Female Embodiment in the Marketing of Modernism

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ABSTRACT
This article explores the hypervisibility of women's gendered bodies circulating within modernist print culture. How are these bodies imaged and imagined? How are these bodies mystified and gendered? What kinds of violence do these constructions of feminine embodiment do to authorial bodies? I argue that the print circulation of several prominent modernist female editors and authors underscores the gendered marketing of modernism and the unsettling embodiment of these women within advertisements of their work. Many of these cases construct an uncanny doubleness in the authorial image: at once a heightened embodiment and an increased abstraction. I argue that the marketing of these women authors often leads to haunted and ghostly effects through this double edge that positions the female modernist as simultaneously mythical and manifest, concrete and spectral, material and abstract.

KEYWORDS
Modernism, Women, Images, Marketing, Advertising, Print Culture, Embodiment

In my work on modernist print culture, I have become increasingly fascinated by the ways in which female embodiment is made at once complexly visible *and* mysteriously invisible in advertisements, on dust jackets, and in periodicals featuring women writers.[1] In "Periodicals and the New Media: Women and Imagined Communities," Margaret Beetham addresses this strange relationship between embodiment and print culture; she asserts that writing "enables us to escape the finitude of our embodiment" (232), and argues that print erases and standardizes the body as "any physical marks of the individual (idiosyncrasies of hand writing and scribal error) disappear into a series of standardized fonts and identical texts" (232).[2] Yet she also notes that despite these possibilities and pitfalls offered by the seeming erasure of the body within printed texts, gender and gendered bodies were also rendered highly and complexly visible within modern print culture: "The high visibility of women in the press, therefore, as readers and journalists, as the subject of articles, interviews, gossip and pictorial representation cannot be read simply" (237). I'm intrigued by the hypervisibility of women's gendered bodies circulating within modernist print culture. How are these bodies imaged and imagined? How are these bodies mystified and gendered? What kinds of violence do these constructions of feminine embodiment do to authorial bodies?

Many critics have noted the growing presence of women as consumers and producers of modern print culture, and recently critics are paying increased attention to how the images of women circulated within these visually-attuned print venues. Fiona Hackney documents the rise of women and female bodies in early twentieth-century print culture: "The novelty of female entry into what, until the first decades of the twentieth century, had been predominantly a masculine public realm did not pass unnoticed in the commercial press, and from the early 1920s women's achievements in sports, the arts, and government, as well as the latest innovations in female dress, were regularly splashed across the media, including newspapers and magazines" (114).[3] Hackney persuasively argues that the meanings of this new "splash[ing]" of female bodies and women's interests on the pages of magazines are constructed within the visually-focused

genre of magazines: "Magazine reading increasingly meant 'looking,' in these years" (119). While most of the critical conversation about women's embodiment in print culture has focused primarily on women's magazines, here I want to expand our view to consider several related cases when the embodied images of women modernist writers circulated within the wider realm of modernist print culture. My brief survey includes highbrow modernist little magazines like *The Little Review* and the *Athenaeum*, illustrated weekly newspapers like *The Sphere*, popular print venues like the *New York Times Book Review*, and the dust jackets and the frontispieces of published books.

In some cases, the reviews, advertisements, and book jackets seem keen to market the allure of their female authors through glamour. These marketing attempts resonate with Judith Brown's recent work on glamour as complexly connected to modernist form. Brown argues for the elusive in-between-ness of glamour: "Glamour inheres in neither object nor subject, but is produced, most intangibly, in the space between them, in their interrelation. The difficulty of defining glamour, then, is explained here, in the space between subject and object, object and effect, materiality and immateriality" (9).[4] Using Laura Mulvey, Brown goes on to contend that glamour in the modernist era was often gendered and that "Feminized glamour emerges as a 'fantasy space' that masks a kind of terror, concealing a horror of female sexuality and the material body" (12). The cases that I explore show how female embodiment functions within the marketing of modernism: the images simultaneously make the female body alluringly iconic and crucial to the marketing of works by women, but also frustratingly manqué and humiliating due to the unglamorous revelations of the specific images chosen.

This essay moves between image/text relationships that flaunt our lack of access to these female bodies and others that suggest a violation of privacy in their unmasking revelations of the private authorial body. June Howard investigates the complex "charge[s]" in the cultural circulation of the boundary-crossing "New Woman" in early twentieth-century print culture: "the New Woman is a charged figure not only because she evokes the politics of gender—as she

certainly does—but also because she challenges the boundary between public and private . . . she inevitably provokes attention to, and potentially unsettles, the separation of individual from social, male from female, home from marketplace" (204). Indeed, I show how the particular form of the "New Woman"—the literary woman embodied by these female editors and authors—underscores the gendered marketing of modernism and the unsettling embodiment of these women within advertisements of their work. Many of these cases construct an uncanny doubleness in the authorial image: at once a heightened embodiment and an increased abstraction. I argue that the marketing of these women authors often leads to haunted and ghostly effects through this double edge that positions the female modernist as simultaneously mythical and manifest, concrete and spectral, material and abstract.[5]

BREAKFASTING ON FUDGE

To begin, I offer the brief example of Margaret Anderson's body at play in a centrally placed cartoon in the famous "Blank Issue" of *The Little Review* (September 1916). This cartoon plays with larger issues of gender and embodiment, absence and presence, hyper-visibility and blankness, and how they circulate within modern print culture more broadly through the case of the mostly "blank" issue of *The Little Review* which then gets surprisingly filled with the images of Anderson's gendered body at play. The uncanny doubleness of female embodiment manifests on the pages of this issue of *The Little Review*. How do the materiality of the page and the materiality of the body become weirdly twinned in this example of modernist print culture featuring and constructed by its two women editors—Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap?

