

WITH A PLURAL VENGEANCE: MODERNISM AS (FLAMING) BRAND

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Nipping the hand extended in welcome at the inaugural meeting of the Modernist Studies Association, Jennifer Wicke challenged:

Modernism is a brand name . . . And as with so many commercial brands, the modernist brand can only be resurrected by ironizing or implicitly denying its original cultural status. This is glorious and salutary in some ways, but should not be mistaken as gestures of pure cultural examination or backdated exoneration. Brand names are revived so that they can still be of use, can still move the goods. In marketing there is a name for this: rebranding. A return to modernism with a difference, and with a plural vengeance, as in “new modernisms” [the theme of that inaugural conference of the MSA], legitimately opens key debates, stages productive re-readings, and enacts agonistic language games of genuine import and ferocity. We cannot ignore, however, our own investments in modernism’s speculative bubble. As revivers of its brand, a brand we cannot seem to do without, we re-brand ourselves as critics and theorists just as we rebrand modernist others.”¹

That Wicke held nothing back in her response to the conference design, of course, bespeaks her characteristic quality of mind, and her integrity, but it tells us something more as well. By the late nineties, when the Modernist Studies Association first took shape, not just the word but the ideals of “Modernism” (I persist in using the capital) had become deeply suspect. Modernist writers and poets – particularly the poets, it would seem – were increasingly dismissed as racist, misogynist, anti-Semitic, and elitist. That so shrewd a critic as Wicke might conceive of what used to be considered a period name as a *brand* name in and of itself says much about the fallen stock of Modernism, to recur to Wicke’s metaphor. Her concern is that critics not devalue the brand name but we can also see here that there has already been a devaluation, one that opens up the need for the kind of broad theorizing we find in her work. Were Modernism still so self-evidently the telos of literary history scholars would most likely remain content to take it on its own terms, as they mostly did in the fifties and sixties. Instead, we now question – have been questioning for at least 35 years or so – what it is that we are branding.

By the early nineties, “Modernism” had become a virtually opprobrious descriptor, representing most everything that was bad, while, all the cachet that once attended it hovered like a golden aura above all things putatively “postmodern.” One of the better known tabulations of all this comes from Ihab Hassan’s 1992 celebration of postmodernism, *The Dismemberment of Orpheus*, wherein we learn that Modernism is, for instance, characterized by form, hierarchy, and the quest for transcendence, whereas postmodernism is characterized by anti-form, anarchy, and immanence.² Respect for Modernism had so declined that, from the point of view of most scholars in the field, there was little new in Anthony Julius’s 1995 “bombshell,” *T. S. Eliot, Anti-Semitism, and Literary Form* (Cambridge UP). Nevertheless, the explosive success of the book (I’ve been told it is one of Cambridge University Press’s all-time best sellers) transformed what might simply have been a late-comer, a piler-on, to something more like the apotheosis of the reaction against the “High Modernism” institutionalized after the Second World War. In view of Julius’s charges against Eliot, or, say, of Robert Casillo’s charges against Pound, it grew increasingly difficult to see why students should study their work except, perhaps, as case studies in pathology. And so, as Wicke rightly observes, the MSA intended a “return to modernism with a difference.” That the theme of our first two conferences was “New Modernisms” did indeed, as Wicke says, both ironize and deny (more explicitly perhaps than implicitly) Modernism’s “original cultural status” – all in the plural form of the title.

It is arguable whether the MSA has been playing a leading role in shaping Modernist Studies, or whether it simply responds to and in a certain way institutionalizes new directions (personally, I

incline to the latter view); but either way, as the largest annual meeting devoted to Modernist Studies, either in Europe or in North America, moving across perspectives dominated by single authors, genres, national traditions, and disciplines, the continued success of the MSA in attracting scholars marks a significant change in the dynamics of modernist studies. *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, reporting on the first conference, called its story “New Life for Modernism: Scholars Take a Fresh Look at an ‘Elitist’ Canon – and Expand It.”³ As Wicke’s article suggests, what is at stake is more complicated than that, and portends major changes for Modernist Studies. I’d like here to reflect on these changes, and consider the possibilities that they suggest for the immediate future.

