the *Review*. Some German and French texts appeared without translation, so even the language of the *English Review* was not always English.[3] Indeed, Ford hoped his journal would encourage modes of discourse associated with French culture. Mark Morrison has persuasively argued that Ford used the *Mercure de France* as a model for the *English Review*, hoping to emulate the French tradition of critical 'disinterestedness'.[4] As Morrison explains, Ford sought to emulate the older French journal's promotion of avant-garde literature, broad-ranging interests, and centrist position.[5]

The international character of the *English Review* came through largely in such attention to continental literature and culture, though its gaze did routinely advance beyond Europe by addressing the issues of the British Empire in India, Australia, South Africa, and Persia. At first glance, however, the issues from Ford's tenure show little of the transatlantic awareness that would mark his later editorial project, the *transatlantic review,* in name and spirit. The presence of works by W.

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H. Hudson and R. B. Cunninghame Graham put South America on the *English Review*'s map, but only on the barely sketched edges.

Few Americans or references to 'America'[6] appear in the early months of the *English Review*, but the exceptions are notable. The May 1909 issue includes an essay by President Taft called 'An Answer to the Panama Canal Critics',[7] and three early issues of the *Review* showcase Ezra Pound's avant-garde poetry. Contributors occasionally discussed American thinkers – the September 1909 issue, for example, contains an essay on the philosophy of William James. It is his brother Henry James, however, who is the most prominently featured American in the first fifteen issues of the *English Review*. In addition to receiving Ford's lavish praise in various editorial pieces, James published three short stories in the *Review* in 1908 and 1909. This chapter focuses on the first and most 'American' of those stories, 1908's 'The Jolly Corner', published in the inaugural issue of the *English Review*, and on Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson's series, 'Letters From America', which ran from November of 1909 to January of 1910.[8] Both offer Ford's readership a vivid image of turn-of-the-century America's seductive and threatening modernity. The American mind, as represented in these works, holds all the promise and danger of twentieth-century commerce and technological advancement. In treating the difficulties of knowing minds across the Atlantic, the works of both James and Dickinson speak to Ford's own editorial designs to analyze and bridge the distance between human minds by taking up the critical attitude.

Ford published at least one unsigned editorial in each of his fifteen issues of the *English Review*. In the first four issues of the journal, he addresses 'The Function of the Arts in the Republic'. His next series of editorials, 'The Critical Attitude', ran from April 1909 to February 1910. In typical fashion, Ford gives us no easy definition of what the 'critical attitude' means, despite dedicating thousands of words to this favored topic. The reader finds no instructions detailing how to cultivate or employ Ford's lauded frame of mind. As Max Saunders and Richard Stang insist in their introduction to his critical writings, '[Ford] hated systems and the systematizing mind'.[9] The critical attitude is certainly not identical to what we would call an 'objective attitude'. For Ford, the imaginative writer (the kind of writer the Republic needs most) who takes on the critical attitude remains confined to his own way of seeing: 'His business is to register a truth as he sees it, and no more than Pilate can he, as a rule, see the

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truth as it is' (*ER* III [Nov. 1909], 667). I would suggest that Ford's critical attitude means being aware always of the limits of personal vision while seeking to widen the scope and sharpen the focus of that vision by bringing it into contact with other minds.

Ford's first editorial in the *English Review* celebrates Henry James as the greatest living imaginative writer. James's great value to society, according to Ford, is his knack for expressing 'his view of life as it is' without forcing upon us his opinions or recommendations. Conveniently, Ford's understanding of James's 'view of life' matches his own view of modern life, which he describes as one 'in which intimacies are so rare, in which social contacts are so innumerable, in which it is no longer a matter of long letters but of the shortest notes' (*ER* I [Dec. 1908], 160). In a later piece examining the 'Literature of To-day', Ford continues to articulate anxieties about the fate of inter-personal interaction in the wake of modernization: living in large cities swelling with an ever-growing population, one's interaction with others, especially others who are not Englishmen of a similar back-ground, becomes shallow and limited. He laments, 'Of the history and of the thought of the great number of men with whom we come into contact we have no knowledge at all' (*ER* III [Oct. 1909], 488). It is the imaginative writer, by bringing us vicariously into contact with others, who can help assuage the 'great danger of losing alike human knowledge and human sympathy' that threatens modern man.[10]

