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"Transmuting" Nancy Cunard

Les poètes, devant mes grandes attitudes,
Que j'ai l'air d'emprunter aux plus fiers monuments
Consumeront leurs jours en d'astères études;

Car j'ai, pour fasciner ces dociles amants,
De purs miroirs qui font toutes choses plus belles:
Mes yeux, mes larges yeux aux clartés éternelles!

Charles Baudelaire, "La Beauté"¹

C'est, sans doute, l'instant qu'Alice devrait surprendre. Où elle devrait, elle-même, entrer en scène. Avec ses yeux violés. Bleus et rouges. Qui connaissent l'endroit, l'envers, et le revers; le flou de la déformation; le noir ou blanc de la perte d'identité.

Luce Irigaray, "Le Miroir, de l'Autre Côté"²

This paper is about a series of meetings of the aesthetic with the real, political, and personal. It is about some of the ways in which "language casts sheaves of reality upon the social body, stamping it and violently shaping it (Wittig 64). And it is about the "transmutation" of a woman seeking to enter history into the represented feminine. The woman is Nancy Cunard (1896-1965); the transmuting artists include John Banting, Cecil Beaton, Man Ray, Aldous Huxley, Michael Arlen, and Richard Aldington; and the "transmutations" are both the widely circulated photographs and paintings of the 'twenties and early 'thirties and some "keyed" fictions. The facts of fashion, photographic style, and literary disguise have together given us a *topos* of modernism. "Nancy Cunard," it is commonly known, bringing together two complex literary and historical fictions, is "the modern woman."

Nancy Cunard was a poet, publisher, journalist and political activist.³ Her mother, Maud Burke, later Lady Emerald Cunard, wife of Sir Bache Cunard of the shipping family, was a Californian who became a prominent society hostess, mistress of Sir Thomas Beecham,

and a powerful patron of the official arts in England. Nancy married disastrously, and, as it turned out, briefly, in 1916. After that, she took many lovers, a fact she treated with markedly less than conventional discretion and about which there was much gossip. In 1920 she moved to Paris, partly to escape her mother, whose high society life she scorned, and in the 'twenties she moved frequently between London, where her wide literary acquaintance included Ezra Pound, Wyndham Lewis, T.S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, Leonard and Virginia Woolf, among many others, and Paris, where her friends included Tristan Tzara, Man Ray, Louis Aragon and the American expatriates, especially Solita Solano and Janet Flanner. Her first poems were published in the Sitwells' anthology *Wheels* (for which she wrote the title poem). Later, there appeared three collections — *Outlaws* (1921), *Sublunary* (1923), and *Parallax*, which was printed and published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf in 1925. *Poems. Two* appeared in 1930. Her founding, in 1928, of the Hours Press marked an important moment in the Small Press movement. Her memoir of the press, which published works by, among others, Aldington, Pound, Beckett, Roy Campbell, Robert Graves, Laura Riding, Arthur Symons, Brian Howard, and Havelock Ellis, appeared as *These Were the Hours*, in 1969. She was assisted in the Press by her lover of the time, Henry Crowder, a Black United States jazz musician, for whom she collected and published *Henry Music* (1930), poems by Aldington, Beckett, herself and others set to music by Crowder. She had now for several years been collecting and wearing the African bracelets that became associated with her name, and, strikingly, with her painted and photographed image. (This fine collection was lost when her house in France was vandalized in World War Two.) Her relationship with Crowder provoked a final rupture with her mother: after Lady Cunard learned of their affair, Beecham wrote to Nancy in Paris asking her to cancel plans to visit England with Crowder. But Nancy did visit England, and she also wrote and published her pamphlet, *Black Man and White Ladyship* (1931), a bridge-burning attack on the British aristocracy and on the Colour Bar in Britain. Under the heading “White Ladyship,” she attacked her mother's racism and snobbery: these were, she said, like official art, grounded in caste and financial privilege. Under the heading “Black Man,” she gave a brief account of the slave trade and the subsequent history of Blacks in Anglo-Saxon countries. Her pamphlet produced uproar: George Moore, her childhood friend, her mother's former lover (and, Nancy wished to think, her own father), was briefly estranged from her because of it; her own class, unsurprisingly, was outraged. She became, as it was fashionable to say, *déclassée*. (It is remarkable that her pamphlet is still thought of chiefly as a regrettable

lapse into personal acrimony: most commentators treat it as an aspect of the psychology of the relationship between the mother and the daughter. Anne Chisholm does not include it in her "List of Nancy Cunard's Writings." [Chisholm 343]) In Nancy Cunard's own life, events recounted in the pamphlet were crucial: they confirmed her in her political passion. She gave up The Hours Press to devote her energies to compiling *Negro*, a "gigantic, eight-hundred-and-fifty-page anthology," as Janet Flanner called it, published in 1934, which "was the first book of such scope — of such unlimited immediate hopes for the Negroes" (152). *Negro*, dedicated to Crowder, turned an early surrealist interest in African art to precise political purpose. "It was necessary to make this book," Cunard wrote, "for the recording of the struggles and achievements, the persecutions and the revolts against them, of the Negro people The spirit and determination in the Negro to break through the mountain of tyranny heaped on him is manifested in his rapid evolution, since Emancipation in 1863, of his own cultural organisations." (*Negro* iii) She also campaigned against what she called "the Scottsboro frame-up," an "attempt to electrocute 9 innocent black Alabamians" (*Negro* iii; see Chisholm 175-76) who were falsely accused of rape and several times condemned to death. In the early 'thirties, she travelled to the United States to work on that campaign and to gather material for her anthology. Stories circulated that Cunard, who had been associated with Communism in Paris in the 'twenties and whose anthology vigorously proposed a revolutionary Communism, had become *persona non grata* in the United States. Later, "she was speeded up by history itself," as Janet Flanner put it (152). She worked in the cause of Republican Spain, and went there during the war to write for *The Manchester Guardian* and the *Associated Negro Press*. "And," writes Hugh Ford, who collected material on Cunard's life, "from the crush of inevitable (quixotic) defeat was born her final victory, her humane greatness, her compassion, her Swiftian indignation" ("Introduction" xi). In spring, 1937, she printed on the Hours Press machine a series of six leaflets of poems inspired by the war (including Auden's "Spain"), and the same year the *Le Review* published, as *Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War*, opinions she had gathered from 148 "Writers and Poets of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales," together with some other well known writers (See Chisholm 238-39, 240-41). During World War Two she worked as a translator for the Free French in London, and gathered and published *Poems for France*. In 1942, she wrote with George Padmore *The White Man's Duty*, on colonialism in Africa. Anne Chisholm quotes a note she found in Cunard's papers:

When of SELF writing: Re the three main things.