At the end of the passage I have quoted, Wicke cautions: “As revivers of its brand, a brand we cannot seem to do without, we re-brand ourselves as critics and theorists just as we rebrand modernist others.” I am particularly interested in Wicke’s perception that we “rebrand” ourselves “just as we rebrand modernist others” – interested in the implication that our revisionist return to Modernism comprises altogether an attempt to remake ourselves and to reconceive what it is that we understand ourselves to be doing. We remain fascinated and compelled by work that nevertheless often troubles our conscience; we “cannot seem to do without it,” nor can we accept it in the terms handed down to us by our teachers’ generation. Modernist productions may endure for us as a still vital legacy, but the figures who left us this legacy seem more and more, well, *other*: not like us and from a world that increasingly strikes us as different from our own.

The legacy of these figures is, of course, part of what makes us different, and it strikes me that some of the forces that drive this sense of difference were set in motion in their day. The First World was certainly not the war to end all wars, but, in making untenable the confidence that culture could somehow be all-inclusive, it was unquestionably a source for our modern culture wars. The 1920s, both in north America and in Europe, saw the dissemination not only of modern anthropological conceptions but also, on the one hand, of new claims about popular culture, such as those made by Gilbert Seldes’ in his *Seven Lively Arts* (1924) and, on the other, of the more exclusive, Modernist, claims about high culture. Part of what made the MSA’s presentation of “New Modernisms” so powerful is, in this sense, a further development of forces with which Modernist writers and poets were themselves contending. But now, nearly a century later, these forces have assumed forms that our “modernist others” could not have recognized.

I have been thinking about Wicke’s paper since I heard her give it, five years ago, in Pennsylvania. I find her insight into our current situation to be profound. But in one respect I think she misjudges what has been happening, both at the MSA and beyond it. Rightly observing that the meaning of “Modernism” “is inseparable from its uses,” Wicke submits that:

A relatively common stance amongst those who would like to “make modernism new” leans away from the so-called “high modernist canon,” and tilts toward lesser known or even unknown modernist artists to escape what appears to be the cul-de-sac of high modernism. Exorcising the modernist canon posthumously, these critical acts of purification disregard the modernist branding that, like Sherwin Williams paint, covers everything, even criticism and critique.

Wicke concludes her argument with a warning: “these nouveau modernist critics who wish to enlarge the canon . . . had better hope that the illusion of a modernist or high modernist canon stays in place,” else no one will care about their attempted revisions (395). This Nietzschean argument acknowledges that the Modernist canon is an illusion, but avers that we need it to continue our work, rather like the company men of *Heart of Darkness* need the illusion that they are working for progress of some kind. But I think the issue here is less about canon-busting than it is about changing the criteria of canon-formation; my argument here is essentially the one Lillian Robinson advanced a quarter century ago in “Treason Our Text.”⁴ The issue is not about including more or different books but rethinking the bases of inclusion themselves. The process is not, then, about exorcism or purification—as it was, say, for Ezra Pound in his *ABC of Reading* (1934): “the only way to keep the best writing in circulation, or to ‘make the best poetry popular’, is by drastic separation of the best from a great mass of writing that has long been considered of value, that has over-weighted all curricula, and that is to be blamed for the very pernicious current idea that a

good book must be of necessity a dull one.”⁵ Pound and Eliot (in their distinct ways) endeavored to define a canon on the basis of technical innovations; for them and for the generation that followed (Leavis, Brooks & Warren) the distinction between the canonical and the non-canonical could be absolute, and rarely involved any acknowledgement of their own implicatedness; the revisionist scholars whom Wicke cautions are too various in their objectives to categorize neatly, but on the whole I see few who do not at least attempt to be square about their own purposes. The impulse behind “New Modernisms” is not one of purification. On the contrary, it is an attempt to return to Modernism without investing in that enterprise. Even this could, perhaps, be called an attempt to purify, but I think it more fairly should be seen as an attempt to acknowledge the lessons we might hope to have learned from the last century. Recognizing a plurality of aesthetics and purposes in Modernism is not a matter of trying to whitewash unmistakably imperfect figures so much as an attempt to be clear about what they have left to us that is still usable. One of my favorite gestures in this regard comes from poet Bob Perelman, who, in *The Trouble with Genius*, faces facts and moves on: yes, he acknowledges, “Pound’s work can be morally dismal if its referents are followed out carefully in certain areas, but the trails that lead to Hitler and the Jews need not be taken: there are other trails from most of Pound’s words.”⁶