The issue's front matter plays with the typographical rendering of absence and blankness as the cover page is dominated by two columns of strung together dashes and the opening pages proclaim the issue to be "a Want ad," referring to the issue's 13 pages that were "left blank." These pages illustrate *The Little Review*'s famous construction of blankness and absence and its cultural legacy of validating and promoting its commitment to "Art" above all else. In the August

1916 issue that preceded the famous "Blank Issue," Margaret Anderson opened the issue with her short piece, "A Real Magazine," which articulates her goals for the magazine and concludes with her plan for the September issue: "I loathe compromise, and yet I have been compromising in every issue by putting in things that were 'almost good' or 'interesting enough' or 'important.' There will be no more of it. If there is only one really beautiful thing for the September number it shall go in and the other pages will be left blank. / Come on, all of you!"[6] Apparently, Anderson was not pleased with the response, as the September issue opens with the magazine's restated commitment to only printing "Art" and positions the issue as a "Want Ad" with 13 pages left blank; the title page is blank except for the brief declaration: "*The Little Review* hopes to become a magazine of Art. The September issue is offered as Want Ad."

While the issue certainly underscores the magazine's commitment to blankness and establishes its highbrow aesthetic ambitions, the first *presence* on the pages is a humorous two-page cartoon spread playfully depicting Margaret Anderson and starring her multiply present, active, caricatured body:

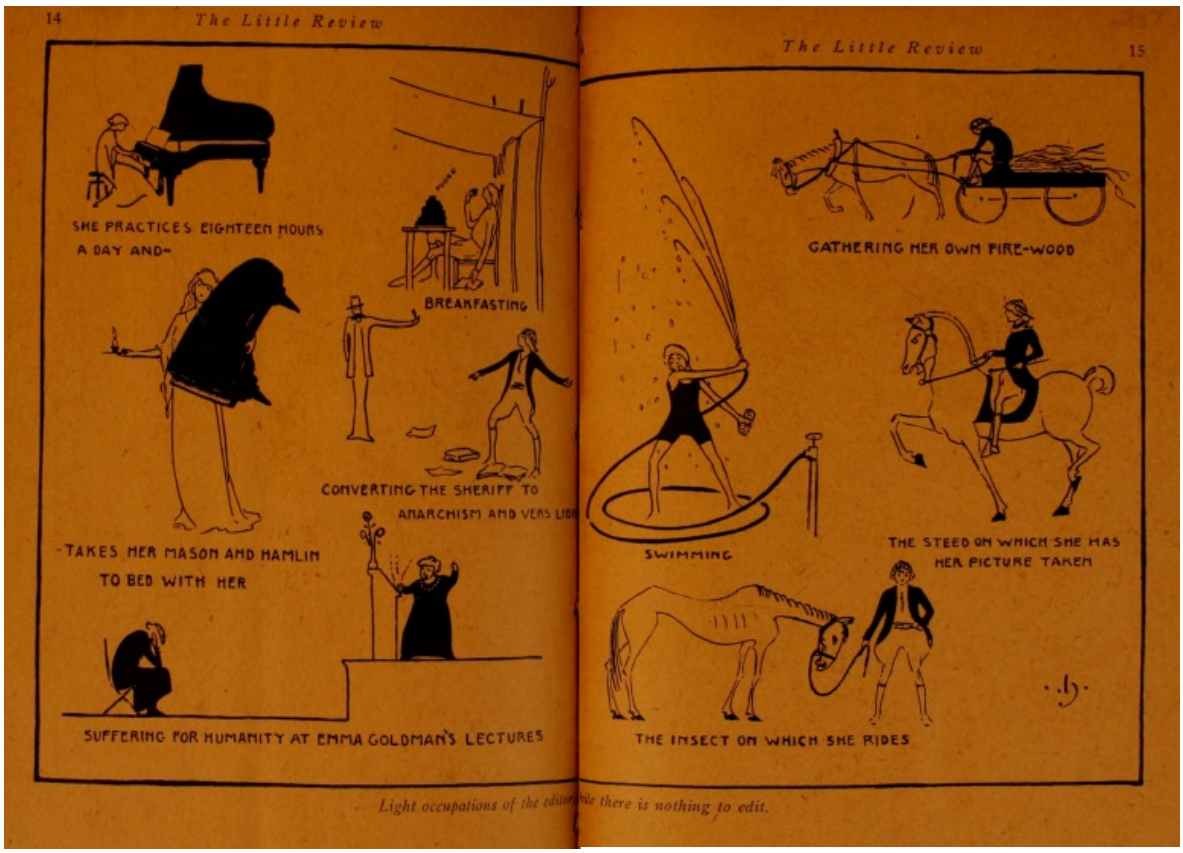

Figure 1: First Non-Blank pages of *The Little Review* of September 1916. Cartoon captioned "Light occupations of the editor while there is nothing to edit," drawn by Jane Heap.[7] Images courtesy of the Modernist Journals Project.

The cartoon spread disrupts any linear reading experience and also distorts any clear sense of temporality as "She practices eighteen hours a day and--/-takes her Mason and Hamlin to bed with her" in the midst of the many gerunds constructing her fantastically frantic body: "Breakfasting" "Suffering" "Converting" "Gathering" and "Swimming." Heap's drawings play upon the seemingly unrealistic expectations placed on Anderson's laboring body and also highlight the idealized version of that body as capable of superhuman strength (hoisting her piano and gathering her own fire-wood). Heap's images also foreground the gap between the idyllic public version and the actual version of Anderson in the opposing images of "the steed on which she has her picture taken" and "the insect on which she rides." Most of the sketches involve Anderson's body on display or bent or stretched with labor (both physical and mental), yet I'm particularly drawn to the image of Anderson breakfasting on a bounteous heap of "Fudge" while letting her hand—holding presumably a sheet of paper—drape luxuriously near the floor as she stretches out one leg. This image of inactivity plays with her body's relation to paper as the materiality of the journal page itself becomes hyper-mediated through this self-referential gesture. While the dropped page here becomes visually overwhelmed by the dark mountain of fudge, the image directly below again places Anderson's dynamic body in relation to paper as she straddles the fallen sheets and pamphlets that seem to indicate her source material—perhaps pages from *The Little Review* itself—for "converting the sheriff to anarchism and vers libre."