1. Equality of races.
2. Of sexes.
3. Of classes.

I am in accord with all countries and all individuals who feel, and act, as I do on this score. (Chisholm 307)

Hugh Ford called his book about her *Nancy Cunard: Brave Poet, Indomitable Rebel*.

That then is the “model” for the visual and fictional portraits. Born to privilege and official art, she moved to the opposing avant-garde, then systematically politicized her idea of art. Her collection of bracelets, initially an interest she shared with Aragon, acquired a pointed political frame after her relationship with Crowder kept her out of English hotels. *Parallax*, her long poem about the development of the modern poet’s mind, markedly post-*Waste Land*, is a far cry from *Negro* and her later collaborative works. In the opening sentence of *Negro*, quoted above, Cunard said that it was “necessary” to make the book as a political and cultural act: she also said, in the same sentence, that it was necessary to make it in the way she did, “as an Anthology of some 150 voices of both races.” The same principle prompts the books she made for Spain and France. The multiplicity of voice in her later work, the collectivity of her collections, was not accidental.

This political woman was eaten up by the arts. While she politicized them, they aestheticized her. She is known most now, as she was in her own time, as the product of their free play. In her own time, she was widely known as Iris March in Michael Arlen’s *The Green Hat*; in ours, she is best known as Lucy Tantamount in Huxley’s *Point Counter Point*. She also appears in *Antic Hay* and perhaps in other works by Huxley; she is Baby Bucktrout in Wyndham Lewis’s *The Roaring Queen*, Constance in Richard Aldington’s “Now Lies She There, An Elegy,” and Aurelia in Robert Nichols’s sequence of twenty-seven dismal sonnets. Anne Chisholm, who has written the fullest biography, is, like Hugh Ford, fascinated by the fact of the fictions. She suggests that Eliot’s *Fresca*, the mondaine of *The Waste Land* drafts, derives from the poet’s acquaintance with Cunard; she sees Cunard sketched in Aragon’s *Blanche ou l’Oubli* and in “a long passage . . . in the edition of *Irène* published by L’Or du Temps, Paris, 1968.” She also quotes, from *Unconditional Surrender*, Waugh’s fictional history of the fictions attaching to Nancy Cunard. She was, Waugh’s character says, speaking of Virginia Troy and Myra Viveash and Iris March, “the exquisite, the doomed, and the damning.” (See Chisholm 339, 104, 348n, 82) Textually consumed, Nancy Cunard also became the exemplary art object for a generation of painters and photographers

— Banting, Ray, and Beaton, whom I have mentioned, and also Curtis Moffat, Wyndham Lewis, Alvaro Guevara, Eugene MacCown, and Oscar Kokoschka. Brancusi called one of his sculptures by her name.

The historical, the “real” Nancy Cunard, who broke the rules of sexual, party-political, racial, class and national politics, sometimes managing all of these infractions at once, raises with unusual directness some questions about the texts and images in which she is figured. She poses the questions of how the artistic accounts deal with the political, whether they register or evade her multiple transgressions, and how the artists align themselves in relation to her. She also raises the question Susan Suleiman raised in another context: “to what extent are the ‘high cultural’ productions of the avant-garde of our century in a relation of complicity rather than in a relation of rupture vis-à-vis dominant ideologies?” (128).

The pictures and texts I have chosen to consider here do take on the themes of the life, the particularizing features and actions of the historical Cunard, all of them claiming, in one way or another, to represent the historical woman. What is most remarkable about all of them as representations is their displacement and silencing of the racial and class politics of their “model.” Transgression is their theme, enthusiastically embraced, but they make it clear that there are canonized transgressions, too. The transmuting of Nancy Cunard consists both of sexual reduction and of the transfer of her violations of the rules of racial, class, and national identity to the account of her sexual infractions. The sexual infractions are clamorous in these portraits of “the modern woman”; the others, transposed into this key, are muted. This transmuting has a history: as Cunard’s difference from the dominant becomes more marked, the representations, both visual and literary, become sharper. In work of the early ’twenties, Cunard is represented, unsurprisingly, chiefly as a gender transgressor (though even in Arlen’s novel of 1924, the sexual theme is made to carry more than its own weight). Later, after she had affiliated herself with radical politics when she was compiling *Negro*, working in the Scottsboro campaign and definitively burning her bridges, her racial, class, and national politics are transferred, in both the pictures and the texts, to the “politically neutral” but decidedly hostile sexual category.

The paintings and photographs demonstrate. Gender transgression — the fashionable gender-bending of a woman with her head in the clouds — supplies the content of a 1923 portrait by Eugene MacCown (who also designed the covers for *Parallax*). Here, Cunard, leg crossed, ostentatiously masculine, holds a walking stick and wears not only trousers, vest, and cravat, but also her father’s top-hat, an object freighted with comic transgressive significance (fig. 1). (Janet Flanne



FIG. 1. Portrait of Nancy Cunard by Eugene MacCown, 1923.

was also photographed wearing it as part of a fancy-dress costume.)¹⁵ Another photograph of the 'twenties, taken by Man Ray, shows Tristan Tzara kissing Cunard's hand. It also takes up the travesty theme, giving a similar exchange of gender values, but mockingly, since Cunard's retreating body line mocks in its pose the ritual of pursuit and supplication.

This is familiar play with the "problem" of "the modern woman," but by the time she sat for Man Ray and Cecil Beaton in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, Cunard's shifted racial, class, and cultural politics were clear, her relationship with Crowder known. Man Ray's photograph of 1927 brings its subject's cultural politics under the control of erotic representation (fig. 2).⁵ It lays her African bracelets against her leopard-skin shirt and softly dissipates the black and white leopard-skin pattern of the background. Cunard here is quite conventionally "feminized": her eyes look demurely out of the picture; her hands suggest supplication. (A photograph made by Barbara Ker-Seymer in the early 'thirties uses some of this imagery quite differently; in this photograph, Cunard looks through a dark veil, wears a leopard-skin collar, and stands in front of the hung skin of a tiger: here she is not demure, but looks directly, challengingly out of the photograph.)⁶

