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The Lives They Chose: Margaret Anderson and Her Family of Artists

A Thesis Presented

by

CJ Healy

to

The Faculty of the College of Arts & Sciences

of

The University of Vermont

In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts
Specializing in Gender, Sexuality, and Women's Studies
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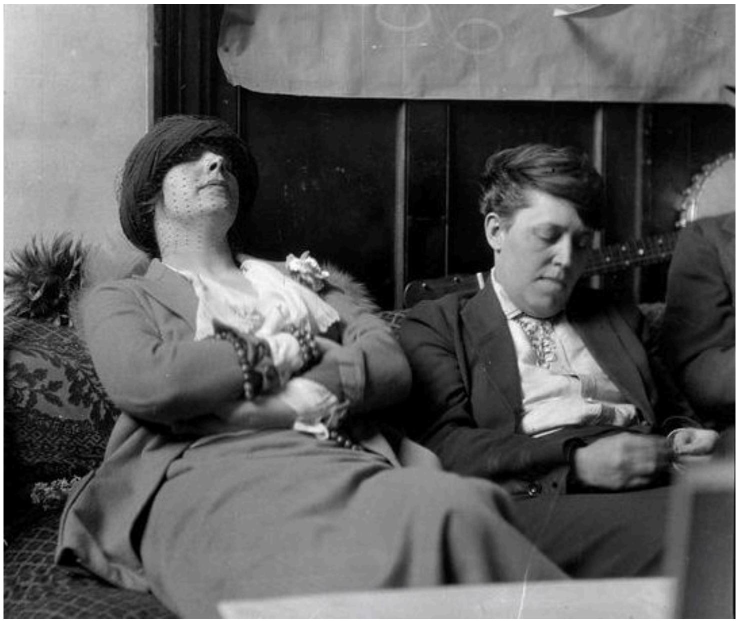

Figure 1: Image of Margaret Anderson (left) and Jane Heap (right). Man Ray, Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, 1924. Vintage silver print mounted on paper, 5 x 3 ½ inches.

Preface

I first learned of Margaret Anderson in a book called *All-Night Party: the Women of Bohemian Greenwich Village and Harlem, 1913 - 1930,* which describes the lives of six bohemian women. By the time I finished reading the second chapter, "Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap: Life for Arts Sake"[1] I felt a kinship with Margaret, a historical figure whose sentiments I shared; she wrote things such as,

> *Well, I've been called "a lovely freak of nature." I don't know of any equipment more suitable, more essential, for a happy and rewarding life than to be a freak of nature.*[2]

Jane followed suit with profound statements such as,

> *To express the emotions of life is to live. To express the life of emotions is to make art.*[3]

From here I was hooked.

Margaret reveled in the absurdity of life. One of her personal mottos was "life for arts sake,"[4] and the saying of her magazine, the *Little Review*, was "Making No Compromise to Public Taste." I loved history before learning of Margaret Anderson, but I had never felt kinship with a historical figure. She felt like a person I would have been blessed to know. I wanted to read everything about her. Was she successful in becoming "the favorite enemy of the bourgeoisie,"[5] as she intended?

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[1] Barnet, *All-Night Party,* 59-88.

[2] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity*, 135.

[3] Anderson quoting Jane Heap, *The Strange Necessity,* 19.

[4] This motto was a response to the common saying "art for art's sake." In defining "art for art's sake" Elizabeth Ladenson quotes Gustave Flaubert who says, "The morality of art consists in its beauty." This motto defined the perspective of many of the people caught up in modernism and obscenity trials from the mid nineteenth century to the mid-twentieth century. Gustave Flaubert, *Journals* (Paris: Laffont, 1989) 63-72, as quoted in Ladenson, *Dirt for Art's,* 21.

Before any of this, Margaret was an upper middle class college student in her early twenties. She had convinced her father he needed to take her to the city where she was sure, "[she] would make her beautiful life"[6]: Chicago. As they sat at dinner, Margaret stared at the lighthouse beam circling. She did not yet know what her future held, but her persistent self-assuredness took hold. "I began to repeat a vow to the rhythm of the light: I will become something beautiful. I swear it."[7] Margaret was sure that *here* is where her life was to begin. "Here was an atmosphere in which I could live and breathe. I saw no reason why I should continue to live in Columbus, Indiana and not breathe."[8]

Before leaving for Chicago, she read the *Ladies Home Journal* and came upon someone who she thought might help her figure out how to become something beautiful: Clara Laughlin. Margaret asked Ms. Laughlin in a long letter, "how a perfectly nice but revolting girl could leave home?"[9] Ms. Laughlin had a solution: come work with me in Chicago. Margaret was convinced, and persuaded her father to take her.

Margaret's father understood her need for more, and it seems that he had a similar need: "He confessed he hated living as we did; if he could do as he liked he would lead a simple life in the woods or read or travel."[10] He agreed to take Margaret to Chicago.

Margaret had enjoyed her time at school, but she knew the academic world was not a space that she respected in the same way as artistic milieus. She spent her time at, "dances arranged as an evasion of study, long evenings of reading books that were not in the curriculum, nights of cramming for exams and passing, with high marks, subjects about which I knew nothing."[11] Andersons intellect was not satiated by learning what she was taught. She would forgo memorization and general knowledge, instead focusing on reading some of the best literature and research of her day: Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Percy Shelley, and John Keats. She dropped out in her fourth year of study.[12]

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[5] Anderson to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924, 12.
[6] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 13.
[7] Ibid, 14.
[8] Ibid, 16.
[9] Ibid, 12.
[10] Ibid, 11.

But Margaret would not be dissuaded from leaving Columbus and beginning the life she was sure was her destiny. Like many of the New Woman in her generation, she was convinced that she was to be more than a housewife and mother. "I have no place in the world – no fixed position... I appear to be a fairly attractive woman... But such a human falls inevitably into one or more of the human categories – is someone's daughter, sister, niece, aunt, wife, mistress, or mother."[13] Margaret would refuse to anchor her public or private identity around these labels. She would work and edit and write until she became something beautiful. Until she herself was art.

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[11] Ibid, 7.
[12] Ibid, 7-10.
[13] Ibid, 4.

Introduction

Margaret Anderson was born in 1884, Columbus, Indiana. Of her early life she said that, "I liked my home and disliked my family."[14] She left her home for college, completed some of her education, and through it, recognized that academia was not her favored space. With that sentiment, she moved to Chicago and became an editor for books and magazines, which she did through her early twenties.[15] The idea dawned on Margaret to found the *Little Review*, her magazine which she would edit for eight years, in late 1913 and in March 1914 they published their first issue, effectively beginning Margaret's lifelong career as a writer and editor.[16]

Jane Heap was born in 1884. Little is known about her early life before she moved to Chicago and got an art degree from the University of Chicago. While at college, she met Florence Reynolds, and they became lovers. Letters in 1908 and 1909 indicate a sexual and romantic relationship that, by 1917, had blossomed into a lifelong friendship.[17]

Margaret and Jane came of age during the Chicago Literary Renaissance in the time of the New Woman. Society's ideals were vastly shifting, especially in the younger generations towards shorter skirts and freedom, sometimes even pants and modernism. In 1914, Chicago was the place to be if you wanted to be in community with moderns, or if you were a woman who wanted to begin her own career. Margaret and Jane began life with a backdrop of a major societal shift that made the world more open to their desired way of life.

Jane and Margaret met and began a romantic relationship in 1915; at this point, Jane joined the group of people working on the *Little Review*. Through the *Little Review* period,

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[14] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 7.
[15] Ibid, 7-35.
[16] Ibid, 45-47.
[17] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart*, 2.

Margaret, Jane, and The Little Review Crew[18] were generally housing insecure, leading to consistent moving from house to house, and sometimes even homelessness. Through summer 1915, Margaret and the group camped on Lake Bluff. Jane and Margaret lived in a cabin in San Francisco the following summer. As the center of modernist literature in America shifted toward New York, Margaret made the decision that she, Jane, and the *Little Review* were to move there in 1916, and from Christmas 1916 to Summer 1922 they established themselves and the *Little Review* within the modernist community of New York City.[19]

Through this period of time their relationship shifted; they moved away from a romance and became friends and colleagues.[20] In the early 1920s three events happened that eventually caused them to make the decision to end the *Little Review*: Margaret met Georgette, the love of her life,[21] Margaret, Jane, and Georgette met Alfred Richard Orage, who introduced them to the word of George Ivanovič Gurdjieff a French mystic,[22] and Jane (and Margaret) adopted Margaret's sister's two children, Tom and Fritz.[23]

From about 1923, Margaret and Jane's lives began to stray down two separate paths. Margaret decided to leave the *Little Review* and move to France with Georgette.[24] Jane continued to edit the magazine, but lived part time in France studying Gurdjieff, and part time in New York editing.[25] She sent Tom and Fritz, her adopted children, to live at the Institute of Harmonious

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[18] "The Little Review Crew" is a title I use through various points in this thesis. The Little Review Crew denotes a different group of people every time I say it; they are relevant to the story as the characters supporting Margaret and the magazine's journey. Sometimes Margaret makes it known who was helping out, and sometimes she does not. For more specifics about exactly who was working on the magazine see, Baggett, *Making No Compromise* and Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War.*

[19] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 85-141.

[20] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 45-76.

[21] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains,* 6-7.

[22] Ibid, 109-142.

[23] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 86-94.

[24] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 239-242.

[25] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 1-23.

Man,[26] a school for scholars of Gurdjieff. They lived there most of the rest of their childhoods. After ending the *Little Review*, Jane lived the rest of her life in London, running a Gurdjieff study group called the Rope[27], and living with Elspeth Champcommunal, the first editor of *British Vogue*.

Margaret spent 1924 - 1941 in French bliss[28] with Georgette and Georgette's best friend Monique. They traveled, Georgette sang, and Margaret wrote her first two memoirs.[29] In 1941, Georgette died of breast cancer; notably, after Georgette's death, we have very little evidence of contact between Margaret and Jane. After this tragedy, Margaret moved back to New York, living with the widow of Enrico Caruso, Dorothy Caruso, until Dorothy's death in 1955.[30] After Dorothy's death Margaret moved back to Paris, and lived out the rest of her life trying to make money for medical procedures for her and her sisters, going on walks, and watching gorgeous sunsets. In 1970, she published her final memoir, dying two years later.[31]

* * *

Through this thesis I make the claim that Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were authors and editors of the modernist movement. While there is much debate about what the modernist movement is, and who was a modernist – including whether Margaret and Jane fit the definition – they were the editors of a modernist "little magazine." Therefore, in this section I give a definition for modernism, among other movements Anderson and Heap were a part of.

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[26] Ibid, 23-157.

[27] The Rope was a Gurdjieff study group that ran from 1935 till Jane Heap's death in 1964. After attending a Gurdjieff study group in Paris, Jane Heap arose from her peers as a star student. Gurdjieff sent her to London to run The Rope.

[28] See, for example, "So, my landscape is France – a country I never think of as a nation but is a place of soft sun, thin rain, hazel light, russet earth, olive-green rivers, tawny trees, white roads, scarlet poppies - a place where you would like to live forever, in an eternal recurrence, as if you were living in the life of a field." Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 5.

[29] Ibid, 1-78.

[30] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity,* 180-184.

[31] Ibid, 193-223.

The modernist movement does not and can not have a single definition, which paradoxically makes it necessary and impossible to define. As said by Michael Levenson, "To try to identify an elusive beginning or to propose clinching definitions is to play a game with changing rules."[32] Modernism is often written about as indefinable. In the words of Perry Anderson: "There is no other aesthetic marker so vacant or vitiated [as modernism]. For what once was modern is soon obsolete. The futility of the term and its attendant ideology can be seen [as]... one void chasing another in a serial regression of self-congratulatory chronology."[33] Modernism was a movement that meant a slightly different thing to every person who would discuss and participate in it, from Margaret Anderson to James Joyce to Ezra Pound to Djuna Barnes to William Carlos Williams to Jane Heap. Any participant in modernism is one to simultaneously define and be defined by a word that can not be given a concrete definition. With all the confusion of modernism named, a contested definition that I have found useful is "modernism is the art form and the period in which the peculiar entanglement of the relationship between art and the aesthetic is made critically visible and radicalized."[34] Therefore, instead of defining modernism in full, I will instead discuss the various versions of the modernist tradition that Anderson and Heap interact with, mainly aesthetics, sexology, psychology,[35] mysticism, and sapphic romans à clef tradition.[36]

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[32] Levenson, *Modernism*, 3.

[33] Perry Anderson, "Modernity and Revolution," in section "The Present Impasse."

[34] Kyndrup, "Modernism and 'Aesthetic Experience,'" 20.

[35] Of Anderson's focus, see, "We talked psychology – a kind of prelude to behaviorism… My mind was inflamed by Jane's ideas because of her uncanny knowledge of the human composition." Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 122. Of Heap's focus, see, "Speaking of books, did you ever receive Jung's Integration of Personality? I sent it to Carol and she was going to forward it to you." Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 131.

[36] Margaret at one point explicitly stated these categories' importance. "For me [the *Little Review's*] subject-matter had to be confined to talk of what was most beautiful, most interesting, most important. The first of course came under the category of art, the second of philosophy, the third psychology." Anderson to Bryer, January 22, 1964.

Regarding the relationship between modernism and aesthetics, Gayle Rogers says, "Modernist aesthetics developed through a series of arguments and practices that rejected both romantic and realist notions of aesthetics, claiming instead the autonomy of the art object – whether a literary text, a piece of visual art, or a musical composition – with respect to social, political, and historical forces."[37] Aesthetic modernism can be perceived as a rejection of the culture of mass consumption that began in the early twentieth century; it was a refocusing on interpretation and a redefining of what could be considered beautiful. Anderson, Heap, and the *Little Review's* motto was "life for art's sake," an iteration of art for life's sake, a saying used by many aesthetic modernists. At one point Anderson justifies this position by saying,

> *The ultimate reason for life is Art. I don't know what they mean when they talk about art for life's sake. You don't make art so that you may live; you do just the reverse of that. Life takes care of itself, rolls on from the first push, and then falls over the edge. Art uses up all the life it can get – and remains forever. Art for Art's sake is merely the sensible statement of the most self-evident fact in the world.*[38]

The founding of the field of sexology is usually credited to Richard Von Krafft-Ebing with his publishing of the book *Psychopathia Sexualis* in 1886. Until the beginning of World War Two, scholars such as Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Auguste Forel, and Otto Weininger[39] aimed to name what they believed to be normal and abnormal sexuality, with the goal of creating guidelines so professionals such as doctors and lawyers knew how to treat who they perceived as abnormal. This field was flawed in methodology and conclusions, centering heterosexuality as normal and every form of departure from it as abnormal. Many of these early twentieth century ideas have been debunked, but are crucial to note as Anderson (and likely Heap) were in conversation with many of its practitioners.

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[37] Rogers, "Modernist Aesthetics," n.d.

[38] Anderson, "A Real Magazine," 1-2.

[39] I cite these four names because Krafft-Ebing is often referenced as the founder of the field and first researcher, and Anderson directly talks about Ellis, Forel, and Weininger.

It is also of note that sexology was written about concurrently with eugenic ideology; in the same books that Margaret would have read to validate her existence as a woman loving woman, she would have also read about Jewish people as subhuman, and about botched birth control experiments, done without the consent of the subjects. Anderson participated in conversations about sexology publicly, but I have not found a public or private comment on eugenics specifically. Anderson's conversation with eugenicists and likely agreement with their thoughts is very troubling.

The connections between modernism and mysticism, Anderson and Heap are newly focused on in Holly Baggett's book *Making No Compromise: Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, and the Little Review*. She states, "to dismiss or look down on modernists who attended séances, studied the tarot, or read medieval mystics risks obscuring the more erudite comprehension of these artists and hence the depth of the influence of the esoteric in their work."[40] George Ivanovič Gurdjieff's Fourth Way was central to Anderson and Heap's modernism after they met him in early 1924. Baggett states that,

> *The Fourth Way refers to Gurdjieff's belief that the three traditional paths to self-realization—the ways of the Monk, Yogi, and Fakir, corresponding to the emotional, intellectual, and physical centers of human beings—were destined to fail. If properly attained, his way, the Fourth Way, incorporated all the elements of mind, body, and emotion, making it the only course for a genuine and thorough*

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[40] Baggett, *Making No Compromise,* 14.

> *transformation. At its most basic, Gurdjieff's philosophy states that people in their daily lives function on a level little better than 'sleepwalking.*[41]

Later in their lives Heap and Anderson took part in creating a sapphic romans à clef tradition created by female modernists in the 1920's and 1930's. Authors such as Virginia Woolf, Gertrude Stein, and Djuna Barnes began to write stories that subtly included more sapphic themes. Anderson and Heap did the same; Anderson wrote a queer novel titled *The Forbidden Fires* and Heap published a short story titled, "Karen: A Novel," in the Spring 1922 issue of the *Little Review*.

* * *

Much of this thesis is written from the perspective of Anderson and Heap, with special attention paid to their class, race, and gender privileges, as well as Margaret's status as a conventionally attractive woman who adhered to the traditions of female beauty. To understand these topics I read foundational works by Kimberlé Crenshaw and Peggy McIntosh. Although the official academic frameworks of intersectionality and privilege were written after Margaret Anderson's time, she, like all white people, benefited from immense invisible privilege. McIntosh said, "I have come to see white privilege as an invisible package of unearned assets that I can count on cashing in each day, but about which I was 'meant' to remain oblivious. White privilege is like an invisible weightless knapsack of special provisions, maps, passports, codebooks, visas, clothes, tools and blank checks."[42] Anderson and Heap's "invisible knapsack" allowed them to remain ignorant about the ways that she benefited from her identities. This ignorance would not have been possible for people who held less privileged identities.