Thus, even at its most "blank," *The Little Review* maintains space for play and humor about female embodiment—caricaturing the mental and physical labor of the editors and indeed the hyper-visibility of the oft-criticized Anderson herself as too strongly present in the pages of

The Little Review. Jayne Marek positions the blank issue within the larger context of *The Little Review*'s "play with the magazine format itself" including the "Reader Critic" section and its construction of continual "interaction between the *Little Review*'s readership and its editors."[8] Critics have read the "blank issue" as a turning point in the magazine's history from a more idiosyncratic vehicle for Anderson's self-expression to a major circulator of highbrow literature that has become central to our understandings of literary modernism.[9] Indeed, the "blank issue" was a key moment in the magazine's self-fashioning and drew responses that Anderson and Heap then printed from artists as widely ranging as Ezra Pound, whose contribution, "Das Schone Papier Vergeudet" ["The Beautiful Paper Wasted"], responds directly to the blank pages of the preceding issue,[10] and Frank Lloyd Wright, whose response links the magazine's aesthetics and troubled finances, "The less money *The Little Review* has the better it *looks* anyway!"[11]

I offer this brief example to show the strange construction of the editorial labor of the "New Woman" figured through female embodiment in modernist print culture. Here female editorial labor is made fantastically hyper-visible in the material form of "the Blank Issue" of *The Little Review*, which has been read as the epitome of the modernist commitment to highbrow aesthetics abstracted from material constraints like gendered bodies. Indeed, the issue has been read as a transitional movement away from the earlier more personal version of the magazine's commitment to Anderson's feminist politics. Yet a closer look at the issue's interruption of blankness with the hyper-embodied cartoon spread focused on Anderson's politicized body underscores how this transition occurs on the material pages of *The Little Review* upon and perhaps through the strained form of Anderson's body.

TURNIP MANQUÉ OR BOILING KATHERINE'S BONES

Here, I turn from the usually invisible behind-the-scenes labor of female editors to the unsettlingly visual advertisement of a female author's works through her embodied image in the marketing and reviewing of Katherine Mansfield's *Bliss and Other Stories* published by Constable

in 1920. Mansfield is a suggestive figure for considering female embodiment in modernist print culture, as she famously died young from illness and posthumously became a looming cultural presence through her husband John Middleton Murry's idealization of her and her body. Both literary critics and Mansfield's contemporaries were critical of the marketing of her death and bemoaned how Mansfield lost control over her work and her embodied projection in culture due to invisible behind-the-scenes machinations of Murry. Jenny McDonnell cites Sylvia Lynd's scathing critique of Murry's posthumous construction of his wife though marketing: "Lynd described his generation of a Mansfield industry as 'boiling Katherine's bones to make soup'" (170).[12] The shockingly visceral image of Murry "boiling" his wife's "bones" to try to make a profit to feed on speaks to the violation implicit in his marketing of her work both after her death and even during her life.

For Mansfield, as for Djuna Barnes and Virginia Woolf, who I'll include in the next two cases, this entanglement of embodiment with publicity becomes emblematic of a vexed relationship between the author and her publics, a relationship that is often strangely mediated by uncontrollable visual images. McDonnell argues for renewed attention to the complexity of Mansfield's relationship with the literary marketplace and documents Mansfield's perceptions of her lack of control even while living: "she accepted the inevitability that she would only ever achieve 'a sort of authority' over her own work; likewise, she was aware that even this partial control would be relinquished entirely with her death . . . her career was driven both by an ongoing desire to ensure that her work was read by a number of publics and an anxious relationship with those publics" (172). McDonnell wants to complicate the old critical story that sees Mansfield as merely a helpless victim of Murry's bone-boiling and argues that "it is possible to replace Murry's most enduring editorial legacy – the invention of his serene 'dead child-wife' – with a new image of Katherine Mansfield, as the shrewd author at work within the literary marketplace" (173). McDonnell persuasively documents how Mansfield skillfully operated as a

keen negotiator of the literary marketplace and even contends that she embraced the short story form because of its popularity.[13]

Additionally, McDonnell asserts that Mansfield's experience in the literary marketplace crystallized her critical attitudes about the leveraging of her gender in those markets: "it was precisely Mansfield's ability to occupy another marginal space — between 'literary' and 'popular'— that made her writing possible. Moreover, her prolonged engagement with the business world of different kinds of modernist literary publication eventually contributed to her request to be perceived as 'a writer first, and a woman after'" (12). Unfortunately, the marketing of *Bliss and Other stories* seemed bent on trading on her feminine glamour and wifely status over and above her literary contribution.

Virginia Woolf shared Mansfield's concerns that her status as "woman" would overshadow her profession as "writer;" Woolf's experiences trying to navigate the same gauntlet of "literary" and "popular" success led to her astute fears that the reception of her work would be gendered. Woolf anticipated the success of *Flush: A Biography* (1933) and dreaded it, writing in her diary three days before its Hogarth publication: "Flush will be out on Thursday & I shall be very much depressed, I think, by the kind of praise. They'll say its 'charming,' delicate, ladylike. And it will be popular . . . I must not let myself believe that I'm simply a ladylike prattler: for one thing its [sic] not true. But they'll all say so. And I shall very much dislike the popular success of Flush."[14] Woolf articulates her worries about the critical reception of *Flush* as fears of being derided and dismissed through faint praise tainted with belittling gendered qualifications: "ladylike" here becomes synonymous with "prattler" and is described as almost a necessary consequence of popularity. Woolf fears being easily classed with the hordes of scribbling "popular" "charming" writers because of her gender and because of the style and subject of *Flush*. Indeed, Woolf's fears were not unwarranted, and the two most negative reviews did dismiss the text precisely for its tone, for its silly subject matter, and even more so for its suspect popularity.[15] Mansfield's negotiation of popular success in her own career resonates with Woolf's

fears about "popular success," and perhaps unsurprisingly both writers experienced regret and embarrassment over instances of their alien embodiment within modernist print culture.