Another editorial from the premier issue, 'The Unemployed', proclaims that Ford's project at the *English Review* is to publish and to publicize works that attempt to overcome the 'strange ignorances' between people in the modern world (*ER* I [Dec. 1908], 161). He pursued this project not only by publishing works that encourage readers to sympathize with the perspective of one who is 'other' in class, nationality, or gender, such as W. H. Davies's 'How it Feels to Be Out of Work' (Dec. 1908), Syed Sirdar Ali Khan's 'The Present Discontent in India' (Feb. 1909), or Olive Garnett's 'A Certainty' (June 1909), but also by publishing fiction that explores the difficulty of understanding or communicating with other people. In John Galsworthy's 'A Fisher of Men' (Dec. 1908), and H. M. Tomlinson's 'A Shipping Parish' (Sept. 1909), for example, we find two first-person narratives that ponder the potential violence involved in falsely presuming to know the interiority of others. It is when we come across *American* minds in the *English Review*, however, that we see most

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clearly why the critical attitude and its ability to overcome 'strange ignorances' is, as Ford affirms, so necessary.

James's supernatural tale 'The Jolly Corner' suggests that knowing the American mind can be a dangerous, or even horrific, experience. The piece offered for the English readers of Ford's journal the case of a particularly strange ignorance between minds – that between an American expatriate and his ghostly *doppelgänger*. James's story starts with the problem Ford identifies in his first *English Review* editorial: the modern city has a troubling way of inducing psychological isolation in the individual. The protagonist, Spencer Brydon, returns to New York after thirty-three years in Europe to oversee renovations on his childhood home, the titular Jolly Corner. Back in the company of old acquaintances, Brydon finds that he has drifted away from the collective American mind. He has difficulty understanding the people with whom he interacts in the great metropolis that is so different from the city of his youth – in many ways he no longer knows how to 'think' like an American.

The palpable modernity of turn-of-the-century New York disgusts Brydon. He finds that 'the "swagger" things, the modern, the monstrous, the famous things, those he had more particularly, like thousands of ingenuous inquirers every year, come over to see, were exactly his sources of dismay'.[11] Street cars employed to connect one part of the expanding city to another are 'terrible things that people scrambled for as the panic-stricken at sea scramble for the boats' (James 8). The Manhattan Brydon finds upon his return is so threateningly unknowable, so upsettingly new, that it seems to 'assault his vision' (James 5). What Brydon experiences when he looks on the much-changed city is, in fact, an assault on his selfhood. He can no longer see the world as he saw it decades earlier, because it has been radically remodeled. The lack of visual continuity is so great that he is cut off from his past, American self. The idea of New York as a space whose constant flux renders it, and the individual self, unknowable runs throughout James's late works such as *The American Scene* (1906) and *A Small Boy and Others* (1913). These texts had a significant influence on Ford; they echo in his own New York text, *New York is Not America* (1927). As Michèle Gemelos writes:

> Ford discovered firsthand that twentieth-century New York was not static and had not become knowable. The provisional quality of the city lends his project of writing New York as well as his image as a transatlantic literary figure an unfinished and temporal quality.[12]

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Ford, however, would manage in *New York is Not America* to do what James never could – celebrate modern New York.

