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THE SUBJECTIVE ART OF D.H. LAWRENCE:

TWILIGHT IN ITALY

by

Paul Raymond EGGERT

A thesis presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the award of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Kent at Canterbury.

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ABSTRACT

This thesis seeks to demonstrate that by the time of Twilight in Italy Lawrence had learned to exploit a subjective coherence, to give the strong impression of his actively following his intuitions on the page, arriving at ideas. Proceeding by analysis of the speech-like rhythms of Lawrence's prose and his deliberate loosening of grammatical bonds, the thesis demonstrates how Lawrence's "personal participation" in his prose elicits a corresponding response on the reader's part that licences the author's large interpretative strides of thought. This movement is facilitated by his habit, in Twilight, of isolating his subjects as if on a stage, rendering them more open to unrestricted interpretation, and by his mastery (since The Rainbow) of the hyperbolic language of the subconscious. To accommodate the ensuing amplitude of meaning it became necessary to polarise his subject matter, thereby taking it - whether personal psychology or racial tendency - to its extreme expression where an ultimate clarity was to be found. (Chapter 2 argues that his 1914 revision of The Prussian Officer Stories first established polarity as a literary form.)

However, there is a cost (which the thirties critics at least registered: Chapter 1): that in storming experience Lawrence pushes aside, if need be, the ordinary and everyday but makes, in his impressive formulations, no admission of having done so. Independent observation at Lake Garda and in the Tyrol (Appendices 1 -4) confirmed the existence of this "Lawrence paradox" - which Chapters 3 - 5 demonstrate, enacting a dialogue between sympathetic and "30's-critic" antipathetic points of view.

The thesis also: takes into account and dates the early MS and published versions; identifies - with photographs and maps - most of the crucifixes, and the places mentioned in the Garda chapters; provides information gathered from descendants of the original "characters": and identifies the Futurist works Lawrence read.

## PREFACE

In this study I am less concerned to place Twilight in Italy in the context of the travel book genre - to which at least one other Ph.D. has already been devoted - than to place it in the context of that period of Lawrence's extraordinarily rapid development: 1912-1916. The fact that early versions of the first four sections of Twilight were written in the wake of Lawrence's completion of Sons and Lovers, and that the final versions were written mid-way between his completion of The Rainbow and his commencement of Women in Love, gives the book a special importance and provide the critic with a special challenge. Yet one could hardly say that the challenge has been taken up. Although many critics glance, in passing, at the book's evident importance there has been very little of substance, and even less of interest, published on Twilight in the post-war period.

Partly this is because, as I see it, Lawrence criticism in general has become bogged down, having become unhealthily dependent on Lawrentian forms of thought and expression. Bearing this in mind and thinking about what the widely divergent styles of the Twilight versions indicate about Lawrence's development, I began to wonder whether a useful purpose wouldn't be served in questioning the traditional wisdom that style is at the service of thought, and investigating whether, in Lawrence's case, the reverse isn't closer to the truth.

It became clear to me that a major change in his style (not just in his "metaphysic", as the critics would have it) occurs in his revision of The Prussian Officer Stories in July 1914. The change - his adoption, as I see it, of polarity as a literary form - committed Lawrence, in his 1915 Twilight essays, to a process of taking his thinking, on the page, to extremes, exploiting his subjective participation in the ideas.

Although this thesis offers to demonstrate this claim only in relation to Twilight, of its wider application (adjusted to suit the particular case) I have no doubt.

Lawrence's imperative calls for unsullied "Life", his impassioned denunciation of social compromise, of the mind, of love: these are extreme positions which Lawrence's admirers have felt it incumbent on them to defend and which the much maligned critics of the thirties felt it equally necessary to attack. Yet the early critics, if often unfair in their conclusions, had put their ringer on something important in Lawrence's art, something that has become obscured in the post-war resurgence of interest in Lawrence.

In Chapter One - even though I have had to round edges and ignore complexities that ought ideally to have been allowed for - I have been able to argue the existence of a broad distinction between objective and subjective criteria characteristically invoked by opposing streams of Lawrence criticism. By this means I have sought to establish a frame of reference as nearly as possible independent of Lawrentian habits of thought and expression, so that I could the better observe the rapid maturing of Lawrence's art, as evidenced in the different Twilight versions.

As a way of measuring what I saw (in a special and not derogatory sense) as the subjectivity of the art in Twilight, "field work" proved necessary. Appendix 1 records the results of a walking tour of mine across the Tyrol, searching out the crucifixes described in "The Crucifix Across the Mountains". Appendices 2 - 4 document the results of my inquiries, observations and interviews in the Gargnano region at Lake Garda. The appendices were written well before the thesis had taken its final form, so that, critically, they reflect an early stage of my thinking. Appendix 5 offers an identification of the Futurist works Lawrence read that inspired his famous "carbon" letter. Appendix 6 contains sundry points of editorial and bibliographical concern.

Needless to say, some special debts of gratitude have arisen in the course of this research and field work: my wife has borne with it all nobly, not least in her typing of the manuscript; Walter Hamilton flew from Japan to accompany me on the Alpine walk. Chapter Three, indeed, bears the mark both of his intelligent discussion of the crucifixes with me and of his photography. I wish also to

thank my supervisors, Howard Mills and Morris Shapira, for their prodding, questioning and encouragement; Mark Kinkead-Weekes for generously allowing me to make use of notes and unpublished materials of his on Lawrence - and for his enthusiasm; George Lazarus for allowing me free run of his extensive Lawrence manuscript collection; the HRC at Texas, and the Nottinghamshire County Record Office, for providing me with copies of manuscript material - and Laurence Pollinger for authorising this; Carl Baron, Melissa Partridge, David Finn, and Christopher Southgate for a number of useful pointers; various people in Italy for their recollections or participation in taped interviews: Riccardo and Savina Capelli, Pina Magri, Paolo and Franca Poinelli, and Daniele Larcher; Mark Grimshaw for verifying my transcription and translation of the interviews; Bruce Steele, John Wiltshire, Rob Leaf and James Banner for reading and commenting on sections of the thesis; John Barnes and Raymon Mainsbridge for their proof-reading contributions; and, at the UKC library, Jim Styles, Steve Holland and the ILL librarian for many services.

The list of acknowledgements is, as I look at it, a long one but the responsibility for the uses to which I have put the assistance is, of course, mine. I make the customary declaration that, except where otherwise indicated, the thesis is my own original work. Parts of Chapter One have, however, appeared in my "Lawrence Criticism: Where Next?", Critical Review (Melb.) XXI, 1979, 72-84.

March, 1981

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Note: Because it is not permissible in a thesis to place illustrations on pages facing the text, I have adopted the practice of inserting illustrations immediately before the page of the text to which they refer. Hence, the position of a page of illustrations, given as, say, "between pp. 15/16", means that the illustrations refer to page 16.

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NOTE: LAWRENCE TEXTS AND ABBREVIATIONS USED

In this work I refer to the Penguin edition of Lawrence's works with the following exceptions and additions:

Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence, Edward D. McDonald (ed.), (Viking, N.Y., 1974; same plates as orig. Heinemann, 1936 edn.) hereafter abbreviated in footnotes "PI".

Phoenix II: Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works, Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (eds.), (Heinemann, 1968) ... "PII".

The Complete Poems of D.H. Lawrence, Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts (eds.), (Heinemann, 1972, revd. edn.) 2 vols.

The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley (ed.), (Heinemann, 1932) ... "Huxley".

The Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence, Harry T. Moore (ed.) (Heinemann, 1965) 2 vols. Volume I, hereafter ... "CL"; Volume II ... "CLII".

The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, Volume I, James T. Boulton (ed.), (CUP, Camb, 1979), hereafter ... "Boulton I".