The publication of *Bliss and Other stories* in 1920 by Constable was a pivotal moment in Mansfield's career in terms of her control over her publication history. Before publication, she had to censor and cut from her story "Je Ne Parle Français" because of Michael Sadleir's (her editor at Constable) demands (McDonnell 133). McDonnell argues that Mansfield reacted violently against these cuts at first, but then conceded for the money and that ultimately she was left feeling voiceless in protesting the publication and advertising of her work. Mansfield resented the way that *Bliss* was advertised in the *Athenaeum* (which seems directly borrowed from the paragraph on the book jacket): as "the 'something new' in short stories that men will read and talk about, and women will learn by heart but not repeat"' (December 3, 1920) (see Figure 2).[16]


CONSTABLE BOOKS

BLISS

and other Stories

By KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Author of "In a German Pension."

BLISS is the "something new" in short stories that men will read and talk about, and women learn by heart but not repeat.

Figure 2: Advertisement for *Bliss and Other Stories* in the *Athenaeum*, 3 December 1920.

Mansfield articulates how upset she is about the cuts and about the packaging and advertisement of her book in a letter to Murry:

> I suppose you will think I am an egocentric to mind the way Constable has advertised my book & the paragraph that is on the paper cover. Id [sic] like to say I mind so terribly that there are no words for me – No – I'm *DUMB*!! I think it is so insulting & disgusting

> and undignified that – well – there you are! It's no good suffering all over again. But the bit about – 'Women will learn by heart and not repeat' – Gods! Why didn't they have a photograph of me looking through a garter! But I was helpless here – too late to stop it – so now I *must* prove – no – convince people ce n'est pas moi. At least if Id [sic] known they were going to say that no power on earth would have made me cut a word. I wish I hadn't. I was wrong – very wrong –. (*Letters Between Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murry*, 329)

Mansfield describes herself as rendered "dumb" and "helpless" by the way in which Constable has packaged and marketed her book and is left speechless as "there are no words" to express her reaction to their "insulting" marketing of her gender. Indeed, the form of this letter – bursting with dashes, interruptions, piles of adjectives, and exclamations – underscores her frustrated attempts to protest this violating advertising strategy. Her fears about the photograph of her "looking through a garter" seem to predict her horror at the photograph that they did use to advertise the book in some periodicals.

Miss Katherine Mansfield

Author of a new volume of short stories entitled "Bliss," about to be published by Constable. She is the wife of the editor of "The Athenaeum."

Figure 3: Advertisement for *Bliss and Other Stories* from *The Sphere*, 6 November 1920.

While the *Athenaeum* advertisement uses words to problematically gender the readerly response to Mansfield's book, *The Sphere* advertises the book through an image of Mansfield herself and almost no mention of the book's contents at all (See Figure 3). *The Sphere* advertisement doesn't even list the full title of the volume and shockingly includes the irrelevant final sentence about her marital status as some sort of qualification for readership. McDonnell

documents how Mansfield wrote "to both Sadleir and Murry in protest about the photograph which accompanied this text when it appeared in *The Sphere*, in an attempt to prevent the reappearance of such an unflattering portrait, claiming that '[i]nstead of advertising Bliss it looked to *me* as though it ought to describe How I gained 28lbs. in One Month'" (134). Mansfield resented the circulation of this unauthorized image of herself and commented upon the strangeness of the inclusion of the photograph rather than any real advertising of *Bliss*—such that the picture could be an image featured in an advertisement about the effectiveness of weight gain supplements rather than an advertisement for a literary work.

In her letter of protest to her editor at Constable, Michael Sadleir, Mansfield stretched the truth about her "press agency" (McDonnell notes that she had no agency at this time and was relying on Murry to act as an agent) as she complains about the selected image and offers a preferable alternative:

> My press agency posted me today a most AWFUL photograph of myself published in The Sphere. It was like a turnip or even a turnip manqué. Where it came from I don't know. But only beautiful people can afford to let such frights of themselves be laughed at; plain ones have to be more cautious. So, in case anyone should ask my publishers for a more-or-less likeness would you see they are given this postcard? Its [sic] very unlikely the occasion will arise but after my horrid shock this morning I'd like to be prepared. (*The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield, Vol. IV,* 10 November 1920)

Here Mansfield humorously describes the image as an unsuccessful "turnip manqué" and as an embarrassing "fright" that will cause her to be "laughed at." While Mansfield exaggerates her own authorial power through her invented press agency, she also emphasizes her lack of knowledge and wished-for-but-elusive control over the image—"I don't know" and "can afford to let" and "have to be more cautious." Indeed, Mansfield had even less control than she imagined as McDonnell documents how it was her own husband/"agent" Murry who had provided the photo and how Mansfield's next letter to Sadleir apologizes for her error and

continues to play on the foreignness of the image: "I am sorry I lifted up my voice so loud – and I fully appreciate the position . . . Perhaps I ought to be thankful that J.M.M. didn't send you a photograph of a complete stranger – by mistake – whom he'd 'always thought' was K.M.!" (McDonnell 135). Mansfield also sent a telegram to Murry instructing him to burn the offending photograph and also a letter describing her horror at the image before she realized that it was he himself who gave it to Constable to use:

> Dearest Bogey,
>
> I wired today about my photograph in the Sphere. I can't think who gave it to the papers. My vanity is awfully wounded. What a dogs life it is! Really I haven't got such beastly eyes & long poodle hair & a streaky fringe. . . . I feel quite ill with outraged vanity. Ive [sic] written to Sadleir & sent him a postcard. . . . I know you know how I *detest* it. Its [sic] not me. Its a HORROR. If its given to anyone please get it back. Fool I was not to have burnt it!
>
> Tig. (*Collected Letters*, 10 November 1920)

Mansfield repeatedly references her vanity as "wounded" and "outraged" and then dehumanizes herself through the references to her "dogs life" and "beastly eyes" and "long poodle hair." She then assumes that Murry understands her hatred of "it" based on its misrepresentation of her: "Its not me. It's a HORROR." Again, Mansfield plays with the ghostly language of "frights" and "horrors" and un-likeness to describe the offending image that so unsettles her as to make her "feel quite ill."