Despite his dislike of Manhattan's culture of commerce, Brydon, a man of leisure, is surprised to find when dealing with his real estate that he possesses a keen business acumen. He will not, however, accept this acumen as a feature of his own mind. As Jeremy Tambling explains, Brydon's 'subjectivity depends on being able to split off the American self – which gives orders to the developers – from his European self'.[13] Negotiating with contractors about renovations on his property, he feels the 'lively stir' of a financial talent 'in a compartment of his mind never yet penetrated' (James 7). This unexplored American region of his mind, he feels, would have been thoroughly developed had he stayed, resulting in a man with a radically different psyche. Indeed, this unknown interior region is so threatening to Brydon's own sense of subjectivity that he has to project it outward, onto an exterior figure, to make it tolerable in its difference and unknowability. He becomes consumed with the notion of another Brydon, an alternate version who remained in New York.[14] Convinced that this ghostly Brydon exists, he roams the Jolly Corner nightly, seeking his alter ego. Both Brydon and his friend Alice Staverton, the only person who seems to him untainted by the march of American progress, agree that the alter ego would have been 'monstrous'. He tells her the other Brydon would have been 'quite hideous and offensive' (James 14), echoing his feelings about the city itself. Indeed, the modernity of the city offends him precisely because it forces him to acknowledge the self that is not the self, and thus the inherent instability of his view of the world.

I would argue that Brydon's *doppelgänger* is, in addition to a manifestation of his disgust, also a manifestation of his desire to know the American mind from which he is now separated by the 'strange ignorances' that worried Ford. Brydon comes to feel that he has known his spectral American self in a radical sense. Wandering the old house at night, sensing another presence, he believes that he has 'formed a relation' and 'enjoy[ed] a consciousness, unique in the experience of man' (James 18-19). Yet if Brydon's 'duplication of consciousness' is at first a 'joyous' experience (James 21), he soon descends into a state of panic when he encounters evidence that the alter ego has become corporeal. He ponders the madness that he fears will overtake him: 'It would send him straight about to the window he

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had left open, and by that window [. . .] he saw himself uncontrollably, insanely, fatally take his way to the street' (James 27). The experience of feeling his consciousness, which was shaped by old New York and Europe, overlap with the monstrous modern American consciousness is unbearable.

When Brydon does finally muster the courage to leave the house, he finds the alter ego, an anguished version of himself missing two fingers, waiting on the ground floor. When the figure before him uncovers his face, Brydon finally rejects his formerly cherished notion of another Spencer Brydon. We read:

> Horror, with the sight, had leaped into Brydon's throat, gasping there in a sound he couldn't utter; for the bared identity was too hideous as *his*, and his glare was the passion of his protest [. . .] It was unknown, inconceivable, awful, disconnected from any possibility –! [. . .] Such an identity fitted his at *no* point, made its alternative monstrous. A thousand times yes, as it came upon him nearer now – the face was the face of a stranger. (James 30)

Brydon's horror, despite his panicked feelings at the moment of revelation, derives not from the alter ego's unknowability or inconceivability, but rather from the fact that the other *has* been known. As the alter ego advances with what appears to be violent intent, Brydon passes out. He wakes unharmed – apparently the alter ego disappeared at the moment Brydon lost consciousness. Still, Brydon denies that the man he saw is the other Brydon, the other side of his double consciousness. He tells Miss Staverton, 'But this brute, with his awful face – this brute's a black stranger. He's none of *me*, even as I *might* have been' (James 34).

'The Jolly Corner' was the first piece of fiction that readers of the new *English Review* found in December of 1908. It follows only Thomas Hardy's poem 'A Sunday Morning Tragedy' in the inaugural issue. As Philip Horne points out, James wrote the story in 1906 and only sold it to Ford after Harper's rejected it, so I do not suggest that James purposefully participates in Ford's editorial project to introduce readers to new kinds of minds.[15] Yet 'The Jolly Corner' does suggest that there is a serious danger in letting our national 'minds' become inaccessible to each other. The story's prominent place means that from the start of the *English Review*'s run, America is made to stand for the idea of a threatening modernity, such that even to conceive the American mind is to endanger the integrity of one's selfhood.[16] Such resistance to the American mind seems, at first, to undermine Ford's