Beaton's photographs deal quite differently with the political context. They make the medium itself, the black and white photography, inscribe the racial messages. In these portraits, black and white provide the principles of a sharply oppositional design, and the subject, who is taken into the design by means I shall discuss shortly, is hostile and challenging. Beaton printed his best-known photograph of Cunard in his *Book of Beauty*, 1930, which also gives descriptions of his subjects. The descriptions, intended as "an analysis of modern beauty" (Beaton 4), derive directly from a "modernity" already several generations old when Beaton borrowed it: artfully imposing, as do the photographs in this book, the dignity of the aesthetic upon the raw female matter, they give more than a whiff of Baudelaire's by now decomposing opposition of the dandy and "the woman." Beaton offered his society photographs nevertheless as representations of "the latest varieties of Venus." Virginia Woolf, who refused to sit for the photographer and who qualified neither as venerean nor as modern, as Beaton saw it, did not escape description: "the mere knowledge that *maquillage* exists is disturbing in connection with her," Beaton wrote, "for when one sees her so sensitively nervous and with the poignant beauty of the lady in the faded photograph in the oval frame, the lady who is one's grandmother as a girl, one realises that a face can be a reverend and sacred thing" (37). Nancy Cunard and her mother, by contrast, seemed to Beaton to be entirely up-to-date. Emerald, he said,

was “absolutely contemporary.” He gives three “sketches” of Nancy Cunard, the written one, a pencil sketch showing her seated before a cloth on which her African bracelets are displayed, and the well-known photograph in which she sits, wearing the bracelets, in front of black and white curtains (fig. 3). Beaton’s words are instructive: he notes that Cunard paints her eyes “as the Arab women do,” calls her appearance “Egyptian” (detecting something of the “serpent” about her eyes and “Nephertiti’s long upper lip and slightly pouting mouth”), and says that she reminds him of “a robot woman in a German film,” though, he says, “this inhuman effect is completely shattered by her voice” (63). In the design of the photograph, Beaton registers another frame of reference, a different set of allusions. Although he does not mention the bracelets in the description, the pencil sketch and the photograph make them dominant; and though he nowhere mentions Black Africa or United States, his principle of design reflects the sexual and racial politics of his subject. The Beaton photograph which trebles the image imposes on her the same starkly black and white design (fig. 4).

In both Beaton photographs, Cunard’s eyes and her bracelets dominate. The gaze is prominent in practically every account of her. Georges Sadoul wrote that “on voyait d’abord ses yeux très bleus, assez étrange,”⁷ Raymond Mortimer that “What first struck one was her *regard* (there is no English word meaning not only the eyes — hers were an arctic blue — but the way in which they confront the visible world,”⁸ and Janet Flanner that she was “famous” for “her intense manner of looking at you, of seeing you and seizing you with her large jade-green eyes, always heavily outlined, top and bottom, with black makeup below her thick, ash-colored hair” (152). These confronting, seizing, aggressive eyes, which, in the Beaton photographs, refuse to be taken, are a gender transgression. But this gender transgression has absorbed a racial politics: in both Beaton photographs, the eyes, white ringed with black, are taken into the circular motif established by the bracelets.

The bracelets, which in the Beaton *Book of Beauty* photograph dominate the subject by design, are intensely allusive: they reach for their meaning into context, and the fact that this is a fashion photograph, a leaf from the book of “beauty,” does not suppress their historical significance. The cover of *Henry Music*, also designed by Man Ray, shows them as political emblems, applicable to African and United States contexts. Here the image of Crowder, in United States dress, emerges from a field of bracelets emphatically emblematic of Black tradition and history: he wears them almost as a yoke (fig. 5). In *Negro*, Cunard describes the bracelets’ association with Ibo sexual



FIG. 2.
*Photograph of
Nancy Cunard by
Man Ray, 1927.*

FIG. 3.
*Photograph of
Nancy Cunard by
Cecil Beaton, 1930.*





FIG. 4.
*Photograph of
Nancy Cunard by
Cecil Beaton.*



FIG. 5. *Cover of
Henry Music
(1930), designed by
Man Ray.*

status (*Negro* 731). A columnist writing in spring, 1926, described them as “Ivory shackles” (quoted in Chisholm 101), and in *Black Man and White Ladyship* Nancy Cunard wrote (of her mother) that “she” thinks that “the thick old Congo ivories” are “slave bangles” (4). The bracelets, undetachable from political and cultural history, are a powerful element of meaning in the Cunard images. They make bondage a precisely double idea, and they make the woman herself emblematic. By 1931, when John Banting painted his portraits of Nancy Cunard, her affiliation to the struggle of Blacks had become a convention of design. In his bracelets painting (fig. 6), the woman’s hands are black; in the 1931 head (fig. 7), her face is half black.

The photographs and paintings are context for the fictions. Their thematic preoccupations have precise analogues in the texts: a female “beauty” designated “modern,” gender transgression, the aggressive gaze, and the woman’s identification with “other” culture. Moreover, their strategies for representing the politically unorthodox features of the sitter also appear in the writing: these, like the images, subsume the racial and class politics into a portrait dominantly sexual.

Of course the fictions and the images, which claim quite different relationships to the “real,” must deal quite differently with their “model.” In the photographs and paintings there is no concealing the subject’s identity: they are called by her name. The fictions must mask her, denying, if only (ironically) by the conventions of their own “realism,” that their characters “are” anybody but “themselves.” But the masking liberates the fictions: protects them from the fate of Allied Newspapers, for instance, against which Nancy Cunard instituted libel proceedings in 1932.⁹ The photographs, on the other hand, which both image and name the real woman, the citizen, needed to tuck their observations on her politics and history into the abstract elements of design — so the black and white of Beaton’s photography ceases to be an unmarked feature of his medium. The fictions, masked, can far more openly mime their subject’s history and plot their political argument.

The written Cunard representations I want to consider are all “keyed” fictions. As a genre, the *roman à clef* has a contradictory presence in the literature of the first part of this century. While high modernism was chiselling out its place in the ideal order, revising and learning to lean heavily on a nineteenth-century notion of art as static, detached and mythic, making its claims for autonomy and labelling what is capable of “moving” as either propaganda or pornography, modernists both high and low — Huxley, Aldington, and “Michael Arlen” among them — were composing works whose relation to reality is personal, political, and sometimes pornographic. Undetach-



FIG. 6. Portrait of Nancy Cunard by John Banting, 1931.