Once she discovered that Murry was the one responsible for the image's circulation, Mansfield ended her professional relationship with Murry: McDonnell documents that Mansfield "resigned as reviewer for the *Athenaeum* within weeks and dismissed Murry as her agent within days" (135). Indeed, Mansfield uses this experience with the unauthorized image of her authorial body to gain greater control over her circulation within print culture and later imagines her literary legacy through the alternative material remainder of embodied books: "I do not want to

die because Ive [sic] done nothing to justify having lived yet. But if I *had* done my work Id [sic] even go so far as to die. I mean to jolly well keep live with the flag flying until there is a modest shelf of books with K.M. backs" (*Collected Letters*, Vol. IV, 146-7). Here, Mansfield imagines the books themselves—rather than an authorized "turnip manqué" image of herself—as the proper embodied authorial stand-in, and the production of these "backs" becomes the focus of her authorial energies and control.

"SHOT ONCE TOO OFTEN"

Much like Mansfield, Djuna Barnes is a modernist author who was often advertised and canonized through her glamorous body and through photographic reproductions of her image. Here, I will briefly examine Boni & Liveright's complexly embodied marketing and packaging strategies for Djuna Barnes's strange 1923 text, *A Book*. Recently, critics have begun to revitalize interest in Djuna Barnes—a modernist figure whose writings have been constantly linked to her glamorous authorial body. As Daniela Caselli has signaled in her monograph, *Improper Modernism: Djuna Barnes's Bewildering Corpus*, critics continue to struggle to make sense of Barnes's work within larger narratives of modernist literary history. Playing with the double resonance of "corpus" to conflate text and body, Caselli compellingly argues that Barnes's outsider status within the modernist canon is linked to her experimental form and her gendered body: "gender and sexuality are essential components of this anachronistic, inopportune, and impenetrable modernism."[17] Caselli argues that criticism devoted to Barnes is characterized by "a pervasive presence of pictures of Barnes" and that "her bewildering language is turned into the beautiful female body, 'symbol and vehicle for the consumption of Bohemia.'"[18] While Caselli attributes this fascination with Barnes's body to the author's interest in duplicitous figures of femininity, I would add that the publication history of Barnes's *A Book* in 1923 and its marketing strategies that leverage Barnes's photographic portrait and her looming imagined body have inspired and underwritten this continual linking of Barnes's texts and her body. These readings place the

"illegible" and "bewildering" work of Barnes within networks of meaning and marketing which leveraged her experimentation, her difficulty, and her mythicized female body and thus connect to recent work on Barnes, like Caselli's, that analyze how and why criticism has been "haunt[ed]" by Barnes's "own caped body."[19]

In the internal flaps of their dust jacket for *A Book*, Boni & Liveright foreground Barnes's authorship and her embodiment through their text and imagery. Barnes's name and photographic portrait appear at the top of the inner front flap, and in her small portrait Barnes looks to the left-hand margin—her gaze crossing the material boundaries of her book and also not looking directly at the viewer. The jacket text markets Barnes by echoing her intriguing mix of the concrete and the abstract, the feminine and the frightening:

> **Here are things written down and drawn by a woman who acknowledges the charm of unnecessary evil**, but cheers existence not because it is beautiful or ugly but because of the sublime folly of its persistency.
>
> Her people are not marked with a bustling bankruptcy; she deals with America as if it were—like Europe—dignified by time, and **of course she is personal**.
>
> In these plays, stories, poems and drawings, we sense a desire to make the world dangerous for democracy.
>
> **It is evident that she has been shot once too often. But what a gallant wound! What a devastating convalescence**. (Emphasis added)[20]

The jacket text develops a physical link between Barnes's body and her writing—"things written down and drawn by a woman"—that becomes complexly entangled with the form of *A Book* itself as somehow embodying the material *evidence* of her "shot" "wound[s]" and also of her "devastating convalescence."[21] Framed by the image of Barnes's photographed profile, the jacket subtly builds up Barnes' presence as somehow entwined with both the book and her writerly body that produced it; this twining is crystallized in the surprising, concluding image of *A Book*

as inviting us to witness and even marvel over—"But what a gallant wound!"—her injured and convalescent body.

Boni & Liveright's notices and advertisements for *A Book* often invoke Barnes's body to hawk the experimental volume's generic and multi-media mixings. In their marketing of the book—both in the jacket text and in various advertisements—Boni & Liveright continually emphasize the strangeness of *A Book* as corresponding to the eccentricity of Barnes herself. Boni & Liveright promoted the avant-garde text through multiple notices and advertisements in the periodicals: an announcement of new books in *Publisher's Weekly* echoes the enigmatic description from the jacket text to market *A Book* as a collection of "Plays, stories, poems and drawings by a woman who acknowledges the charm of unnecessary evil."[22] Additionally, a Boni & Liveright advertisement in *The New York Times Book Review* features a portrait of Barnes and reads: "Illustrated with remarkable drawings from her own brush, this book of stories, plays and poems is a complete representation of the work of one of the most intriguing personalities in modern American letters—truly 'a woman of infinite variety.'"[23]

In an advertisement in *Broom*, Boni & Liveright again include the image of Barnes in profile (seen in the inside flap of the jacket) and proclaim: "That almost mythical personality that has loomed so largely and intangibly over modern art in America –Djuna Barnes – has here made itself manifest in a book as individual as its creator."[24] While these items attempt to market the book through sketching Djuna Barnes herself as an eccentric and "intriguing" woman and as an "intangibly" "loom[ing]" literary figure, they cannot quite mask that in 1923 Barnes was an undefined figure—"almost mythical"—with no widely circulated book volumes to her name. These advertisement build on the popularity of her mythic authorial body to suggest that *A Book* will allow for the consumption of its author "made manifest in a book." The marketing of Barnes here again plays on an uncanny doubleness where the "intangibl[e]" "mythical" modernist woman can also be "made manifest in a book."