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[41] Ibid.

[42] McIntosh, "White Privilege," 1.

Within this thesis, I perceive Margaret and Jane as women, and in reference to the cultural construction of womanhood. They both interacted with the world as women, but more specifically, in the second generation[43] of the "New Women." Jean N. Matthews notes, "The twenty years on either side of the turn of the twentieth century were a period of fundamental change and expansion in the roles and opportunities open to American women… In these forty years women had at least gained access to, and sometimes achieved substantial participation in, all levels of education, almost all professions, a much wider range of jobs, and thus opportunities for some financial independence and a greater level of personal freedom."[44] My reference of Jane and Margaret as women does not have to do with how they internally identified, but with how they interacted with the world, as they were socially gendered as women.

There is academic discourse in the field of transgender history that considers how we gender people of the past who did not have the twenty-first century language of transness. It is of note that there were people in this time period who lived their lives as the binary sex "opposite" to the sex given at their birth, for example, born as a man and lived as a woman. In this thesis, I chose to refer to the people who I am writing about as women, because there is no indication of them as otherwise, beyond their close relationships with women.

In this time period, sexological writing that I will discuss later defined transgressive sexuality (what we would consider lesbianism, or maybe transgender lesbianism) as sexual inversion. Sexual inversion was defined by Havelock Ellis as, "sexual instinct turned by inborn congenital abnormality toward persons of the same sex."[45] It is in many ways a synthesis of being intersex, gay, and transgender; liking the same sex was a symptom of "the sexual anatomy [manifesting] itself by strongly marked characteristics of male sexuality,"[46] meaning that women who liked women were considered to be inherently masculine. The Little Review Crew was aware of this language, but chose not to use it publicly or privately as identity language toward themselves.[47] I choose to continue to gender my subjects as women, but hold close the idea that I could be wrong, and they could have considered themselves otherwise within either the time period they lived in, or the gender constructs we live with in the twenty-first century.

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[43] My definition of them as "second generation New Women" comes from Ester Newton's "The Mythic Mannish Lesbian." Newton says, "Women of the second generation who wished to join the modernist discourse and be twentieth-century adults needed to radically reconceive themselves. That most new women of the first generation resented and feared such development I do not doubt but most women of the second, welcomed [female autonomy and sexuality], cautiously or with naive enthusiasm." In chapter two, I build on this thesis. Newton, "The Mythic Mannish Lesbian," 564.

[44] Matthews, *The Rise of the New Women*, 4.

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In writing this thesis I intended to do two things; the first is to view the way Anderson crafted her story as intentional, knowing as a woman she could not be upfront about her methods in her public writings and continue to have a successful career. To be perceived as feminine, Anderson needed to accentuate her eccentricity and downplay her deliberate planning to be respected. The second is to bring focus to the complex emotions had by Anderson and Heap that give their lives depth and humanity. The reason why I chose to research this family of artists is because they told their own story, through letters, the *Little Review*, news articles, and memoirs. By writing this thesis, I hope to give Margaret more ownership of her intelligence; what is not made clear by the ample writings that The Little Review Crew leave behind is Margaret's intentionality in crafting their story.

Through this thesis, I use Margaret's writings to center her intentionality and success in cultivating her image, causing her to gain respect within the men's-club that was modernism. Except for one private letter, Margaret does not say explicitly that she was working toward being viewed in any particular way.[48] Still, the image that she cultivates of herself is specific and well written; she was clearly putting significant effort into being perceived in a way that would advance her life and her career. To make the case that Margaret was writing her memoirs and living her life in a specific way so that modernists of her time and people of the future would view her with respect, I use her and her chosen family's language as often as possible.[49]

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[45] Havelock Ellis et al, *Sexual Inversion*, 1.

[46] Ibid.

[47] This is, of course, as seen in the documents that have been preserved.

To further explain my narrative method, I want to give an example of Margaret's writing. Enter: New York City, Christmas 1917.

> *Christmas came. No money came. We had planned the most beautiful Christmas of our lives in the gold room. But the last number of the L.R. had been burned by the post office and all our money had gone into its publication. We hadn't enough left to buy a Christmas tree… Jane went down for the letters at two. There was one from her family. She came running upstairs and tore it open. Yes they were sending a check. But they had forgotten to enclose it… Jane said: "I'm going out…"I knew that she was Scandinavian enough… to have hoarded a dollar and that she would spend it on a present for me. I was American enough to have laid by no provision… I paced through the house. I knew no one from whom I could borrow a dollar and a half... Two people came up the stairs. They were anarchists who wanted to subscribe to the L.R. A subscription was a dollar and a half. Vive the anarchists!... I begged my benefactors to excuse me explaining the necessity for glass… Then Caesar[50] arrived from nowhere with five dollars for a tree… We*

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[48] See, "I mean to make big money out of the stuff I'm writing – to become a sort of household name." Anderson to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924, 12.

[49] Margaret also never says that her relationships were anything more than friendships, even in her later life, she says, "Georgette and I were the greatest of all great friends." Anderson to Mr. Shonberg, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection of Margaret Anderson, 1970, 1.

[50] Caesar was a friend to Margaret and Jane; in the *Little Review* period, he was their office boy.

> *spent the night in arrangements and the next morning a large box came from Chicago, containing every known Christmas need."*[51]

Margaret told this story in her first memoir, and Jane recounted it to her friend Florence Reynolds in a letter about how her week had been.[52]

Why do these women talk about Christmas, and what does it say about them and their lives? This is not the only Christmas story – Margaret and Jane write of so many Christmases. When I came across the first Christmas story I was confused. When I came across the second I cried. By the seventh I understood something new: that they recount Christmas stories abundant with love, joy, and connection, because those were features central to their lives.

The focus on joy in life in spite of a lack of consistent money, and therefore food and housing, is pervasive throughout the books, newspapers, and archives I have combed. I was looking for tellings of how these white women – who were not at all consistently reliant on men during a moment in history where that was the expectation – supported themselves and their endeavors. 'How did they work?' and 'who did they work for?' were questions that I thought I would have to search long and hard for the answers to. What I found was the women were often explicit in their tellings of who they were working for, who was sending them money, and how long it lasted.[53] The specificity in their writing made my job easier; these women defied the social norm of not talking about money, and instead wrote about it at every crossroad.

In their candor about money, they decenter its importance and money becomes a constantly present background character. In the foreground of the lives of these women – as written in their memoirs and viewed in their archives – is art, joy, and Christmas. Through Margaret's writings, she made a case for the importance of narrative stories of alternative lifestyles. She wrote her memoirs because she wanted to be remembered, and because she had something to say. Margaret's story, with all its beauty, complexity, and flaws, deserves to be told with all the genius she used to craft it.

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[51] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 172-174.

[52] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 52-53.

[53] See, for example, "I now had no living expenses and could pour that economy into the *Little Review*. Two days a week I held my nerves in control and edited a page for 'the Continent.' This meant forty dollars a month – enough for the studio rent and a savings account of five dollars. The savings went for concerts." Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 58-59.

The lives of Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap are complex, abnormal, and beautiful because of the way they chose to live differently from the rest of society. Their ability to be themselves in the early nineteen-hundreds points to the privilege had by some queer white women as well as the resourcefulness they used to propel themselves forward. Margaret Anderson intentionally crafted and presented herself as larger-than-life through editorials in the *Little Review*, newspaper interviews, and her three memoirs in order to be successful in her career and respected as a modernist by her peers and people of the future. Her ability to meet her basic needs at many points in her life was based on support and donations from the modernists who generally did not respect women as artists. To present herself successfully and earn their respect, she learned the social and moral rules she could not break, and broke every other one.

Margaret's attempt to control her image so fully, as well as her ample writings, caused her image to effectively eclipse Jane Heap, who did not feel the need to be a public figure in the way that Margaret did. In Jane's later life, she chose privacy and education instead of publicity and art. Before Jane separates herself from Margaret, Margaret and Jane were a force of nature, who changed modernism and proved that some people in the past were able to live the queer lives they chose.

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Margaret Anderson wrote three memoirs, *My Thirty Years' War, The Fiery Fountains,* and *The Strange Necessity.* These three memoirs are almost eight-hundred pages of Anderson's perspective of her life, with quotes and letters from her friends, lovers, and colleagues placed within the narrative. Additionally, Anderson wrote three other books, *The Forbidden Fires,* an early queer novel, *The Unknowable Gurdjieff,* about her characterization of and time with Gurdjieff, and the *Little Review Anthology,* a compilation of what Anderson considered to be the best writings in the *Little Review*. Two archival collections have material focused on Margaret Anderson: The Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection of Margaret Anderson at Yale University and Margaret C. Anderson Papers at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. I had the opportunity to visit and use material from the Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, though travel constraints prevented me from exploring Margaret C. Anderson Papers. I also examined Jackson Bryer's private collection of letters with Margaret Anderson; he was in communication with her and other modernists in reference to his dissertation in 1965. In addition, I examined interviews by Margaret Anderson in Chicago newspapers, and her numerous editorials for the *Little Review.*

Jane Heap's letters between her and her lover and friend Florence Reynolds are housed in the Florence Reynolds Collection Related to Jane Heap and the *Little Review* at The University of Delaware. These letters were edited and transcribed by Holly Baggett and published into the book *Dear Tiny Heart: The Letters of Jane Heap and Florence Reynolds*. Additionally, Heap had a published work titled *The Notes of Jane Heap,* which is an edition of her personal notes from her time studying George Ivanovič Gurdjieff. Finally, like Anderson, Heap published many editorials and articles in the *Little Review*.[54]

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[54] Often Heap would publish under various pseudonyms or her initials j.h. or pseudonyms.

For a final note about Jane Heap, I turn to Holly Baggett. In the acknowledgement portion of *Dear Tiny Heart*, Baggett writes of a conversation she had with Susan Noyes Platt who had written an article on Jane Heap. When Baggett asked for more Heap sources, Platt replied, “Welcome to the elite group of scholars in search of papers and executors of Jane Heap. We spread from shore to shore and internationally, even to Europe. Seriously, it is the great dead end.”[55] Much of Heap’s perspective has been lost to history, and I center it wherever it is written.

Additionally, many of Anderson and Heap’s chosen family wrote memoirs that were of great aid to me. The three most relevant are *Boyhood with Gurdjieff* by Fritz Peters, Heap’s adopted son and Anderson’s nephew and adopted son, *Living My Life* by Emma Goldman, an early anarchist and mentor to Anderson, and *The Courage Machine* by Georgette Leblanc, one of Margaret’s great loves. All three of these works help contextualize their lives from the perspective of those in closest proximity.

As I read through letters and memoirs I was intrigued by how many historical narratives Anderson and Heap were central to. Anderson and Heap's most notable connection to events or literature in the American public consciousness is the book *Ulysses*. In a world where the government perceived *Ulysses* as obscene Anderson cried, “This is the most beautiful thing we will ever have… We’ll print it if it's the last effort of our lives.”[56] Before *Ulysses* was published in Europe in 1922, it was published in New York by Anderson and Heap in serial from 1918-1920. They went on trial for obscenity and were convicted, all while writing publicly that they were sure it was impossible for art to be obscene. Anderson and Heap were part of the conversations that wrote the ideals of the modernist movement and were the editors of some of its most influential pieces. But still, they are footnoted instead of central to the narrative.

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[55] Baggett quoting Susan Noyes Platt, *Dear Tiny Heart*, xiv.
[56] Anderson, *My Thirty Years’ War*, 175.

The story of Anderson and Heap as modernists has been told from various angles, generally still not centering them as some of the editors of modernism. For example, *The Most Dangerous Book* by Kevin Birmingham tells the story of *Ulysses*, but relegates Heap and Anderson to the sidelines of the decision making, instead focusing on Ezra Pound, the *Little Review's* foreign editor, James Joyce the author of *Ulysses*, and John Quinn, Anderson and Heap's lawyer, for much of the narrative. Chapter three in *Dirt for Art's Sake: Books on Trial from Madame Bovary to Lolita* by Elisabeth Ladenson does the same. Even books with a focal point on women in modernism, such as *Modernism, Sex, and Gender* by Celia Marshik and Alison Pease and *Women Making Modernism* edited by Erica Gene Delsandro only mentions Anderson. It is evident that a full picture of modernism in the early twentieth century cannot be understood without Anderson and Heap, though they have been written out of the story.

The pattern of relegating Anderson and Heap to side characters and footnotes is broken by two scholars writing in two different time periods: Jackson Bryer in *A Trial-Track for Racers: Margaret Anderson and* the *Little Review*, and Holly Baggett in *Dear Tiny Heart: The Letters of Jane Heap and Florence Reynolds* and *Making No Compromise: Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, and* the *Little Review*. These works are *the* comprehensive writings on Anderson and Heap. Bryer's work is lengthy, running more than four hundred pages; in it, he combs through the *Little Review*, discussing its impact on modernism. The introduction to *Dear Tiny Heart* is a comprehensive overview on the lives of Heap and Anderson, to contextualize the letters translated. *Making No Compromise* gives an analysis similar to *A Trial Track for Racers,* in that it provides an overview of Heap and Anderson's contributions to modernism, but it has an added focus on Gurdjieff and spirituality. All three of these works place Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap within the modernist tradition.

There is relatively little scholarship that discusses Anderson as a businesswoman or as a pioneer of a distinctively twentieth century version of lesbian sexuality. In this study I view Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap as early queer figures. Anderson has been mentioned in academic works that talk about early sapphic women, but never as centrally as she deserves to be, and Heap is included to an even lesser extent. For example, in March 1916, Anderson wrote an editorial in the *Little Review* titled “Mrs Ellis’s Failure”[57] as a response to a talk Edith Ellis gave in Chicago. Holly Baggett writes that it is, “the first known editorial by a lesbian in favor of gay rights.”[58] In, “The History of Lesbian History”[59] Martha Vicinus writes about Margaret Anderson with reference to Edith Ellis – Havelock Ellis’s wife, an activist and lesbian herself – instead of as a stand alone person who made a rare contribution to sexology. Like many of the other writings, Anderson is not centered in the narrative, and Heap is ignored.

Anderson and Heap are also mentioned in many of Lillian Faderman’s works but their full potential and impact is not made clear. Therefore, many of the other sources I use come from the 1980s analysis of queer white women of history and viewing Anderson and Heap as a part of that tradition. Much of my understanding of queer women in this time period stems from foundational works by Lillian Faderman, Blanche Wiesen Cook, and Carroll Smith-Rosenberg within queer history and sociology.

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This thesis has been organized both chronologically and thematically. As with most of this thesis, I follow the outline created by Margaret Anderson’s written works, and through research elaborate and create theory based upon how she chose to live and write about her life. I oscillate between discussion of Heap and Anderson’s professional and personal lives, as the way they lived blurs the line between the former and the latter. Deviations from Anderson writings come where I thought that there might have been more to the story than she wrote explicitly. I filled those holes with the works of Jane Heap, Anderson's letters, secondary source materials, and, finally, my analysis of her life.

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[57] Anderson, “Mrs. Ellis’s Failure,” 17-18.
[58] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 3.
[59] Vicinus, “The History of Lesbian History,” 587.

Chapter One: the Businesswoman details how Margaret Anderson founded and funded the *Little Review* in interactions with the players in the Chicago Literary Renaissance. Two different modernist traditions are posited: a more mainstream version heralded by writers such as Ezra Pound, James Joyce, and William Carlos Williams, and a sapphic romans à clef tradition by Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, and Virginia Woolf. The theme of truth is introduced through a discussion of the reality of her age, an attribute of hers which is unclear. Undertakings vital to the early success of the *Little Review*, such as camping on a beach for nine months and publishing a blank issue of the *Little Review* in September 1916, are discussed.

Chapter Two: Avoiding Labels explores Anderson's relationship with sexology, gender, and beauty, three connected concepts. Anderson used beauty to construct her gender as unquestionably female and feminine, which allowed her to stray away from an early queer identity label, "sexual invert." While doing this, she was in conversation with sexology, publishing Edith Ellis, Havelock Ellis's wife, in the *Little Review*, and writing a spirited response to a talk that E. Ellis gave.

Chapter Three: A Love of the Mind brings Jane Heap into the picture, beginning to detail Anderson and Heap's meeting, and many of the trials and tribulations of their professional and personal relationship, which illuminate a relationship structure rarely portrayed in the twentieth century. Power dynamics are central to this chapter in multiple different aspects; Heap and Anderson's relationship was led by Anderson and the needs of the *Little Review*, not necessarily

Heap’s needs. Still, their relationship allowed them both to explore fulfilling careers, relying on each other both personally and professionally for years.

Chapter Four: Jane’s Biggest Supporter uses the letters between Heap and Florence Reynolds to develop a background in who Heap’s support system was through her life. I begin with talking about the origins of their relationship: a romance. By the time Heap and Anderson met, Heap and Reynolds were friends. With Reynolds as a supporter and confidant, Heap had an outlet for communicating her thoughts and emotions. In this chapter the *Ulysses* trial is featured as a central conflict between Heap and Anderson. The chapter ends with Heap’s narration of the beginning of the end of her romantic relationship with Anderson.

