Beatrice Hastings in Paris

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In the major exhibition of Amedeo Modigliani's work staged at the Tate Modern in 2017 hung two portraits of his lover, Beatrice Hastings, accompanied by a short caption that for most visitors will have raised more questions than it provided answers. The fiery affair that Modigliani and Hastings conducted from 1914 to 1916 in Paris coincided with – and was perhaps the primary catalyst for – one of the most important and productive periods in the artist's brief career. During these years, Hastings was a significant creator in her own right, producing often highly experimental prose and regularly contributing articles to the influential British periodical, *The New Age*, but in both her life and work she cultivated multiple personae, regularly adopting a variety of masks to parody fellow artists or pillory the political establishment. For this reason, her oeuvre remains obscure and she continues to be a shadowy presence, frequently marginalised or misrepresented in accounts of the period.

The name 'Beatrice Hastings' was itself a mask. Born Emily Alice Haigh in 1879, she was raised in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, the daughter of a successful wool merchant, before being sent to an English boarding school near Hastings, which probably accounts for her choice of name later on. Like her friend and rival Katherine Mansfield, Hastings was taught as a child to see England as 'home' but instead found herself isolated and alone when sent to boarding school, becoming a sullen, precocious teenager and mistrustful of authority. As a young woman, Hastings set out to defy the bourgeois conventions of her parents, courting scandal with two brief marriages, including one to the pugilist Lachlan Thomson. A photograph taken in 1898 shows her sporting a low-cut dress and staring boldly into the camera, an image to which she appended the inscription: 'In full revolt'.[1] While few details

from this period in Hastings's life are known for certain, her fictionalised autobiography, *Pages from an Unpublished Novel*, suggests that she may have travelled to New York with a theatre troupe, become pregnant with a child who died in infancy, and possibly attempted suicide by jumping into the Hudson. When she moved to London and began to write frequently for *The New Age*, however, her life story becomes easier to trace.

Hastings met A. R. Orage, the editor of *The New Age*, at a talk on Madame Blavatsky given at the Theosophical Society in London in 1907. From this moment, she became a regular contributor to *The New Age*, eventually becoming Orage's partner and shadow co-editor. In one of the most temperate assessments of her position on the periodical, her fellow contributor Philip Mairet observed: 'She was the one woman who held her place for years amongst the regular writers of the paper and she did it by sheer force of character and volume of production'.[2] In total, Hastings contributed nearly four hundred articles to *The New Age*, regularly sparking controversy with intentionally provocative pieces written under a dizzying array of pseudonyms. These included: 'Pagan', 'Annette Doorly', 'Beatrice Tina', 'Robert á Field', 'A Reluctant Suffragette', 'Hastings Lloyd', 'Mrs Beatrice T. Hastings' ('B. H.'), 'D. Triformis', 'Alice Morning' ('A. M.'), 'Mrs Malaprop', 'T. K. L.', 'E. Agnes R. Haigh', 'Edward Stafford', 'Sydney Robert West', 'H. M.', 'G. Whiz', 'J. Wilson', 'T. W.', 'A. M. A.' and 'Cynicus'. There are undoubtedly other *noms de plume* that remain untraceable, and numerous items that were published anonymously. Indeed, Hastings later observed that her writing had relied on 'Disguise! […] Many rôles, and all doubled'.[3] As a result, the prominent position that she occupied on the London literary scene of the early twentieth century has often gone unnoticed.