Do we risk “devaluing the brand” by attending to “lesser known or even unknown modernist artists”? Think of it this way. How many of the figures canonized in the High Modernist era would have had broad recognition without having been championed by scholars? Eliot and Joyce, of course; but, whatever the contemporaneous notoriety might have been, Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, Mina Loy, H.D.? Would we really want to promote a Modernism stripped of most of its dazzling female voices, leaving only Virginia Woolf, or possibly Marianne Moore? And, arguably, several key male figures, like Wyndham Lewis or even Ezra Pound, would find but few readers without their work being preserved by scholars. To say so is no argument against them. It’s an argument for the work of scholars and teachers.

I worry, too, that Wicke’s warning about “devaluing the brand” looks too much like the long-familiar arguments against modern scholarship that come to us from the political right: arguments contending that by lowering canonical standards we threaten to devalue literary study. Such arguments forget that it was scholars who made the canon in the first place, and that the activities of scholars and critics are always informed by, sometimes driven by, the socio-cultural pressures of the day. Wicke, of course, is too smart to make that mistake, and her emphasis on branding carries a different edge. Her warning, less dramatic, is that over several generations Modernist scholars have developed a certain brand-name value, and we risk squandering that name-recognition by changing the product.

Maybe now is the time to remember where the term “brand” comes from. To “brand” means to burn with a hot iron, and the “brand” itself is that hot iron. Similarly, when we call something “brand new” we are referring not to the cattleman’s or manufacturer’s mark or insignia, but the ‘brand’ in ‘fire-brand’: if something is brand new, it’s hot off the (blacksmith’s) fire.⁷ In Shakespeare the phrase appears a half-dozen times at least. In *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, we hear of “A man of fire-new words”; in *Twelfth Night*, the phrase appears as “Fire-new from the mint;” in *King Lear*, “Fire-new fortune.”⁸ And so on, so that we could speak of a sword being “brand-new” from the forge. This last association proves especially pertinent, because I don’t find the analogy between scholarship and marketing to be unproblematic. Yes, all scholars trade on the cultural capital acquired by the texts and figures on whom we write, but our trade is in ideas and art, and presumably in order to move people—to quicken their hearts and minds and bring them something that the commercial world in its more direct forms (more direct – I don’t deny that academe is increasingly caught up in commerce) can’t give them. And so, when scholars work fundamentally to revise something as broad as Modernism, they do so, *we* do so in order to effect socio-cultural change. “New Modernisms” isn’t just a new marketing brand, it’s a brand still fairly new from the forge, and at its best it’s a sword, of sorts.

This martial metaphor can remind us of another aspect of this matter. There has never been an uncontested notion of literary Modernism. First deployed as a rallying cry by Robert Graves and Laura Riding in their 1928 *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (and coming a year after the term “postmodernism” figured in a book title), Modernism has always been more than a neutral descriptor, and has invariably provoked contest.⁹ In part, this is because from the first it claimed a

kind of cachet, so that to be modern but not Modernist was to be decidedly old and in the way. Michael Levenson, contending with what he recognizes as “the distortions and simplifications of Modernism” in earlier accounts of the field, figures the situation nicely:

Do we call for a return to Modernism? Certainly not, if this implies a nostalgic attempt to undo the last decades in order to share the dream of a movement that would never age and never end—but incontestably, if it means availing ourselves of the great timeliness of a reevaluation. The influence of the first thirty years of the century over the next fifty was so great that the achievement of a distance from modernism remains an event in contemporary culture. We are still learning how not to be Modernist. (1)¹⁰

I think Levenson has it exactly right: the Modernist dream was to create, as Pound put it in one of his definitions of literature, “news that stays news.”¹¹ As institutionalized in academe in the forties and early fifties, the term Modernism functioned to separate sheep from goats, the “new work”—in T. S. Eliot’s sense – from the merely conforming.¹² That history currently troubles the further development of Modernist Studies. We are indeed still learning how *not* to be Modernist.