FIG. 7. Portrait of Nancy Cunard by John Banting, 1931.

able from its historical moment and inseparable from its context — its characters “are” real people and its events may mime historical events — the *roman à clef* shows its author acting precisely out of social and personal identity, and so gives the lie to an idea of autonomy. In *The Roaring Queen*, Wyndham Lewis settles a score with Arnold Bennett; in *The Ladies Almanack*, Djuna Barnes caricatures the members of the United States colony in Paris in the 1920s; in *The Secret History of Queen Zara and the Zarazians*, Delarivier Manley attacks Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough. Of course these identities are masked: Barnes gives Janet Flanner and Solita Solano as “Nip and Tuck,” Lewis gives Bennett as Samuel Shodbutt. To its characterizing historical reference, the genre adds its game of disguise, whose object is to require and deflect detection of the fictional-factual correspondences. This sport of elaborate allusion requires a mixed audience: so that the novel’s reception can be appropriate to its design, there must be an audience of cognoscenti — “a few people,” to quote the sub-title Michael Arlen gave to *The Green Hat* only in its English edition, where it might be expected to mean something — and an audience of innocents — victims, in short, of more than one kind. For the reader, the *roman à clef* provides an acute (splendidly enticing, effectively seducing) problem in reading. Unkeyed, the text liberates the reader into the conventions of fiction, draws a boundary between the real and the imagined worlds. Keyed, however, it presents a quite different problem and requires a radically altered reading strategy. Typically, the reader of the *roman à clef* progresses from one state of awareness to another, learning only after a first approach to the text that, say, Hermione Roddice in *Women in Love* “is” Lady Ottoline Morrell, or that Djuna Barnes’s Dr. Matthew-mighty-grain-of-salt-Dante-O’Connor “is” an “actual Irish doctor from San Francisco named Dan Mahoney (DeVore 73). Tracking down the *roman à clef*’s precise relation to its context constitutes one of the charms of reading the genre. The more ostentatious the masking, the more pleasureable the text: Djuna Barnes published *The Ladies Almanack* as written “By a Lady of Fashion,” and, says Noel Riley Fitch, “The Left Bank crowd had great fun identifying figures in the book” (280). The *roman à clef*, then, draws the world into the text, locates the text in a precisely identifiable world, and, from the moment it becomes “keyed,” sets its reader into an act of reading whose object is to detect precise correspondences between the fictional and the factual. “But why did Lewis single out Bennett as the target of his satire [in *The Roaring Queen*]?” Walter Allen asks, going on from there to describe differences between the two in point of literary politics and to tell of a dinner party at which they met and became, as Lewis wrote later, enemies.¹⁰ We cannot fail

to notice that the *roman à clef*, requiring its readers to track the textual threads across the boundary between fact and fiction and well into the territory of historical, personal, and political experience, is a power game.

The keyed fictions I want to consider — *The Green Hat*, *Point Counter Point*, and "Now Lies She There, An Elegy" — occupy quite different positions in the literary hierarchy. Huxley's and Aldington's works are still with us, preserved for curriculum and criticism by their makers' securely secondary places in the history of high modernism; Arlen's novel has disappeared into the history of popular culture. But *The Green Hat* was one of the most popular novels of the 'twenties: within a year it had been parodied twice (as *The Green Mat* and *The Green Hat Fair*) and was playing, dramatized, off Broadway — giving Katherine Cornell her first starring role — and in London, with Talullah Bankhead. In 1928, the year *Point Counter Point* was published, it became a film, *A Woman of Affairs*, starring Greta Garbo. The blurb for a 1927 edition of Arlen's stories, *Ace of Cads*, claiming that *The Green Hat* had sold 185,000 copies in Britain and the United States, proclaimed Arlen "the best-selling author of today." Michael Arlen, said *The New York Times Book Review*, "may rejoice in the spirit of that merry couplet of Belloc's:

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
His sins were scarlet, but his books were read." (21 Sept. 1924,9)

Though nothing like so popular, *Point Counter Point* was Huxley's best-selling novel to date. (It had sold 10,000 copies by the end of its first year. [Chisholm 79]) Aldington's story, which appeared in his collection *Soft Answers*, 1932, just a year after The Hours Press had published his *Last Straws*, was hardly known. Hoping (perhaps because Arlen had shown how successfully the product could be marketed) to make a commercial success of the tale, Aldington and Derek Patmore dramatized it as *Life of a Lady*. It was printed, but not performed, in 1936.¹² All of these fictions, like Beaton's "analysis" in *The Book of Beauty*, present themselves pretentiously as dealing with the subject of "the modern woman." In Arlen and Aldington, she occupies the whole canvas; in Huxley, she shares the space with a crowd. The actions in which she is engaged in these fictions share significant features. In all of them, she is the contemporary representative, much fallen, of a great and rich family, the inheritor of status and power; in all she has rejected the categories of privilege into which she was born and so she is marked as an outsider, occupying what is, in relation to the family place she has rejected, a kind of underworld; in all she is sexually scandalous (a "nymphomaniac" in Arlen, a "siren" in

Huxley and Aldington); and in all she is given a sexual past of some sort or other with a figure who is cast as a writer. All three fictions make their plots from the opposition of this outsider and the orders of social and sexual dominance. The *Times Literary Supplement* reviewer summarized Arlen's story as follows: "We are invited to interest ourselves in the woman of the green hat, who is presented as enchanting, highly sexed, unshakeably true in friendship, incorrigibly loose in love. We are asked to picture this woman, Iris March, breaking the heart of her first husband on her marriage night, so that he commits suicide; alienating her second by infidelity; and finally stealing away Napier Harpenden from his young wife." (*TLS*, 19 June 1924, 386) The *TLS* review regrets, it says, the "whitewashing" conclusion, which re-explains all of those events, recuperating Iris March for her death as a pure woman. What it fails to mention is that Iris's first husband is said to die of shame from syphilis and her brother from the scandal of having been caught assaulting a woman in a park, and that Iris spends a large part of the centre of the novel in an abortion clinic in Paris. ("*Nous avons ici la clientèle européenne la plus chic.*" [175]) *The Green Hat* derives its contemporary shock value at least in part from its poetics of sexual biology. Huxley's Cunard figure, Lucy Tantomount (whose suggestive name, incidentally, demonstrates a minor feature of the *roman à clef*), is bored, promiscuous, and perverse. She speculates with the evil Spandrell on the pleasures of debauching the innocent, and she torments and demoralizes Walter Bidlake, one of the writers in the novel. Aldington's ironically named "Constance" (in his gentlemanly way the narrator leaves it to a waiter to call her a prostitute) is the debased and ever further debasing product of a rich aristocratic family, who lurches irresponsibly from lover to lover, so "irritating" the narrator intensely. She chooses as her travelling and gambling companion a wholly inappropriate Cockney circus lion-tamer (who in this story actually speaks in "lower class" English), whom she wines and dines expensively, travels with while her stocks fall in the crash, and humiliates in his masculinity. He is avenged by his lower class former mistress who takes the opportunity of revenge in a barroom dust-up significantly located in the East End.