Chapter Five: A Change in Perspective introduces two new characters into the lives of Heap and Anderson: Andersons new lover, Georgette Leblanc, and the philosopher, mystic, and a mentor to Heap and Anderson, George Ivanovič Gurdjieff. Both of these individuals changed the track of Anderson’s life, with her choosing to move to France to be with LeBlanc and study Gurdjieff. They also changed Heaps life; she spent the last thirty years of her life studying and teaching Gurdjieff.

Chapter Six: Raising Kids or Choosing Herself details Heap’s time raising Anderson’s nephews, Tom and Fritz Peters, whom she adopted. The complexity of the adoption system is discussed; Heap was not a biological relative, and was convicted of obscenity, but was still allowed to legally adopt the boys. Heap was far from a perfect parent; she was in a time of great success from the *Little Review* and transitioned towards her study of Gurdjieff through her time with her sons. The chapter ends with Heap beginning to separate her life from Anderson and begin a life she could fully choose for herself.

Chapter Seven: Who’s Gone and How They Never Leave has a focus on Anderson and LeBlanc’s lives together and eventual separation caused by LeBlanc’s death from cancer in 1941. Anderson spent much of the end of her life alone, without the close network of loved ones that she coveted in her earlier life. But, she took aging in stride, talking about the joy and community she found in the memories of those she had lost.

Chapter One: the Businesswoman

When Margaret Anderson had the idea to found the *Little Review* – most likely in 1913 – she said it came to her as follows.

> *Often in the night I wake with the sensation that something is wrong, that something must be done to give life form. Sometimes it is merely a manner of changing the furniture in a room. I imagine the whole operation, decide each change with precision, feel suddenly healthy and fall into deep sleep. In the morning I arrange the furniture accordingly, and it's always a great success. So it was for the "Little Review." I had been curiously depressed all day. In the night I wakened. First precise thought: I know why I'm depressed – nothing inspiring is going on. Second: I demand that life be inspired every moment. Third: the only way to guarantee this is to have inspired conversation every moment. Fourth: most people never get so far as conversation; they don't have the stamina and there's no time. Fifth: if I had a magazine I could spend my time filling it up with the best conversation the world has to offer. Sixth: marvelous idea – salvation. Seventh: decision to do it. Deep sleep.*[60]

Margaret's age when she had this epiphany is unclear; she never gave one straight answer, and even went as far as to lie on her passport.[61] Margaret consistently asserted that her age was unimportant, at one point noting that, "I can't remember the date of my birth, only the dates of my emotions. I really don't know how old I am – the numerals of my birth year began to get mixed up with other people's numerals and since then I have lived in agelessness."[62] Her phrasing assumes an aloofness about her age, but in reality, Margaret capitalized on stating that she was younger than she actually was.

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[60] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 35.

[61] See, "When I got my first passport I put down 1890 as my birth, not having at the moment the faintest idea of my age. Therefore we had better let 1890 stand, lest I get into trouble with the authorities." Anderson to Bryer, April 3, 1964, 1.

For example, the title of her first book, *My Thirty Years' War* is quite clearly a lie, at least if it is supposed to indicate her full lifespan. Published in 1929, it would mean she was born in 1899, which was untrue by more than a decade. The title is one of the many inconsistencies she posited about her age. In one instance, when writing about the idea to begin the *Little Review,* she stated she was twenty-one, clearly and directly.[63] When Jackson Bryer asked Margaret about this in 1965, she replied: "I don't know why I said I was 21 when I founded the LR. The truth is I was 24, I was born in 1890. I will tell you in confidence that I must really have been 26."[64] Even still, she said here that she was twenty-six at the beginning of the *Little Review*. My research states she was born years earlier, in 1886, making her twenty-seven or twenty-eight when she published the first edition.[65]

At various points in her life, Margaret made the decision to claim youth; an advantageous decision, as she did not meet the expectations of women in their mid-thirties in the early 1900s. For example, the 1910 census reveals that almost eighty percent of white women were married by thirty four.[66] Because Margaret was not married, and therefore breaking a clearly defined and important social norm for young women, claiming youth could have benefited Margaret quite significantly as a marketing strategy. By claiming that she was younger than she was, Margaret avoided being defined as an old maid.

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[62] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 85.

[63] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 35.

[64] Anderson to Bryer, April 3, 1964, 1.

[65] A quick Google search of Margaret will tell you that she was born in 1886, which is consistent with the findings of my research. It is difficult to say for sure, she admits to Bryer that she went as far as to fib about her age on her passport as stated previously. Ibid.

[66] Census, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1913, 510.

In the first editorial she published in the *Little Review* she said, “We may say confidently that we take a certain joyous pride in confessing our youth, our perfectly inexpressible enthusiasm, and our courage in the face of a serious undertaking; for those qualities mean freshness, reverence, and victory!”[67] In American culture, beauty and youth were inextricably linked, especially for women. Margaret Anderson was a businesswoman who learned to cultivate and accentuate what made her unique to market herself and her magazine to the modernists; her age is one clear example of this.

Margaret began to develop her marketing strategy in a place relevant to many in the Chicago Literary Renaissance: Floyd Dell’s parlor. It was with Floyd Dell, a magazine editor central to the Chicago Literary Renaissance, that she first started talking to other people about a “little review” – and at Dell’s, *everyone* had opinions. For example, Arthor Davidson Ficke, a poet given high regard in Dell’s circles, “was concerned about English prose. Do you really know English prose well enough to found a magazine of criticism?”[68] Afterward, she went to visit Clara Laughlin, her first boss and mentor, whose belief in Margaret had made it accessible for her to leave Columbus; once so supportive of Margaret, she hesitated to champion her newest idea. “Clara was more articulate than anyone had yet been about the impossibility of a little review. ‘Poor innocent,’ she said, ‘you can't do such a thing.’”[69]

Margaret knew that “Clara Laughlin was wrong – that she could measure neither my passion, my brain, nor my resistance.”[70] The *Little Review* was to happen, but of course, she needed funding, and the moderns did not support her yet. Before she convinced them that she had what it took, she needed to publish a couple of issues, and to publish she required money. Undeterred by this paradox, Margaret kept working, making housecalls, and writing. She spent sleepless nights considering how she would get the *Little Review* funded.

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[67] Anderson, “Announcement,” 2. Later in life she begged, “I DO NOT WANT my first L. R. editorial to be reprinted. It was too shameful as to writing – I was so young and ignorant, and I wrote with a sentimentality that makes me blush today.” Martie – if you are out there I'm sorry. Anderson, letter to Bryer, October 14, 1964.

[68] Anderson, *My Thirty Years’ War*, 38.

[69] Ibid, 42.

[70] Ibid.

Margaret kept asking and explaining and conversing until she found people who understood. Another modernist – who Margaret leaves intentionally nameless at his request – and refers to only as Dick, "Was the only person who really 'saw' the *Little Review*."[71]

> *By the time I conceived the "Little Review" my conversation had already become more supportable – I spoke only in gasps, gaps, and gestures. Dick understood the code and could supply all the words I never had the time to stop for. When I hurriedly told him that I was going to publish the best art magazine in the world, he saw the idea perfectly. I was most grateful... He hadn't much money… but he said:... I can put enough aside each month to pay the printing bill and office rent.*[72]

She had found her first external supporter! With this promise of the printing bill and the office rent being paid for, Margaret knew she needed more people to convince. She had run out of people in Chicago who would give her money or conversation, so she boarded a train to New York. While there, she had conversations with Compton McKenzie, a famous Scottish writer, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, the author of the *Great Gatsby*. "I demanded ads – and got them. I may not be exact but I think I collected four-hundred and fifty dollars."[73] That amount of money in 1914 is equivalent to almost fourteen thousand dollars in today's money, so either she was exaggerating, or she really hit the ground running. In this situation, as with many others, she bent the truth to create a specific perception of herself that furthered her career.

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[71] Ibid, 41. Here is one example of how race and class were central to her success. Margaret had the ability to rely on her community to fund her endeavors, which is not a privilege everyone gains.

[72] Ibid. Margaret had the ability to rely on her community to fund her endeavors, which is not a privilege everyone lives with.

[73] Ibid, 43.

After she returned from New York she had to rent a space, write, and print the first issue. First she "took as an office room 917 in the Fine Arts building – one of the most delightful buildings in the world I thought.. I went into 917 the moment we signed the lease and spent the first day there alone, staring at the blue walls and living the future of the *Little Review*."[74]

Then she began writing and calling and editing. It is unclear what help Margaret had, perhaps her sister Lois, or some of the people she met with in Floyd Dell's parlor. Her use of the pronoun "we" at this point assumes she had some help, though many of the members of The Little Review Crew joined after the publication of the first issue. Margaret wrote at the end of her first editorial a call for readers, staff, and community,

> *If you've ever read poetry with a feeling that it was your religion, your very life; if you've ever come suddenly upon the whiteness of a Venus in a dim, deep room; if you've ever felt music replacing your shabby soul with a new one of shining gold; if, in the early morning, you've watched a bird with great white wings fly from the edge of the sea straight up into the rose-colored sun – if these things have happened to you and continue to happen till you're left quite speechless with the wonder of it all, then you'll understand our hope to bring them nearer to the common experience of the people who read us.*[75]

From the first issue – the first editorial – she received, "excitement [in] the public's reaction."[76] The next couple months were a whirlwind of publishing criticism in the magazine, meeting future contributors, writing, and editing. Charles Zwaska, a seventeen year old whom they called

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[74] Ibid, 45.
[75] Anderson, "Announcement," 2.
[76] Ibid, 50.

Cesar, joined the staff and "did all the practical work in the office for years."[77] Eventually Harriet Dean, a friend of Margaret's sister, and eventual lover of Margaret, joined the staff.

She had part of her marketing strategy down; she was successfully perceived as a young new voice who had something to say. But to win herself a place in the history of modernism, she had to ramp up what was most enthralling about her: her refusal to live within the mundane. Margaret states, "I have never been able to take a serious part in the events that seem chiefly to engage mankind – making wars, making laws, making money. The situation looked to me like a status quo world… My friends have always invited me to share their money in exchange for sharing my world."[78] By presenting herself as someone who would live outside Western cultural norms, Margaret capitalized on the modernist's need to be new and different.

The success that Margaret found in the first couple months of publishing the magazine only gave her more conviction in the way she was marketing herself; now she was so successful that she was able to publish a magazine with a subscription list. By the end of 1914, she was in conversation with authors, writers, and artists who would become some of the most influential names of the early twentieth century: Emma Goldman, Amy Lowell, Eunice Tietjens, and Will Levington Comfort, in the first year alone.

Margaret and The Little Review Crew – now including Harriet, Cesar, Lois, Tom, Fritz, Clara and Johnny (their housekeeper and her son),[79] and Jean (Margarets other sister) – did not have enough money to pay for housing consistently, and were put into a position where they would have to look at nontraditional housing options. At this point it was 1915, the magazine had been in print for about a year, and it was the perfect time to do something that might gain the respect of the moderns. Similarly to when Margaret had the idea to found the *Little Review*, she had an epiphany:

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[77] Ibid, 51.

[78] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 55.

[79] Margaret, like most white people at this point in history, was heavily segregated from BIPOC communities, specifically Black, Jewish, and Italian communities that made up the lower class during this period of time. She talks about few people of color as relevant to her and her circles and publishes few if any in her magazine. In the early days of the *Little Review*, Clara, a Black maid, was a part of their group, which is noted by Margaret as follows, "We had a negress, Clara Crane, who served in the double capacity of cook and nursemaid. Ibid, 81-82. She had a small son, Johnny, an expert in clogging. Our organized domesticity consisted in song and dance furnished by Clara upon request at mealtime, and in Johnny's teaching of Tom and Fritz to clog." At one point she plays into the mammy stereotype, writing about them camping on the beach that "Clara [would be] a guardian." Ibid, 87. This is the only time

> *A wire strip of beach… on the heights… at Lake Bluff… was clearly indicated as a summer residence. The only lack was the residence. But was this an essential obstacle?... What was to prevent our putting up tents and living the pristine life of nomads? Nothing: except what I have always found the greatest drawback to doing anything in life – the necessity to explain your plans to others, hoping they will seize your meeting the first time. They don't.*[80]

With this epiphany, she went home to her family and convinced them that it would be so. She chose long term camping on a beach, which officially defined The Little Review Crew as homeless. She wrote in newspapers, letters, and memoirs about feeling nothing but joy and freedom in a tent living with her sisters and her friends.

> *When the sun casts a s[h]een*[81] *over the lake we rise. Run out into the cool, fresh, untainted waters in a one-piece bathing suit, unhampered by conventional skirts and the vain sparkle of spangled dry beach rigs of the nitwits. Then a roll in the sand and another dip. A hearty breakfast of milk cereal and eggs. A long walk to the train and to work in the horrid city.* [82]

Margaret notes proximity to people of color, which denotes an ignorance of oppression and a privilege that she holds.

[80] Ibid, 86.

[81] Originally written as skeen.

[82] Anderson, “OURS IS THE LIFE,” n.d.

Margaret's privileges are specifically relevant when viewing the manner with which she was allowed to illegally camp on the beach to avoid paying rent. Instead of being forced to leave, this occurs:

> *A policeman appeared to challenge our right to the property. I thought him rather too strenuously and saw the battle going against me. Desperation called forth an unknown force of my nature – the strategy of tact. I took him into my confidence, presented Tom and Fritz, contrasted their state of health and happiness with the tenement life which would have been their fate if forced to leave the beach. He was Irish; he was moved. And we were not removed.*[83]

Margaret and The Little Review Crew, were able to live on the beach for more than six months without being arrested or removed. Their presence on the beach was published numerous times in Chicago Newspapers in 1914, but nothing was done to stop them.

By living on the beach, Margaret and The Little Review Crew were able to accomplish a goal held by many of the modernists: they lived by their own rules. By one definition, modernism was all about trying new and different things, in living on the beach, Margaret and The Little Review Crew did just so.

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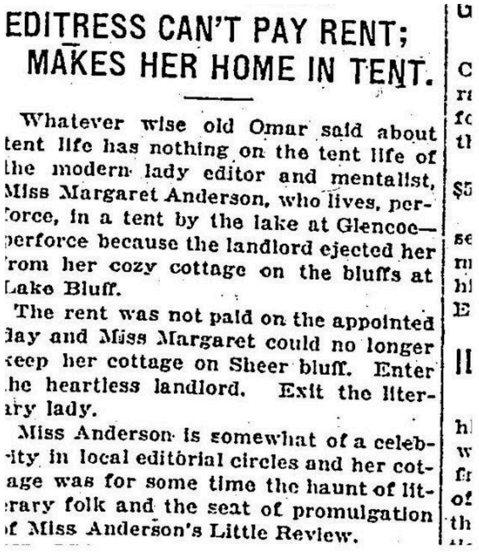
[83] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 91. For an example of how this was a privilege, see Ester Brown, a young Black woman, focused on enjoying her life and not working, one might say in a similar way to Margaret Anderson. "Esther's only luxury was idleness, and she was fond of saying to her friends, 'If you get up in the morning and feel tired, go back to sleep and then go to the theater at night.' With the support of her sister and grandmother and help from friends, lovers, dates, and consorts, she didn't need to work on a regular basis… She picked up day work when she was in a pinch…She was doing fine and had nearly perfected the art of surviving without having to scrape and bow. She hated being a servant, as did every general house worker. Service carried the stigma of slavery; white girls sought to avoid it for the same reason – it was n—- work." Hartman, *Wayward Lives, Beautiful Experiments*, 233. Ester successfully lived this way for a period of her life, until she was charged by the police with breaking the Tenement House Law. "The tenement house law was the chief legal instrument for the surveillance and arrest of young black women as vagrants and prostitutes…Any young woman residing in a tenement who invited a man into her home risked being charged with prostitution." Ibid, 249-251. This law is just one example of the inability of Black women to live as Margaret flouted doing.



EDITRESS CAN'T PAY RENT;
MAKES HER HOME IN TENT.

Whatever wise old Omar said about tent life has nothing on the tent life of the modern lady editor and mentalist, Miss Margaret Anderson, who lives, perforce, in a tent by the lake at Glencoe—perforce because the landlord ejected her from her cozy cottage on the bluffs at Lake Bluff.

The rent was not paid on the appointed day and Miss Margaret could no longer keep her cottage on Sheer bluff. Enter the heartless landlord. Exit the literary lady.

Miss Anderson is somewhat of a celebrity in local editorial circles and her cottage was for some time the haunt of literary folk and the seat of promulgation of Miss Anderson's Little Review.

Figure 2: Newspaper clipping from the *Chicago Tribune*. Anonymous, *Editress Can't Pay Rent; Makes Her Home in Tent*, Chicago Tribune Article, 12, August 6, 1915.

Maybe more importantly, they were perceived as a clan of people living by the modernism they espoused. Following their ideology by living on a beach ended up furthering the magazine. When asked who supported the *Little Review* Margaret responded, "No-one except those camp-followers who found the magazine exciting and came to the Fine Arts Studio to offer what they could."[84] Living in this way gave them publicity and followers, who would aid in the magazine's publishing.

As she had in her earlier days, Margaret focused on beauty when living on the beach; she specifically notes:

> *At this point in the Little Reviews's fortunes I possessed one blouse, one hat, and one blue tailored suit… I washed it by moonlight or by sunrise… I managed to*

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[84] Anderson to Bryer, January 22, 1964, 1.