The problem to which Wicke addresses herself is that readers and scholars have been working for some thirty years now to make the term more inclusive, to wrest it from the critical criteria of what used to be celebrated as “High Modernism” and expand its purview to include other writers and poets who developed ways of challenging cultural orthodoxy and/or literary tradition. Much of the most exciting work of this kind has been done, on the one hand, by feminist scholars like Rachel Blau DuPlessis, Rita Felski, Susan Stanford Friedman, Jane Marcus, or Bonnie Kime Scott (to name just a few celebrated examples), and, on the other, by those urging more astute recognition of non-white writers and poets, or of working-class or proletarian writers and poets. In this respect, Scott’s two volume *Refiguring Modernism* (1995) is especially pertinent. Explicitly contending with male-centered “accounts of canonical modernism,” Scott explains that her “refiguring” principally “occurred as Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West, and Djuna Barnes were selected as central representatives of modernist writing, where typically a cluster of male figures have stood.”¹³ Her first volume, “The Women of 1928,” not only parodies Wyndham Lewis’s celebration of “The Men of 1914,” but also thus assigns to the development of Modernist writing a markedly different timeline.¹⁴ The very title of the new electronic journal in which I am writing here, *Modernist Cultures*, like the “New Modernisms” theme of the first two MSA meetings, suggests the situation in which we now find ourselves. That is, there has been a growing tendency in certain areas of scholarly activity to conceive of Modernism not in the singular sense that prevailed at least through the 1980s, but rather to think of Modernisms in a plural sense: related, perhaps, but not necessarily synonymous areas and aspects of literary-cultural activity.

As late as the mid-eighties, while I was a graduate student at the University of Virginia, the standard definitions of Modernism were still those prepared by Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, in their hefty handbook, *Modernism*.¹⁵ For them, Modernism was and is a response to cultural crisis (26), and emphasized “not art’s freedom, but art’s necessity” (27). It was “less a style than a search for a style” (29), and they considered it an open question “whether it has yet ended” (34). The emphasis on incessant stylistic revolution – the search for a style rather than the achievement of one—is still seductive, and suggests Levenson’s “dream of a movement that would never age and never end.” For Bradbury and McFarlane, Modernism was a dynamic process—but it was *one* process. But Modernism as they construed it – as they constructed it – differed from what many of us know today not only in form but also in content: theirs was an essentially male affair, and a matter of stylistic revolution.

How reconcile that with the concerns that preoccupy us a quarter century later? Wicke, albeit in a different way from, say, Friedman, evidently believes that received standards of canonicity can be retained and still admit women. There are many other voices unprepared to accept that conclusion. My own favorite example, too complex in its negotiations to be handily summarized, is Peter Nicholls’s magisterial, and quite possibly indispensable, *Modernisms: A Literary Guide* (1995): a book that Nicholls overtly offers as an alternative to Bradbury and McFarlane. Even where writing of canonical figures, Nicholls sees an irreducible plurality. For example: “Woolf’s modernism seems quite at odds with that of Pound, Eliot, and Joyce, though Lewis (whose work

we may take to represent a third kind) saw all of them as representatives of a common romanticism.”¹⁶ One, two, three Modernisms—why not more? At what point does plurality render the useless the governing concept, or perhaps just the general descriptor?

The first MSA conference produced several expressions of concern on that score – besides Wicke, there was also Friedman’s paper (see note 2) – but probably satisfied no one as to anything but the scope of the problem. The conference was held four years after the publication of Nicholls’ book, in the Fall of 1999, at Pennsylvania State University, but I had started thinking about the need for such an organization in the spring of 1996, in part as a result of having spent a semester in London. While there I had the pleasure of spending time not just with Nicholls but also with other English scholars and writers like Stan Smith or the late Beryl Gilroy. This time away from home gave me new opportunity to reflect upon both how differently Modernism has been respected, criticized and studied in Britain than in the United States – and also what these differences tell us about the ways in which debates about Modernism continue to participate in broader public discourse. It struck me then with renewed force that how we define Modernism tells us much about how we, as a culture, hope to define ourselves. I spent the next year looking for comrades-in-arms, and in the Spring of 1997 found them – at another annual conference where we were all lamenting the indifference of the organizers to any of the figures or texts in whom we were all interested. The founding Board of the MSA comprised Gail MacDonald (UNC Greensboro), Sanford Schwartz and Mark Morrison (Penn State), Cassandra Laity (at Drew), and myself. Our mission was shaped collectively, as was the material form our aspirations eventually took. We succeeded, I believe, because there were so many other scholars feeling much the same way as ourselves. To cite just one other instance: at the same time that I was searching out comrades to launch the MSA, a group of interdisciplinary scholars, emerging from what had first been conceived as a one-shot special topic conference, resolved to frame *The Space Between*, a new literary association devoted to the study of modernisms – the plural being emphatically important. This group of scholars, mostly women, sees the plurality of Modernisms as an inevitable function of their interdisciplinary focus.¹⁷ In this regard, they were responding to the same historical pressures as the founders of the MSA. In other words, the growing readiness to see Modernism in other than monolithic terms, to see it as various and both changeable and still-changing, is not to be located in the vision of any one group of scholars.