All of these fictions emerge from their authors' personal relation to Nancy Cunard, and though none indicates the character of the personal relation, none strives to conceal the fact of its connection with real life. On the contrary, all of these keyed fictions wear their masks loosely, flirting insistently with full exposure. The sub-title of *The Green Hat, A Romance for a Few People*, could hardly not be thought of as signalling the existence of an intimate group, and some reviewers, catching the wink, speculated about the identities of Arlen's charac-

ters. The book laces itself to its context by ample specific reference. Iris March's dazzling ring, for instance, is subjected to full-scale symbolic treatment: made at first to suggest restraint and (sexual) self-control, it signals, when it falls from Iris's hand, her "easiness," or "accessibility," her condition as a modern woman. That ring is an Emerald. One of the book's major motifs, that of outlawry — Iris March, we are told, is an outlaw — similarly evokes "real" identity, since *Outlaws*, as the "few people" would not have failed to know, is the title of the volume of poems Nancy Cunard published with Elkin Mathews in 1921. *Point Counter Point*, too, which gives to Lucy Tantamount both a family background like Cunard's and a present career of travels between London and Paris which is a tracing of hers, is ostentatiously imitative, as it is in some of its other "keyed" portraits. (Lucy, too, incidentally, wears the emerald.) Aldington's character could not fail to be recognized by some of its contemporary readers as a grotesque portrait, "outstandingly vicious," as Ann Chisholm says (188).

The most remarkable set of reminders about the kind of fictions these are, however, lies not in their external specific reference, but in their representations of reading and writing, since here they convey their own sense of the relation of their "fictive" to their "real." Establishing himself from the outset as one who lives in the "real" world, with "us," Arlen's narrator assumes the identity of "the writer" in his first sentence, claims identity as "the Author" in the third, and, as the tale progresses, never ceases to remind us who he is. He will mediate. He repeats the point dramatically: *The Green Hat* frames another novel, this, too, a "keyed" fiction. Iris March's twin brother, Gerald, the narrator tells us, "once wrote a novel, but who does not once write a novel?" (64) And this one, the Gerald novel, is about Iris and her first husband. Of course it is not apparently about Iris, since Gerald too, plays the game of disguise, but the fact that it is *really* about her is drawn to our attention by "the writer." He assumes the readerly tasks of tracking down the correspondences between fact and fiction and of detecting the real-life motives for fiction. "In *Ava Foe*," he says, "I couldn't help thinking after the coming of the green hat, Gerald had let himself go about Iris. I realised then how much he must first have worshipped and then hated his twin sister. What on earth, one wondered, could she have done to him to make him hate her like that?" (74)

The reflexiveness is paradoxically crucial. All three of these fictions self-consciously direct us to the facts both of their historical subject-matter and of their literary overlay, and the more emphatically they underline their literariness the more clearly do they define themselves as social, personal and political actions. Aldington opens with a critical meditation on the subject of "character" and nature — "Characters

all of a piece rarely exist in Nature," he writes. "French comedy of the seventeenth century is a convention, contradicted by the memoirs of the period, which is why, as we grow older, we exchange Molière for Saint-Simon" (68) — and at every stage in his "Elegy" reminds us of the literariness of the piece. The earlier fictions more dramatically indicate their double character in their treatment of their internal "keyed" texts. These fictional "frame-ups," as Cunard might call them, give laboratory demonstrations: they show the "real" character being written, the writer's power in relation to the historical woman exemplified. The inset *roman à clef* in Arlen's novel, interpreted for us by "the Author," constitutes a tutorial on the power-relations of the text: though in his "real" life Gerald is first of all dead drunk and subsequently merely dead, in his writing he is able to act powerfully, attributing to things their appropriate significance, expressing directly the feelings of which in his life he is the victim. Gerald's novel, *The Savage Device*, establishes the rules of interpretation for *The Green Hat*: "the Author" makes it plain that the fictional devices of Gerald's book (which, as fiction, is said to be both "mad" and "bad") are to be read as machinery for conveying into language the "real" feelings of their writer. Gerald's story powerfully redirects his real-life rage against its real-life object (who, as "Ava Foe," is hardly more appropriately named than Iris, whose "Mediterranean" blue eyes [21] provide Arlen with passages of lavish description).

Point Counter Point more wittily takes up a similar position on the powers of the text, but while Arlen's narrator reads *The Savage Device* in a direct relation to reality ("Imagine Ava—Iris!" [75]), Huxley figures a complex mediation. His characters, imitations of historical figures, are also imitations of texts. The fact allows for a good deal of fruitfully regressive mirroring. Written from the world into the text. Huxley's characters often read themselves from text into the real world of the novel. Molly d'Exergillod, a dandy and wit who derives her status in the real world of *Point Counter Point* from the fact that one of her ancestors is said to have been mentioned in Proust's *Sodome et Gomorrhe*, writes her own epigrams before going to a party to speak them into "real" life. Lines spoken by other characters are supplied by other texts: Spandrell speaks Baudelaire, for instance, and Burlap speaks John Middleton Murry.¹³ John Bidlake, the elderly painter who ruminates on the question of who is "Real Jenny" — his painted Jenny or the one who outlived her beauty — is hopelessly out of date in his world, where texts file into one other as in "those advertisements of Quaker Oats where there's a quaker holding another box of oats, on which, etc., etc." (298).

The internal *roman à clef* in Huxley's novel conforms to the reflexive rule. Philip Quarles's notebook outlines an opening scene for the novel he is planning to write. It will involve two characters, both drawn from the life, from Walter Bidlake and Lucy Tantamount:

What a windfall for my novel! I shall begin the book with it. My Walterish hero makes his Lucyish siren laugh and immediately (to his horror; but he goes on longing for her, with an added touch of perversity, all the same and perhaps all the more) sees [as a vision of her open, laughing mouth the] disgusting crocodiles he had been looking at in India a month before. In this way I strike the note of strangeness and fantasticality at once. Everything's incredible, if you can skin off the crust of obviousness our habits put on it. Every object and event contains within itself an infinity of depths within depths. (297)

Quarles's notebook novel of course recapitulates the opening of *Point Counter Point*, which begins with Walter pining for and pursuing Lucy, and so it is a text mirroring a text; but it is embedded in *Point Counter Point* as an interpretation, and the "real" Walter and Lucy are read by it. This fiction, too, has its powers.