"D.H. Lawrence: Letters to Gordon and Beatrice Campbell", Peter L. Irvine and Anne Kiley (eds.), D.H. Lawrence Review (hereafter "DHLR") VI, 1973, 1-20.

The Quest for Ranim: D.H. Lawrence's Letters to S.S. Koteliansky, George J. Zytaruk (ed.), (McGill-Queens U.P., Montreal, 1970)

Some unpublished letters from the letters file at the HRC, University of Texas at Austin are quoted. I was unable to travel to Texas to check the transcriptions (made by another).

Early versions of The Prussian Officer stories: See Chapter Two, footnote 12.

"Italian Studies: By the Lago di Garda", English Review (hereafter ... "ER") XV, 1913, 202-34.

"Christs in the Tirol", Westminster Gazette, 22 March, 1913, p.2. Repr. in Phoenix, pp. 82-6. I use the Phoenix text. Also publ. with slight variations in Fortnightly Review, July 1933, pp. 73-7; and in Atlantic Monthly, August 1933, pp. 220-23.

"The Lemon Gardens": a fragment, Notts. County Record Office.

"With the Guns", Manchester Guardian, 18 August, 1914.

Studies in Classic American Literature (hereafter ...

"SCAL") (early versions), Parts I-VIII publ. in English Review, monthly: Nov. 1918 -June 1919;

"Whitman" in Nation and Athenaeum, XXIX, 1921, 616-18.

I refer to these versions. Also reprinted in The Symbolic Meaning, Armin Arnold (ed.), (Centaur Press, Arundel, 1962)

The Paintings of D.H. Lawrence, Mervyn Levy (ed.), (Cory, Adams and Mackay, 1964)

D.H. Lawrence: "Sons and Lovers": A Facsimile of the Manuscript, Mark Schorer (ed.) (U. of Calif. P., Berkeley, 1977) Hereafter: ... "SL; Facsim"

Other abbreviations

Penguin editions:

The Prussian Officer and Other Stories (1969) ... "PO"The Rainbow (1975) ... "R"Sons and Lovers (1968) ... "SL"Three Novellas: The Ladybird, The Fox, The Captain's Doll  
(1973) ... "Ladybird"Twilight in Italy (1976) ... "TWI"The White Peacock (1976) ... "WP"Women in Love (1971) ... "WL"

Other editions:

D.H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography, Edward Nehls (ed.),  
(U. of Wisconsin P., Madison, 1957-59) 3 vols., Vol. I  
... "Nehls I"The Study of Thomas Hardy, in Phoenix. ... "Hardy"Lawrence ... "L"D.H. Lawrence ... "DHL"

If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. (Middlemarch)

What a great poet Whitman is: great like a great Greek. For him the last enclosures have fallen, he finds himself on the shore of the last sea. The extreme of life: so near to death. It is a hushed, deep responsibility.  
(Lawrence: "Whitman", second version)

CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

"I am bored by coherent thought. Its very coherence is a dead shell." (Letter of Lawrence to J. Meredith, 2 November 1915)

"Although excess may lead to wisdom, it remains excess, and even the wisdom may be hard to take."  
(Kingsley Widmer: The Art of Perversity)

Themes that were to become central to the Lawrence criticism of the thirties were announced in the obituaries. A recurrent complaint was that Lawrence lacked what the obituarists seemed to see as the necessary qualifications for a full understanding of human nature: a sense of propriety, charity, tolerance and a sense of humour.<sup>1</sup> His vision was crucially limited, it was claimed, because "[h]e never sympathized with anybody else".<sup>2</sup> He was unable, wrote one obituarist, "to admit, still less to analyse, such spiritual potentialities of love as self-sacrifice or human devotion."<sup>3</sup> In a similar vein another obituarist commented:

For the conscious intellect Lawrence had little respect.... One touch of humour might have humanized his outlook; but he went throughout life, seeing to the very core of every passion in human nature except what was most obvious.<sup>4</sup>

Although the obituarists allowed that Lawrence had a genius for "intimately realiz[ing] in words ... the form and movements of animal life or the burning beauty of nature's colours"<sup>5</sup> and for rendering "his passionate yearning for communion with the whole animate universe",<sup>6</sup> he thereby drove himself, it was argued, into a "pitiabile isolation"<sup>7</sup> from human contact, from quotidian reality, and the intellectual qualities - tolerance, compassion, humour, objectivity - they saw as going with it. The cost of Lawrence's genius, for the obituarists, was too considerable. Some suggested psychiatric causes for the strident subjectivity that, it was generally agreed, resulted. Moving the argument in this, in some ways underhand, direction was to become tiresomely

familiar. The obituarists were the forerunners of Middleton Murry's notorious Son of Woman. However, I'm not convinced that this questionable interest of the early critics is as entirely dismissible as critics writing in the last twenty years have generally assumed. It's too simple to assume that the early critics were merely seeking to endow feelings of fear or confused guilt, in the face of Lawrence's challenge, with the status of an intellectual position. The obituary in the Manchester Guardian, indeed, strikes me as being as balanced and responsible as one could hope for in the situation. What I wish to argue in this introductory chapter is that the early critics at least registered and tussled with what recent criticism has, to its cost, not seen the need to face: the assault Lawrence directed at standards making, loosely-speaking, for objectivity and relying himself instead, to an excessive extent, on more subjective sources.

The clarity that could, I believe, have been achieved by the acceptance of these terms (I mean to go on to expand upon them) was, however, lost in the heated critical debate which followed hard upon the heels of the obituaries and which was to continue throughout the thirties. E.M. Forster objected to the tone of the obituaries, himself declaring Lawrence "the greatest imaginative novelist of our generation".<sup>8</sup> Three years earlier he had written: "Humility is not easy with this irritable and irritating author, for the humbler we get, the crosser he gets. Yet I do not see how else to read him."<sup>9</sup> The groundwork for intemperate exchanges on both sides had thus been laid. Although one of the obituarists, J.C. Squire, had rather maliciously quipped that Lawrence's philosophy would never produce a convert humility was, in the event, to win the day.

In 1932 came Catherine Carswell's biography, The Savage Pilgrimage. The book is written out of a spirit of adulation. She accepts without demurrer, for instance, the rightness of Lawrence's advocating a totally new way of life (of which the obituarists had been suspicious). Did not Noah and Lot find one? she argues in an apparently sophisticated manner. Yet she is not a sophist: she does not deliberately intend

to mislead. Nor is her motive the disinterested generosity of one who is bending over backwards in an attempt to do justice to Lawrence. Rather, what we have is the whole-hearted self-giving or submission that accompanies the genuine relief when one has found one's inalienable source of truth. The seductive power of Lawrence's prose in a way courts this kind of partisan response just as it provokes the opposite reaction.

Thus, from the time of Lawrence's earliest critics, response to Lawrence has taken radically divergent paths except that, since then, the successors of the obituarists and of Murry and Eliot have tended not to commit themselves in print. The closed circle of idolatry and resentment into which the increasingly heated thirties' debate tended to resolve itself has been broken only by default. Lawrence's detractors of the thirties refined and expanded upon the notion of Lawrence's art being more or less reducible to its subjective origins; Lawrence's sympathisers tended to draw attention away from the art's subjectivity, striving to justify its radical calls for personal revolution and social cleansing, stressing the essential health and sanity of both art and artist.