And so where now? In October, 2004, The Modernist Studies Association held its sixth annual meeting in Vancouver, British Columbia. Not all MSA conferences have special topics, but this one did: “Other Modernisms / Modernism’s Others.” The strength of this theme is that it simultaneously invites us to attend to “Modernisms” (note the plural) outside of Europe and North America, and also to those writers and poets denied “Modernist” status by either Modernist writers and poets or the critics and scholars who write about them. That the Vancouver conference organizers were not thinking of Wicke’s argument about our “rebranding modernist others” when they framed their theme only testifies to her perspicacity, and to the broad resonance of her challenge. The chiasmic structure of the theme, like so many titles in our time, bids us to see the force of our own perspective, implicating us in the literary and cultural histories that we would tell.

That gesture, too, is consonant with several aspects of Wicke’s essay. But we can take it further, because Wicke herself is thoroughly mindful of how we are implicated in whatever it is that we understand Modernism to have accomplished. Moreover, her readiness to see Modernism as being deeply implicated in the commercial world scholars once defined it against should similarly be recognized as a broad current in contemporary Modernist Studies. Other scholars have taken related approaches: Robert Jensen’s *Marketing Modernism in Fin-de-Siècle Europe* (1994), Kevin Dettmar’s *Marketing Modernism* (1996), Joyce Wexler’s *Who Paid for Modernism?* (1997), Lawrence Rainey’s *Institutions of Modernism: Literary Elites and Public Culture* (1998), and Catherine Turner’s *Marketing Modernism Between the Two World Wars* (2003) come most immediately to mind. This kind of move is more than a function of our hermeneutics of suspicion: it enables us to connect literary texts with broad cultural developments – and in so doing understand better not only the ideological underpinnings of the work, or the genesis of the work, but also to help new readers find ways in to often difficult texts. Modernism, either in the sense of what period writers and poets wrought, or in the sense of how we frame their texts for consumption and study today, was by no means above it all. Again and again, scholars have shown

how figures like Joyce, Stein, or Eliot were in fact marketing adepts, rather than being indifferent or even dismissive of it.

But, finally, all such revisionist work takes us to “Modernism with a Difference.” I look forward to all the changes that the 21st Century will bring to our ongoing evaluations of “the dream of a movement that would never age and never end” – of Modernism. But it does seem clear to me that for the foreseeable future the most pressing matter for all of us in the field will be whether Modernism is something singular, or something plural. There are certainly advantages to a more pluralistic model. It allows us to recognize that what happened in London, Paris and Berlin over a thirty-year period happened elsewhere in different but related ways and at different times, and that in turn can help foster a better sense of what is most singular about any particular scene, and what might be a more nearly inevitable reaction to modern socio-economic formations. More pluralistic models might allow those who find the politics of certain Modernist figures repugnant to protect the figures of their own immediate interest from any kind of guilt by association. They might clarify as well our perception that there can be no one master narrative, no single key, that can open up all the literary, artistic and cultural productions that we might want to see as Modernist. And a more pluralistic model might allow us better to recognize the pertinence of Modernist activities to Modernity as a whole (though in saying as much I should acknowledge the extent to which Susan Friedman has problematized any simple analogy between these terms).¹⁸ I rather expect that those standing furthest from the field will have the easiest time seeing things as somehow of a piece. I imagine that tension over this question, one Modernism or many, can be productive. Will this tension become permanent? Will the next generation resolve what we cannot? Or will the question altogether cease to interest readers and scholars? Given how steadily I have here been talking back to Jennifer Wicke, perhaps I should allow her a last word: “The Modernist bubble of our speculations, set aloft by our appreciations as by our depreciations alike, enlarges the surface of what has been and might be the case . . . making modernism new. In retailing modernism this way, we don’t risk selling out—the only danger lies in failing to appreciate and give value, and thereby selling modernism short” (402). We cannot help but bring difference to Modernism as we return to it, because what it means to us must change as we change. My concern, both as a reader and as someone who has been inspired by this writing for the whole of his adult life, is to find ways of appreciating work of sometimes awesome power without either whitewashing or blackballing it, without either squinting hard so as not to acknowledge moral failings, or staring at them so hard our eyes cross. “Some one said, ‘the dead writers are remote from us because we *know* so much more than they did.’ Precisely, and they are that which we know.”¹⁹ Or at least which we continue striving to know.