"OH RIDICULOUS CRUMPLED PETAL" & "A PLAIN DOWDY OLD WOMAN"

While Virginia Woolf had more control over her own publication and circulation within print culture than either Mansfield or Barnes due to her self-publication through the Hogarth Press, she still had moments when she circulated in forms that exceeded her control. Earlier I cited her fears about the uncontrollably and perhaps inevitably gendered responses to the popular success of *Flush,* and while she was writing that book she also expressed fears about the publication of her own embodied image in a frontispiece to an early biography. In her diary entry for September 16, 1932, Woolf conflates her stress over writing *Flush* and her anxiety over her public portrayal in the memoir's frontispiece:

> I'm in such a tremor that I've botched the last—penultimate chapter of Flush —it is worth writing that book--& can scarcely sit still, & must therefore scribble here, making myself form my letters, because—oh ridiculous crumpled petal—Wishart is publishing L.'s snap shot of me instead of the Lenare photograph & I feel that my privacy is invaded; my legs show; & I am revealed to the world (1,000 at most) as a plain dowdy old woman. How odd! I never gave the matter a thought till this morning. I sent the photographs off with some compunction at being too late. Now I'm all of a quiver—can't read or write; & can, rightly, expect little sympathy from L. What an ill joined web of nerves—to be kind—my being is! A touch makes the whole thing quiver. What can it matter? The complex is: privacy invaded, ugliness revealed—oh & that I was trapped into it by Wishart. Lord![25]

The snapshot in question did serve as the frontispiece for Winifred Holtby's "critical memoir" of Woolf published by Wishart in 1932 (see Figure 4) and also later was reproduced (with the legs tastefully cropped out) as the frontispiece for the second volume of Quentin Bell's biography (1972).

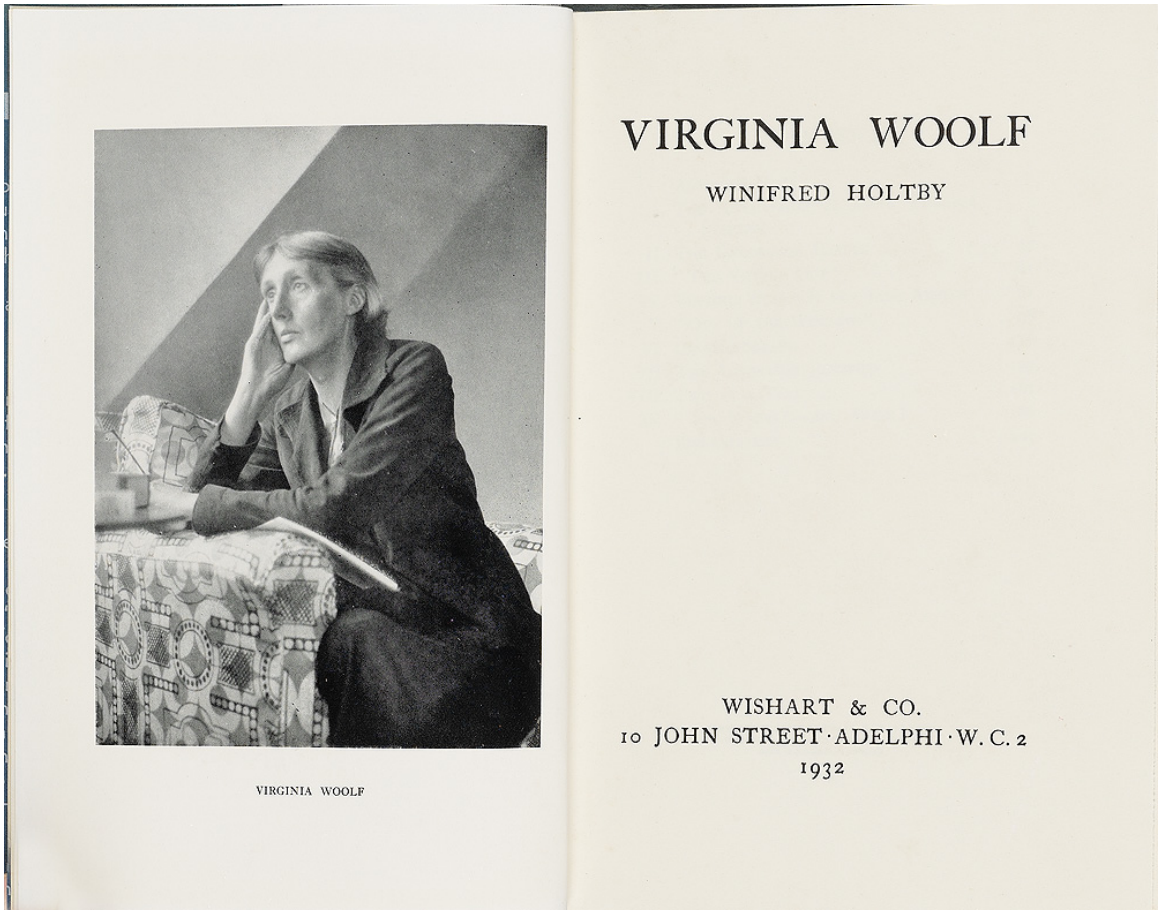

Figure 4: Snapshot of Woolf, frontispiece for Winifred Holtby's *Virginia Woolf*, 1932.

Figure 5: Lenare Photograph of Virginia Woolf reproduced in *Lenare: The Art of Society Photography, 1924-1977*, 1981.

In her diary entry, Woolf articulates her preference for the Lenare image (see Figure 6) with its smirking, challenging gaze back at the viewer, its ambiguous studio backdrop, and its ethereal, halo-like lighting rather than the snapshot image with its revelation of her crossed legs in the foreground, the suggestion of her domestic space in the background, and the far-away look away from the camera which suggests that the photo was taken while its subject was caught unaware of the lens. Indeed the open notebook or book on her lap suggests that the snapshot image captures "the-artist-at-work;" her strangely twisted position on the chair, seemingly rotated to her side as she rests her notebook and hands on the chair arm, draws the viewer's attention to

Woolf's body and suggest its active participation in her writing process. With its emphasis on the space of her home and on her writing process as embodied and its suggestion that it was a candid "snapshot," the Holtby frontispiece promises the viewer a scopophilic glimpse of the private life and body of Woolf. Perhaps, then, it is no wonder that Wishart chose the snapshot for Holtby's critical memoir, which promised readers just such an intimate glimpse of Woolf. And it is also unsurprising that this latter photo and the version of the artist that it circulated so upset Woolf that she could not write and felt violated as the photo "invaded" her "privacy" and projected an undesirable image to consumers of her public image.