This was not a climate for fairness and balance. The title of William Tindall's book, D.H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow,<sup>10</sup> is symptomatic. It was written in the late thirties. One of the early professional-academic critics, Tindall must have felt the affront to accredited modes of intellectual procedure that Lawrence's ideas offered. He obviously saw his business as being to undress Lawrence's ideas, to convert them into an academically elucidated and evaluated system. Tindall is deliberately unmoved by Lawrence so that Lawrence's ideas, extracted from their sustaining context, shiver in the cold light of Tindall's "objective" scrutiny as Tindall turns his very accomplished, often derisive, ironies onto them. If Lawrence's ideas are worth anything, Tindall's rationale goes, then they will stand up to normal rational enquiry; they will hang together in a rational way; they will extend our common fund of wisdom grown from reflection and shared experience.

Whereas, Tindall writes,

no sooner had he [Lawrence] commenced writing than he began to depart from what he knew or saw to what he thought he knew . . . . Instead of projecting a light, he projected a theory which distorted or impaired the evidence of his senses . . . . [As a result] his characters . . . rarely achieve a life of their own.<sup>11</sup>

Tindall was not alone in this view. A reviewer of Phoenix (published in 1936) similarly complained that Lawrence's characters "lack the salt of objectivity". G.K. Chesterton in 1930 ascribed Lawrence's failures to his inability to allow tradition to countervail his surplus of subjectivity. Michael Swan bemoaned Lawrence's imposing his "wild philosophy" on Italy and so producing a picture consonant only with himself, rather than "getting down on all fours into the nooks and crannies of life"; J.H. Thomas complained that Lawrence reduces things "to the regularity of a mathematical formula". Despite his own sympathy with Lawrence's astrological and theosophical interests, Frederick Carter, Lawrence's friend and alert critic, considered that Lawrence "had none of the capacity of the student, properly speaking, for digging down to the fundamentals of his subject." "He reacted readily and brilliantly to suggestions, finding them everywhere about him . . . . Acute as was his intuition, he had the usual trouble with that faculty, which can lead, at times, to blatant error."<sup>12</sup>

T.S. Eliot's objections to Lawrence are, of course, not far away. Although his dispute with Forster about the obituaries did not redound to Eliot's credit, his understanding of Lawrence - or, to be more accurate, what Lawrence represented to him - has not generally been acknowledged. Eliot took Lawrence as an example of a trend in art and thought that for the preceding ten or fifteen years he had been gradually isolating, defining and rejecting. For Eliot, Lawrence offended against what he, by 1930, took to be an inalienable principle of genuine thought.

It's worth rehearsing the tenets of Eliot's position. "The Function of Criticism" (1923) was a reply to an article by Middleton Murry in The Adelphi, "On Fear; and On Romanticism", where Murry espoused, with a kind of second-hand Lawrentian religiosity, the final authority of intuition,

[when] the whole man is involved .... When through his whole being there comes a flash of sudden awareness of unity within him, and from some place that he scarcely knew leaps up a sense of knowledge.<sup>13</sup>

Murry dignified this position with the name Romanticism which he claimed to be the English tradition, one which hallowed individualism and rejected authority. Eliot took issue with Murry's claim but found it convenient to adopt his terms, Romanticism and Classicism, (the latter constituting the "authority" for the artist). This gave Eliot another way of approaching the relationship of "tradition" to the "individual talent" of the 1919 essay<sup>14</sup>, another way of envisaging the balance of cultural resources available to the artist and his own inner resources. Dealing with the position of the critic in the later essay, Eliot mocks the savants of the Inner Voice. The good critic, rather than heeding this voice, instead cultivates "a very highly developed sense of fact". "The real corrupters", Eliot argues, "are those who supply opinion or fancy".<sup>15</sup>

His clashes with Forster and, later, Leavis could almost have been predicted. In his essay on Hamlet (of 1919) Eliot had pronounced, inter alia, that the critic should not attempt to "find in Hamlet a vicarious existence for [his] own artistic realization."<sup>16</sup> Had he read Lawrence's account of Hamlet in Twilight in Italy he would probably have found it unforgivable. For Eliot, the lack of an "objective correlative" for Hamlet's problem is a matter for censure, for closing the Hamlet problem. For Lawrence it's an opportunity to open it up, the spark of his sustained and wide-ranging meditation on the two contrary impulses that he sees as having propelled European history. Eliot would have found this a subjective indulgence: what

cultivated and appropriate sense of fact could justify such an argument?

Certainly Lawrence had not put in the scholarly work that could do so, had not even done the sort of work George Eliot had for her novels. She had consulted the county registers for examples of inundation for Mill on the Floss, had discussed at length with legal experts the details of inheritance law for the plot of Felix Holt, and had most intensively studied Jewish history for Daniel Deronda. Her creativity, if "subjective", was at least nurtured by appropriate fact; Lawrence's, in comparison, appears to be founded on the lack of it. Although Lawrence, for instance, posits a connection between the old Imperial processions over the Brenner and the genesis of the wayside crucifixes (in the first chapter of Twilight) that he goes on to describe, he had in fact never seen the Brenner crucifixes. His route lay well to the east. Again his interpretation of Italian history, as it's focussed in Enrico Persevalli's playing the Hamlet role, refers, when it refers to historical fact at all, to the facts of English history.

J.H. Thomas, whose article, "The Perversity of D.H. Lawrence", appeared in The Criterion shortly after Lawrence's death, had complained about Lawrence's attitude to "fact".

In his desire to escape the physical, he seems to regard the world as a sort of message in code, still to be deciphered. He will not understand the obvious; he looks underneath and is pleased when he can find there something which contradicts, or in some way or other annihilates, the obvious. 17

Probably Thomas's article alerted Eliot to the relevance of Lawrence's case to his own developing thought about subjectivity and impersonality. A year later Eliot's long review of Murry's Son of Woman appeared in The Criterion.

Echoing his earlier essay on Blake (of 1920), Eliot postulates the necessity in the artist of what he claimed Lawrence lacked: "true education". By means of this one would

develop a wise and large capacity for orthodoxy, to preserve the individual from the solely centrifugal impulse of heresy, to make him capable of judging for himself and at the same time capable of judging and understanding the judgements of the experience of the race. 18

This remained Eliot's position; in his preface to Father Tiverton's D.H. Lawrence and Human Existence he re-states the point: Lawrence "was an ignorant man in the sense that he was unaware of how much he did not know."<sup>19</sup>

There is no need to recall the flak this opinion brought Eliot's way. To an extent, of course, he deserved it - we know, for instance, that Lawrence's reading was very considerable<sup>20</sup> - but, to the extent that Eliot was voicing the collective complaint of the thirties obituarists and critics about Lawrence's reliance on subjective sources, Eliot's pronouncement - and his general position on Lawrence - has not, I suggest, deserved the ridicule it has received. Part of the trouble has been, in the case of Eliot, that what had started off more as an ad hoc corrective to unrestrained subjectivity in art and literary criticism had been gradually acquiring the status of a principle. The circumstances of publication of his important essays (which their republication in Selected Essays tends to mask) partly account for this. The pressure of needing to reply to another's article (as in the case with Murry) probably pushed Eliot to seek a clarity and definiteness of formulation that answered his present purpose but that gave the appearance of his having uncovered a fundamental principle of literary creation.

The precariousness of Eliot's "principle" of impersonality is, in any case, only too evident. For one thing, he makes too many qualifications to his statement of the necessity of education, of being well-informed, for us not to query its status as <sup>a</sup> principle. The artist, Eliot writes at one point, must know "essential" history: this, to accommodate Shakespeare;<sup>21</sup> nor is the requisite knowledge examination or drawing room knowledge;<sup>22</sup> nor is it amenable to publicity.<sup>23</sup> Moreover, true education "would include the suitable education for every class of society".<sup>24</sup>

Eliot also found it necessary to make a series of adjustments to, and re-namings of, the external spiritual authority that would keep the artist from heresy. In 1919 it's "tradition"; in 1923 it's "Classicism"; by 1934 (After Strange Gods) it's "orthodoxy".