Notes

¹ Jennifer Wicke, “Appreciation, Depreciation: Modernism’s Speculative Bubble.” *Modernism/Modernity* 8.3 (September 2001), 389-403.

² Ihab Hassan, *The Dismemberment of Orpheus: Toward a Postmodern Literature* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1992). See in particular 267-8. My own sense of Hassan’s work is now permanently marked by Susan Stanford Friedman’s reading, in her essay “Definitional Excursions: The Meanings of Modern/Modernity/Modernism,” *Modernism/Modernity* 8.3 (September 2001), 493-513.

³ The story was by Scott Heller, and appeared in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* (5 November 1999), A21-23.

⁴ Lillian Robinson, “Treason Our Text,” reprinted in *Sex, Class and Culture* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1978).

⁵ Ezra Pound, *ABC of Reading* (New York: New Directions, 1960), 13.

⁶ Bob Perelman, *The Trouble with Genius: Reading Pound, Joyce, Stein, and Zukofsky* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994), 39.

⁷ Robert Claiborne, *Loose Cannons, Red Herrings, and Other Lost Metaphors* (New York & London: Norton, 1988), 51. See also *Why Do We Say It? The Stories Behind the Words, Expressions and Cliché's We Use* (Edison, NJ: Castle, 1985), 45.

⁸ I could only wish my memory was this good; these citations and others are in the entry for "Brand-new" in *Brewers Dictionary of Phrase & Fable, Centenary Edition, Revised* (New York: Harper & Row, 1981), 154.

⁹ The irony of "Modernism" as a term for literary production being pre-dated by "Postmodernism" is observed by Stan Smith in his *The Origins of Modernism: Eliot, Pound, Yeats and the Rhetorics of Renewal* (New York & London: Harvester/Wheatleaf, 1994), 11-18.

¹⁰ Michael Levenson, ed., *The Cambridge Companion to Modernism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), 1.

¹¹ Ezra Pound, *ABC of Reading*, 29.

¹² T. S. Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in *Selected Essays* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1964), 5.

¹³ Bonnie Kime Scott, *Refiguring Modernism: Volume One, The Women of 1928, and Volume Two, Postmodern Feminist Readings of Woolf, West, and Barnes* (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1995). See *Volume One*, ix.

¹⁴ Lewis' phrase is from *Blasting and Bombardiering: An Autobiography (1914-1926)* (London: Calder and Boyers, 1967), 252. The part of this passage that no one remembers is that Lewis goes on to compare Pound to Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts – which suggests at the least the Lewis himself did not take the phrase all that seriously, and offered ironically against what everyone would have expected the phrase to mean: the millions of who marched off to war that year.

¹⁵ Malcolm Bradbury and James McFarlane, eds., *Modernism 1890-1930* (New York: Penguin, 1976).

¹⁶ Peter Nicholls, *Modernisms: A Literary Guide* (London: Macmillan, 1995), 267-268.

¹⁷ The first "The Space Between: Literature 1914-1945" conference was held in 1997, and was organized by Linda Holland-Toll. Subsequently, the core group of organizers came to include Kristin Bluemel, Debra Rae Cohen, Stella Deen, Christina Hauck, and Phyllis Lassner. The Space Between website is: <http://www.precursors.org/>. The principal difference of this organization from the MSA is discernible in their very name: The Space Between; that is, they chose to focus on the years *entre-deux guerres*.

¹⁸ Once again, see "Definitional Excursions: The Meanings of Modern/Modernity/Modernism," *Modernism/Modernity* 8.3 (September 2001), 493-513. This essay is a short version of a chapter in Friedman's work-in-progress, "Transnational Modernism: Spatial Poetics, and the New Modernist Studies."

¹⁹ Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," 6.