Woolf's concerns about the invasive gesture of the frontispiece to Holtby's biography cluster around fears of being seen as a too-embodied subject (as having legs and as being "a plain dowdy old woman") rather than an as a somewhat ethereal iconic face (no body, just erudite head, as in the Lenare image). Woolf's concerns over managing her own photographic image and her fears that the reading public will harshly interpret the revelation of her legs suggest that she was very aware of the potential readerly desires for authorial bodies—particularly female authorial bodies.

AN UNGLAMOROUS CONCLUSION

While in my final example Woolf herself was the culprit who allowed the offending image to circulate, her response echoes Mansfield's response in terms of the sense of violation and symptoms of physical illness and bodily weakness; Woolf emphasizes her bodily collapse into a "ridiculous crumpled petal" as she dehumanizes herself much as Mansfield's self-description in her letters reacting to the "turnip"-y and "beastly" image. Woolf reiterates the horror of unwanted "revelation:" "I am revealed to the world . . . as a plain dowdy old woman" and "the complex is: privacy invaded, ugliness revealed." Both Woolf and Mansfield resented the blurring of boundaries between public and private that caused them to feel like unauthorized or at least undesired images of themselves that misrepresented and violated their authorial bodies and

distracted from their literary work. Anderson & Heap played with blankness and the cartoon contortions of Anderson's editorial body and similarly engaged with the unrealistic expectations that their readers might have about feminine embodiment within print culture circulation and production. In the marketing of these women writers and editors, the packaging and advertisements use images of authorial embodiment—both photographic and textual—to blur the boundaries between public and private, author and text, woman and writer. Indeed, in all of these cases the authorial female body seems to haunt or even replace the literary product that is being marketed. The results of these circulating "frights" often leave the authors feeling violated, dehumanized, ill, and voiceless. These reactions underscore the paradox wherein becoming intensely embodied also creates feelings of disembodiment, of out-of-bodiness, of inhumanity. For these women modernists, being made "manifest" in print creates an uncanny and uncontrollable embodiment that is transferred onto the book or printed image. These doubles—the "not-me," "turnip" ghosts—sicken, haunt, and violate the authorial imagination even as they enable the marketable glamour of modernist women authors by blending the abstract and the concrete, the mythical and the manifest. And perhaps we can connect these experiences of circulating as a *photographically* embodied woman in modernist print culture to *A Book's* evocative jacket description of Barnes' body as being "shot once too often."

Notes

[1] Much of this material is adapted from multiple chapters of my book, *Modernist Experiments in Genre, Media, and Transatlantic Print Culture* in the Ashgate Studies in Publishing History: Manuscript, Print, Digital Series (Routledge, 2017).
[2] Margaret Beetham, "Periodicals and the new media: Women and imagined communities," *Women's Studies International Forum* 29 (2006): 231-240.
[3] Fiona Hackney, "'Women are News:' British Women's Magazines 1919-1939," *Transatlantic Print Culture, 1880-1940: Emerging Media/Emerging Modernisms*. Palgrave Macmillan, 2008.
[4] Judith Brown, *Glamour in Six Dimensions: Modernism and the Radiance of Form*. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 2009.
[5] Lucy Sheehan was extremely helpful in articulating this conception of the uncanny doubleness at work in this piece.
[6] *The Little Review*, 3.5 (August 1916) 2. *The Little Review* began in January 1914 and had run 25 issues before making this plea/proclamation. All of these images are taken from the Modernist

Journals Project site and their scan of the Blank issue: (http://www.modjourn.org/render.php?id=1295552160506125&view=mjp_object).

[7] *The Little Review*, 3.6 (September 1916) 14-15. Elizabeth Francis, *The Secret Treachery of Words: Feminism and Modernism in America* (Minneapolis, MN: U of Minnesota P, 2002) 65. Francis remarks on the cartoon's representation of the editor's life and linking art to the systems that support it: "A two-page cartoon was prominently featured in the middle of the issue, dividing the blank pages from the regular departments. Titled 'Light Occupations of an Editor While There is Nothing to Edit,' the cartoons of Anderson were drawn by Heap, and they parodied the photo layouts of debutantes on the society pages in newspapers and magazines. They depict Anderson in a gamut of unconventional activities made somehow ordinary by their lightness and irony, eating fudge for breakfast, wearing a skimpy bathing suit, attending lectures by Emma Goldman, and haranguing a sheriff about free verse and anarchism. The cartoons mark the border between art and the secondary practices that support art, its connection to and grounding in the world, and they moor the *Little Review* to the life of the editor, rather than merely to the 'art' the magazine sought to present. Moreover, their representation of Anderson's life stood out even more since the surrounding pages were blank" (65).

[8] Jayne E. Marek, *Women Editing Modernism: "Little" Magazines & Literary History* (Lexington, KY: UP of Kentucky, 1995) 80. Marek focuses on the September 1916 issue as the most visible case of their experimentation: "The comments about the so-called 'blank' issue of September 1916 offer perhaps the most obvious case. This number sported sixteen empty [sic] pages, a number of drawings by the recently arrived Heap, and some commentary pronouncing on the nature of 'Art' and criticizing the lack of high-quality submissions. This half-blank issue struck many as a superb example of avant garde insouciance; certainly Heap and Anderson reveled in the attention this issue drew, and they printed a number of responses in later issues of the magazine, including Ezra Pound's first contribution, 'Das Schone [sic] Papier Vergeudet.' ['The Beautiful Paper Wasted'] Even in the issue itself, the editors printed letters commenting on the 'threat' of leaving pages blank, which Anderson had made in her August 1916 editorial." (80)

[9] Elizabeth Francis reads the blank issue as emblematic of both the feminist self-expression from the magazine's early history (in the cartoon) and the desire for high "Art" that colored its future: "The blank issue . . . marked a transition; over the next few years, the magazine's 'Want Ad' for art was clearly answered, and the *Little Review* published work that has certainly become some of the most important of the century, especially Joyce's *Ulysses*. Yet the larger project of the *Little Review* as an 'advertisement' for self-expression was derailed, appropriated by the very forces of 'art' it claimed to support. While feminist forms of self-expression, such as the blank issue, disrupted the conventions of art, this political aesthetic was squeezed out by the refinement and reification of literary art that rose to take the place of the older culture the *Little Review* had helped demolish." (66)

[10] Pound's short contribution is a two page plea to the editors to consider the conditions limiting "Art" in the United States; he begins: "Before you issue another number of your magazine half blank, I must again ask you seriously to consider the iniquity of the present 'protective' tariff on books" (*The Little Review*, 3.7 [November 1916],16).