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editorial project. While it is no doubt true that Ford would have published anything James gave him, even if it explicitly refused to ameliorate any 'strange ignorances' between minds, James's text in fact brings the critical attitude to bear on his country of birth. What James gives us in 'The Jolly Corner' is, as Ford would argue, a particularly Jamesian perspective. It is the perspective of the consummate expatriate who is both insider and outsider, but it does not coincide directly with Brydon's perspective. We see the monstrous American specter, but we also see Brydon constructing and reading that specter with a decided lack of critical thought. The alter ego, once corporeal, neither threatens nor harms Brydon directly, leaving the reader to wonder if his monstrosity derives from the sense of alienation Brydon brings to America rather than from America itself.

Brydon's attitude may not be the most 'critical' when it comes to dealing with new minds, but he does fit squarely with the *English Review*'s anti-commercial ethos. Ford's critical attitude involves seeking new perspectives *and* escaping certain others. The critical attitude demands rejection of a bourgeois perspective that values money and propriety over art. While the critical attitude is not anti-money, it certainly questions the culture of commerce, especially as the culture competes with Arnoldian high culture. As Morrison elaborates:

> Ford's goal for the *English Review* was to cleanse the dominant public sphere of two phenomena that Habermas identifies as partly responsible for the fragmentation and transformation of the bourgeois public sphere during the nineteenth century – the undermining of critical deliberation by commercialization in the realm of letters, and the intrusion of competing private interests into the public sphere. (Morrison 514)

This anti-bourgeois stance is central to the *English Review* throughout Ford's editorship, and because of James's story it becomes immediately entrenched in the journal's ethos by the grotesque specter of the commercial American mind. This haunting presence from across the Atlantic returns to the pages of Ford's journal near the end of his editorship, in G. Lowes Dickinson's three-part series, 'Letters from America'.

Dickinson, a Cambridge historian well known in his day for his books *A Greek View of Life* (1896), *Letters from John Chinaman* (1901), and *A Modern Symposium* (1905), and remembered vaguely today as one of the minds behind the founding of the League of Nations, was the son of the portrait painter Lowes Dickinson. The

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elder Dickinson and Ford's grandfather, Ford Madox Brown, were, in Ford's own words, 'life-long friends'.[17] Dickinson first went to America in 1901. According to his literary executor and biographer, E. M. Forster, Dickinson found America to be 'an inspiration as well as an irritant'.[18] In 1909, Dickinson returned to America on a lecture tour, and apparently 'promised to write [. . .] impressions from America' to Ford.[19] Dickinson's letters display two central characteristics of the critical attitude: the rejection of crass commercial ways of seeing and the desire to understand other kinds of minds.

Dickinson's rejection of commercialism, especially the potent American strain of commercialism, is readily apparent throughout his series. He sees the United States as a nation that values commerce and trade over the arts and education. If we agree with Jason Harding that the *English Review* was 'a forum expressively designed to jolt John Bull from his intractable artistic philistinism',[20] then Dickinson's figure of America acts as a vacant-headed bogeyman sent to give the English reader a good fright. Indeed, most of Dickinson's impressions do little to recommend the American mind to the audience of the *English Review*. Forster notes that Dickinson's feelings about the United States 'changed after the election of Wilson and were to become still more favourable, and he regretted his earlier note of exasperation' (Forster 133), but in 1909 his opinion of America was very low indeed.