The more serious charge, however, is that Eliot's concern to elevate his various analogues of artistic objectivity to the level of a ruling principle meant that he had almost nothing positive to say about the subjective element in writing, about individual creativity. It's what has to be disciplined, moulded so as to be accommodated within our inherited wisdom; heresy is useful only if we can "redress the balance, effect the compensation, ourselves".<sup>25</sup>

Leavis's tipping the scales the other way, bringing down his emphasis on individual creativity ("'Life' is only 'there' in the individual"), was an attack on the basis of Eliot's "principle". Leavis argues, in The Living Principle (1975), that the extra-personal, cultural factors - language in particular - which make "impersonality" possible, and the richness of which makes it desirable, themselves depend on individual creative renewal of them; that language itself is literally a creative meeting of individuals.

Leavis's envisaging Eliot's position as critic and poet as fundamentally opposed to his own and, by strong implication, to the Lawrentian one came only at the end of Leavis's life - in The Living Principle. The book has the character of a final clarification, for Leavis, of his conflicting responses to Eliot that had taken almost a life-time to resolve. There were a debt of gratitude to Eliot as critic and a profound admiration of Eliot as poet to overcome. Yet Leavis's heavy personal and intellectual investment in Lawrence had made this rejection inevitable. Leavis attempts always to accept Lawrence, despite occasional arguments he has with his author, on the fundamental, essentialist level Lawrence (as I shall argue) seeks to be accepted on. One is always aware, in D.H. Lawrence: Novelist, of Leavis's deep, knotty and sustained personal engagement with Lawrence's ideas. Leavis's

already sharing a sense of radical cultural disintegration similar to Lawrence's was no doubt an enabling factor.

"'Life' is only 'there' in the individual": tracing the changing character of Leavis's response to Lawrence is to witness his gradual enshrining of this dictum as the cornerstone of his thinking, upon which the rest comes to depend.<sup>26</sup> Eliot's position, on the other hand, is a story of an increasing suspicion of the individual as a centre of initiation and validation of thought.

My concern is to stress the cost to real understanding of Lawrence that the polarisation of criticism into camps depending upon opposed "principles" has necessitated. I have already pointed to the underlying uncertainty of Eliot's attempt to raise his position into an absolute principle. I mean now to demonstrate that Leavis's stress on Lawrence as the articulator, the creator almost, of central normative human values obscures the extremist nature of the art from which such imperatives spring and thereby obscures the source of the allegiance to Lawrence (it is allegiance) of Leavis and many critics after him.

It's instructive to watch Leavis, in his criticism of "The Daughters of the Vicar" in D.H. Lawrence: Novelist, attempting to reconcile Lawrence's emphasis on the total renovation of personality that is an intrinsic part of Louisa and Alfred's finding of love, with his (Leavis's) own belief in the human values ideally enshrined in the class structure. Leavis wants to prove that Lawrence's belief in "life" is indispensable yet guard Lawrence from the imputation that the belief is in any way extremist, that it in any way incapacitates Lawrence's perception of 'ordinary life. Eliot had objected to what he claimed was an absence " in all of the relations of Lawrence's men and women" of "any moral or social sense."<sup>27</sup> Leavis writes:

Class is an important human fact, and he [Lawrence] is an incomparable master of it over the whole range of its manifestations. But - or therefore - no writer is more wholly without class feeling in the ordinary sense of the term. When he presents working-class people or milieux, he doesn't write up or down; the people are first and last just human beings; his interest

in them is an interest in them purely as such.

[T]he reality of life to which Louisa [in the back-washing scene] has just paid, mutely, her tribute, is seen (while not thereby taking on anything in the nature of a class superiority) as associated with certain working-class conditions. 28

Leavis, perhaps too conscious of the need, in 1955, to reinstate Lawrence's reputation, has allowed a near-contradiction in his approach to go unresolved: how can "working-class conditions" be a necessary part of Lawrence's view, in this story, of what makes for life when, according to Leavis, "Life ... is everywhere life, and he treats it always with the same sensitiveness and the same fulness of imaginative responsibility." 29

I think it's true that the near religious stress Leavis puts on "life" is faithful to the text. As I argue in Chapter Two, Louisa's new awareness of Durant is posited as an absolute, an unqualified good, that sweeps all else before it. Lawrence's "attitude towards life" is, I would agree with Leavis, "radical": Louisa and Durant's newly achieved state of being presupposes the rejection of, to use Eliot's phrase, "any moral or social sense". That is what has been identified and discredited by the story as the mainspring of vicarage life. The couple's flight to Canada figures as the only possible plot equivalent of their new state of awareness. However, in face of this, to emphasise, as Leavis does, Louisa and Durant's creating of an alternative morality is to insist on a term foreign to the story's dynamic. It is to fail to give full weight to Leavis's own commendation of Lawrence's "radical attitude toward life". Lawrence's discriminations between what "makes for life" and what does not are not fine ones that would permit a possible relocation of the newly defined positives within a social context. It is not adjustment of perception that is seen as necessary but revolution in it. If Leavis wishes, nevertheless, to insist on the "normativeness" of Lawrence's values, as defined in the story, then he must needs give the term a peculiarly narrow definition. Which, of course, is the very opposite of his intention.

The impasse instanced here is one that ought to have been recognised, ought to have been allowed to alter our conception of what kind of art Lawrence's is. Yet it seems to be part of the very nature of that art to hinder clear, detached thinking about it that is at the same time sensitive to its impulses and directions. Reading the post-1914 Lawrence sensitively is to be carried along almost too closely on the pulse of the prose to maintain the kind of distance that seeing an author objectively would normally be considered to involve. The intimate entry we get into the continuum of developing impulses of Lawrence's characters in his fiction, and the direct contact we achieve with the author's rhythms of feeling and thought in his non-fiction, have tended to make critics overly sympathetic and respectful towards Lawrence's characteristically personal modes of thinking.

This response seems frequently, in Lawrence criticism, to go hand-in-hand with Lawrentian formulations of his ideas, formulations which, in isolating the ideas from ordinary language, deprive the critics of a firm ground from which to criticise them. Indeed it might be said that practical criticism, in order to function properly, assumes a common forum of ways of apprehending, discriminating and evaluating. But it is a forum to which Lawrence's writings do not at all submit. The result is that the earnest desire to elucidate Lawrence's themes too often reduces into a circular occupation where the critic feeds off the terminology and the values of the work he is supposedly "elucidating". To an extent this is, admittedly, always the case, but with Lawrence the tendency is surely excessive. Witness these examples, the first from a book published in 1966:

[Ursula] annihilates [Skrebensky] as a person. He is the necessary medium for her self-contained, uncreative, corrosive lust, burning, poisonous, deadly. 30

From 1978:

Left to itself, it would seem that the mind can only pervert the organic energy of the body in

order to transform it into its own mechanical energy. 31

Another critic gives this position its ne plus ultra. "[Works of the human imagination" such as The Study of Thomas Hardy, he argues, because they involve "a prior act of individual creation and commitment", cannot be even questioned as to their "'rightness'". Lawrence's "indwelling attentiveness to fundamental truths about the psyche and about the human condition" gives his ideas, we're told, a special immunity from rational criticism.<sup>32</sup> Although one must agree that there can be no separating of Lawrence from his "attentiveness", that a strong personal presence pervades his ideas so that there has patently been a "prior act of individual creation and commitment", one has not thereby been given a reason why one should share it.