In literary and art history scholarship, Hastings rarely appears other than as an occasional footnote to the life stories of her more famous contemporaries. In a move that disregards her literary output, for instance, she has frequently been characterised merely as

the ‘fiery mistress’ to various male protagonists of modernism.[4] Jeffrey Meyers, for example, dismisses Hastings as a ‘rabid feminist’ responsible only for fulfilling the sexual appetites of Orage, Wyndham Lewis and Modigliani, and for possibly arranging an illegal abortion for Mansfield.[5] Similarly, in their introduction to the first volume of Mansfield’s collected letters, Vincent O’Sullivan and Margaret Scott credit Hastings with instructing the younger writer only in ‘swank and bitchiness’.[6] And Antony Alpers, Mansfield’s most authoritative biographer, reflects the critical consensus when he states that the ‘raging’ Hastings was ‘fanatically jealous’ of Mansfield.[7] There have been some significant recent attempts at revision, however. In 2004, Stephen Gray published a monumental, meticulously researched biography of Hastings that is indispensable for the dedicated reader of her works, but sadly now out of print and available only through specialist booksellers.[8] Likewise, in articles and book chapters, Ann Ardis has argued for Hastings’s centrality on *The New Age*, Lucy Delap has shown her importance to the feminist avant-garde, Robert Scholes has examined the contributions Hastings made to *The New Age* from 1914 while living in Paris, and Carey Snyder has considered the predilection for satire and parody shared by both Mansfield and Hastings.[9] A selection of Hastings’s writings was included in the ground-breaking anthology edited by Bonnie Kime Scott, *Gender in Modernism* (2007), and a book published in 2016 for ‘The Unsung Masters Series’ of the Pleiades Press reproduced selections of her writings across multiple genres alongside six critical essays examining her output.[10] All of this points to increasing interest in Hastings’s work.

Hastings’s writing is marked by acerbic wit, uncompromising position-taking and stylistic fastidiousness. In her first years as a professional writer, she used her different personae to provoke fierce debate in *The New Age* about feminist politics. In *Woman’s Worst Enemy: Woman*, for example, a pamphlet of her essays published in 1909, she suggested that women did not universally seek motherhood, arguing that it was the conventional gender

roles of marriage and maternity that inhibited the imaginative, creative development of independent women. She also argued forcefully and consistently against the middle-class, autocratic leadership of the suffragists, anticipating the individualist feminism of Dora Marsden's radical journal *The Freewoman* by several years, and became a vocal opponent of capital punishment, writing with compassion on humanitarian issues. Hastings was also a central figure in London's pre-war avant-garde, frequently clashing with Ezra Pound. 'The state of things in Art which Mr Pound deplores', she wrote, 'is somewhat due to just such florid, pedantic, obscurantist critics as himself'.[11] Her parodies and critiques of Futurism, Vorticism, and John Middleton Murry's magazine *Rhythm* established her importance as a 'critical friend' of the avant-garde. In addition to publishing her poems and short fiction, *The New Age* also serialised three of her books: *Whited Sepulchres* (1909), a novella about the horrors of forced marriage and motherhood; *The Maids' Comedy* (1910–11), a retelling of *Don Quixote* from the female perspective; and *Pages from an Unpublished Novel* (1912).

In May 1914, Hastings left London for Paris. Writing as 'Alice Morning', she sent a regular column titled 'Impressions de Paris' to *The New Age*, chronicling her experiences in Montparnasse as she familiarised herself with its artistic scene and café culture. Hastings developed a unique style of journalistic reportage and collage in this series, cutting abruptly from the chaos of a street scene, for example, to fragments of overheard conversation. One scene described by Hastings neatly encapsulates her own approach: 'nothing maudlin, no sleepy couples; all quick and fireworky, impressionist'.[12] At some point in mid-1914, she was introduced to Modigliani, either by Nina Hamnett, Ossip Zadkine or Max Jacob, each of whom claimed to have been responsible for arranging the meeting. 'Impressions de Paris' is invaluable as a window onto the world in which these writers and artists circulated. Hastings is remarkably reticent about her own life, however, and Modigliani is mentioned by name only three times throughout the series. He first appears in the third instalment, when 'Alice