In *The Green Hat* and "Now Lies She There" all of the procedures of reading and writing are specifically related to gender: he reads and writes, she is read and written. Arlen's narrator tell us at the beginning of *The Green Hat* that "the first thing to do is to clear the ground as quickly as possible for the coming of the green hat, for Mr. H.G. Wells says that there is no money to be made out of any book that cannot bring a woman in within the first few thousand words." "Bringing the woman in" is the whole action of these two fictions (a fact deeply ironical, since she is brought in for the purpose of being seen out). She is the empowering "mystery," the prior condition of their meaning-making. "I am trying, you can see," says the narrator of *The Green Hat*, "to realise her, to add her together" (29-30). "I wish I did know more about Constance," says Aldington's narrator of his ironically named subject,

but I really think she was as mysterious and inexplicable to herself as to other people. Sometimes I've thought the mystery was only a void, that where we imagined in her a *mêlée* of motives and desires and instincts and thwarted ambitions, there was simply nothing at all (61).

In his need to plunge into the mystery of Constance, to fill the void with explanation, and to bring a final judgment to bear on the story he uncovers, Aldington's narrator is exemplary. His explanation, his symbol-making, his summing-up are entirely explicit: "I have spent many hours thinking and writing about Constance, setting down what I knew directly and trying to build up a probably and logical construc-

tion of what can only be conjectured," he concludes (117). "Not until several months later . . . was I able to piece together the mosaic" (119). Identifying the void-filling procedures of his literary imagination, Aldington's narrator describes what Huxley enacts in Quarles's projected novel, which surrealistically maps the repulsive, dangerous contours of the sacred crocodile over Lucy's laughing throat.

"Bringing the woman in" is the object of these fictions, but "clearing the ground" entails dispensing with some of the intractable features of the "model," who, it will be remembered, was a poet, publisher, and political activist. *Outlaws*, after all, provides a theme of Arlen's book; the "Nancyish" character in *Point Counter Point* derives from one of Huxley's co-collaborators in *Wheels*, and the one in Aldington's story from the director of the press that had just published *Last Straws*. What, then, of these characters as, themselves, writers? What of their language in these keyed fictions? It is unintelligible in *The Green Hat*, an act of hubris in "Now Lies She There," and pornographic text in *Point Counter Point*. Dismissing Constance in her person as "incoherent," Aldington presents her writing as an offense: "The grave festival of the Muses became with her a Mad Hatter's tea-party, and she refused to listen to the warning cries of 'No room! No room!'" (69) The exclusion is multi-valent: for one thing, it makes Constance a merely fantastical girl (though Alice, at the original scene of this writing, knew that there *were* empty chairs),¹⁴ and for another, it odiously evokes Cunard's and Crowder's experience, mentioned in *Black Man and White Ladyship*, only recently published, of being refused admission to hotels in England. Iris March's attempt at self-explanation, the "Dark Letter" she sends to the narrator, baffles the master of meanings. "It was," he reports, "you can see, a feverish, mysterious letter; and made how much more mysterious by that whole illegible, pencilled scrawl! There were whole sentences on the first few pages which I could not make out at all, which I made almost blind guesses at, while at some I could not even contrive so much" (158). "The writer" gives us this letter just before finding Iris in her clinic in Paris, and we are shortly given this account of her reason for being there: "Operations, where are thy stings? for, as of course you know as well as I do, women are scarcely women without them . . . for, men may come and men may go, but the moon, my dear boy, is always there" (167). Lucy Tantamount's writing — also letters, sent from Paris to the suffering, rejected Walter Bidlake — is literary and effective. Having first written to Walter to invite him to join her in Spain, she now writes to tell him why she changed her mind, a letter designed to inflict pain: "He came at me as though he were going to kill me," she writes, describing a meeting in Paris:

with clenched teeth. I shut my eyes like a Christian martyr in front of a lion. Martyrdom's exciting. letting oneself be hurt, humiliated, used like a doormat — queer. I like it. Besides, the doormat uses the user. It's complicated. (358)

Writing herself, as it seems, Lucy produces pornographic text.

How, then, do these keyed fictions represent their "Cunardish" characters? She is a mixed construction, and her contriving, to use Arlen's word, is a negotiation of competing sexual mythologies. Ostentatiously attached to an accumulated imagery of modernity, she puts the case for sexual freedom. But she is cut from literary tradition, and when the "mystery" is finally uncovered, explained, and judged, in each of these texts, tradition triumphs. Here the "modern" is the presenting problem, the literary or mythic is explanation. So, by means classically modernist, do these *romans à clef* designate their antitheses of imitation and literariness.

The sexuality of the problematic "modern woman" — represented in an erotics of transportation (the "he" of Lucy's sadean letter is an aeronautics engineer, Iris March roams in a primrose yellow Hispano-Suiza which, "the writer" tells us, "charmed the eye" [16], and Constance strikes off for the continent in a sports car she doesn't permit her lower-class lover to drive) — is treated as transgressive in all of these fictions. In *The Green Hat*, the stylish aspect of such a transgression, recalling Eugene MacGown's painting of a year earlier, is everywhere present. It is in Moira de Travest, whose name suggests the flexibility with which she views the matter, and, compounded, in her brother Guy de Travest, as well as in the allusive presence of Gautier's Mademoiselle de Maupin. Iris herself is described as "the male of the species that is more fearless than mankind" (56), and her figure and face are repeatedly termed "boyish" or "mannish." Iris's sexual independence, her modernity, makes her male. So does Lucy Tantamount's, though in *Point Counter Point* this is not a comicelement: "She's one of those women who have the temperament of a man," says Elinor Quarles. "She has the masculine detachment" (292). Aldington's "Elegy" describes Constance as a "husband": "Constance was not one of those husbands who are jealous of their wives' talents" (94). The "freedom" of these characters is a misappropriation.

These modern women threaten every order of dominance. As "sacred crocodile" Lucy Tantamount leaves Bidlake prone on the bed, weeping into his pillow. Iris the outlaw is brought finally into confrontation with the whole community of English gentlemen in the house of Sir Maurice, father of the married man she plans to elope with. The confrontation is a trial scene: the law is male, the outlaw female, and what is at stake is her sexual transgression. "What sort of woman are

you?" shouts the senior male. She replies, "You never dream of asking a woman 'what sort of woman are you?' so long as she keeps to the laws made by men." This closing encounter, in *The Green Hat*, dramatizes with extraordinary literalness the confrontation of "the modern woman" and the fathers' law. The story is the same elsewhere: Constance threatens not only the sexual hierarchy and national integrity, but also the symbolic cosmic order. And Lucy's antithesis to the phallism of the ancients, the doctrine of right order propounded by Mark Rampion, is clear.

