

MISS
OGILVY
FINDS
HERSELF



*RADCLYFFE
HALL*





One admires EVE for having tasted of the FORBIDDEN TREE OF KNOWLEDGE:
 - But what a WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE she missed when she overlooked
 the TREE OF LIFE.
 I should have eaten of not ONE, but ALL the trees in the garden —
 and THAT; dear boy — is what I hope for YOU.

Gordon Eric Gordon-Tomlin.

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BY

RADCLYFFE HALL



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OUR THREE SELVES

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*All the characters represented in this book
are purely imaginary.*

AUTHOR'S FORENOTE

THIS story, which is now being published for the first time, and in which I have permitted myself a brief excursion into the realms of the fantastic, was written in July 1926, shortly before I definitely decided to write my serious study of congenital sexual inversion, *The Well of Loneliness*.

Although Miss Ogilvy is a very different person from Stephen Gordon, yet those who have read *The Well of Loneliness* will find in the earlier part of this story the nucleus of those sections of my novel which deal with Stephen Gordon's childhood and girlhood, and with the noble and selfless work done by hundreds of sexually inverted women during the Great War.



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A long story *The Lover of Things*, and four shorter ones, go to make up this volume. Of this *Miss Ogilvy Finds Herself* is "a brief excursion into the realms of the fantastic." This description is too modest, we think. Fantasy has no part in the realm of vivid historical imagination. The picture of Miss Ogilvy on the occasion of the disbanding of her very successful Unit attached to the French Army, is contrasted with another picture a very long time ago when even the air was young, long before Miss Ogilvy had been packed in the wrong box and sent into this world. Miss Ogilvy's prehistorical past is described with objective power, it is a former experience, not a dream.

Miss Ogilvy is the only story of its kind. The others, though equally objective (except *The Rest Cure*, a shrewd glimpse of ultimate sanity seen through the eyes of a man who pays the inevitable price) are very diverse. Many will prefer the short novel *The Lover of Things*, the story of a man to whom "collector's pieces" are so alive as to be almost articulate. With compelling economy the author describes Henry's career from the prison-house of poverty to another prison, how he earned for himself, meanwhile, in the perfect freedom of the lover of beauty, a happiness which to sustain was too much for his character. This story, itself a model of workmanship, does more than the author perhaps intends; for the reader eventually wonders whether the lure of unlawful possession would have betrayed Henry in happier circumstances.

Fräulein Schwartz is the story of a German woman in "Raymond's Private Hotel" during the War. Fräulein Schwartz surrounded by hatred, squanders her love on a kitten. Not a word of this echo of war-time mentality can be doubted or denied, it is devastatingly complete and quite unanswerable in all that it implies. *Upon the Mountains* is an account of two people's struggle for the love of a third.

Which is the best of these stories? That is the reader's business, not ours; but we can truthfully say that Miss Radclyffe Hall has found herself in all five.

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