Morning' describes sitting in the Café de la Rotonde with 'the bad garçon of a sculptor' talking about 'a grand ball next Saturday at which everyone is going to perform something'.[13] Modigliani appears here only as 'the pale and ravishing villain'.[14] Hastings first mentions him by name a month later, when discussing her reaction to some works by Henri 'Le Douanier' Rousseau seen at an exhibition that also included a 'large painting' by Picasso looking like 'a well-dressed Colossus'.[15] Hastings finds Rousseau 'bourgeois, sentimental and rusé' and can't understand why an artist such as Modigliani should praise his work:

> What beats me is when, for instance, an unsentimental artist like Modigliani says, Oui, très joli, about him. One of Modigliani's stone heads was on a table below the painting of Picasso, and the contrast between the true thing and the true-to-life thing nearly split me. I would like to buy one of those heads, but I'm sure they cost pounds to make, and the Italian is liable to give you anything you look interested in. No wonder he is the spoiled child of the quarter, enfant sometimes-terrible but always forgiven – half Paris is in morally illegal possession of his designs. 'Nothing's lost!' he says, and bang goes another drawing for two-pence or nothing, while he dreams off to some café to borrow a franc for some more paper![16]

Modigliani is described here as 'a very beautiful person to look at, when he is shaven, about twenty-eight, I should think, always either laughing or quarrelling à la Rotonde'.[17] Hastings ends this 'Impression' by humorously recounting how Modigliani 'horrifies some English friends of mine whose flat overlooks his studio by tubbing at two-hour intervals in the garden, and occasionally lighting all up after midnight apparently as an aid to sculpturing [the Tower of] Babel'.[18]

Modigliani is next mentioned in the following issue of the periodical, when Hastings tells of leaving Paris for a brief trip back to England after 'someone wrote me that some women were up to something, so I had to go to see what it was'.[19] She describes him stopping her taxi as it was crossing the Boulevard Montparnasse and imploring her 'to be allowed to ride with me'.[20] After arriving at the station, Modigliani 'fainted loudly against the grubby side of the carriage and all the English stared at me':

> Modigliani was gasping, 'Oh, Madame, don't go!' I said, 'Modigliani, someone says you've been three years fiddling about with one type of head, and you'll be another

> three on the new design.' He came round. 'Cretin!' he glared at me as though I had said it. 'Mais, ma-a-a-is, ma petite, he is right! I might have grown asparagus in the time.'[21]

It was during Modigliani's time with Hastings that he decided to shift his focus from sculpture to portrait painting, and her part in encouraging this shift is evident here. She remained impressed by his sculptures, however. The last time he is mentioned in her 'Impressions', in February 1915, she writes:

> I possess a stone head by Modigliani which I would not part with for a hundred pounds even at this crisis: and I rooted out this head from a corner sacred to the rubbish of centuries, and was called stupid for my pains in taking it away. Nothing human, save the mean, is missing from the stone. It has a fearful chip above the right eye, but it can stand a few chips. I am told that it was never finished, that it never will be finished, that it is not worth finishing. There is nothing that matters to finish! The whole head equably smiles in contemplation of knowledge, of madness, of grace and sensibility, of stupidity, of sensuality, of illusions and disillusions – all locked away as matter of perpetual meditation. It is as readable as Ecclesiastes and more consoling, for there is no lugubrious looking-back in this effulgent, unforbidding smile of intelligent equilibrium. […] I will never part with it unless to a poet; he will find what I find and the unfortunate artist will have no choice as to his immortality.[22]

The 'Impressions of Paris' series changed from a humorous travelogue to the diary of a city under siege when war was declared in the summer of 1914, with Hastings describing the 'frenzied faces laughing for war' in the initial weeks before the misery of food shortages and the continual threat of Zeppelin raids set in.[23] At this time of 'crisis', as the quotation above highlights, Modigliani's art provided consolation, and Hastings shows herself to be an astute, perceptive critic of his achievement, noting that the unfinished quality of the sculpture is part of its aesthetic 'grace'. Years later, in 1925, Hastings would look back at this time with Modigliani with not insignificant bitterness, revising her earlier endorsement of the artist by writing that 'my own admiration of his talent was strictly limited since I discovered that one thing I had raved over – a stone head – was a copy of some Italian sculpture!'[24]