The misappropriation the "modern woman" of these fictions enacts requires righting, and in these texts the righting is achieved by means marked as literary. All of these texts evoke literary tradition in their righting of the modern woman. Arlen's "writer," reaching for description, gives himself as, he says, "a man of my time," but he gives Iris quite differently:

She was — in that phrase of Mr. Conrad's which can mean so little or so much — she was of all time. She was when the first woman crawled out of the mud of the primeval world. She would be, when the last woman walks towards the unmentionable end. (31-32)

To Conrad's (or was it Pater's?)¹⁵ description of the timeless woman, Arlen adds other defining figures, carrying his "modern woman" into the identities of Lilith, the Great Mother, and La Dame Aux Camélias. Huxley, although mercifully more complex, also subjects his "real" Lucy to "literary" redefinition, taking her character from the stock. Like several other characters, as I have already mentioned, Lucy issues from a text as well as from a "model," and her text is provided by the Marquis de Sade, to whom she is linked frequently. Like Spandrell, she looks for victims (hence the crocodile teeth). The siren here given song reproduces Sade: "*Du sang, de la volupté, et de la mort*," she writes to Walter. "I feel rather bloodthirsty at the moment. Meanwhile, I'll make inquiries about the bull-fighting season Twenty thousand simultaneous sadistic *frissons*" (318). Spreading her "real" life over the pre-text of Sade, Huxley gives her the "complicated" desire to be rather than to find a victim, by those means, precisely literary, righting her upset to the sexual order.

Aldington's treatment of his transgressive subject is more closely linked to immediate literary context than the others. He imposes order on the "mess" of Constance by his elaborate and elaborately underlined powers of allusion. Excluding her from the orders of meaning (by writing her as Alice in Wonderland, a mere fantast, and by giving as epigraph expressly excluding lines from Remy de Gourmont), Aldington places her by means of reference to writing from the Greeks to the

Moderns. He gives a multiple "symbolic" reading to Constance: in her modernity, she is, he says, "a symbolical figure, an embodiment of the post-War plutocracy and its jazz Dance of Death" (122). His mythic register, however, carries her straight into the ancient imagery of 1922. She is the blight on the land, the curse on the kingdom, the sickness in the speaker. She is, furthermore, associated with the recent attack on the kingdom: "These sou'-westers sweep over England like an invading army," he writes, "pivoted on some imaginary point out in the north seas. Like an invasion, they seem lugubrious and destructive." "For some reason I kept thinking of Constance," he goes on, "the beauty and destructive power of her." When, after judgment, Constance is removed from the scene, the land's blight is cured: the rain is diminished, the wind "muted." "My feeling," this writer tells us, "was one of serenity and hope, as if a sickness were ending, and health was in sight" (122).

In the images, the sexually presented object is foregrounded — this is, in Beaton's words, modern beauty — and the design carries the other political material. I was suggesting earlier that this was true, too, in the fictions. The arraignment of Iris March is for infractions against the sexual code, but it is also for class and national betrayal. Iris, we are told, "had betrayed her caste to perfection. No one, you might say, could have done that more thoroughly than Iris. She had been malinspired to excess, she had reached Excelsior in the abyss" (62). " 'Rushing about Europe like that,' Hilary had said, 'you let England down. You've no idea, Iris, how these young foreign blighters hold English-women cheap' " (62). Aldington's "Elegy" mocks Constance for her politics — "she played the part of a Lady Lechdale *déclassée* to her little mob of cocktail Communists" (92) — and though it loathes her upstart assumption of masculine privilege in her relation to Eddie, it treats the relationship as class betrayal. The racial theme too is stitched into the sexual portrait. In *Point Counter Point*, the person involved in the sexually righting episode reported in the letter is an Italian who had "just come back from a seaside holiday by the Mediterranean and his body was all brown and polished by the sun. Beautifully savage, he looked, a Red Indian" (359). In Aldington's story, the racial theme, and specific reference to Cunard's relationship with Crowder, is nowhere absent. It is in the "No Room!" remark, in the snidely presented projected safari to central Africa to catch lions, in the centrally registered "inappropriate" sexual relationship, and, especially, in the tale's resolution.

The resolution of the Aldington tale — his story of the eye — demonstrates the ways in which the sexual representation of these keyed figures is made to carry the other political freight. At the beginn-

ing of this story, Aldington makes it clear that "*The gaze is at stake from the outset*,"¹⁶ and that Constance's (criminally narcissistic) gaze belongs to the category of gender transgression. He takes action against it, deflecting it again onto its more usual, female, object, reasserting the masculine priority:

She got up and walked over to the mantelpiece, resting her elbows on it and her chin on her linked fingers, and gazed tragically at herself — a trick I had seen her play before. I could see the reflection of her pale face, and the great eyes gazing at herself with mournful delectation . . . Did she expect me to comfort her by making love to her? I deliberately turned my back and poured myself a drink. (65)

The full offensiveness of Constance's gaze to this narrator becomes clear only at the story's end, when the connection of her sexual, class and racial infractions is also unmasked. At the end of "Now Lies She There," Aldington delivers judgments. They come from the gods (Nemesis for Hybris) and the men ("being human, we judge" [118]). Constance is punished for her class betrayal by the former mistress of her lower class lover: attacked with a broken bottle, she falls into a pool of blood, finishes by falling lower than the low. She is punished for her betrayal of England by being exiled: she lives now, we are told, in North Africa. And she is punished for her racial politics by being made — "symbolically" as Aldington might put it — black: she lives "with an Arab, and wears native women's costume." All of this closing coherence is brought together in the punishment for sex-role betrayal: the attack leaves Constance "permanently disfigured and one eye gone," and she wears "native woman's costume so that she can hide her disfigurement with the veil" (121). This is the permanent reappropriation of the gaze. Aldington's narrator insists on his moral, here bringing all of the political themes under the control of the sexual: "It's the most humiliating fate I can imagine for her — compelled to counterfeit the costume and habits of women who are treated as slaves. Excess of freedom succeeded by its opposite" (121-22). But this narrator is satisfied; the land is returned to health. " 'I think,' I said, rising to fill my glass, and lifting it, 'I think we owe a cock to Aesculapius'" (122).