The second aspect of the critical attitude that I claim for Dickinson, the desire to understand other minds, is more difficult to identify in his 'Letters'. It is often hard to believe that Dickinson is trying to comprehend the American mind, as when he dismissively writes, 'Not seldom I feel among Americans, as the Egyptian is said to have felt among the Greeks, that I am moving in a world of precocious and inexperienced children' (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 198). Certainly, such statements give little evidence to an American reader that Dickinson explored the United States with any intention to clear up 'strange ignorances' between our two national minds, or that he intends his impressions to be anything more than an ethnography of primitives. Indeed, the publication of Dickinson's letters caused a mild stir in America. The *New York Times* reported that Dickinson 'rend[s] us wholesale' in the first installment of his series, and asked a group of four scholars and authors, including William Dean Howells, to comment on Dickinson's opinions. All four saw very little value in Dickinson's assessment, as he was 'only an occasional visitor'.[21]

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Dickinson's infantilization of Americans seems to indicate little affinity of mind with Ford, who would later open *New York is Not America* by writing, 'I beg – I beg – I *beg* – the reader of the pages that follow not to imagine that their author is that ludicrous and offensive being, the superior European, or the superior Briton who patronizes American peoples and institutions as if they were children or the products of childish minds' (*NYNA* vii). Yet what Dickinson is doing throughout his letters, besides being brutally honest, is demonstrating how difficult it is to grasp the workings of another kind of mind. As Dickinson jokes at one point, he does not speak the American language – in the States, things as simple as comic strips can be, to his English mind, fundamentally inaccessible.

One of the central faults that Dickinson finds in the American character is its fundamental lack of the critical attitude that desires to see other perspectives. America is a country of pioneers where, he tells us, 'the individual is everything and the society nothing' (*ER* III [Nov. 1909], 574).[22] Dickinson elaborates on American individualism in his sixth letter, called 'Red-bloods and Mollycoddles'. All men, he says, fall into one of two categories. The Red-blood is the man of action with a 'general incapacity to understand any point of view but his own' and 'no inner life' (*ER* IV [Dec. 1909], 38). Americans, as one might readily guess, tend to belong to this category of man in Dickinson's estimation. While the Red-blood is profoundly masculine, his lack of intellect and his underdeveloped emotional life fit with Dickinson's understanding of the American nation as one in an immature stage of development. The Mollycoddle, who 'is all inner life', is the Redblood's opposite. Philosophers, poets, and artists are all Mollycoddles. Both, Dickinson makes clear, are necessary for the survival of civilization. Dickinson maintains that while England and Germany have strong Redblooded tendencies, compared to America, 'Europe as a whole might almost be called Mollycoddle' (*ER* IV [Dec. 1909], 40). The atmosphere of America, Dickinson has decided, nourishes neither the Mollycoddle nor the faculty of imagination (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 202). Most Americans do not then, in Dickinson's estimation, have awareness of their own interiority.

We get the sense from Dickinson that the American has no interest in other minds, except in their capacity to consume goods. Reading the Sunday paper, Dickinson is disgusted by the number of advertisements and the space devoted to automobiles. He describes two days spent on a train as a nightmare of billboards:

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> a jumbled vision of huge wooden cows cut out in profile and offering from dry udders a fibrous milk; of tins of biscuits portrayed with a ghastly realism of perspective [. . .] of gigantic quakers, multiplied as in an interminable series of mirrors and offering me a myriad meals of indigestible oats. (*ER* IV [Dec. 1909], 41)

To be sure, Dickinson has a sense of humor. He is not, like Spencer Brydon, reduced to a quivering mass by the looming face of American commercialism. His words, however, do suggest that a commercial atmosphere is stifling, and even incapacitating. Dickinson goes on at length, describing the terrible billboards that assault his vision much the same as New York's changed face assaults Brydon. We soon find that like Brydon, Dickinson is mostly upset by the thought of a cherished landscape being remodeled by commerce. He admits that such billboards, or sky-signs, as he calls them, are not confined to America, but 'haunt with equal pertinacity the lovelier landscapes of my own dear country' (*ER* IV [Dec. 1909], 42). Here, the reader starts to sense that what is upsetting about the American mindset, so focused on business and the accumulation of individual wealth, is that it derives not from America itself, but rather from the gathering wave of modernity that affects the whole world. For Dickinson, America evokes the anxieties that Ford would articulate in his final editorial essay at the *English Review*: 'We have to watch modern life sweeping away the traditions that we love, the places that we deem hallowed: we have to consider that it is blowing away us ourselves as if we were no more than a little dust' (*ER* IV [Feb. 1910], 534).