> *look well-dressed, and continue to elicit those tributes without which I could not live: You look so beautifully groomed!*[85]

Beauty was vital to Margaret being perceived in a way that would further her career through a period of her life when she was houseless. To continue to be perceived as successful and feminine within the writing of the magazine, she needed to be viewed as competent and put together; beauty was the connection that she used to make that happen.

Margaret marketed herself as a young, beautiful, smart, and carefree woman. When her identity did not fully fit this narrative, as with her age and inconsistent housing, she fibbed. In this way, she was selling her identity and talents as much as she was selling a magazine. Margaret and the *Little Review* were not two separate things with two separate marketing campaigns; the *Little Review* allowed Margaret to center the art in the world that most enthralled her. In addition to having a distinct and interesting perspective that created conversation people wanted to read, Margaret was entertaining and different in a world that frequently forced[86] society into the mundane. These qualities were revered by the modernists; she capitalized on them and propelled herself into success.

An example of how Margaret used her morality and beauty to gain the respect of the modernists comes later in 1916, when she and Jane Heap published a half blank issue of the *Little Review*. Margaret and Jane were in San Francisco and Margaret was disappointed in herself:

> *I wanted Art in the 'Little Review.' There has been little of it, just very little… 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*

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[85] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 90.

[86] Here, forced could be in either past or present tense; we do this now and in 1915.

> *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!*[87]

When Margaret said, "Now we shall have Art in this magazine or we shall stop publishing it,"[88] she meant it; she left the September issue half blank.

In a book about the *Ulysses* trial, Kevin Birmingham notes that this attitude is what might have won over Ezra Pound, the *Little Review's* foreign editor, and the more sexist of the modernist clan. "Pound dredged up the September issue and discovered… that the first half of the magazine was blank. And that's when it occurred to him that the only person who had any guts was a woman."[89] Through her "anarchist" actions, Margaret was able to win over the male modernist crowd, and make a name for herself.

From so many angles, Margaret's ability to live happy, free, and houseless without a stable job while publishing a magazine feels like it should be an impossibility. For without Margaret's privilege or resourcefulness, it would have been. Later in life she notes about camping and the *Little Review*, "Today it seems so impossible that I can't imagine it ever happened. Everyone told me, always, that I was mad, and I think now that I must have been. Life has been a fairy tale to me… and without that tendency there would never have been a L.R."[90]

Throughout Margaret's life, and specifically in the early years of the *Little Review,* she made a specific effort to cater to the masculine ideals of the modernist's around her. But, as modernism evolved to include some more sapphic works, Margaret and Jane did so as well. Margaret and Jane began to write works that had more of a double meaning, building on a developing sapphic modernist tradition that included works such as *The Ladies Almanack*

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[87] Anderson, "A Real Magazine," 1-2.
[88] Ibid.
[89] Birmingham, *The Most Dangerous Book,* 87.
[90] Anderson to Bryer, January 22, 1964, 1.

(1928), *Nightwood* (1936), *Orlando* (1928), and *The Well of Loneliness* (1928)[91] which were written in the same period as *My Thirty Years, War*, and "Karen: A Novel."[92]

In *Secrecy and Sapphic Modernism: Reading Romans à Clef Between the Wars*, Nair argues that a specific type of sapphic sexuality was allowed to exist in the interwar period. She writes, "In a period when ignorance functioned as 'truth', then, elliptical accounts of same-sex desire could be carefully constructed in order to address those 'in the know', or those who wanted to know, while capitalizing upon the impossibility and unspeakability of same-sex desire."[93] Margaret wrote a novel published in the later part of the twentieth century titled *The Forbidden Fires*, but even her memoirs fit into this tradition. *My Thirty Years' War* and *The Fiery Fountains* have many subtle references to the romantic aspects of Margaret's relationship, from flowery language about how much Margaret loved Jane to referring to Jane and Georgette as two of her "five great friends." A reading of *My Thirty Years' War* and Margaret's other works from this perspective places her works within a greater tradition of modernist sapphic literature.

Jane fits into the fiction tradition with her writing of the piece, "Karen: A Novel,"[94] in the Spring 1922 issue of the *Little Review*. Jane even went so far as to write in her letters to Florence, "don't leave a copy of the L.R. about if [my mother] should come out to the house. The trouble she could make about 'Karen!'"[95] Like many of the sapphic modernist writers, Jane was writing so that a specific audience would understand her and feel understood, not for the masses. As more authors such as Gertrude Stein, Virginia Woolf, and Djuna Barnes began to write semi-open sapphic literature, Margaret and Jane did the same, in a calculated way that did not impact their careers negatively.

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[91] Authors such as Djuna Barnes, Gertrude Stein, and Radclyffe/John Hall, discuss sapphic themes with overt and covert relationships between women.
[92] Heap, "Karen: A Novel," 23-28.
[93] Nair, *Secrecy and Sapphic Modernism*, 5.
[94] Heap, "Karen: A Novel," 23-28.
[95] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 78.

In addition to writing sapphic literature, Margaret and Jane created a vehicle for its publishing in the *Little Review*. Holly Baggett notes, "Anderson and Heap's role in promoting female modernists during this same period has been largely overlooked. After [Ezra] Pound left the *Little Review* in 1919, work by Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes, Mina Loy, Dorothy Richardson, May Sinclair, Mary Butts, and "'the first American Dada,' Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven, appeared in its pages. Stein, Barnes, and Loy… authored several contributions to the Little Review that explored lesbian themes, an important element of female modernism."[96] In this way, Margaret and Jane's magazine furthered a new sapphic modernist tradition.

Margaret Anderson pushed for intensity, art in her single definition, and joy in all circumstances she lived. She was public about her opinions and actions, even when they were in contrast to society's ideals. In addition to this being the way that Margaret felt comfortable living her life, it was a successful marketing strategy that allowed her to publish her magazine, afford food, and find somewhat secure housing. Near the end of her life, Margaret wrote,

> *I am in the shameful position of a person to whom life has become too kind. I seem to have been spared the ugly, the lonely, and the too difficult. I have never had to work for a living. I have worked, but always at something that has pleased or interested me. I have sometimes gone hungry – for Art, or because of war – but never for too long. I have always been well, except for minor mishaps caused by pleasure, greed, or ignorance.*[97]

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[96] Baggett, *Making No Compromise,* 156.
[97] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity,* 28.

In the face of grave odds against her, Margaret marketed herself and her way of life to those whose funds she required. By 1916, the year that Margaret met Jane Heap, her lover, muse, and co-editor, she had begun to earn the life that she wanted to live. Maybe her true ‘Thirty Years War’ was the battle to convince people that white women were just as capable of modernism as Pound, Eliot, Yeats, and Williams.

Chapter Two: Avoiding Labels

In the *Little Review*, Margaret often added a section about books that were published recently that she thought were worth your time. In the March 1916 issue she went one step further, and wrote a full page ad for a book titled *The Sexual Question* by Auguste-Henri Forel. In this book Forel gave his findings and perspective on sexuality; he wrote about sexology, women's rights, and eugenics. In the last paragraph of this ad, Margaret completely endorses Forel's message: "Every professional man or woman… is urged to get this book at once… A great book by a great man."[98]

Forel worked within the field of sexology, a field founded to explain sexual deviance so that doctors and lawyers had a way to standardize law, care, and treatment when people who lived outside of society's expectations were arrested. These writings had specific effects on how queer women were pathologized when living their lives. Before these writings entered into the public consciousness, upper-class white women had significantly more freedom to "queer" their lives.

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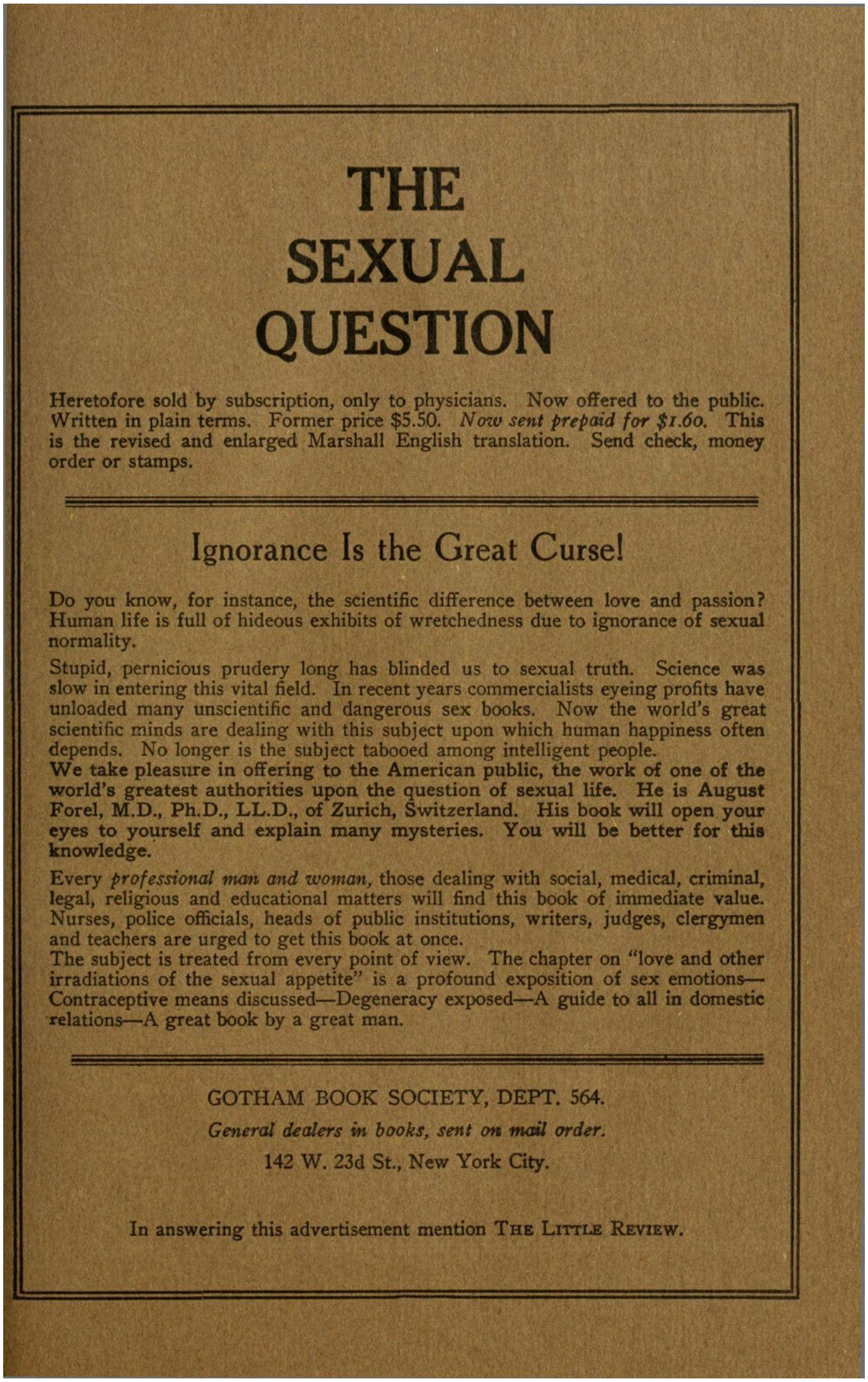
[98] Anderson, "The Sexual Question," 45. The tie between sexology and eugenics is incredibly troubling. Many of the people Margaret supported – Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, Auguste Forel, and Otto Weininger – were proud and outspoken eugenicists. Their works were used to justify countless atrocities. In the same books that championed Margaret's right to be a woman and a queer person, they preached the necessity of wiping out the "savage races," which often included Black people, Jewish people, and Chinese people, among many other populations. Margaret's whiteness was vital to her being able to interact positively with these texts.



THE
SEXUAL
QUESTION

Heretofore sold by subscription, only to physicians. Now offered to the public. Written in plain terms. Former price $5.50. *Now sent prepaid for $1.60.* This is the revised and enlarged Marshall English translation. Send check, money order or stamps.

Ignorance Is the Great Curse!

Do you know, for instance, the scientific difference between love and passion? Human life is full of hideous exhibits of wretchedness due to ignorance of sexual normality.

Stupid, pernicious prudery long has blinded us to sexual truth. Science was slow in entering this vital field. In recent years commercialists eyeing profits have unloaded many unscientific and dangerous sex books. Now the world's great scientific minds are dealing with this subject upon which human happiness often depends. No longer is the subject tabooed among intelligent people.

We take pleasure in offering to the American public, the work of one of the world's greatest authorities upon the question of sexual life. He is August Forel, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., of Zurich, Switzerland. His book will open your eyes to yourself and explain many mysteries. You will be better for this knowledge.

Every *professional man and woman,* those dealing with social, medical, criminal, legal, religious and educational matters will find this book of immediate value. Nurses, police officials, heads of public institutions, writers, judges, clergymen and teachers are urged to get this book at once.

The subject is treated from every point of view. The chapter on "love and other irradiations of the sexual appetite" is a profound exposition of sex emotions—Contraceptive means discussed—Degeneracy exposed—A guide to all in domestic relations—A great book by a great man.

GOTHAM BOOK SOCIETY, DEPT. 564.
General dealers in books, sent on mail order.
142 W. 23d St., New York City.

In answering this advertisement mention THE LITTLE REVIEW.

Figure 3: Ad in the *Little Review* for the *Sexual Question.* Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, *The Sexual Question*, the *Little Review*, March 1916, 45.

The existence of homosexuality as an innate medical issue, as defined by many sexologists beginning in the 1880s, constructed homosexuality, then termed sexual inversion, as an unavoidable birth defect.[99] Any woman who was perceived as "[wearing] their hair short, [dressing] in the fashion of men, or [pursuing] the sports and pastimes of their male acquaintances,"[100] was in danger of being defined as an invert.[101] But inversion also gave white women a justification for their sexualities; because inversion was not a choice; inverted women were thought to be born inverted.[102] Esther Newton writes about the advantages in accepting the sexologists' views on sexuality, no matter how pathologized: "[Radclyffe/John] Hall and many other feminists like her embraced, sometimes with ambivalence, the image of the mannish lesbian and the discourse of the sexologists about inversion primarily because they desperately wanted to break out of the asexual model of romantic friendship."[103]

Margaret Anderson is noted in this article as one of the women in this "second generation of new women," but she fits into the definition in a different context than many of the others.[104] Margaret Anderson focused on being beautiful, and rejected the masculinity typically associated with inversion. This focus was noted by many of the modernists. For example, Max Eastman, editor of the magazine, the *Masses*, said of meeting her, "I called on Margaret Anderson once in her office in Chicago – I've forgotten why – I admired her beauty, as I already had her independence."[105] This focus on beauty separated her from many of the feminists who focused more on natural beauty, or presented as more masculine, helping her avoid a distinct definition as a "New Woman" in a time period where independence in white women was not respected.[106] Additionally, beauty has been studied in more recent research; one study concluded that, "the world must be a more pleasant and satisfying place for attractive people because they possess almost all types of social advantages that can be measured."[107] Every privilege Margaret held was heightened by her beauty. Margaret was focused on aesthetics in a way that allowed her to avoid definition as a "sexual invert" while participating in relationships with other women.

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[99] In, "The Female World of Love and Ritual: Relationships Between Women in Nineteenth-Century America," Carroll Smith-Rosenburg writes about how queer or lesbian women would have been able to build relationships in the nineteenth century due to the prioritization of virtuous, companionate female friendship, often referred to as the asexual model of female friendship. Smith-Rosenberg starts to define women in the nineteen-hundreds within their close networks of female connection, both familial and platonic, in order to note the space within their lives that allowed for romance to percolate, and how we might reinterpret connections previously perceived as platonic within romantic contexts. Lesbian historians often view the period between 1880 and 1930 – which is, not coincidentally, the period discussed in Margaret's first memoir – as a period of transition in the perception of women's lesbian love as virtuous to pathologized. Smith-Rosenberg, "Female World of Love and Ritual," 55–83.

[100] Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, 398.

[101] Faderman, *Odd Girls and Twilight Lovers,* 45-48.

[102] Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, 397.

[103] Newton, "The Mythic Mannish Lesbian," 560.

[104] Ibid, 562.

There are very few letters and documents from Margaret's perspective preserved from this period that were not meant for public consumption and are therefore not tainted with her interest in marketing herself and her magazine. A mix of Margaret trying to be perceived by both people in her time and the future in a particular way, and her destruction of many of the early letters and documents from the *Little Review* days, make much of her archive unhelpful. But still, in the archives, with "SAVE THIS" written at the top, lies a lesbian gem. Margaret wrote in an undated letter (probably 1924) to Jane and Florence about her sister Lois's mental state, mostly blaming her husband Bill for her psychotic break.

> *If I were forced to live in the same house or the same room – or even see all the time – a human creature with whom I was deliriously in love – I couldn't stand it even for a week. If that creature were someone who hadn't even any respect what would I do? Develop gray hairs, become viciously dėtraguėe*[108] *disagreeable to the degree of danger, insane, – or commit a murder (from the public viewpoint as*

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[105] Eastman to Bryer, April 19, 1964, 1.
[106] Banner, *American Beauty,* 86-106.
[107] Webster et al, "Beauty as Status," 141.
[108] This is a French word meaning distraught.