Anecdotes about Hastings and Modigliani in this period abound. At the Quat'z' Arts ball she appeared in a 'dress' that he had painted directly onto her naked body. At another event, Hastings went dressed as an eighteenth-century shepherdess, complete with a tall

crook, long-ribboned hat and basket of live ducks. Modigliani made innumerable drawings and at least fifteen portraits of Hastings in their time together. The two portraits that were included in the Tate Modern exhibition last year conveyed her shape-shifting character. In 'Madam Pompadour' (1915), she is caricatured as Louis XV's mistress, fair-haired and virtually unrecognisable from the portrait that hung next to it in the Tate Modern (See Figure XXX), which tenderly captures both Hastings's dark beauty and the intelligent mind behind her piercing gaze. In a proto-surrealist novella, *Minnie Pinnikin*, which she recited in parts at a literary and musical matinee on 21 July 1916, organised by Guillaume Apollinaire, Hastings celebrates her relationship with Modigliani. The novella tells of the love between Minnie (Hastings) and Pâtredor (Modigliani) in a hallucinatory prose that alternates between the real-world cafés of Paris and an idyllic dream-world space in which the characters jump into a void as a 'means of knowing the future'.[25] In reality, however, the relationship was anything but ideal. Living together from the beginning of 1915 in Hastings's flat at 13 rue Norvins, a side street in Montmartre beyond the then recently completed Sacré-Cœur Basilica, Hastings and Modigliani frequently clashed; both were prone to alcohol-fuelled violence, and the poet Max Jacob was often forced to assume the role of mediator between the two lovers. There are stories of Hastings turning up at the Le Dôme restaurant in Montparnasse with a ripped dress only to explain: 'Modi's been naughty'.[26] The Russian painter Maria Vorobieff Marevna tells of Modigliani throwing Hastings through a window after she provoked him.[27] And Katherine Mansfield provides a vivid and detailed eyewitness account of Hastings during this period in her letters to John Middleton Murry, composed when she was staying in Paris in March 1915:

> Beatrice's flat is really very jolly. She only takes it by the quarter at 900 francs a year – four rooms & a kitchen – a big hall a cabinet and a conservatory. Two rooms open on to the garden. A big china stove in the salle à manger heats the place. All her furniture is second hand & rather nice. The faithful Max Jacobs [*sic*] conducts her shopping. Her own room with a grey self colour carpet – lamps in bowls with Chinese shades – a piano – 2 divans 2 armchairs – books – flowers a bright fire was very

> unlike Paris – really very charming. But the house I think detestable – one *creeps* up and down the stairs. She has dismissed Dado [*sic*] & transferred her virgin heart to Picasso – who lives close by. Strange and really beautiful though she is still with the fairy air about her & her pretty little head still so fine – she is ruined. There is no doubt of it – I love her, but I take an intense, cold interest in noting the signs. She says – 'it's no good me having a crowd of people. If there are more than four I go to the cupboard & nip cognacs until its all over for me, my dear'. – or 'Last Sunday I had a fearful crise – I got drunk on rhum by myself at the Rotonde & run up & down this street crying and ringing the bells & saying "save me from this man". There wasn't anybody there at all'.[28]

'Dedo' was Modigliani's nickname. Mansfield's account not only highlights Hastings's problems with alcohol but also her volatile, on-off relationship with the Italian artist. As Pierre Sichel argues, however, it is unlikely that Hastings left Modigliani for Picasso; whilst she often met with Picasso in these years, he was not 'close by' to her flat in Montmartre but living at 5 rue Schoelcher in Montparnasse; Sichel instead suggests the Italian sculptor Alfredo Pina as the artist whom Hastings briefly 'transferred her virgin heart to'.[29] This break in the relationship with Modigliani is materially recorded on the manuscript of *Minnie Pinnikin*, where the name Pinarius, for Pina, is often crossed out by Hastings and replaced with Pâtredor.