Dickinson recalls lying awake and considering the condition of man in the modern American city, places like New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh that are controlled by the telegram and its news of the markets. Like his friend Forster, whose 1910 novel *Howards End* communicated anxieties about modern innovations like the motor-car that meant 'human beings heard each other speak with greater difficulty',[23] Dickinson worries about the possibility for human connection in a society shaped by rapidly developing technologies. Echoing Ford and anticipating modernist sentiments such as those that Yeats, for example, would articulate in his 1920 poem 'The Second Coming', Dickinson considers how economic and technological changes are affecting America and the world beyond: 'In all this continent, I thought, in all the western world, there is not a human soul whose will seeks any peace at all [. . . .] All move, but about no centre [. . . .] There is not one of them who conceives that he has a place' (*ER*

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III [Nov. 1909], 580). Dickinson's memories of a trip to Niagara Falls go further in articulating his anxieties about the overpowering modernity of America. The Falls become a figure of the destructive power of the modern as Dickinson's straightforward prose morphs into a surreal dream vision in which a disembodied voice wakes him from a stupor induced by the roar of the water and says 'All America is Niagara [. . . .] Force without direction, noise without significance, speed without accomplishment' (*ER* III [Nov. 1909], 584-5). This American specter, the ghostly voice Dickinson's letters transmit to England, sends a message that Dickinson, despite his discomfort in America, is loath to accept. He finds himself briefly trying to defend America by saying 'something banal about progress', only to be shouted down by the voice, which cries out: 'There is no progress! It is always the same river!' (*ER* III [Nov. 1909], 584-5).

Dickinson recognizes that America is not the source of that 'river'. Noting in epilogue to his final letter that all of his impressions have been critical or hostile, Dickinson admits, 'The truth is that all the things I dislike in modern civilisation are peculiarly prominent in this country; and I have been more interested in civilisation than in America' (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 206). In fact, Dickinson becomes suddenly generous in his final letter, admitting his knowledge of the American mind is at best cursory:

> How would it be, I wonder, if I could visit England as a stranger? If I saw her only from the outside? Got my impressions from travel, from the press and magazines, from casual conversation? [. . . .] I think, in that case, my vision of England would not be more flattering than my vision of America. (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 206)

Ultimately, Dickinson surrenders his voice to the great noise he hears filling the New York night: 'Let my little voice be drowned for you by the voices that fill the air. All that I have said is true, to the best of my perceptions. But it is not the Truth; and America, like Europe, like Asia, like life, waits for the truth to judge' (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 207). Dickinson, in keeping with the *English Review*'s guiding principles, offers his voice as one of many – its value rests not in its claim to truth but rather in its difference and singularity. As Ford would later say of 'the right to write of "*my* Gotham"' in *New York is Not America*, 'You may complain that that image is not yours: that cannot be helped. You did not pay your money – you were certainly not asked to – to read your own deductions from statistics and newspaper columns' (*NYNA*

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x). Dickinson's series is, ultimately, a test of the critical attitude. Confronted with what we might see as the most extreme *un*critical attitude – that of modern commercialism in a stage of rampant growth – Dickinson still manages to step back and question the shaping of his own perspective and the validity of his own opinions.