> *unjustifiable as the Leopold-Loeb). And if that man breathed too loudly in the next room and in a rhythm that I couldn't stand, if he snored and talked and laughed and blew his nose and didn't powder his face and had two large hands and "smelled man" and ate sloppily and scratched his head and creaked in his chair and bought clothes that weren't properly cut – and never looked to present the common place reaction, – and if he were of an intact bourgeoism, [sic] and pleased with it and was incapable of going beyond ABC in his wit or his thinking, and unaware of everything that might constitute a moment of intelligence, and – well it's enough. And if I knew that public opinion would classify him after all, as better than most husbands – this bigoted selfish native boring infantile creature with whom I had to spend my life! This man with a nervous organism so different from mine that any decent science of life will tell us never to bring vibrations into contact with each other! – This man so rare with his offspring (the reproduction of his glorified self) that it would send any spectator into violent vomiting!*[109]

Here Margaret is ahead of her time in finding the root of her sister's breakdown to be necessary reliance on her husband caused by heteropatriarchy. Although Margaret was clearly not using language like this publicly, at least not in any of the documents I have seen, she clearly felt an adversion to men that is frequently thought to coincide with lesbian separatist views in the 1970s.

Though she did not speak publicly in the manner in which she wrote this letter, Margaret did publicly comment on debates going on about sexology in the February and March 1915 additions of the *Little Review*. In February 1915 she included a piece of writing by Edith Ellis, Havelock Ellis's wife,[110] and in March 1915 she included a side by side commentary between herself and Mary Adams Stearns.

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[109] Anderson to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924, 14-16. It's interesting that she brings up vomiting here; in the documentary *Disclosure*, they have a section where they discuss how often in film the response to seeing the penis of a transgender woman, or man crossdressing is to vomit. That media did not exist in full at this point, but it points to the idea that the language was there. Margaret turns this awful stereotype on its head by applying it in analysis to the patriarchy. Feder, *Disclosure.*

Stearns told a beautiful story about Mrs. Ellis's talk,

> *She did not pose as a writer of personal grievances or a solver of private woes. The individual was lost in the group; details were submerged in generalities; isolated examples made way for guiding principles. When Mrs Ellis said "We must improve our knowledge if we would improve our morals," and that there can be no guide to right living except that which comes from within, she gave us the key to happiness.*[111]

Margaret wrote a completely opposite perspective,

> *Nearly all people in Orchestra Hall… expected to hear how far Mrs Ellis's personal views coincided or disagreed with [sexologists]. But she had no intention of such elucidation, it seems. She didn't say what she thought about free love, free divorce, social motherhood, birth-control, the sex "morality" of the future, any of these things… She didn't mention homosexuality; she had nothing to say about the differences between perversion and inversion.*[112]

Margaret clearly believed that Mrs. Ellis was not outspoken enough. Where Stearns saw a resounding success, Margaret saw, as the title makes clear, a failure.

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[110] Edith Ellis, "Heaven's Jester," 8-13.
[111] Sterns, "Mrs. Ellis's Gift to Chicago," 13.
[112] Anderson, "Mrs. Ellis's Failure," 17-18.

Gender is a learned behavior, and therefore, one can learn to accentuate it.[113] In centering her beauty, Margaret focused on her secondary and tertiary sex characteristics that made it more likely for her to be defined in the cultural category of "woman." She wrote about beauty as central to her process on numerous occasions. For example, at one point a young woman asked Margaret for advice, "What shall I do to become a good writer?" Margaret gave her two pieces: "First disabuse yourself of the national idea that genius is a capacity for hard work… [and second] use a little lip rouge, to begin with. Beauty might bring you experiences to write about."[114] Although this is written in her book as a humorous quip, in her life Margaret centered beauty as a cultural survival mechanism to avoid being perceived as an invert.[115]

Margaret's attempts to be defined as female were successful; she was perceived as a beautiful and independent woman, not a scary masculine invert. In the previous chapter I talk about marketing, and how Margaret marketed herself in order to gain her place within modernism. She also marketed her gender in a way that allowed her to escape being defined as a sexual invert by those "in the know" of sexology.

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[113] More recent scholarship has studied gender attribution, "the process through which we all assign a gender to every person with whom we interact, based on rules and assumptions that are usually unacknowledged or unperceived." Within this scholarship they ask the question, "What does gender have to be for it to be perceived as real?" To answer this question they give an example: "In learning what the signs of gender are, the displayer can begin to accentuate them, to aid in creating the gender dichotomy. For example, as Haviland (1976) has demonstrated, height of the eyebrow from the center of the pupil differs considerably between adult American women and men, but is virtually identical in male and female infants and young children. The difference in adults is obviously aided, if not caused, by eyebrow tweezing and expressive style." Kessler and McKenna, "Toward a Theory of Gender," 165–82.

[114] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 154.

[115] Kessler and McKenna talk about genital attribution. They differentiate the physical genitals from the cultural genitals which "is assumed to exist and which, it is believed, should be there," in spite of what is actually present. They go on to say that the cultural genital is a penis, and the absence of a penis is a vagina. For example, when the question, "How do you change a clothed male figure from male to female," or vice versa, is posed, the answer is to add or remove a penis, not add or remove a vagina. Therefore, definition of someone as "female" is usually done through a lack of the cultural genital, the penis. This aids in the schema developed in the western world, mainly we, "See someone as female only when you can not see them as male." Kessler and McKenna, "Toward a Theory of Gender," 173-176.

The best examples of this marketing are in her books. She wrote about beauty in her personal grooming habits and in her housing choices, two aspects of life often perceived as innately feminine. In her third memoir she said, "The look of things… that is my ever present preoccupation. I can't close my eyes to the strange necessity of dwelling on what is good-looking and avoiding what is ugly; or transforming the latter into the former."[116] Not only did she focus on what was beautiful, but she took it a step further; she wrote about a repulsion and need to "edit" what was not beautiful.

At different points in her memoirs where she discusses housing, Margaret talks in a loop: we did not have any money so we moved (she never said they were kicked out), when we moved our house had inherent beauty and charm, we decorated at the expense of not eating for a while, and I made sure I looked beautiful because I could not live without that. For example, with reference to a house she was considering in France in the early 1920's:

> *I remember the day we first went to see this classic chateau. It stood quite alone in the forest and its classic beauty was touching. Georgette walked all around it, looking at its perfect proportions with tears in her eyes… The rest, for me, was adorable – alcoved bedrooms, handsome fireplaces, a top floor with Jean Jacques Rousseau's windows, all looking into a forest of chestnut trees.*[117]

For eight pages, Margaret mused about the house, the beauty, and the renovations being done; at the end of the talk of this house, she wrote about another house for a couple of pages. The prioritization of beauty in either housing or clothing, is specifically defined in western culture as feminine; by defining herself as feminine, Margaret eluded the watchful eyes of sexologists looking to define the masculine women as abnormal.

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[116] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity*, 91.
[117] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 43-44.

At this point in the twentieth century beauty, gender, sexuality, and being perceived as an invert were inextricably linked in the eyes of sexologists. Newton sums up the perspective of the sexologists nicely,

> *The first category of lesbians included women who "did not betray their anatomy by external appearance or by mental [masculine] sexual characteristics." They were, however, responsive to the approaches of women who appeared or acted more masculine. The second classification included women with a "strong preference for male garments." These women were the female analogy of effeminate men. By the third stage "inversion" was "fully developed, the woman [assuming] a definitely masculine role." The fourth state represented "the extreme grade of degenerative homosexuality. The woman of this type, Krafft-Ebing explained, "possesses of the feminine qualities only the genital organs; thought, sentiment, action, even external appearance are those of the man."*[118] *Not only was the most degenerate lesbian the most masculine, but any gender-crossing or aspiration to male privilege was probably a symptom of lesbianism.*[119]

Nowhere within the sexological definition of lesbianism was space for a woman who was dominant, beautiful, and feminine. Through identifying herself with those three characteristics, she was less likely to be defined as an invert, even with constant female companionship. Margaret wrote passages such as, “I was amused by the idea of testing our physical strength, so I carried the household goods down the bluff. I never before experienced the surcease [sic] that comes after doing more than one is able physically to do.”[120]

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[118] Krafft-Ebing, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, 262-266 as cited in Newton, “The Mythic Mannish Lesbian,” 566.
[119] Newton, “The Mythic Mannish Lesbian,” 566.
[120] Anderson, *My Thirty Years’ War*, 89.

Later in life, around 1964, Margaret may have been attempting to portray her femininity differently as times had changed and queerness was publicly defined, labeled deviant, and pathologized. In a conversation through letters with Bryer, she was unhappy with his focus on the early years of her magazine. She said “There is so much in the first year or two which shouldn’t be brought to light – especially to today's public.”[121] Of course, this sentiment can not be directly linked to her writings on sexuality, but she was likely aware of how they would be viewed differently to a 1964 vs. 1915 public eye. She was also an avid anarchist in the early years of the magazine; her fear of the Red Scare and Cold War could have played into her hesitation with Bryer’s focus.

So, even though she was moving everything herself with the help of her lover, the thought of marrying a man was repulsive to her, she publicly spoke out for homosexual rights, she held a career, and lived with multiple women, always discussing their love as beautiful and infinite, Margaret was not defined within early twentieth century categories of inversion; Margaret was a genius in that she knew how to publicly construct her gender to avoid being pathologized.

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[121] Anderson to Bryer, July 7, 1964, 1.

Chapter Three: A Love of the Mind

Jane Heap had already lived a life of romance, art, and joy by the beginning of her time with Margaret. She was raised in Topeka, Kansas, studied at the Art Institute of Chicago and lived an artist's life by the time she was introduced to Margaret and The Little Review Crew while they were camping on Lake Bluff in 1914. Jane's conversation would forever change Margaret's life and Margaret would alter the course of Jane's life as well, though not always positively. The story Jane told in letters to Florence Reynolds paints a picture of their later relationship as fraught with conflict about Margaret's infidelity. We do not have access to Jane's early perspective, but Margaret's is clear: she and Jane clicked immediately. Margaret's words read like she believed it was fated.

> *Jane and I began talking. We talked for days, months, years… we formed a consolidation that was to make us much loved and even more loathed. We talked every place, to all sorts and conditions of people. I made up quarrels of opinion so that Jane could show her powers. I must have been insupportable. But here was my obsession – the special human being, the special point of view. I never let anyone escape her psychological clairvoyance.*[122]

Margaret was obsessed with having the masses understand what true art was and in Margaret's view, Jane's conversation was the best example of art. "No one can find such interesting things to say on any subject."[123] They talked, they wrote, they might have made love. Jane and Margaret met in summer 1914 and by the following spring they had planned a months-long getaway. The picture painted of Jane and Margaret in Margaret's writings is nothing short of finding a missing puzzle piece, of finally feeling okay and at peace in the world.[124]

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[122] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 107-108.

[123] Ibid, 103.

Within Jane and Margaret's closest period of companionship – coworking with each other on writing and editing the *Little Review* from 1915 to 1924 – they worked and lived together, which was as special and important as it was tumultuous. It began with Jane and Margaret making the decision to move to a cottage in San Francisco. Margaret wrote that, "Jane and I started out to find a house in the mountains where we could talk, undisturbed, for 5 months."[125]

And that they did. They came upon a beaten down cottage and convinced Chase, the owner, to rent it to them. He could not stand up to the power of Margaret, and did so for twelve dollars a month.[126] In this rented cottage Margaret was able to begin to fulfill one of her life goals:

> *I practiced [piano] in the morning. Our talk began with luncheon, reached a climax at tea, and by dinner we were staggering with it. By five o'clock in the morning we were unconscious but still talking. Chiefly we talked ART…We talked psychology – a kind of prelude to behaviorism… My mind was inflamed by Jane's ideas because of her uncanny knowledge of the human composition, her unfailing clairvoyance about human motivation. This was what I had been waiting for, searching for, all my life.*[127]

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[124] Blanche Wiesen Cook, an early historian writing in lesbian studies, conducts an analysis of early lesbian literature, and how analysis of that literature has erased the innate queerness of people such as Virginia Woolf or sometimes even Gertrude Stein or Radclyffe/John Hall. She notes, "We have just begun to name our own world and to consider the full implications of women's friendships and the crucial role played by female networks of love and support, the sources of strength that enabled independent, creative, and active women to function." Here Cook alludes to an idea that was central to Margaret and Jane's lives, that their companionship with women allowed them the support system's necessary to have a career and an intellectually fulfilling life. Cook, "'Women Alone Stir My Imagination, '" 720.

[125] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 116. In September 1916, at the end of living in San Francisco, they published the blank issue of the *Little Review*.

[126] Equivalent to $379.09 in 2024.

[127] Ibid, 122.

Margaret had found what she most thoroughly sought out.[128] Through their conversation, Margaret and Jane not only supported each other's careers, but worked in tandem with the minds of one another, swapping ideas and writing. They did not only make space for each other's careers to flourish, but built their careers interdependently.

> *By early autumn… I moved our beds into the living room, placing them on our floor at each side of and at right angles to the fireplace. Between them I put a low table and we dined in pajamas in order to avoid the brutality of breaking up the conversation to undress. There was nothing to do after dinner but push the table away, light another cigarette, and when we could talk no more fall off to sleep under the impression that we hadn't stopped.*[129]

In Margaret's perspective Jane was, "the most interesting thing to happen to [the *Little Review]*,"[130] and despite the personal complexity of the Jane - Margaret relationship, Jane became as connected to the magazine as Margaret was. In a way it was a product of them and their love, mirroring the complexity, joy, and angst of the early twentieth century. Margaret wrote about the way she would convince Jane to write an article,

> *I'm a talker, I'm no writer, [Jane] would groan in a rather hopeful tone – by which I knew that she was ready to begin an article. The process of encouraging her to put down on paper the thing she said consisted, first, of reiterating the impossibility of such a feat; second, of regretting the lack of money which*

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[128] The U-Haul lesbian is a stereotype coined by lesbian comedian and actor Lea DeLaria in 1988. They wrote the joke "What does a lesbian bring to a second date? A U-haul." In my lifetime, that joke has spiraled into a stereotype: that lesbians get into close romantic relationships and move in together quickly. Now "uhauling" is used as a verb as well as a noun. For example: "She already moved in? Yeah, we uhauled." I adore this part of the Margaret and Jane story because it draws a parallel between the lesbian relationships of the past and present.

[129] Ibid, 128-129.

[130] Ibid, 102.

> *prevented us from installing a dictaphone; third, of assuring her I would take down her conversation in long hand; forth, of convincing her that she needn't turn self-conscious about it; fifth, that – well, that everything would be wonderful.*[131]

In many ways the Jane and Margaret connection was a pairing of intellect and love. But, the fact that both Jane and Margaret worked a career made their partnership more taboo than relationships that mimicked a heterosexual husband-wife partnership.[132]

Beyond whether the dynamics in the relationship fit within a heterosexist power structure, more relationship equity would have generally been present in relationships between same sex partners, because they had the potential to upend some of the power dynamics frequently present in marital relations between husbands and wives. Within Jane and Margaret's circles, there were partnerships where one person had more power than the other, through employment, fame or otherwise. But because both partners were women, even in a situation with a power dynamic, they had more authority in controlling their lives and therefore, freedom to focus on their passions. The equality in women loving women's relationships gave women the ability to have both love and career, in a way that was not open to women in heterosexual partnerships.

There are many examples of relationship equity in Jane and Margaret's family of artists: Margaret and Georgette both had their own vocations and supported each other in them. For the latter part of Jane's life she lived with Elspeth Champcommunal, the first editor of *British Vogue*.

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[131] Ibid, 110.

[132] For example, Cook talks about the relationship between Gertrude Stein and Alice B Toklas, specifically, how their partnership fit more cleanly into the husband and wife roles set out by mainstream society. Cook says, "Stein wrote and slept while Toklas cooked, embroidered, and typed. Few feminist principles are evident there to challenge the ruling scheme of things." The extent to which queer relationships are respected by mainstream society mirrors the extent to which the participants in the queer relationship are able to mimic heterosexuality. Therefore a relationship like Stein and Toklas, where Toklas was perceived as the "wife" and Stein as the "husband" would have been easier for the public to digest than the relationship between Jane and Margaret which did not fit cleanly into a heteronormative dynamic. Cook, "'Women Alone Stir My Imagination,'" 730.

Jane's long term friend Florence Reynolds worked as a teacher and consistently sent Jane money, even leaving Jane her assets in her will. Georgette lived with a woman named Monique for most of her life, even while living with Margaret. Margaret wrote of Monique, "She had a degree in science and could instruct Georgette in those rudiments which such a pupil would never have the patience to learn for herself."[133]

For women of this period, dating other women allowed them to continue to pursue a career without losing the support provided by an equally partnered relationship. "Women who love women, who choose women to nurture and support and to create a living environment in which to work creatively and independently, are lesbians."[134] Based on this definition, Margaret, Jane, and their family of artists fit the bill.

Margaret and Jane's connection, which completely broke the boundaries of a typical private vs. professional relationship, altered the movements they were in conversation with. The *Little Review* commented on "every major movement in early twentieth-century literature and art, including Imagism, Dada, surrealism, constructivism, and Machine Age aesthetics,"[135] in significant ways. They also gave young inexperienced writers that otherwise "would have been accepted by no other magazines in the world,"[136] a place to publish their writings and perspectives. For Jane and Margaret, it is not just that they supported each other's careers, but that they interwove them in a way that fueled their lives and the movements they helped build.