Hours after writing the above letter, Mansfield left for Hastings's apartment to attend a gathering. The following day she wrote to Murry again, detailing how the night had 'ended in a great row':

> I enjoyed it in a way, but Beatrice was very impossible – she must have drunk nearly a bottle of brandy & when at 9 o'clock I left & refused either to stay any longer or to spend the night [t]here she flared up in a *fury* & we parted for life again.[30]

Mansfield surmises that her dancing with 'a very lovely young woman – married & curious – blonde – passionate' had provoked this outburst from Hastings: 'she was drunk and jealous and everybody knew it'.[31] After parting from Hastings 'for life again', Mansfield later drolly wonders 'if Beatrice Hastings has maxed her jacob yet or if she flew to Italy with her Dado. I am not really curious and I'll *never* seek to know'.[32]

Hastings ended her relationship with Modigliani in late 1916, at which point she and Pina became a couple. Hastings and Pina saw in the New Year of 1917 together at a banquet held in Montparnasse, ostensibly to welcome Georges Braque home from the war. Everyone was in high spirits until a drunk Modigliani showed up and Pina produced a revolver, taking aim at his compatriot and love rival; Modigliani was hurriedly rushed out by Picasso, who locked the door after him. When her time with Pina ended, Hastings embarked on another passionate affair, this time with the much younger writer Raymond Radiguet (who was simultaneously involved with Jean Cocteau). During this on-off affair, Hastings was admitted to a hospital ward in the autumn of 1920, possibly due to a miscarriage or botched abortion. The diary that she kept at this time, titled *Madame Six*, was written only months after Modigliani's death in January from tubercular meningitis, and in it she looks back on their life together. She writes that he was 'inspired every day with something about me' but was 'always suspicious': 'Modigliani suspected me; but he never knew distinctly of what until I abandoned him. Then, he knew that much, that I was capable of abandoning him'.[33] Hastings reflects on her role as both lover and muse, asserting that 'I never posed, never let him "do" me, as he pleased'.[34] She recounts how Modigliani 'used to come [home] drunk and break the windows to get in' and there would be 'a great scene': 'Once, we had a royal battle, ten times up and down the house, he armed with a pot and me with a long straw brush'.[35] She was always his equal.

Madame Six was published far later than its moment of composition in 1920, serialised in a periodical edited by Hastings from January 1932, *The Straight-Thinker*. Hastings was the primary and often sole contributor to issues of this periodical, commenting on world affairs in the turbulent interwar years, printing scathing attacks on her contemporaries in a regular 'Pastiche' column, and serialising a 'Psychic Diary' titled *The Picnic of the Babes in the Wood*. For one month, in February 1933, the subtitle of *The*

Straight-Thinker changed from 'A Fortnightly Review' to 'A Literary and Modernist Review'; this intriguing early use of the term indicates that Hastings clearly viewed herself as a 'modernist' writer. After spending time in Dieppe, Switzerland and the Riviera, Hastings had returned to England in the early 1930s to find herself excluded from the literary circles in which she had once been so prominent. She now used *The Straight-Thinker* to begin to put the record straight; in particular, she was provoked by the acclaim that was lavished on Orage after he became editor of *The New English Weekly* in April 1932. In the inaugural issue of this periodical, Orage printed letters of endorsement from a range of writers celebrating his abilities as an editor. Writing in *The Straight-Thinker* as 'T. K. L.', a pseudonym that she had used in *The New Age*, Hastings responded by noting that '[a]ll these songsters! – tootling to Orage how they would never have been Big Birds but for Him, would have mummified on the edge of their nests for lack of a worm' if it had not been for 'Alice Morning, D. Triformis, Beatrice Hastings' and 'a round dozen pseudonymous Pastischists, twelve dozen Reviewers and Lord knows how many Correspondents and Anons of all capacities': in other words, many roles and disguises that all amount to one writer, Beatrice Hastings.[36]