This leads me to suggest a reason for that unrecognised critical impasse I noted in relation to Leavis (the claim that Lawrence's "attitude toward life" can be both radical and normative). Because of the enclosed nature of the procedure of thematic elucidation and because of the personal depths in the reader to which Lawrence appeals, it's perhaps natural that the critic would be tempted to conclude that his own deepest beliefs are being identified and vindicated in Lawrence's prose. Lawrence stirs the critic's sympathies so deeply and inchoately that he naturally seizes on the aspects of Lawrence (granted, they are important) that he can most readily cast light on: Lawrence's moral seriousness; his model of psychological and emotional health (and the criticism of industrialised modern society that it entails); in short, his being a "humanly central" and "normative" Lawrence who, at least in most of his work, the argument goes, steered safely away from extremity, eccentricity and perversity.

In 1955 Leavis had been willing to admit (without resolving its contradicting his major line of argument) that some such endeavour as Murry's in Son of Woman was valid and necessary. Only, Leavis added, that "To elicit ["the kind of personal and psychological interest that Murry specializes in"] ...one must be a better critic than Murry permits himself to

be".<sup>33</sup> Leavis had been further prepared to admit that Lawrence's nomadic, childless life "made it very difficult for him to be sure of his poise and centrality as a reporter on some of the most delicate problems his genius drove him to explore."<sup>34</sup> By 1976 in his second book on Lawrence, however, he withdraws the concession: "No creative writer of the greatest kind is a 'case'",<sup>35</sup> he pronounces.

Critics have reflected the narrowing. Thus the author of the comment, quoted above, that "the mind can only pervert the organic energy of the body" quickly qualifies the heretical sting of the position:

This is not to say that the mind is pernicious in principle, or that Lawrence invokes an irresponsible anti-rationalism.... Lawrence's view that the mind is capable of nihilistic destructiveness does not necessarily entail the view that intelligence is a vice.<sup>36</sup>

Or, again, Alistair Niven in his recent introductory book on Lawrence states that, far from wishing to be rid of modern society as Lawrence so often professed he was,

[Lawrence] sought in novel after novel ... to find a viable way of coping with modern society and of eventually bringing about a new world where the full potential of men would be realized in conditions of love and harmony.<sup>37</sup>

However, "love and harmony" was a concept Lawrence was profoundly suspicious of; "opposition and antagonism" would be truer versions of his anti-ideals. It was in terms of them that he more characteristically saw the world as functioning. Lawrence is really only interesting (from 1916) when the lion refuses to lie down with the lamb, when modern society is not so much "coped with", as Niven would have it, as vilified by being associated with extremes of mechanistic or intellectual destructiveness, with female possessiveness or deadness of feeling. A stagnating marriage characteristically uncovers a morally cowed society whose vital energies are ~~trammelled~~ and subdued. The plight is seen as universal; the offered "solution" is correspondingly drastic, even repugnant. Banford (in

The Fox) must be killed, various kinds of demon-lovers "honoured and obeyed". No generous social solution here:<sup>38</sup> few are called and even fewer chosen. This is a "radical attitude toward life".

To stress the "extremity" rather than the "normative-ness" of Lawrence's fiction - as I wish to - offers, among other things, a way of reconciling those aspects of Lawrence the man which Leavis's view of him had glossed over. I mean Leavis's tireless attempts over many years (his review of Nehls' Composite Biography is perhaps his fullest<sup>39</sup>) to vindicate Lawrence's personal integrity and purity of motive, and to demonstrate his psychological undividedness. It is a view that fails to take into account many aspects of Lawrence. I mean the Lawrence who, because he did not in adulthood throw off either the child's vividness of registration or the adolescent's uncompromisingness, so unsettled, dismayed (or inspired) his friends and acquaintances. In Leavis's Lawrence we'll find no allowance, for instance, for the young Lawrence who could rush away from a performance of Sarah Bernhardt in a torrent of passion<sup>40</sup> (when, many years before, Henry James had deprecated the bad taste of Bernhardt's performance of the Lady of the Camellias<sup>41</sup>) or the Lawrence who, even in late 1912, could still be, as he admitted, "unaccountably" racked by an amateurish Italian tearful lady of the stage.<sup>42</sup> Even more to the point, where in the normative and "humanly central" Lawrence is there room for the (mature) Lawrence who was thrilled to the bone (amidst his very repulsion) by the lure of mechanisation, the narcotic of devoted service to the machine; who honoured Mark Gertler (Loerke's part-"original") for the depraved mechanised spirit he could, in his paintings, probe so thoroughly<sup>43</sup>; who honoured Maurice Magnus for being the courageous "good rat"<sup>44</sup> who could tunnel through depths of degradation and corruption (where, according to Lawrence, he was very much at home) and still maintain his quite unfounded belief in his own unsulliedness? Again, if Lawrence was essentially a "normative" thinker, how can we accommodate his fascination

with the demonic and supernatural, and the very serious attention he paid, for most of his adult life, to the astrological-theosophical and the generally crack-pot?<sup>45</sup>

It's here that Eliot's insistence on impersonality and his opposition to subjectivity become relevant. I doubt if Thomas or Eliot were aware of Lawrence's interest in these fields (though Murry must have been), but they were certainly registering some of its inevitable consequences. By their standards Lawrence was not a "thinker" at all. Lawrence, Eliot argued, "could neither leave his sensations alone and accept them simply as they came, nor could he generalize them correctly. The false prophet kills the true artist."<sup>46</sup>

I might have been tempted to take Leavis's lead and dismiss charges such as this one were it not that the line of thought behind it has not been engulfed in the widespread bowing to Lawrentian modes of thought in criticism of the last twenty years. The idea has been fitted out with a more sophisticated logic, reincarnated under a different name. The insistence has been on "dramatic realisation" of themes, "enactment" rather than assertion, observation rather than incantation. John Wiltshire, for instance, takes Blake to task because his natural images, unlike Wordsworth's, do not hold the perceived object in its "integrity" and "externality to the poet's self." Wiltshire is suspicious of Blake's governing purpose betrayed by his rhythms that "[are] not fed by what is seen or experienced".<sup>47</sup> That Wiltshire felt it necessary thus to query the recent rapid rise in Blake's reputation shows how ingrained is the belief that somehow the fount of validity in artistic endeavour consists in the writer's ability to get outside himself, to surpass his personal needs, desires and problems. The best, Wiltshire feels, that can be said for Blake's procedure is that "What is discovered is some truly essential conflict, a conflict in essence, and it defines (it does no more) some essential truth of the poet's inner life."<sup>48</sup> What we have is a sophistication of Eliot's objection to Blake; for both critics, if for different reasons, Blake is heretical and heretics cannot ultimately be trusted - however disconcerting or "essential"

their work.

Leavis, in his 1930 article on Lawrence, had cautiously professed himself worried by the fact that "from The Rainbow onwards we are aware of certain conclusions .... [He is] not content to leave them implicit".<sup>49</sup> A more recent reader, S.L. Goldberg, elaborates this misgiving, offering persuasive evidence of the "disconcerting promptness" and "obviousness" of The Rainbow, the idea-directed reduction of "the action to a symbolic instrument", the urging of "merely personal attitudes", the "prejudgment" of the issues; the novel's being a "protest" against, rather than "a critique of", modern society. What is lacking in the latter half of the novel, the critic argues, is dramatic enactment of themes, "a full firm grasp of experience"; what is needed is organic wholeness rather than preconceived doctrine.<sup>50</sup>

This view has struck a sympathetic note with other critics. Frank Kermode, in his study, D.H. Lawrence (1973), tries to face what the Leavisite critics have tended to skirt or dismiss as peripheral: the very strong ideological element in Lawrence's writings, the sense one often gets that he is bringing a preconceived theory to the work. There was a need, too, to face the fact that there are ideas in Lawrence's writings which, however contradicted or counterbalanced elsewhere, appear to be fascist, sexist or reactionary in character. Accordingly, Kermode seeks to extract Lawrence's "philosophy" from the fiction and non-fiction, to compare it with modern notions of the same subjects, and then to balance what he sees as Lawrence's sacrifice of the complexities of history against the felicities of his private, "myth-making" artistry. It appears at first to be a genuine way forward in Lawrence criticism, a way of mediating between "idea" and "art": the art succeeds, according to Kermode, where the idea is dissolved into and validated by the art. But in practice what this becomes, for Kermode, is a process of hedging his bets, deferring now to the magic of the art, noting now the unlikelihood, rationally considered, of the ideas it also contains.