While Margaret wrote a beautiful story about her and Jane, the story Jane told had more bitterness. In 1918, she retrospectively mused that,

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[133] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 7.
[134] Cook, "'Women Alone Stir My Imagination,'" 738.
[135] Baggett, *Making No Compromise,* 1.
[136] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 44.

> *I went to California because I needed some hold on life (not human) she seemed to be the least human person I could find – I wanted my sensibilities hurt. I wanted a new hurt. I wanted some mental activity. I wanted to change the hurt and the activity from the heart. Now my sensibilities have been hurt, and my mind offended so much as my heart was hurt before. Where do I go next.*[137]

By 1918, Margaret had cheated on Jane, so it is difficult to know how much of that experience had tainted what Jane said here. Regardless, while Margaret talked of the experience in San Francisco as fulfillment, Jane described it as mental suffering, saying Margaret was one of the last things she had in the world. Jane's perspective does not denote joy or equity; instead it paints a picture of Jane who would follow Margaret to the end of the earth and jump with her, because there was nothing else for Jane according to her perception of the world. Margaret viewed life with promise and optimism, the foil to Jane's "hurt." The extent of Jane's complex feelings on Margaret and the trip are not noted, and the gap in information is a good reminder that both her and Margaret's perspectives were probably more complex than either of them had the foresight or need to note.

As Margaret narrated in her memoir, after she and Jane had returned from their summer in San Francisco she decided that it was time for them to move to New York.

> *We arrived in Chicago and at once I knew we should go to New York. This was an inconvenient thought. Also an unhappy one for Jane who would never in those days leave any place she loved. Besides I had no reason to give. it was just "the time to go."*[138]

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[137] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 60.
[138] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 135.

They stayed in Chicago from fall to Christmas 1916 before moving to New York. As Margaret wrote it from her perspective, Jane would not get out of bed by the time they got to their new apartment. At one point Margaret references the reason to force Jane to move to New York:

> *The burden of Jane's unhappiness was an integral part of her genius. I wanted that genius for the "Little Review." I have seen no more highly organized mental-emotional equipment anywhere. I had chosen her mind as a representative of what I called the creative mind. I wanted the "Little Review" to reflect this point of view above any other… Perhaps we should separate our lives. We were on different curves – one going, one coming… Without the right audience she would never exploit her unique gifts.*[139]

In a quote like this, where Margaret is considering whether Jane should stay in Chicago where she was happier, or move to New York with Margaret and write the magazine, Margaret chooses to see Jane the genius instead of Jane the person, and decided that it was best that Jane stay. Again, we do not have access to Jane's perspective on the move, so it is hard to know what she was thinking or feeling, or if she considered staying in Chicago.

Jane does write later about Margaret's temper noting with reference to finalizing an issue of the *Little Review*, "Mart had tantrums and almost hystics [sic] with heat and weariness – and rage because we have to do the labor. And I had one of my fits of fatal patience – and we walked out hand in hand to our dinners and were good little things."[140] Here it seems like Jane had an ability to soothe Margaret, though it was unclear if Margaret was supporting Jane in a similar way.

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[139] Ibid, 144-145.

[140] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 51.

Margaret and Jane made the decision to interweave their careers in a way that altered the modernist movement. From Margaret's perspective their combined intellect complemented each other beautifully; it created a magazine that people wanted to read and a life that Margaret wanted to live. But, when Jane joined the magazine she subscribed to follow Margaret's pace of life. When Margaret moved, she followed. Margaret's self assuredness left no room for Jane's opinion or want of staying in the shadows. Despite Jane's unhappiness, she followed Margaret for years.

Chapter Four: Jane's Biggest Supporter

As Jane continued living her life with Margaret as her partner,[141] she kept in contact with her friend Florence Reynolds. The backbone of Jane's life was her relationship with Florence, which equipped her with a necessary emotional and financial support system. Florence and Jane most likely met in 1908, and they felt an immediate attraction and closeness with each other. Jane's early letters more clearly denote a sexual and romantic relationship than many sources we have access to from this period, and even more clearly than that of Jane and Margaret's relationship. For example, Jane wrote to Florence in 1908,

> *Tiny Heart I wish I could be near you tonight. Close Close – or near enough to take a look or touch would let either into the other's heart – or to feel the heart stagger under the added load of a kiss – since it cannot be – we wait and waiting love the more – then as now I am, with all love, yours Jane.*[142]

The foundations of the Jane - Florence relationship were a beautiful and trusting physical and romantic love. They wrote to each other this way through 1909, when they moved in together.

Such an explicit declaration of physical want of another woman is rare during this era. Lillian Faderman posited that the period between the 1880's and 1930's was incredibly influential in the medical and legal constructions of sapphic sexuality as deviant by sexologists. Before this transition, women were publicly viewed as incapable of having sex with each other. Faderman writes,

> *Because throughout much of the nineteenth century in Britain and America, sex was considered an activity in which virtuous women were not interested and did*

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[141] Here I am using partner to mean that they lived together, worked together, and were in a romantic relationship.

[142] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 25.

> *not indulge unless to gratify their husbands and procreate, it was generally inconceivable to society that an otherwise respectable woman could choose to participate in a sexual activity that had as its own goal neither procreation nor pleasing a husband. Because there was seemingly no possibility that women would want to make love together, they were permitted a latitude of affectionate expression and demonstration that became more and more narrow with the growth of general sophistication and pseudosophistication regarding sexual possibilities between women.*[143]

The perception of white women as asexual allowed relationships between women to go unnoticed. This phenomenon – combined with efforts of Jane and Florence to keep the extent of their relationship private – allowed for the Jane - Florence relationship to stay in the closet.

In 1908, two perspectives existed on white sapphic sexuality: the perspective of romantic asexual friendship which was beginning to fade into the past, and the sexologists perspective of sexual inversion. Jane and Florence do not talk about labels or terminology though Jane does say: “You called our love – friendship – It has not got to that has it? Isn't it very like the love our friends the poets sing about? I think it is very strange and different from friendship or just Love[144] with a little letter – don't you?”[145] Here Jane points to the idea that their relationship was “strange and different” from friendship. Although Jane and Florence do not use the identity language present: invert or homosexual,[146] Jane identified their relationship in a different context than friendship. Additionally, these letters were not public – they were found much later by researchers on Jane Heap – and it is unclear how much of Jane and Florence's circle was aware of the nature of their relationship. At one point in the letters, Jane mentions Florence's sister visiting, "Maybe you can tell her a little of our Love? I would like to see her. I know I should like to see her. And she would like me. No fear! If I wanted her to, wouldn't she?"[147] Clearly, Jane originally perceives their relationship as more intense than a friendship. Their Love was beautiful, and it blossomed into a lifelong friendship and support system for Jane.

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[143] Faderman, *Surpassing the Love of Men*, 152.

[144] I continue to capitalize Love when referring to Jane and Florence at this point to indicate the value that word held to them. For Jane it was an indication of something bigger.

[145] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 26.

[146] Another reason for not using this language could have been that it was more heavily associated with male sexuality. At one point in the Jane - Florence letters Jane said that, “Loeb was not a homo but the other one is not a criminal.” This could indicate an association with identity language as masculine. Ibid*,* 95.

The romantic first section of Jane's letters to Florence end in 1908. Their letters pick up in 1917, after the dissolution of the Jane - Florence romantic connection. Holly Baggett writes, "It is during these years [1917-1918] that Heap starts referring to Reynolds as "Mother," and turns to her for everything from emotional support to money."[148] At some point between 1909 and 1917 Florence's title became "Mother" instead of "Tiny Heart."

In June 1917, Jane and Margaret were coming up on the year anniversary of their time together in San Francisco, and had moved to New York the previous winter. They were personally invested in the trial of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, who were being tried due to protesting conscription for World War Ⅰ. If the 1917 letters are an honest reflection of how Jane was feeling, it is evident that she was still lonely, but no longer bedridden with depression as Margaret had noted when they arrived in New York. She told story upon story of the adventures she and Margaret were having, mainly involving the Emma Goldman Trial. For example, at one point all of Goldman's friends were kicked out of the trial room, but Jane and Margaret were allowed to stay because they chose to sit at Goldman's table.[149] In an introductory greeting to Florence in one letter Jane said, "I hope this will arrive as a New Year's greeting of our love for you. I meant mine – but Martie is hollering for hers to go in to."[150] In the complex time that was the latter half of 1917, Jane wrote to Florence for support and companionship.

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[147] Ibid, 38.
[148] Ibid, 43.
[149] Ibid, 50.

In 1918,[151] two significant events happened: the first being that Jane had figured out that Margaret was not being faithful to her, the second being the beginning of their serial publishing of *Ulysses*. With respect to Margaret's infidelity, Jane wrote of a woman named Gladys Tilden whom Margaret was seeing. Jane was not happy about her partner's relationship with Gladys, instead expressing anger and sadness about Margaret's schedule – among other things – in letters to Florence: "She says she 'can't see you' 'I am very busy.' 'Yes too busy to have lunch,'"[152] When writing a poem about some people in her circle Jane wrote: "Martie – more my blessed antagonistic compliment and antitheses."[153] The letters indicate nothing short of turmoil, enmeshment, and love.

It is unclear what the boundary of fidelity in the relationship between Jane & Margaret and Margaret & Gladys was: had Jane agreed that it was okay for Margaret to engage with Gladys? Did Jane feel like she had no choice but to keep seeing Margaret? It is also unclear what Florence's perspective was here, as the letters she sent to Jane in response through this period were not preserved. Did Florence try to comfort her friend? Perhaps told Jane to move in with her in Upstate New York? The complexity is implied, but never fully answered.[154]

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[150] Ibid*,* 52.

[151] In this period, Jane wrote a couple of things that are directly racist and troubling in her letters: twice she said the n- word, and many times discusses different races and classes of people in discriminatory ways. For example, she said, "It's so cold here that I write like a n—-," (Ibid*,* 123) "She wants to marry a Chinese now," (Ibid*,* 149) and "Tom's fear of third class boys turns him into a third class specimen." (Ibid 97.) These letters made it clear that discrimination was viewed as normal within private correspondence, if not also within public company. Much of what Margaret wrote publicly she assumed would be read by the masses, so in her writings she would have been more careful about using slurs than Jane would in her letters, but Jane's racism was likely held by many in their circle. Jane's letters to Florence point to biases that Jane, Margaret, and The Little Review Crew held. It is impossible to know exactly where they were coming from, but it is clear that it is a problematic angle; that they were not doing racial equality work, or trying to move the needle during a time when racial activism was prevalent and necessary. In these ways, they are on the wrong side of history.

[152] Ibid*,* 54.

[153] Ibid*,* 55.

Despite the complexity caused by Margaret's other partner, there was still a level of companionship between Margaret and Jane in the New York period of the *Little Review*. Jane wrote to Florence,

> *Marty never called me up that time I wrote that I was going in to mail the magazine – So I went and it was Friday – She was surprised and said the magazine wouldn't be ready until Monday… Now remember she had dashed away to be with Gladys – when I got there she was sick of it all and stuck to me and came home with me.*[155]

Through all the personal complexity of the Jane - Margaret relationship, Jane relied on Florence to listen to her, and likely respond in ways that were supportive and comforting. But Jane could not have separated herself from Margaret at this point, even if she had wanted to; Margaret and Jane were defendants in a legal trial..

In 1918 Margaret and Jane had begun to publish *Ulysses* in serial, after being sent an early copy by Ezra Pound. They continued to publish it through 1920, when they were put on trial for obscenity. In the *Little Review,* Jane wrote about the trial:

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[154] It is unclear what the expectations of fidelity would have been in a relationship like Jane and Margaret's. All relationships are unique, and Jane and Margaret's did not follow many of the social expectations of the time; monogamy is not a concept that they discuss in their writing. They likely had very complicated feelings about monogamy and fidelity, influenced by mainstream society and anarchy, modernism and sexology. It is also not a subject that I have been able to find theory on, likely because lesbian relationships were all so unique it is difficult to generalize what their perspective on fidelity might have been, and also because of the lack of study of sapphic women. There needs to be more research on the relationship dynamics of women in this time period, and what their expectations for each other were. What is clear is that Jane felt like Margaret was distant and was not comfortable with the relationship that Margaret and Gladys had.

[155] Ibid*,* 57.

> *It was the poet, the artist, who discovered love, created the lover, made sex everything that it is beyond a function. It is Mr Sumners*[156] *who has made it an obscenity. It is a little too obvious to discuss the inevitable result of damming up a force as unholy and terrific as the reproductive force with nothing more powerful than silence, black looks, and censure.* [157]

A few issues later, Margaret wrote:

> *So how shall I face an hour in a courtroom, before three judges who do not know the difference between James Joyce and obscene postal cards, without having hysterics, or without trying to convince them that the words "literature" and "obscenity" cannot be used interchangeably anymore than the words "science" and "immorality" can? With what shall I fill my mind during this hour of redundant human drama?*[158]

Such a situation would have pushed Jane and Margaret closer together during a point of personal complexity where their relationship could have benefited from space. At the end of the trial Margaret and Jane were found guilty of obscenity; they were to spend ten days in prison or pay a fine of one hundred dollars.[159] The bail was paid by a supporter, another effect of Margaret's marketing skills. Margaret and Jane went back to working on the *Little Review* with no punishment except fingerprinting.[160]

The beginning of a slow end to the Margaret - Jane relationship, which occurred far before the conclusion of the *Ulysses* trial, is explained in a 1918 letter.

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[156] Mr. Sumner was the lawyer for the state.
[157] Anderson, *The Little Review Anthology*, 302.
[158] Ibid, 305.
[159] Equivalent to $1581.16 in 2024.
[160] Birmingham, *The Most Dangerous Book*, 196-197.

> *I made Martie sit down and I told her that I had a little pride left – that she was to go – and go fast and not have her friends trying to rescue her from me – She put up a talk about being so uncomfortable in town, if she did go, thinking of this gruesome place etc. But I said you are sick to go aren't you?... so that you can have a free mind to play with Gladys? – I said – go and suffer – I'd like to see you want to do something that had any consideration in it in any way for another person – Go – She went – And it rained all day and the next day too.*[161]

After 1918 there was a gap in the Jane - Florence letters until 1924, leaving the reader ignorant of what the dissolution of the Margaret - Jane relationship looked like. According to Baggett, the reason for the gap in the letters was Florence's move to New York, which was likely influenced by Jane.[162] Did Florence feel the need to support her friend more closely? Jane and Florence's letter's continued for decades; they talked constantly until Florence's death in 1945.

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[161] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 58.

[162] Ibid, 4.

Chapter Five: A Change in Perspective

The 1920s ushered in many changes for the Jane-Margaret duo and The Little Review Crew, the first being the meeting and enmeshment of Margaret and her new lover Georgette LeBlanc. In my perspective it seems accurate to say that Jane changed and enhanced Margaret's life, but Georgette made her life come alive.

In Georgette's book, *The Courage Machine*, she wrote of her first introduction to Margaret, "She spoke no French and I no English, but there was no barrier between us. The intensity which characterized her needed no words to find and join my own."[163] Margaret wrote about their meeting in her second memoir:

> *The principal figure in my landscape is a person who, to anyone who knew her, is identified with whatsoever things are perfect – Georgette LeBlanc… We cannot have met by chance, Georgette and I, since we knew at once that we were to join hands and advance through life together… For twenty years I listened to her words, always with the feeling that I was being blessed or rescued.*[164]

Georgette came as a package deal with a woman named Monique, who would become a lifelong friend to Margaret as well. Margaret wrote that she was "the figure always in the background, but always indispensable to the landscape and atmosphere.... Thirty years before this story she had been a school teacher in Brussels and heard Georgette sing…Her first gesture afterward was to buy a bunch of violets…For nearly fifty years, all together, Monique was to offer violets in every way she could devise."[165]

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[163] Leblanc et al, *The Courage Machine*, 19.

[164] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 6.

[165] Ibid, 7. The relationship between Monique, Georgette, and Margaret further complicates the idea of monogamy in Margaret's relationships. It is unclear what was romantic, what was platonic, and what blurred the lines altogether.

A second introduction in December 1923 offered a change in philosophy for Margaret, Georgette, and Monique. As I have done throughout this thesis, I will let Margaret tell it:

> *In summer we had a small gray house in Brookhaven, Long Island, where questions and answers went on forever. Under the blue locust trees, in shadows of sun and mist, we continued our shadowy speculations... Alfred Richard Orage, former editor of the New Age in London, came to New York… We went to the small theater where Orage was to talk with a feeling that our lives had waited always for what might be said there. Everyone we knew was in the audience – artists, intellectuals, socialites… Orage walked out upon the stage. He was tall and easy, but quick and sure – the most persuasive man I have ever known. He sat down and began to tell, simply, why he had come... We went with Orage afterward, to a Child's restaurant, and asked him all the questions we had been hoarding. By midnight we had learned that this doctrine would not fulfill our hopes, it would exceed them. And then Gurdjieff himself came.*[166]

As alluded to, Orage was the mouthpiece of George Ivanovič Gurdjieff in December 1923, New York. Gurdjieff was described as a "controversial mystic... somewhat in vogue with American intellectuals and artists at the time."[167] He was very controversial; some thought he was a scam artist, but others thought he understood everything in a way that would make their lives make sense. After hearing Orage and Gurdjieff talk, the crew was enamored, and at varying levels much of the rest of their lives would be led by his "Fourth Way."[168]

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[166] Ibid, 109-110.

[167] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 5.