In *The Green Hat*, Iris accepts the patriarchal rule, gives up her married man to his pregnant wife, and gallantly drives her primrose Hispano-Suiza into the family ash tree under which she had sworn true love in the first place. The suicide, also cut for her from literary tradition,¹⁸ is the triumph of a law both political and sexual. "You beat her, Maurice," says one character, "You beat her, you and your mouldy old England" (348). What is returned by England's triumph is sexual dominance: Iris's death restores the narrator's downward pers-

pective. When the novel opens, he looks out of the window in his first floor flat: "Downwards to my door I looked, and there was a green hat before my door." When the novel ends, Iris having encountered the phallic family ash tree, "which stood like a pillar of light against the darkness" (349), he looks down again. "My foot touched something on the grass beside the road, and I picked up the green hat." Order, as Aldington's narrator observes, is restored. (An order, it will be noted, which disposes of the outlaw but retains the fantasy invested in the metonymic green hat, a hat of the sort affected "*pour le sport*" [11].)

I began by saying that the representations of Nancy Cunard overlay and relay the historical. This is literally true: the historical accounts we have are inevitably stretched over their pre-texts, as Huxley might say, which are the fictions. Hugh Ford's collection of memoirs of Cunard includes both four sonnets from Robert Nichols's *Aurelia* sequence and a section from *The Green Hat*. Anne Chisholm gives to chapters in her biography the names of the writers: "Michael Arlen," "Aldous Huxley," "Louis Aragon"; her first sentence emphasizes the inescapable interlace: "Nancy Cunard's childhood could be a story by Henry James" (3).

Eugene Gordon's contribution to Ford's collection of memoirs moves in another direction, strategically and systematically unlacing the texts from his account of his experience of Cunard.¹⁹ He met her first as fiction: he knew that she was in the United States because he had been reading the newspaper accounts (in which she "was chasing and being chased by lustful Negro men, wherever she was"); he knew that she "was" Iris March and Lucy Tantamount because the night before she visited him in Boston he had seen her in a newsreel and the "newscaster" told him; and he knew what Iris March and Lucy Tantamount were like because he had already read (and owned) *The Green Hat*, and he had rushed out to borrow *Point Counter Point*. Describing Cunard's arrival at his apartment — she came to discuss his contribution to *Negro* — he mimes the fiction, parodies it with his account of the "real," appropriates the green hat for his documentary account: "Standing on my landing atop the iron staircase, I looked down . . . at this woman as the narrator of *The Green Hat* looked from his window upon Iris (March) Storm . . . Nancy Cunard was wearing a *green hat!*" Gordon's memoir, intensely aware of "Nancy Cunard" as the creation of language, peels away the texts — the newspaper accounts, *The Green Hat*, *Point Counter Point* — moving from these to the book Cunard herself was making. He trans-mutes the fictional to the "true" by describing her eyes:

I remember most clearly the bold, direct probing of her impersonal green eyes: they quit staring into mine long enough to examine the rest of my face, and, the over-colored lips hinting tentatively at a smile, green eyes now sparkling, she was again probing me through my eyes. I realized later that we thus faced each other just a few seconds. They seemed then like minutes.

I reminded myself that this woman was *not* a fictional Iris March but an actual Nancy Cunard.

I directed her to my work chair at the desk and handed her the manuscript. Her left cheek inclined against the left palm, downcast eyes framed in a half circle of the tight fitting green hat's turned-up brim, she read with concentration and speed. She handed Larry each page as she finished it and he, reading less rapidly, arranged them. Presently, she looked up, smiling as to herself, saying, casually, "Very good"; then emphatically, "Very good!" She took the sheets, folded them, and put them into the handbag.

Gordon's undermining of the fictions, his writing of the record, was a reciprocation. After reading *Negro*, he said, he determined "to honor her by using its accumulated riches in talks and in classes relating to that part of United States history which had been ripped out of its context and discarded."

NOTES

1. I owe thanks for talk relating to this paper to Gary Kelly, Isobel Grundy, Shirley Neuman, Cornelia Cook, Dianne Chisholm, and Marni Stanley.
2. In *Ce Sexe qui n'en est pas un* (Paris, 1977), p. 10.
3. See Daphne Fielding, *Emerald and Nancy* (London, 1968); Hugh Ford, ed., *Nancy Cunard: Brave Poet, Indomitable Rebel, 1896-1965* (Philadelphia, New York, London, 1968); and Anne Chisholm, *Nancy Cunard* (London, 1979).
4. Chisholm prints the photograph.
5. Daphne Fielding also prints this photograph.
6. Val Williams prints the photograph in *Women Photographers. The Other Observers 1900 to the Present* (London, 1986).
7. In Hugh Ford, *Nancy Cunard*, p. 145.
8. In Ford, *Nancy Cunard*, p. 48.
9. See Chisholm, p. 210, and Eugene Gordon, "The Green Hat Comes to Chambers Street," in Ford, *Nancy Cunard*, pp. 133-40.
10. Wyndham Lewis, *The Roaring Queen*, ed. and introduced by Walter Allen (London, 1973), p. 9.
11. Michael Arlen, *The Green Hat* (New York, 1924). In England, the novel was sub-titled, *A Romance for a Few People*. Aldous Huxley, *Point Counter Point* (1928; rpt. Harmondsworth, Middlesex, 1975). Richard Aldington, "Now Lies She There. An Elegy," in *Soft Answers* (London, 1932). Arlen was born Dikram Kouyoumdjian at Rustchuk, Bulgaria, in 1895. He changed his name to Arlen by deed poll and became a British subject in 1922.
12. See Derek Patmore, *Private History. An Autobiography* (London, 1960), p. 171: "Aldington, an old friend of my mother's, had recently had a spectacular success with his war novel, *Death of a Hero*, and had been interested in dramatizing one of the stories in *Soft Answers*." I am grateful to Anne Chisholm for letting me know about this play.

13. I have written about this elsewhere. See *Baudelaire and the English Tradition* (Princeton, 1985), pp. 225-38.
14. Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland* (Hammondsworth, Middlesex, 1965), 92.
15. "The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the way of a thousand years men had come to desire": "All the thoughts and experiences of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits. . . ." (Pater, *The Renaissance* [London, 1910], 125). Pater had Arlen in a tight grip.
16. Luce Irigaray, *Speculum of the Other Woman*, translated by Gillian C. Gill (Ithaca, N. Y., 1985), 47 and *passim*.
17. See Irigaray, *Speculum*, 47: "Displaced castration? *The gaze is at stake from the outset*. Don't forget, in fact, what 'castration,' or the knowledge of castration, owes to the gaze, at least for Freud."
18. See Margaret Higonnet, "Speaking Silences: Women's Suicide," in *The Female Body in Western Culture*, ed. Susan Rubin Suleiman (Cambridge, Mass and London, 1986).
19. Eugene Gordon, "The Green Hat Comes to Chambers Street," in Ford, *Nancy Cunard*, 133-40.

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