Dickinson presents his Epilogue as an afterthought, a concession to the beauty of New York after nine letters detailing the ugliness of America:

> When I wrote these lines I meant to conclude; and I stepped out upon the terrace that looks across the East River to New York. The spectacle enthralled me; nothing more extraordinary is presented in the modern world. Across the gulf before me, went shooting forward and back interminable rows of fiery shuttles; and on its surface seemed to float blazing basilicas. Beyond, rose into the darkness a dazzling tower of light, dusking and shimmering, primrose and green, up to a diadem of gold. About it hung galaxies and constellations, outshining the firmament of stars. (*ER* IV [Jan. 1910], 207)[24]

When Dickinson reprinted 'Letters From America' in *Appearances* in 1914, he moved this description of the East River and Manhattan as seen from Brooklyn into a new 'letter' at the start of the text. He named the new letter 'The Divine Average' in an allusion to Walt Whitman, that lone American Mollycoddle. If America eventually becomes less horrifying and more knowable for Dickinson, what, finally, is America to the *English Review*? America is the specter that haunts because it simultaneously is and is not the other. America is, like Brydon's ghostly alter ego, the other that terrifies precisely because it is a mirror to the chaotic modern self, but it is also the other that illuminates a new perspective, allowing one to look beyond the self and perhaps, in Ford's words, 'seek order in this disorder' of modern life (*ER* IV [Feb. 1910] 534).

NOTES

1 *English Review* – henceforth *ER* – I [Dec. 1908], 63. Throughout this chapter, references to *ER* are given parenthetically in the text, giving just volume number, date, and page number. Ford's two series of editorials from *ER*, 'On the Function of the Arts in the Republic' (*ER* I [Dec. 1908-Mar. 1909]) and 'The Critical Attitude' (*ER* II-IV [April 1909-Feb. 1910]), were reprinted in *The Critical Attitude,* London: Duckworth, 1911. As my argument here pertains to *ER* and what I see as

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Ford's editorial project, and there are some differences in the reprinted version, I quote from the original text. According to Violet Hunt, *ER* lost £120 a month. See Hunt, *I Have This to Say*, New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926, p. 78. See also Douglas Goldring, *South Lodge: Reminiscences of Violet Hunt, Ford Madox Ford and the English Review Circle,* London: Constable, 1943, p. 53. Ford's financial woes as editor and his ousting from *ER* have been well documented. See Max Saunders, *Ford Madox Ford: A Dual Life,* 2 vols, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996, vol. 1, pp. 238-75. See also Nora Tomlinson, '"An Old Man Mad About Writing" but Hopeless with Money: Ford Madox Ford and the Finances of the English Review', *Ford Madox Ford, Modernist Magazines and Editing*, ed. Jason Harding, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2010, pp. 143-51 (p. 149).

2 Laurence Davies and Frederick R. Karl, eds., *The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad: Volume 4, 1908-1911*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990, p. 246.

3 Ford published works by Gerhart Hauptmann, Camille Pelletan, Camille Mauclair, and Anatole France in the original German or French.

4 Mark Morrison, 'The Myth of the Whole: Ford's *English Review*, the *Mercure de France*, and Early British Modernism', *ELH* 63:2 (1996), 513-33 – henceforth 'Morrison'; p. 514.

5 Morrison 520. It is worth noting, as Morrison is sure to do, that 'disinterestedness' is also part of an English tradition. Matthew Arnold argued in 1864 that the critic should make being 'disinterested' the rule on which he bases his work. Matthew Arnold, 'The Function of Criticism at the Present Time', *Essays Literary and Critical*, London: J. M. Dent, 1906, pp. 1-12 (p. 12).

6 In this chapter I use the term 'America' to refer to the United States. This use of 'America' reflects not my own chauvinism as a citizen of the United States, but rather what is in the *English Review* the dominant understanding of 'America' – when Ford and his contributors use the term, they are almost always dealing with the United States, or at most North America.

7 As is typical for the era, Taft uses the word 'American' strictly to refer to citizens of his own country – others are 'foreigners'. See *ER* II [May 1909], 394.

8 G. Lowes Dickinson, 'Letters from America', *ER* III [Nov. 1909], 574-86; *ER* IV [Dec. 1909 and Jan. 1910], 3-46, 198-207.

9 Max Saunders and Richard Stang, 'Introduction', in *Critical Essays of Ford Madox Ford*, eds. Saunders and Stang, Manchester: Carcanet, 2002, p. xi.