Another critic's attempt to cope with the intellectual unrespectability of Lawrence's (and Blake's) extremity of human diagnosis and solution involves finding a contemporary antagonist, convention or status quo which "justifies" the writer's extremity. For example, Mary Wollstonecraft's forbidding and sanctimonious moral tales for children "justify" the unrestrained release of energies Blake advocated. Modern day political lying and ideologically excused barbarities "justify" Lawrence's railing against ideals and the mind.<sup>51</sup> But, as with Kermode, "making sense" of Lawrence's extremist ideas tends to tame their full impact to unsettle and disturb. One has almost to bend over backwards to make them appear "reasonable" (how often one hears it attempted in seminars and in conversation!), but to do this is to take them from their context in the art which generates their radicalness, their extremity.

However, the persistence of such attempts over the years to "make sense of Lawrence" points up the truth that its assumptions are ones we continue to share, if not philosophically - for the philosopher would have, I suspect, little time for so crude a distinction as the objective/subjective one - then practically, in our everyday lives and thought. There is much literature - the post-Dickensian nineteenth century novel for instance - for which the positing of pseudo-objective ideals such as dramatic realization, enactment rather than assertion, seem appropriate. There is our continuing belief (despite Polanyi) in scientific "fact".

It's true, of course, that "subjective" and "objective" are treacherous terms. Something may be a real or actual "objective" happening but may, from another point of view, be shot through with artificiality and insincerity and thus be "unreal". Nevertheless, it's a tendency of things that are thoroughly "unreal" not to go away and so to have a (different) kind of objective reality. Similarly, a "subjective" feeling has nevertheless an "objective" existence. We tend to agree (although changing over extended periods of time and place) that great chunks of life have "objective" existence, especially purely physical and mechanical things,

functions, capabilities and also, if less certainly, that statistical data, news bulletins and political reportage, give us the sense that we know other species of events have actually happened. The different languages or jargons used in each mode of imparting information presuppose some comparatively fixed background (for example, a political status quo, a set of moral beliefs) the change in or from which can be registered in those various kinds of language. There is a difference between merely being "aware" of, say, a political assassination and really feeling its significance or, to take R.T. Jones's point, between having an encyclopaedia definition of a kangaroo and Lawrence's enactment in a poem of the "taking" of a kangaroo's presence.<sup>52</sup> Our various kinds of language can be made to give different, even conflicting, kinds of grip on the supposed objective reality; what they have in common, however, is the presupposition that they are in fact talking about something real. The respective authors may be mistaken or lying but even the detection of this equally presupposes something identifiable as objectively real, - or at least something we will continue to agree about - in terms of which we can determine the truth or falsity of the statements. The "reality" which language reflects and discusses might not be identical with full "objective reality" in the classical sense, nor perhaps be an earthly counterpart of divine wisdom (existentialism in philosophy, modernism in art and the doctrine of relativism in the social sciences have made us wary of making these kinds of claims), but we continue to place more trust in its modern day, less certain equivalent than in the mystic's solar plexus or inner voice. The desire to refine our knowledge of shared reality ("shared" is perhaps more accurate than "objective") leads to the ideals of detachment, third person discourse, well-documented argumentation, rigorous analysis, systematisation or at least consistency of one's ideas.

Furthermore, although it might appear that writing-forms which cross the subjective-objective boundary are exempt from these standards this is not the case. Biography,

autobiography and historical writing, for instance, are normally classified as "non-fiction"; they are examples of writing-forms/<sup>that</sup> strive, to varying degrees, to be objective (or at least they make use of the reader's assumption that they will be). But we recognise that the selection, arrangement and interpretation of facts is, to some degree, necessarily subjective. Nevertheless, our criticisms of this element are usually in terms of what we see as a mis-valuation or biased arrangement of the "facts". We tacitly agree on (flexible) rules of admissibility of evidence; this, we feel, keeps a rein on the inherent subjectivity.

Given that we have no intention in other spheres of life and art of relaxing our belief in "objective" modes of thought, in the value of "fact", in the necessity of checks on subjectivity, we ought not suddenly to extinguish them when we come to Lawrence either. What "objective considerations" might properly tell us about Lawrence is not how Lawrence's art works and of what kinds of insights we can look to it for, but for what kinds we can't. Indeed, it would be strange, given that he spurns so much that we cling to, if we found Lawrence an acceptable and adequate moral and philosophical guide. I've already observed that his "normativeness" is attended by some very abnormal traits. His spurning of impersonality and detachment - the writer's analogues of objectivity - is likely to have further consequences, consequences that limit the application of Lawrence's ideas - any straightforward application that is - to our everyday life and understanding.

The case I'm proposing is, of its nature, not restricted to Twilight in Italy, the main occasion of this thesis. However, as I argue in later chapters, this travel book focusses the argument about Lawrence's limitations, especially clearly, at the same time that it facilitates an understanding of the energies of Lawrence's art and the characteristic shaping that he gave them. In going on, as I hope, to establish my case in relation to Twilight in Italy only, I hope to provide, however, the stimulus for a wider application of the approach - on another occasion or at other hands.

In 1913 Lawrence announced that "The time to be impersonal has gone".<sup>53</sup> Although his immediate subject was Georgian poetry he might well have had his own approach in Sons and Lovers (which he had just completed) in mind. In a letter written in 1910 Lawrence had indicated his original intentions for the art of that novel:

Paul Morel will be a novel - not a florid prose poem, or a decorated idyll running to seed in realism: but a restrained, somewhat impersonal novel. (Boulton I, 184; CL, 66-7)

The same term, "impersonal", is used; what it would amount to in practice is foreshadowed in some advice he had given to a friend in 1908 on the writing of short stories:

The great thing to do in a short story is to select the salient details - a few striking details to make a sudden swift impression. Try to use words vivid and emotion-quickening; give as little explanation as possible. (Boulton I, 78)

The recipe for Lawrence's brand of dramatic realism is broadly figured here. What is implied is that the author should not dwell on his material, infusing it with his personality or preoccupations. Not surprisingly - in view of Book One of the novel - Lawrence was describing its art, in 1913, as a "visualised" one (Boulton I, 511; CL, 183). A year later he was seeing it as a matter of "accumulating objects in the powerful light of emotion, and making a scene of them" (CL, 263).

This belief in the ability of dramatic enactment to elicit the deeper truths of the situation, a belief that entailed, for the art to succeed, a breadth of unbiased sympathetic interest on Lawrence's part, had almost certainly been fostered by Edward Garnett and, probably, by Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer). Ford attests in the Nehls memoir, where he analyses the first page of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", to Lawrence's "natural sense of form" and suggests that he had got it from French writers. (Nehls I, 121). It's to Garnett's anticipated charge that Sons and Lovers could be seen as lacking "form" that Lawrence

addresses himself in the famous letter elaborating on the ruling "idea" behind Sons and Lovers (Boulton I, 476-77; CL, 160-61). I suspect that Lawrence, whether wilfully or not, had partly misunderstood what Garnett had been calling for in the detailed notes he made for Lawrence on the version of Sons and Lovers, then Paul Morel, rejected by Heinemann in 1912. Lawrence was trying to defend the novel's wholeness. Interestingly, he turns the defence from a definition of the novel's artistic form to one of its plot rationale, something which, like form, has an existence, as it were, independent of the author.