[11] *The Little Review*, 3.6 (September 1916) 26. Lloyd Wright's response—printed in the "Reader Critic" section of the blank issue—plays with blankness and representing absence with its use of a long ellipsis to mark Lloyd Wright's sense of ending and impossibility: "Your resolve is interesting—but it looks like the end. . . . I don't see where you can find the thing you need. / But miracles do happen—I wish I had a million or a pen."[11] The ellipsis thus provides a lacuna that both divides and connects the architect's vision of finality and his failure to envision the desired discovery. The ellipsis connects his vision explicitly with the typographical features that *The Little Review* consistently links to blankness and absence. While Frank Lloyd Wright's comments don't explicitly reference Heap's cartoon sketches of Anderson's contorted body, the

repeated emphasis on the physical "looks" of the magazine does perhaps signal the beauty of the image as superior to the usual textual features.

[12] Jenny McDonnell, *Katherine Mansfield and the Modernist Marketplace: At the Mercy of the Public* (Palgrave Macmillan 2010).

[13] McDonnell argues that the choice of this genre both helped Mansfield reach her audience and has influenced her place in modernist literary history: "Mansfield's practice of the 'suspiciously popular' short story form was one of a number of factors that long consigned her to the margins of modernism" (11).

[14] *The Diary of Virginia Woolf*, Ed. Anne Olivier Bell. Vol. IV, 1931-1935. (New York, NY: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982) 181.

[15] Woolf responds in her diary to the review of Geoffrey Grigson, a "poet and critic and at this time literary editor of the Morning Posts, [who] wrote of Flush in the issue of 6 October, 1933: 'Its [sic] continual mock-heroic tone, its bantering pedantry, its agile verbosity make it the most tiresome book which Mrs Woolf has yet written" (qtd. in *Diary*, vol. IV, 185). She also responds to the nastier *Granta* review (October 25, 1933): which laments that ". . . the deadly facility of [Flush] combined with its popular success mean . . . the end of Mrs Woolf as a live force. We must mourn the passing of a potentially great writer who perished for lack of an intelligent audience" (qtd. in *Diary*, vol. IV, 186). About this second review, Woolf writes: "I wish I could get [my head] full & calm & unconscious. This last is difficult, owing to Flush, owing to the perpetual little spatter of comment that keeps me awake. Yesterday the Granta said I was now defunct. Orlando Waves Flush represent the death of a potentially great writer. This is only a rain drop; I mean the snub some little pimpled undergraduate likes to administer, just as he would put a frog in ones bed: but then there's all the letters, & the requests for pictures—so many that, foolishly perhaps, I wrote a sarcastic letter to the N.S.—thus procuring more rain drops" (186).

[16] McDonnell notes that Mansfield "reacted with contempt to the way in which this advertisement projected a gendered reception of her work . . . Her anger at being sold to the public in these terms provides a further indication of her increased determination to control the marketing of her work and the public representation of her authorial persona" (134).

[17] Daniela Caselli, *Improper Modernism: Djuna Barnes's Bewildering Corpus* (Surrey: Ashgate, 2009) 4. Caselli notes Barnes's fame as a figure and marginalization as a writer: "Barnes is still a minor twentieth-century figure, existing more as part of evocative cityscapes than as a modernist writer in her own right. Appearing more often in paragraphs than in monographs, she moves across, without long-standing associations, the protean artistic groups that make up the American and European literary histories of the period going from decadence to later modernism, from New York to Berlin, London, and Paris" (1).

[18] Caselli, 28.

[19] Caselli, 15.

[20] Here I have quoted the complete text from the internal back flap of the jacket. The text from the front flap plays upon Barnes' cosmopolitanism: "Djuna Barnes is not only a noted figure in Greenwich Village, but in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London—the artistic capitals of the world. Her unique and diverse talents, expressed in plays, stories, poems and pictures have won her a unique position, and she has at last been persuaded to give the world a collection of her finest work." Thus, Boni & Liveright begin by emphasizing Barnes' international status before claiming that she has transformed the American into the elevated, eternal European, "dignified by time."

[21] In one negative review from *the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger* from December 1, 1923, the Reviewer ends by explicitly commending the strange jacket text: "If one is looking for literature, he can pass this collection by without great loss; if for mere amusement, he need not go beyond the jacket blurb. This blurb is a rarity even among its fellows." The same reviewer begins the review by questioning the title's gesture: "Was it droll audacity that named this—'A Book'—an

unconcerned gesture toward the world of readers? Presumably the work was meant to be taken seriously, and indeed, it may be. However, this collection of sketches, short stories, verse and dramatic pieces, seems hardly worth while enough to be deserving of real attention." Djuna Barnes Papers, Series IV, Box 1, Folder 11 (Hornbake Library, University of Maryland, MD). Hereafter cited as DBP with Series, Box and Folder Information.
[22] DBP, Series IV, Box 1, Folder 11 (Hornbake Library, University of Maryland, MD).
[23] DBP, Series IV, Box 1, Folder 11.
[24] Michael Soto, "Jean Toomer and Horace Liveright; or, A New Negro Gets 'into the Swing of It,'" *Jean Toomer and the Harlem Renaissance*, ed. Genevieve Fabre and Michel Feith (New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers UP, 2001) 182.
[25] Entry for Friday, September 16, 1932, *Diary,* vol 4, 124.

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