[168] The Fourth Way is summarized by Baggett as follows, "The Fourth Way refers to Gurdjieff's belief that the three traditional paths to self-realization — the ways of the Monk, Yogi, and Fakir, corresponding to the emotional, intellectual, and physical centers of human beings — were destined to fail. If properly attained, his way, the Fourth Way, incorporated all the elements of mind, body, and emotion, making it the only course for a genuine and thorough transformation. At its most basic, Gurdjieff's philosophy states

Margaret made the decision to leave the *Little Review* as editor the year after meeting him, saying, “I didn't know what to do about my life – so I did a nervous breakdown that lasted many months.”[169] She gave three different reasons for her departure to Paris: following Georgette around “playing accompaniments for her on a forthcoming European tour,”[170] was the most poetic. Leaving due to the fallout of the *Ulysses* trial or to learn more about Gurdjieff was the most realistic. The most surprising was a complete change in perspective on art. Margaret spent the years she worked on the *Little Review* obsessed with her idea of art, committed to conversation about it beyond everything else. In her musings of her second book she said:

> *The time I am writing of is 1924.* The *“Little Review,” then 10 years old, was still fulfilling its function as “the art magazine read by those who write the others.” But this function no longer satisfied my conception of what a magazine should be. My dissatisfaction coincided with the new experience we were just beginning. As I look back at what now happened to me, I see that this experience was as inevitable as the one which made me start the “Little Review" in the first place. And now it wasn't the “Little Review” that mattered; and it wasn't art that mattered any longer.*[171]

At this point in Margaret’s life, a different focus was necessary. She said of her decision to leave the *Little Review* that, “I had never considered that my personal destiny was to be confined within that of the *Little Review*. Ten years of one’s life is enough to devote to one idea – unless one has no other ideas. I had several others.”[172] She moved to Paris with an initial intent of

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that people in their daily lives function on a level little better than ‘sleepwalking.’” Baggett, *Making No Compromise,* 195.

[169] Anderson, *My Thirty Years’ War*, 231.

[170] Ibid, 234.

[171] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 103-104.

[172] Anderson, *My Thirty Years’ War*, 230.

studying Gurdjieff, doing so for a couple years, but eventually her fascination with the mystic became less prominent.

Instead, Margaret spent her time falling in love with Paris, saying, “I was never an expatriate – the word had no meaning to me. I felt that I had been born in Paris and that I could never, willingly or wonderfully, live anywhere else.”[173] Her love affair with Paris had just one exception: “I began to be haunted by the absence of a certain human quality I had always found in America – the impulse of generosity…I noticed that these French people never made a generous gesture towards anyone, not even toward themselves.”[174] This generosity is what funded both her life and her magazine in Chicago, San Francisco, and New York; without it, she would need a new survival strategy.

Luckily Georgette was endowed with enough money to comfortably support her, Monique, and Margaret, which meant that Margaret left her lifelong financial struggle behind and lived in gorgeous French chateaus, – that is, until Georgette got sick, and her funds were depleted.[175]

They also continued to make money off of their stories: Margaret published six books between 1930 and 1970 and lived off of the money from them. Georgette published two books. They also both looked at their archival papers as sources of income. In this way, Margaret (and Georgette) spent a significant portion of the rest of their lives writing and rewriting their story so it looked just so, and making money off of it as they did.[176] In France, Margaret’s life was no longer influenced by money as it had been since leaving her parents’ care in her twenties. She went from writing stories about the *Little Review* being burned and her and Jane living on biscuits for weeks, to writing to Jane saying,

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[173] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 37.

[174] Ibid, 26.

[175] Ibid, 15.

[176] Letters in the Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection indicate that in her later years she was willing to sell her archival papers to make enough money to continue living. She admits to burning many of the original Little Review papers, as she did not understand their importance. She does not end up selling her collection; though after being passed down through a couple hands, it ends up at Yale.

> *In this existence I may state that I'm not so disdainful – not so fearful – of the economic struggle. I mean to make big money out of the stuff I'm writing – to become a sort of household name (I suppose it can't be helped!) as the arranger of life, the killer of the philistine… and the champion of those few persons not too timid or too pale or too scared-to-death or too dazed or too dizzy or too astute to want what they want when they want it.*[177]

In another anecdote, Margaret wrote about a time when she, Georgette, and Monique came into 28,300 francs[178] after "Dodd Mead had bought out a de-luxe edition of *Story of the Blue Bird*."

> *After we came to our senses I said, 'Let's spend the extra three hundred francs right away – one hundred for each of us; but on one condition: that each one does a selfish thing for once without thinking of the others and without feeling extravagant.'... Later Georgette strolled off into the post office and came back looking almost sly. She had sent off money orders of fifty francs each to two friends in Paris about whom she was worried. 'No fair,' I said, 'this was to have been an egotistical day.'"*[179]

After the mid 1920s, Margaret's finances, though still precarious at times, offered her more stability than she had in her early life. Georgette and France became synonymous with long walks to coffee houses, watching the water, looking at gorgeous things, and most importantly, something lacking in her early life: stability. For a period of her life, she no longer felt that she was at war.

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[177] Anderson to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924, 12.
[178] Equivalent to $141,348.7931 in American dollars in 2024.
[179] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 188-189.

Chapter Six: Raising Kids or Choosing Herself

After meeting Margaret, Jane's life became a whirlwind of complexity. Margaret always portrayed an attitude of joy and resilience toward their life. In Jane's letters, it seems that she was more affected by the inconsistency and rapid change. In 1923, this was exacerbated when Margaret's nephews, Tom and Fritz, were adopted by Jane. 1923 to 1929 was a complex time for Jane, as she began to separate her life from Margaret and her way of living, while attempting to parent two children. Tom and Fritz are consistent background characters in this story before this point; their presence was that of nephews of Margaret until a "psychotic break"[180] from Lois, their mother, in 1923 forced Jane into parenthood.

How the Peters Family and The Little Review Crew came to the idea to place the children with Jane is unclear. It seems that from Lois's perspective Jane would not have been the go-to person for long-term childcare. Lois said: "Jane was angel + devil + utterly unpredictable,"[181] and there is no date or distinct timeline that clarifies anything. Fritz talks about his father's ten year absence in their lives from about 1914 to 1924, so Bill was not in the picture as a caretaker.[182] Retrospectively, Margaret said, "I was never in a position to take care of two little boys, and was most grateful to Jane for assuming such a responsibility."[183] Margaret said something similar in a few different places, but it is still unclear to me how Margaret's inability to care for children would have led to them being placed with Jane.[184]

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[180] There are various reasons stated for Lois's inability to care for her children. For example, in 1964 to Jackson Bryer Margaret writes Lois was "very ill and not able to bring [Tom and Friz] up." Various secondary sources confirm that she was institutionalized, which is consistent with the letters between Florence and Jane and other primary source material. Additionally, committing someone was considered deviant and therefore, it makes sense that Margaret and The Little Review Crew would have not been explicit in their language. Anderson, letter to Bryer, January 28, 1964.

[181] Karinsky to Bryer, July 5, 1964, 4.

[182] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 20.

[183] Anderson to Bryer, February 28, 1964, 1.

Jane was Tom and Fritz's aunt's ex-girlfriend's nephew, which would mean that Jane herself was not legal family. Some sources on Margaret and Jane say that they both adopted the boys, but as they were no longer living together or in a romantic relationship this is curious to me; regardless, Jane was the caretaker of Tom and Fritz from 1923 through their adulthoods in the late 1920's.

Histories of adoption state that urbanization and reform between 1910 and 1925 was pivotal in the development of current systems as we know them today. In this period, progressive reform was central, and focused on many things, one of them being the wellbeing of children. Before this time, there was not a standardized adoption system, but as the Progressive Era went on, reformers pushed for its development. Through these years, adoption had an "emphasis on the preservation of the biological family… [and a] cultural definition of kinship [that] stigmatized adoption as socially unacceptable… Most Americans would have agreed with Dr. R. L. Jenkins that, 'the normal biological relationship of a parent and child is more satisfactory... than an artificially created one.'"[185] These perspectives led to the governmental approach of "[emphasizing] the prevention of the causes of child dependency in the first place… They [stressed] that family should not be broken up merely because of poverty and that children should be separated from their natural families only as a last resort, for reasons of 'inefficiency or immorality.'"[186] Jane (and Margaret) who were at this point convicted of obscenity, do not seem like the obvious choices for parental guardianship of two young boys.

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[184] There are very few full books on the history of adoption. Historian E. Wayne Carp suspects three reasons for the lack of research: "First, most child welfare professionals are underpaid and overworked, too busy dealing with everyday crises to research and write history… Second, I suspect that professional social workers are wary about revisiting a past that is replete with failed policies, a trip that could prove both unhelpful and embarrassing." He also talks about the difficulty of finding sources that are public, as most adoption case files are closed. Carp, *Family Matters,* ix-xii.

[185] Ibid*,* 16-17.

The explanation lies in Lois, eugenics, and judgments of female insanity:

> *At the height of eugenics influence, roughly from 1910 to 1925, [social workers] advocated separating the feeble-minded, unwed mother from her child and ruled out the possibility of adoption for what they called defective children. As Albert H Stoneman remarked, "With our present knowledge of biology and hereditary we seem justified in general not to offer for adoption the children of feeble-minded parentage."... Rather than fight the "science" of eugenics, social workers borrowed its methodology in order to assure prospective adopted parents that the children they received were mentally sound.*[187]

By this understanding, it seems that although Lois no longer had custody of the children, the declaration of insanity would have had an impact on their placement.[188] In a letter to Jane and Florence, likely written in 1924, Margaret talks about Lois's institutionalization. When talking about husbands, specifically Lois's husband Bill, speaking in the second person, Margaret said,

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[186] Ibid.

[187] Ibid, 19.

[188] Florence Reynolds had a hand in the care of Lois; she was living in Chicago at the time Lois was committed and communicated the wants and needs of the family to the doctor. Margaret notes of Florence, referred to as Mother in the letter, "Thank god that Mother was at North Lake. I thank her for having acted so promptly and so perfectly." Anderson, letter to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924.

Additionally, Jane wrote to Florence: "Had a "beautiful" letter from Bill today – he sends his love to you and asked that I tell you how much he loves you for being so good to Lois." Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart*, 86. It seems that Florence was in Chicago when Lois was being committed, and continued to watch over Lois through at least October 1923. All of this is curious to me; it shows a wide family system, and acceptance by the government that a friend could be the proxy of the family. To put it into terms of how Florence and Lois are related, Lois is Florence's friend's ex-girlfriend's sister. It is clear that community care was at the center of their friendships and in this situation the government validated their unusual family system by allowing Florence as a proxy.

> *This creature who.. made it impossible to keep my two children with me (the ones that I adore and who are capable of giving me something, and I them, under conditions half normal at least) – that it was this picture who held my breakdown as my own fault entirely, and imposed the law that if I didn't accept his solution of my life he would leave me, without money, to drift.*[189]

Margaret all but said Bill placed Lois in a mental institution. The perspective of social work in this era on what to do with Tom and Fritz might have been to institutionalize them separately from their mother; institutionalization of children doubled from 1900 - 1930.[190] The focus of social work was clearly placing as many children with parents as possible, while paradoxically ignoring the children who were most in need but considered to be negatively affecting the gene pool.

Additionally, social work was very focused on placing children with familial connections. In this way, by not interfering with the placement of Tom and Fritz with Jane, the government accidentally validates that Jane, Margaret, Lois, Tom and Fritz are family. With the added fact that the adoption system at this point was heavily privatized, and mothers would sometimes look for new parents for their children outside the system, it makes sense to me that Jane would have been able to take custody of the children originally. What is more curious is that according to Fritz,

> *Jane had decided, for reasons which I have never fully understood, that she… should adopt Tom and myself legally. The adoption proceedings were the reason that my father came back into the picture after a complete absence of some ten years. At first, he did not actually appear in person. We were simply told that he*

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[189] Anderson to Heap and Reynolds, Florence Reynolds Collection, 1924, 16.

[190] Carp, *Family Matters,* 15.

> *was going to resist the adoption and that he wanted to assume custody of both of us himself. As I understood it at the time Jane… was able to talk my father out of this, and the adoption became a legal fact.*[191]

At this point in history, the imprecision and ambiguities of the adoption system paradoxically made it possible for Jane to take custody of Tom and Fritz, even though her obscenity charges and bohemian lifestyle might have prevented such an occurrence had the state's system been more robustly developed. This is another example of how Jane and Margaret's privilege as white women, despite their queerness and engagement with a version of bohemian modernism, were successful in doing what they wanted, because white lesbians often existed outside of the legal system in this period. The real question is: was the adoption system failing by letting Tom and Fritz be placed with Jane, or would it have failed when that would not have been the outcome in the latter half of the nineteen-hundreds? More research needs to be done into adoption by queer people in this period; stories like this define that it might, sometimes, have a positive undertone.

In adopting Tom and Fritz, Jane's chaotic and unstable life gained two new children, which led to more instability and family drama. Jane and Bill were at odds over paying for school: "I am getting the lawyer to make L. tell Bill to give me the tuition for the kids. I don't believe L. won't let Bill give it."[192] The boys were at odds with their parents over Christmas presents: "It seems that she has told them about too many things that are being bought for Linda[193] so they wrote – 'We've heard enough about the fur coat – if you have any extra ones – put a couple of mothballs in them and send them on to us' etc. – Perhaps a bit stiff but I never censor their letters."[194] Tom and his Uncle Pete were at odds over religion: "Tom has had a falling out with Pete – it seems that Pete asked him if he believed in God and that Mabel made him pray and asked him a lot of questions – etc. So when he was invited again he wrote – 'I don't want to be polite and I don't want to go to church and pray' – Pete bungled and didn't get the love of either kid. I think he'll try again."[195]

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[191] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 21.
[192] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 93.
[193] Linda was a sibling of Tom and Fritz; little is known about her.
[194] Ibid*,* 91.

And, as always, Jane was out of money: "Caesar has no job yet – the boys have just two more weeks in school and then? Fritz has no shoes etc. Mart comes home tonight – airily – not a cent our way."[196] As the mother, Jane had to be the watchful eye of two young boys, while being again placed as a central figure in the life of Margaret's family. That could not have been easy. Additionally, Jane and Fritz had a "highly volatile and explosive relationship,"[197] that led to Jane saying things such as, "The kids are well and happy – I don't know how I shall live without them if I leave them – this means Tom."[198]

In December 1923, a beacon of hope came in; Jane went with Margaret, Georgette, and Monique to see A. R. Orage's talk in New York, and was as infatuated with him as the rest of the group. She continued to meet with him, and eventually Gurdjieff, by January. Jane's escape from the drama that was her family life was her new philosophy, Gurdjieff's Fourth Way. She became quickly infatuated with it; it existed in contrast with the complexity of her day to day. Baggett says, "For both Anderson and Heap, Gurdjieffian principles served as another tool in their search for self-knowledge. It enabled them to take the inventories of one another they had engaged in with psychoanalysis during their Brookhaven discussions to new heights."[199]

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[195] Ibid.
[196] Ibid.
[197] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 21.
[198] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 121.
[199] Baggett, *Making No Compromise*, 196.

In mid 1924, a few months into The Little Review Crew's infatuation with Gurdjieff, Margaret decided to "give the *Little Review* [to Jane]."[200] Jane was not happy with Margaret's decision to leave the magazine and Margaret was surprised by her "staggering resistance."[201]

Jane now had a large, stressful, and time consuming list of responsibilities, mainly raising two boys and editing the magazine herself. When Margaret went on an early trip to visit France, Jane and the kids went with her. And what a different pace life held:

> *I am going to Martha's – (two miles away) – I have had some delightful visits with Joyce who explained his new book to me – found and many hours with G. Stein –* [sic] *played with Djuna – met… many new people… It's all women this year young and pretty and naughty and we have seen the Queen of Lesbia… – and so it goes – the descriptions of the lesbians home must wait – "too delicious."*[202]

After years of immense stress surrounding her cheating girlfriend, money for dinner, the magazine, the obscenity trial, and most recently, her two children, France gave her a break. During this trip she decided to leave Tom and Fritz at The Institute of Harmonious Man (also called the Prieuré and Fontainebleau) – Gurdjieff's school in France. She spent the rest of the summer in France with the boys at the Prieuré.

Fritz seemed to be enjoying his time as well; Fritz wrote about that summer, "my task and, in a sense, my world, was completely centered on cutting the grass, for my lawns – as I came to call them."[203] He was upset when he had to leave the Prieuré; Jane and the kids headed back to New York from Autumn 1924 to Summer 1925.

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[200] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 239.
[201] Ibid, 230.
[202] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 99.
[203] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 10.

Jane did not write much about this period. She said about Christmas, “I feel so selfish – just concentrating on my children – I forgot Mama and Papa completely… I didn't do anything about all my old friends.”[204] Even though she was focused on her kids, from Fritz’s perspective she was not wholly successful as a parent. This was one of the most complex times in his life, and his and Jane’s relationship. Bill and Lois were popping in and out of his life as they pleased. Jane and Bill were engaged in the legal custody battle. Fritz said, “The winter did end, finally, although I still think of it as interminable. But it did end, and with the spring my longing for the Prieuré intensified.”[205] For the rest of Tom and Fritz’s childhoods as written in Fritz’s memoir and Jane’s letters, Jane becomes a background character with legal power over their lives.