That Garnett was not swayed by the subtlety is indicated by the cuts he made in Chapter III, previously called "Aftermath" and now, in line with the novel's new Oedipal rationale, called "The Casting Off of Morel: The Taking On of William". Of the twenty-seven manuscript pages that make up the chapter, Garnett cut out eight - all concerned with William and thus intended to bolster the novel's Oedipal theme. One can see why he made the cuts. The scenes in question, if dramatic, lack the density and the clarity and do not require the same complexity of response that much of Book One calls forth from the reader. The scene in Chapter I where Mr Morel brings home a coconut for his wife is a good example. There is no counterpart to this scene in the earlier version.<sup>54</sup> Despite the likelihood that there was a need to shorten the novel (the earlier version was almost the same length as the final version of which Garnett cut about ten per cent), Lawrence has added this scene and Garnett has evidently approved of it.

Although the scene (too familiar to require quotation: SL, 14) is, in one sense, transparent - it feels entirely unforced - it calls for a rather complex response. We have to register Morel's tipsy volubility, his good-naturedness that is, nevertheless, overdone. We see that Mrs Morel's shaking the coconut is a mixture of placation of and slight insult to her husband. We register his good-natured refusal to take offence. So that when Mrs Morel goes to bed (we've watched her struggling through an arduous day), tired and "sick of his babble" (SL, 14) she does not

carry our unalloyed sympathy with her.

The author who was, in Part II, to repeat insistently - in authorial commentary, in Paul's and Mrs Morel's speeches and reflections, and in metaphorical analogues - the "case" that Miriam represents, is prepared, in Part I, to allow his characters the freedom, as it were, to define themselves in dramatic conflict.<sup>55</sup> The restraint and the distance from his characters and events that Lawrence maintains - together with the tightness, economy, and density of dramatic scenes that Garnett encouraged (and by means, on the whole, of judicious deletion helped to ensure) made for an "impersonal novel" such as Lawrence had professed his intention to write. For Lawrence, it was only under such conditions that he could display that breadth of unbiased sympathetic interest that endows the drunken bully, Morel, of the earlier version (a mere villain of melodrama in the version before that<sup>56</sup>) with an individual humanity.

What we see thereafter in Lawrence's art (predicted by a series of letters) is a reneging on these ideals - understandable, because in a sense they were more Garnett's than Lawrence's. I mean to argue in Chapter Two that they restricted Lawrence's natural stride, thus preparing the ground for the explosion of style (as I see it) in and after the revisions of The Prussian Officer Stories, in July 1914. With this rapid maturing of a new kind of art in Lawrence's 1914-1916 period came, however, a withdrawal of the compassion and broad sympathy for his creations, a narrowing of his interest in their social milieu, a purging of the "middle ground" - of what, with Arnold Bennett's novels in mind, one might call the ordinary furniture of life. Details like the weekly five-and-sixpence rather than the five shillings the Morels paid to rent their end-terrace in The Bottoms had their legitimate place in Lawrence's portrait of the constraints under which Mrs Morel managed a home and the respectability she sought to maintain. Lawrence, however, is not interested in such external facts in quite these ways again.

Witness the harsh shrinking of Lawrence's compassion for common working life from Sons and Lovers to Women in Love.

The coal town, by the latter novel, is sordid and abhorrent; the "world of work" is now a deadweight holding Ursula and Birkin back; family life (the Brangwens) is reduced to a frustrating and blind clash of wills. The final unforgiving word on this last matter is given to Ursula and Gudrun who return to the now empty house to pick up their belongings. Everything that made the house a home is gone; and their harsh conclusions are given little counterweight. Again, even when one allows for the different contexts of the two market scenes - Mrs Morel's market shopping and "A Chair" in Women in Love - a major change in Lawrence's art is evident: the latter scene is peopled, apart from Birkin and Ursula, by vaguely obscene gutter rats, the earlier by an anxious housewife who would dearly love to have a certain piece of crockery on her mantel-piece and by a stall-keeper who, though he bargains astutely, is touched by Mrs Morel's anxiety. These are radically different kinds of interest. Again, the old world of Mr Crich's generation when "dissolution and decay" set in was, we should remember, the era of Tom Brangwen. Different artistic intentions and contexts, granted, but the drift of interest is again evident. Even within The Rainbow Lawrence's attitude to formal education narrows markedly: Tom Brangwen's failure at school is not placed at the feet of cowardly professors such as are responsible for the "vulgar, petty commerce" (R, 436) of Ursula's college life at Nottingham.

I offer these observations not by way of criticism: I wish only to stress the limitations that inevitably attended the extraordinary development in Lawrence's art in his 1914-1916 period, limitations that ought to make us wary of the argument for Lawrence's normativeness and that will bring into higher relief what I see (below) as the subjectivity - in a special sense - of his art. I don't, in pursuing this argument, intend to champion the qualities that attended Part I of Sons and Lovers or to suggest, say, that Lawrence ought ideally to have developed a technique of minute examination of that "ordinary furniture" of life, the merest glimpses its rearrangements afford us of characters' personalities, that is Bennett's forte. In Anna of the Five Towns (which Lawrence read in 1912 and as a protest against

which The Lost Girl was first conceived) there is a nearly faultless formal perfection. Bennett is able to engineer a steady and unforced execution of a plot that is inextricably one with its particular social setting. Meanwhile, he is able to maintain an evenhanded, if scant, sympathy for all his characters. However, the "tragedy" (of which Lawrence complained in a letter of 1912: Boulton I, 459; CL, 150) of Anna's not following her impulse and running off with Willie Price has indeed none of the scope, intensity or depth of tragedy Lawrence believed was necessary if the novel was to break real, new ground. In line with the rest of the novel Bennett choses not to go (or, more likely, is incapable of going) much below the surface of life. One suspects he shelters behind his technique; ironically, his only real avowal of anything approaching passion is his defence (against which the force of the novel, such as it is, works) of the ugliness of the Five Towns.

Bennett's gentlemanly detachment - which is at one with his distinctive subtlety of social observation - is likely to leave the sympathetic reader of Lawrence merely impatient. The following passage from Anna of the Five Towns would be especially likely to offend:

As her [Anna's] eye, without directly looking at him, embraced the suave and admirable male creature within its field of vision, she became aware that he was quite inscrutable to her. What were his inmost thoughts, his ideals, the histories of his heart? Surely it was impossible that she should ever know these secrets! He - and she: they were utterly foreign to each other.<sup>57</sup>

Bennett follows through merely the surface of Anna's state of mind here; for Lawrence "foreignness" is a great deal more than a datum of consciousness, a "secrets-of-one's-heart" cliché. In the revisions of The Prussian Officer Stories and in The Rainbow the perception by several female characters of a "suave and admirable male creature" - his foreignness - brings about a revolution in their understanding of the world. In Bennett it's just a flutter of curiosity. Real love, in Lawrence's fiction, makes no

pre-conditions. The experience of it is overwhelming and absolute. It comes to order his fictional world; in terms of it the rest of life, for his characters, suddenly appears pallid and insubstantial. Concern for the "ordinary furniture" of Mrs Bates' life of impoverished respectability in "Odour of Chrysanthemums" stands convicted, by the end of the story, as having been the gross impediment to deeply satisfying intimacy between the bourgeois wife and her collier husband.