The Straight-Thinker contained advertisements for a bookshop on Red Lion Square in Holborn, London owned by the anarchist Charles Lahr. In 1936, Lahr's Blue Moon Press printed Hastings's memoir, *The Old 'New Age': Orage and Others*, as one in a list of radical, esoteric pamphlets intended to upset the literary and political establishments. Writing only two years after Orage's death in 1934, Hastings did not pull her punches, accusing him and his circle of conducting a 'social cabale' [*sic*] against her, 'a literary boycott that does, or should, matter to every reading person'.[37] In this memoir, Hastings claims that it was she, rather than Orage, who had 'entire charge of, and responsibility for, the literary direction of the paper, from reading and selection of MSS. to the last detail of spacing and position', and that it was she who had discovered and then championed both Katherine Mansfield and Ezra

Pound.[38] The actual position that Hastings occupied on the periodical is difficult to ascertain with absolute certainty, as all archival records for *The New Age* were lost to posterity when its offices in Cursitor Street were bombed in the Second World War. Recent scholarship, however, gives credence to many of her claims. My own book, *Katherine Mansfield and Periodical Culture* (reviewed on pp. xxx), for instance, looks to recuperate Hastings's centrality as an important figure in the emergence of early twentieth-century literary modernism by crediting her with a crucial role in the formation and development of Mansfield's first published writings in London; and, as her autobiographical 'Impressions' and hospital diary highlight, Hastings was also a noteworthy figure in the Parisian avant-garde art scene during the 'crisis' years of the First World War.

Recognition never came to Hastings in her lifetime, however. Reflecting on Modigliani's disregard for his own posterity at the time of their affair, Hastings had observed: 'I don't think artists understand or bother much about immortality. […] They interpret their day with a kind of blind infallibility'.[39] Her own 'Impressions of Paris' were composed according to exactly this kind of artistic credo. In an instalment published in July 1915, for instance, she notes: 'one doesn't write Impressions with an eye on Immortality'.[40] And yet, towards the end of her life Hastings was impelled to write her frequently vitriolic memoirs by the injustice she felt at having been overlooked. There is a distinct sense of faded glory in a letter that she sent to Charles Lahr's wife, Esther, now held in the archives at Senate House, which ends with Hastings signing herself: 'Beatrice Hastings, Modigliani's mistress for years'.[41] Suffering from worsening health and finding herself increasingly alone, Hastings committed suicide in 1943 after systematically destroying nearly all her personal papers, putting them to the fire after they were rejected by the British Museum. In her gas-filled flat in Worthing, Sussex, she was found clutching her dead pet mouse. Lahr's daughter, Sheila, later wrote about her feeling at the time that she was in some way responsible for Hastings's

death, having kept her mother from making a visit to the older woman: ‘Now, when in galleries, I avoid the eyes of Modigliani’s paintings of women with long necks, in case one of them should prove to be Beatrice. For I could not face the reproach in her eyes’.[42]

Notes

This essay is an extended and revised version of an article first printed on 26 January 2018 in the *Times Literary Supplement*.

[1] Photograph held in the H.P.B. Library, Toronto.

[2] Philip Mairet, *A. R. Orage: A Memoir* (London: Dent, 1936), pp. 46-7.

[3] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *The Straight-Thinker*, 1.1 (23 January 1932), p. 6.

[4] Jeffrey Meyers, *Katherine Mansfield: A Darker View* (New York: Cooper Square Press, 2002), p. 55.

[5] Ibid., p. 58.

[6] *Letters* 1, p. xi.

[7] Antony Alpers, *The Life of Katherine Mansfield*, rev. edn (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982), p. 114.

[8] Stephen Gray, *Beatrice Hastings: A Literary Life* (London: Viking, 2004).