Margaret wrote consistently about how she never wanted to be a mother. Jane does not say this as clearly, but Fritz felt it. He said, “To this day, I am not at all sure that I understand why Margaret and Jane took [charge of us both.] It was a strange form of “planned parenthood” for two women neither of whom it seemed to me would have wished for children of their own.”[206] Jane’s reasoning for adopting Tom and Fritz is not noted in the writings we have from her.

The timeline is unclear, but it seems that Jane spent about two years on and off with Tom and Fritz before they spent the rest of their childhoods at the Prieuré with drop in visits from Jane, as well as Lois, Margaret, Gertrude Stein, and Alice B Toklas. Jane continued to publish the *Little Review* and live part time in France. In leaving the children at the Prieuré, Jane started a new chapter of her life; and as she changed, so did the magazine. Margaret herself thought,

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[204] Heap et al, *Dear Tiny Heart,* 124.
[205] Peters, *Boyhood with Gurdjieff*, 26.
[206] Ibid, 20.

"Almost nothing that I read in the *Little Reviews* that came to me there held any vitality for me at all."[207] Jane continued to edit the *Little Review* until 1929.

Before Jane and Margaret made the decision to live in different places, with different life partners and goals, Jane had little effect on how their lives were decided. When Margaret decided to go to San Francisco, Jane followed. When Margaret decided to go to New York, Jane followed. At the beginning of their time together, Jane did not want to edit the *Little Review*, and much of their early time together according to Margaret was surrounded by a tension about whether Jane wanted to write for the public. Margaret notes that she and Jane, "always spent two or three days arguing about the necessity to instruct anyone on any subject." Jane went as far as to say, "Why have a magazine?"[208] At the beginning of their work together, Jane was convinced to co-edit the *Little Review* by Margaret, and then continued as its editor for more than a decade. I'm sure at some point Jane found a pull toward editing the *Little Review*, but still, when Jane decided to end the magazine in 1929, she chose her life path for the first time since meeting Margaret.

The rest of Jane's life was committed to teaching Gurdjieff's Fourth Way. She ran a study group in London called the Rope, which she was wholly committed to. She wrote books about Gurdjieff and his philosophy. She met Elspeth Champcommunal, and they lived as partners for the rest of their lives. She continued to correspond with Margaret through the 1940s and with Florence until her death in 1945. Jane received all of Florence's belongings in her will. Their consistent companionship and their lifelong friendship questions everything we revere as far as romantic relationships. Florence and Jane are one of the true pairings in this story from my perspective. They were there for each other and supportive, with an added romantic tension; what more could you want from a friend?

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[207] Anderson, *The Little Review Anthology*, 339. This opinion is not held by scholars; for the opposite perspective see, Baggett, *Making No Compromise.*

[208] Anderson, *My Thirty Years' War*, 109.

In the last fifteen or so years of her life, communication between Jane, Tom, Fritz, and Margaret are notably absent from the archive. Jane found something to dedicate her life to and decided not to include Margaret and her family in it. In 1958, Margaret wrote two saved letters to Jane. One says:

> *Tom has just written that he had a letter from you, and that you said you were glad to hear from him. I've always thought your silence meant you didn't want to hear from any of us, but perhaps I've been mistaken… I'm comforted by the thought that you still concentrate on Gurdjieff. This helps me to HOPE that one day I will again too… Monique is almost well, and sends you much love. As I do, always. -Martie*[209]

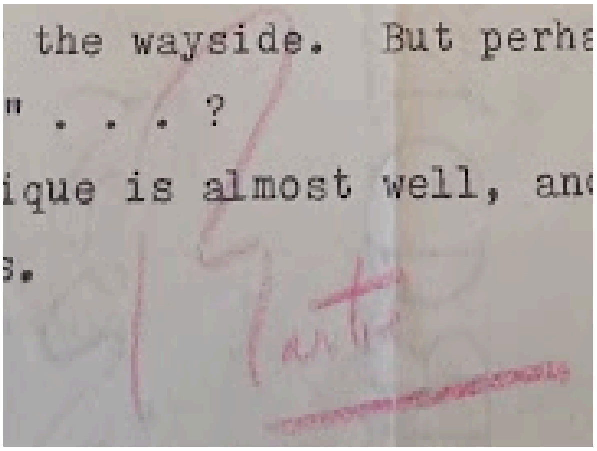

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Figure 4: Margaret Anderson's signature, "Martie," at the bottom of the last letter in the Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection of Margaret Anderson from Anderson to Heap. Margaret Anderson to Jane Heap, Letter, 11 April, 1958, YCAL MSS 265, Box 6, Folder 95, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection of Margaret Anderson, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University.

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[209] Anderson to Heap, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, April 11, 1957, 1.

A letter from Jane in response is not in the archive; it is unclear whether one was sent or not. Maybe Jane did respond, eager to have a visit and a lengthy conversation where she and Margaret talked about anything and everything and smoked “cigs” until three in the morning. Or maybe she did not, and decided to cuddle Elspeth, finally at peace with her studies, her cat, and the life she chose for herself.

Chapter Seven: Who's Gone and How They Never Leave

Margaret and Georgette lived a beautiful life of travel and community and French Chateaus through the late 1920's and 1930's. In the magnificent background of France, Margaret and Georgette's relationship blossomed.

> *My basic happiness was founded on this fact… that one someone finds a human being with whom one can have a true and limitless human communication. The words for this blessing are "love" or "understanding" or the exact word the French have for it – an "entente."... For twenty-one years I never saw Georgette LeBlanc do anything, never heard her say anything, that did not spring from this perfection… She always made me feel that there was something perfect in me. I could never be grateful enough for this distinction. Since she believed it, it must be so. As long as she lived, I felt that I was always smiling.* [210]

They continued to live in their cross-country community as well; Margaret wrote to Jane and Elspeth in London, and Jane wrote back through the late 1930s. Margaret gives thanks for Christmas presents in one letter,

> *Janie dear – nothing could be so lavish as your gift to me. I just can't imagine how you can do it. I'm going to spend it in the way that will give me the most pleasure: a few little gifts that I can choose now with freedom.*[211]

And when tragedy hit in 1940, with the invasion of France by Germany in World War Two, and Georgette getting diagnosed with breast cancer, all with the addition of a car accident, Jane became a confidante.

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[210] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 57.

[211] Anderson to Heap, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, December 27, 1938, 1.

> *Janie, Well, I shouldn't have said that I wish things would happen to me instead of my friends... On Sunday evening a motorcyclist dared to run into me…Dorothea has arranged a lawyer, etc., – I have no insurance. I loathed myself so that I thought it would be good to suicide in order to stop feeling self-loathing… Georgette is getting physically weaker every day – terrible perspirations from no cause other than weakness.*[212]

In this period of fear and tragedy, Margaret supported her community and they supported her. When Maeterlink, Georgette's ex-husband, sued to end her royalty payments from a project of Georgette's titled, "The Children's Blue Bird," Margaret wrote to a lawyer, "Georgette LeBlanc is very ill, has no source of income left except the Childrens' Bluebird payments which arrive from you, and Maeterlink must not be allowed to commit this crime against her. She is gallantly concealing her illness and I shall gallantly try to guillotine Maeterlinck."[213] With Georgette's cancer consuming her life, Margaret assisted with her affairs.

Margaret's support network lay in two of her long time friends: Solita Solano and Janet Flanner, who were friends of Margaret and Jane from the New York *Little Review* period. At one point Margaret had a brief relationship with Solita, but the friendship of Margaret, Solita, and Janet was consistent through their lives. Solita and Janet both worked on immigration paperwork to get Georgette and Margaret out of France and supported Margaret, Monique, and Georgette financially through this period of hardship. Margaret said:

> *One reason I keep going so well is that, with all the tragedy, at least I haven't financial disasters to endure because of your great goodness – all of you… I don't*

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[212] Anderson to Heap, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, April 24, 1940, 1.
[213] Anderson to Mr. Reynolds, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, November 18, 1940, 2.

> *know how I can ever make you all know what your help has meant – can only tell you that without it I'm sure suicide would be the only solution.*[214]

Margaret's life was rich with joy, friendships and community. She was usually living with and near one or more friends or lovers; Margaret surrounded herself with people. At the beginning of her third book she gives a list and description of the cast of characters you must understand to truly understand her: Jane, Georgette, Dorothy, Solita, Janet, Monique, Gurdjieff, and Orage. Margaret spent her life with her family of artists.

1940 and 1941 were not an easy time for this family. Monique and Margaret were helping Georgette through cancer, in Nazi occupied territory. Janet and Solita were trying to get them out of France. Jane experienced the bombing blitz that occured in England, and Florence was terrified for Jane's safety. But still within this time there was joy and community and art and intellect. Margaret quotes some of Jane's and Georgette's correspondence in her book; at one point Jane talks about her thoughts on death:

> *I keep it in my mind that only physical things have a beginning and an end, that other things can have no beginnings and no end, they remain always. No work can change these things, nor space, nor time, nor distance…, I always say: acts of love, thoughts of love, words of love and understanding, and our efforts to become – these or the results of these things… Dear Georgette, I wish I could be of help. If you have need of my help I also have need to give that help. - Jane.*[215]

Despite all they were going through, Georgette's cancer diagnosis affected almost all of this community; but in a different way than most who are grieving. Margaret's family of artists had spent their lives musing on death and how to make meaning of life. Georgette's death was the biggest reflection of that:

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[214] Anderson to Flanner and Solano, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, October 2, 1941, 1.
[215] Anderson, quoting Heap, *The Fiery Fountains*, 223-224.

> *What literally broke my heart and at the same time kept me from giving way to my grief, was this proof of how deep the sense of form can go: not for art alone, but for life itself, and death – that deep, that strong, that true. She had always shown us how to live; now she was showing us how to die. This is all I could think about in those last days. And I knew I would never stop thinking about it. The idea of her idea of death filled my mind so totally that I was not able to believe that she was dying. It was as if we were merely discussing the fact of death.*[216]

Georgette's death is the biggest reflection of Margaret and Georgette's life philosophies, as death often is to a person. Margaret wrote of a goodbye that happened months before Georgette's actual death:

> *We spent our afternoons there, consciously breathing enough pine to compensate Georgette for not always having lived under pine trees, as she would have wished. But she was failing now… it wasn't visible in her face, but in her walk, her gestures… One night at midnight Georgette and I sat there for hours – one of those unforgettable hours that remain with you to be relived forever. There was a deep silence in the hills, though the waterfall was tinkling in the distance. We did not speak, but our thoughts were so strong that each could hear the others. I knew that we were both remembering the days of our life, days on Earth that we had known, so many years together, and so loved… Later when the fact of separation*

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[216] Anderson, *The Fiery Fountains*, 235.

> *was upon us, we did not speak; and I knew then that Georgette had known we could not, and had said all that she would say in that moonlight without words.*[217]

And one day, a couple months later, Georgette died. And Margaret lay in bed, with Monique in the bedroom below and "[she] thought: Thank you for your existence."[218]

The only of Margaret's friends who survive her are Lois, Janet, and Solita, always close at heart, but far in distance. She writes of this as a necessary background fact of her life, saying at the beginning of her final memoir, "As after a final holocaust, nearly everyone who made life wonderful for me has died. All my lovely companions – nearly all– are faded and gone."[219] Margaret had one more significant lover – Dorothy Caruso – but she too passed away years before Margaret's last memoir and eventual death. Of this love Margaret said, "She was the last great friendship of my life, and she died in 1955. She was sixty-two – young, lovely, handsome and strong; and I couldn't believe she would die."[220]

Margaret lived until 1973 – about fifteen years alive without her community. When reading her memoirs, I expected that this would be the hardest time in her life. But for one last time, Margaret exceeded my expectations. Somehow Margaret experienced an amount of love that we can only strive to achieve, and when all of her loved ones had died, she still lived in joy. She said in her final book, published two years before her death:

> *How I long not to die – to continue in an endlessness of days that I have already lived. What is it that so allures me? What is it that I do when I do nothing? I wait,*

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[217] Ibid, 216-217.

[218] Ibid, 238. Margaret at this point writes in a letter to Jane, "Sweetie... Sometimes I have such a madness of despair, realizing that I won't see her again, in this life, that I feel I can't live on. Sometimes for hours I forget that she has died, her presence is so clearly here, in this house, on the roads where she walked… I feel that she is always coming towards me smiling." Anderson to Heap, Elizabeth Jenks Clark Collection, November 12, 1942, 1.

[219] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity,* 23.

[220] Ibid*,* 184.

> *I expect to be exalted. I take a walk, I stand in a window, I look at the view. I should by now be "growing old," but I don't believe in it; I am still looking and feeling and thinking with an endless energy that is like an exercise in delight.*[221]

In one analysis of this quote, Margaret was able to balance individuality and community in her life to such an extent, that even with the change of her community dying she was able to believe in joy or freedom. In another analysis of it, Margaret is continuing to portray herself as superhuman, even in her old age. I hope that there is a ring of truth to the joy she espoused in her last memoir. She also said more directly about her friends,

> *My lovely companions are not faded and gone. All I have to do is remember. sometimes memory becomes so insistent that I say, "I shall take a walk with my imagination.*[222]

Margaret's last days were spent in France. She lived this part of her life in almost complete silence to the world. Margaret spent her life knowing she needed to be obsessed with her perception; I hope that by living alone she was able to fully be herself. I hope that before her death, she was at peace.

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[221] Ibid, 194.

[222] Ibid, 219.

Conclusion

Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap had consistent and pervasive impacts on modernism. As the editors of one of the longest standing "little magazines," in the early twentieth century, they helped define what the modernist movement was, and what it would become. But their impact was far greater than that.

In Anderson leaving behind eight hundred pages of written memoir, and Heap leaving behind a grouping of letters that span almost forty years, we see a rare picture of a different way of life, one that was not usually notated. In this thesis I have chosen to highlight and give more context to many parts of their lives. For example, in chapter one, women and children lived on the beach in 1915 because they could not afford to live anywhere else, and made lemonade out of the lemons of homelessness. In chapter two, Margaret used her beauty to avoid the label of invert. In chapter three, women's minds collided and created a magazine with their combined intellect. In chapter four there is a friendship between two women that lasts forty years. In chapter five, three women found a mystic philosophy they believed in, and followed it physically and metaphorically. In chapter six, a lack of government oversight in the adoption system led to an accidental validation of chosen family. In chapter seven, we see peace and joy at the end of life.

Still, Jane and Margaret lived within a heterosexist capitalist system. But, instead of being bogged down by the nature of the culture they lived in, they learned what buttons to push to make money and gain fame. Although they did not often talk explicitly of the ways they were gaming the system, between the lines of the texts lies resourcefulness and intellect that allowed Jane and Margaret to live happy and full lives. They were also aided by numerous privileges as white women. Throughout their lives, Margaret and Jane were able to be self-sufficient and rely on themselves and other women, in stark contrast to the traditional way of life for many upper-middle class twentieth century white women. The joy and turmoil of lesbian romantic relationships is central as is a rejection of more traditional ways of life. People like Margaret and Jane are important because with every breath they took, they chose to live differently.

Epilogue

In writing this thesis I have slowly fallen in love with Margaret, Jane, Georgette, Monique, Lois, Caesar and the rest of the characters in the life of The Little Review Crew. Due to the complexity of the story, when people ask me what this thesis is about I often struggle to put it concisely. Am I writing a love story? A story of an independent feminist? A writer and editor? A con artist? Maybe a woman obsessed with France, Christmas, cats, pianos, and the beauty of music?

And, of course, I hold the questions that come from the lack of clarity of their friendships and relationships with each other and society. Am I writing the story of an early modernist who was able to use collective consciousness to give herself a place in the world? Is Margaret a genius? To Jane, was Margaret the hero or the villain? Am I writing a story about who lesbians are, or have been? Maybe even what monogamy might have been to them?

Margaret was larger than life; I am elated and flabbergasted at the manner in which Margaret Anderson chose to and was allowed to live. She chose to venture out and edit the magazine she wanted to make, while traveling and falling in love. She was smart and dedicated to the life she chose for herself and being viewed in the light she thought was most helpful to her. Jane was a literary genius, she knew what she was talking about; her writings are fascinating. So few of us have the guts to throw it all away and choose something new as Margaret and Jane did with every decision they made.

Margaret hated academics. She thought that we have it wrong, that we do not understand art as it is and intelligence in an intellectual form was almost funny, at least in the way it is revered.[223] What would she think of my analysis of her and of the people of her time? Would she think me stupid because I do not understand her definition of art? Would she be flattered by the year of research I put in? Would she be offended by my use of her life as an example of a lesbian lifestyle? Would she think I am an anarchist, a socialist, an outcast, a deviant? If I could have dinner with her, and go visit her in a French chateau as Jackson Bryer did, what would I say? What would I notice? Would she think that I made great conversation?

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[223] Anderson, *The Strange Necessity,* 83-86.

Margaret worked very hard to construct her life as art. In this she succeeded. But, she was also hoping to be remembered, and at this point she is not a historical figure; with all she accomplished, my best guess for why is her womanhood. Margaret and Jane had many accomplishments; their biggest was living differently. I hope that if we were to cross paths in this life or the next, I would see Margaret walking in the woods with Georgette or having a conversation with Jane or cooking with Monique. The joy that Margaret portrays in her life, the beauty with which she wrote her story, is the most unique thing about her. I hope she would think I have done her justice.

To Martie: for living a life as full and rich as possible, and reminding me that I have the ability to do the same: thank you my friend.

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