10 *ER* III [Oct. 1909], 488. See also Ford, *The Soul of London*, London: Alston Rivers, 1905. In this early work Ford writes that a young provincial lately arrived in the bustling modern city of London 'will not ever have been so alone' (7).

11 Henry James, 'The Jolly Corner', *ER* I [Dec. 1908], pp. 5-35 – henceforth 'James'; p. 6.

12 Michèle Gemelos, 'New York Minutes: Ford's Notes on the City', *Ford Madox Ford and the City*, IFMFS 4, ed. Sara Haslam, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2005, pp. 181-95 –henceforth 'Gemelos'; p. 184.

13 Jeremy Tambling, *Henry James*, London: Macmillan, 2000, p. 212.

14 I read Brydon's alter ego primarily as a manifestation of anxieties about his Americanness. Others, however, have persuasively argued that the alter ego is the manifestation of a lost or unrealized sexual identity. Peter Collister, for example, writes, 'the true ghost of this ghost story embodies a personal identity revealing

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the repressed "other", the psychosexual formation of a lifetime' in *Writing the Self: Henry James and America,* London: Pickering & Chatto, 2007, p. 140.

15 Philip Horne, 'Henry James and the *English Review*', *Ford Madox Ford, Modernist Magazines and Editing*, IFMFS 9, ed. Jason Harding, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2010, pp. 25-51 (p. 32).

16 James's image of America stands in stark contrast to the overwhelmingly positive one Ford would put forward in *New York is Not America* (though in that volume New York comes off decidedly better than the 'Unknowable' America beyond Hoboken). See Ford, *New York is Not America: Being a Mirror to the States*, New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1927 – henceforth *NYNA*; p. 20. The America of 'The Jolly Corner' does, however, mesh well with the sentiment we see in Ford's hyperbolic 1906 letter to James Pinker from Newport, Rhode Island: 'My ruin and desolation wait upon the day when you inspired me to come to this land! [. . .] I can't imagine what I came for. May the Lord pardon you'. See Richard M. Ludwig, ed., *Letters of Ford Madox Ford*, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1965, p. 24.

17 Ford, *Ford Madox Brown: A Record of His Life and Work,* London: Longmans, 1896, p. 55.

18 E. M. Forster, *Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson,* New York: Harcourt, 1934 – henceforth 'Forster'; p. 128.

19 *ER* III [Nov. 1909], 574. I have not been able to find detailed information about the history of Dickinson's series and the scope of Ford's editorial involvement. The 'Letters' are reprinted, along with articles on Japan and India, in the collection *Appearances*, London: J. M. Dent, 1914, but Dickinson makes no mention of Ford in his introduction.

20 Jason Harding, 'The Englishness of the *English Review*', *Ford Madox Ford and Englishness*, IFMFS 5, ed. Dennis Brown and Jenny Plastow, Amsterdam: Rodopi, 2006, pp. 137-45 (p. 138).

21 'Concerning Culture – Or Lack of It – In America: G. Lowes Dickinson's Criticism Amuses and Interests Representative American Scholars', *The New York Times*, 26 Dec. 1909, Magazine Section, p. SM2. The article mistakenly cites the source of Dickinson's 'Letters' as the *Cambridge Review*.

22 What Dickinson sees as a dangerous solipsism is a trait we Americans are trained to extol – since the late 1800s we have called it 'rugged individualism'.

23 E. M. Forster, *Howards End*, New York: Modern Library, 1999, p. 98.

24 The similarities between Dickinson's description of Manhattan at night in 'Letters' and Ford's in *NYNA,* where he writes, 'Just before writing the above I had watched the great black, light-pierced hill that towers above the Battery and the North River Piers withdraw little by little. Little roads on the slope were indicated by chains of lamps; high on the left towered the lit windows of a cathedral, ablaze on the black background' (*NYNA* xii), should encourage us to consider Dickinson's series a probable influence on Ford's much later text.

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