[9] Ann L. Ardis, ‘Debating Feminism, Modernism, and Socialism: Beatrice Hastings’ Voices in *The New Age*’, in Bonnie Kime Scott, ed., *Gender in Modernism: New Geographies, Complex Intersections* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2007), pp. 160-85; Ann L. Ardis, ‘The Dialogics of Modernism(s) in *The New Age*’, in *Modernism/Modernity*, 14.3 (Sept. 2007), pp. 407-34; Lucy Delap, ‘Feminist and Anti-Feminist Encounters in Edwardian Britain’, in *Historical Research*, 78.201 (Aug. 2005), pp. 377-99; Robert Scholes, ‘Model Artists in Paris’, in *Parodoxy of Modernism* (New Haven; London: Yale University Press,

2006), pp. 221-56; Carey Snyder, ‘Katherine Mansfield and the New Age School of Satire’, in *Journal of Modern Periodical Studies*, 1.2 (2010), pp. 125-58.

[10] Benjamin Johnson and Erika Jo Brown (eds), *Beatrice Hastings: On the Life & Work of a Lost Modern Master* (Warrensburg, Missouri: Pleiades Press, 2016).

[11] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions of Paris’, in *New Age*, 16.12 (21 January 1915), p. 309.

[12] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions de Paris – II’, in *New Age*, 15.4 (28 May 1914), p. 91.

[13] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions de Paris – III’, in *New Age*, 15.5 (4 June 1914), p. 115.

[14] Ibid.

[15] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions de Paris – VII’, in *New Age*, 15.10 (9 July 1914), p. 235.

[16] Ibid., pp. 235–6.

[17] Ibid., p. 236.

[18] Ibid.

[19] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions de Paris – VIII’, in *New Age*, 15.11 (16 July 1914), p. 259.

[20] Ibid.

[21] Ibid.

[22] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions of Paris’, in *New Age*, 16.15 (11 February 1915), p. 401.

[23] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions of Paris’, in *New Age*, 15.15 (13 August 1914), p. 350.

[24] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *The Straight-Thinker*, 1.1 (23 January 1932), p. 6.

[25] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Minnie Pinnikin’, in Kenneth Wayne, *Modigliani & the Artists of Montparnasse* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 2002), p. 210.

[26] Quoted in Jeffrey Meyers, *Modigliani: A Life* (New York: Harcourt, 2006), p. 144.

[27] See Meyers, *Modigliani*, pp. 144–5.

[28] *Letters* 1, pp. 159–60.

[29] Pierre Sichel, *Modigliani: A Biography of Amedeo Modigliani* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1967), p. 161.

[30] *Letters* 1, pp. 164–5.

[31] Ibid., pp. 164, 170.

[32] Ibid., p. 180.

[33] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *Straight-Thinker*, 1.1 (23 January 1932), p. 6; Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *Straight-Thinker*, 1.2 (6 February 1932), p. 14.

[34] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *Straight-Thinker*, 1.1 (23 January 1932), p. 6.

[35] Beatrice Hastings, ‘Madame Six’, in *Straight-Thinker*, 1.2 (6 February 1932), p. 14.

[36] T. K. L. [Beatrice Hastings], ‘On “The New English Weekly”’, in *Straight-Thinker Bulletin*, 1.1 (May 1932), p. 2.

[37] Beatrice Hastings, *The Old ‘New Age’: Orage and Others* (London: Blue Moon Press, 1936), p. 3.

[38] Ibid.

[39] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions of Paris’, in *New Age*, 16.15 (11 February 1915), p. 401.

[40] Alice Morning [Beatrice Hastings], ‘Impressions of Paris’, in *New Age*, 17.12 (22 July 1915), p. 277.

[41] Beatrice Hastings to Esther Lahr, Charles Lahr papers, Senate House Library, University of London, MS985C/44.

[42] Sheila Lahr, *Yealm* <www.militantesthetix.co.uk/yealm/yealm13.htm> [Last accessed 30 August 2018].