On the other hand, Lawrence's art entails costs such as I have already instanced. Left out is what Bennett, in a workmanlike and uninspired way, could handle: the day-to-dayness of life. It's arguably because he maintained his detachment (his novelist's "objectivity") that he could do this; even though he was crucially limited by it. The story of Lawrence's later life - childless, expatriate, nomadic, alienated from his country and civilisation by the horrors of war - issued as his impatience, in his fiction, with ordinary social living, with the usual pursuits of family life and a job. And this impatience was not counteracted by actual experience. There was bound to be a cost to Lawrence's art. I could put it this way: that in not working from a norm Lawrence could not, after The Rainbow, speak for a norm but only about it. He became peculiarly well-equipped, say, to give us marriage in depth, but marriage in time is, after 1915 and except as something to condemn, beyond him. So it's not surprising that Leavis, in pursuing his "normative Lawrence" line is forced to criticise Lawrence's vision of Hannelge's and Hepburn's future at the end of The Captain's Doll as being insufficiently purposive. (They are off to run an African farm and do some part-time astronomy.) Leavis's demurrer is rightly urged, but what is more revealing is that he should ever have expected that Lawrence could have solved the problem of re-situating a couple, who have supposedly fought their way through to finding the fount of real "Life" in their relationship, back into the context of ordinary, small "l", life.

In his self-appointed role, in Thought, Words and

Creativity, as "expositor of Lawrentian thought" Leavis attempts to elucidate Lawrence's vision of the individual - especially the one like Birkin who has attained "singleness of being" - as a "channel" or "conduit" of life. Like a mountain tarn that is fed invisibly by subterranean sources, the individual, Leavis holds, "channels" the "life" that bubbles up from below. Leavis has much to say about the individual's necessary qualifications for achieving this state but nowhere does he recognise the completedness and the insulation from ordinary social living that the process implies. (His image of the individual as a "conduit" perhaps exemplifies this.) Similarly, Leavis's insistence (again with Lawrentian sanction) on the wholeness of the individual in his response, as I described it, to the "foreignness" of someone else. In one very important sense there is wholeness of response which Lawrence's masterly rendering of the large movements of the psychological life conveys so memorably. One thinks of Will's "opening" to Anna on their wedding night or Tom's to Lydia as he watches her through the vicarage window. There is wholeness of apprehension here that comes from self-submission and the renovatingly total, new vision of the "otherness" of the other person; the sense of the boundaries of one's life transgressed. However, there is another sense of wholeness in which Lawrence, after The Rainbow at any rate, does not convey. The emphasis on whole-hearted response to "otherness" implies, if you think about it, that the experience is totally impersonal. By Women in Love Birkin declares it. In his relationship with Ursula Birkin wishes to have nothing to do with what he sees as the soiled and debased personal expressions of love and ordinary emotions. Dwelling so much on the importance of the impersonal elements, Lawrence is unable to do justice to the more recognisably personal side: the sense in which the capacity for the crucial renewal is personal, belonging to a particular person, flowing from his capabilities, themselves nurtured by a particular social background, upbringing etc.. If Bennett could not work from these back to the heart of things (upon which Lawrence could

concentrate to such effect), neither could Lawrence work his way out.

Lawrence's vilification of mental knowledge (despite the liberating insights he makes the vilification yield) prompts similar observations. Love - the wondering, gratifying perception of otherness that Lawrence describes - is, in real life, inevitably attended or succeeded by curiosity, the desire to know. Feeling prompts knowledge: this is a fact of human existence which Lawrence often chooses to ignore, pointing only to the corruptions associated with knowledge, and insisting passionately on the purity of feeling. For Lawrence the timeless, vital truth of the moment is all; the rest of us have also to cope with the long succession of moments that precede and succeed the magical one. Symptomatically despite his strenuous efforts to suggest the uncorrupted impersonality of Birkin and Ursula's regard for one another, the emotion they display for one another is, after "Excuse", unmistakably personal, disappointingly conventional and familiar. Disappointing, because it has become a marriage in time upon which Lawrence can throw but little original light.

Paradoxes like these crowd in on one as soon as one starts to shake oneself loose of the power of Lawrence's prose to enmesh and entangle one's sympathies. In The Study of Thomas Hardy, as part of his vivifying of his special meaning of life, Lawrence declares work to be antithetical to life; work, he claims, is merely the rediscovery of what has been (when this was clearly not true for himself in his work). Having children is allowed only the meagre dignity of creating "a security" for future life; it has nothing to do, we're told, with the parents' attaining "real life" themselves. For them a philosophy of metaphysical daredevilry is advocated: the parents must, to attain life, "flow on to the very furthest edge of being" rather than suffer any fixity to be endured. We're exhorted instead to be like the leading shoots of the tree rather than the fixed cells of the trunk.<sup>58</sup> Despite the urgent challenge of the appeal one realises, stepping back from the prose, that one is being exhorted to achieve what is impossible of

achievement. The leading shoot depends on the fixed cells; moreover, the tree as a whole in turn depends on the roots drawing nourishment from the earth. The analogy with the rootedness of individual human development in past experience, family, society, language, culture is irresistible.

Lawrence here has, I suspect, adapted something from J.S. Mill's On Liberty. The excerpt from this work which appears in The International Library of Famous Literature (one of the Lawrence household's prize possessions) begins thus:

Human nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.<sup>59</sup>

For Mill these are the "strong impulses", "the raw material of human nature", that society does its best to eradicate. Yet Mill's belief in the importance of natural feelings (a narrowing of his earlier receptivity to Romantic influences) is balanced by an open-eyed acceptance of the necessity of social "cultivation" of the natural tendencies.<sup>60</sup> Lawrence extracts the Romantic essence of the observation, ignores the qualifying considerations that Mill urges, and pushes it to the extreme point. Lawrence can thereby give a rich new meaning to "being" and so to Mill's catchcry that man "wants to be free to be himself" (p1, 425). Politically, however, Mill's position is clearly the more mature: he appreciates how social restrictions affect the individual. Lawrence's thought in Hardy hardly exists on this plane.

Yet, indirectly Lawrence did admit that insulation from ordinary social living is impossible. He is forced to invent a four hundred pounds annuity for Birkin in Women in Love to relieve him of the shackles of earning a living; in Aaron's Rod, Aaron's luckily possessing a thousand pounds with which to leave his family when he deserts them is supposed to absolve him from all parental and marital responsibility. Both contrivances are feeble: Lawrence is simply guarding his rear in an ad hoc manner.

Although this line of argument gets a different accent in relation to Twilight in Italy, it can be located with greater certainty and particularity than in the fiction. Lawrence's well-known tendency to use his friends and acquaintances as the raw material of his fiction does not avail the critic who suspects warping or unfairness in the art. Biographical information (another kind of "objective" consideration), the standard argument goes, cannot prove or disprove the truthfulness of the novelist's portrait of a character, even when the "original" has been identified. The travel writer, however, does not enjoy the same degree of freedom. While we don't require a Baedeker comprehensiveness or accuracy, we do expect the writer to concern himself with a real place and a real time. Subjective flavour is, of course, of the essence of the travel book, but we require that the flavour will have been distilled from contacts with and reflections about actual people, and actual places.

My worry was that Twilight ran seriously counter to this expectation: that its art was intolerant of kinds of information and forms of argument normally considered indispensable to the satisfactory proof of conclusions it purported to reach. The obvious move was to go to Lake Garda and do the Tyrolean walk in order to get a sense of the places and subjects myself so that I could lessen my reliance upon Lawrence's version of his subject. (The results relevant to my argument are covered in Chapters Three to Five. Descriptive accounts, including interviews and photographs, appear as appendices.)

This endeavour, as I saw it, would allow me to achieve a sharper focus on what I felt were the subjective procedures of Lawrence's art, its personally-centred nature. As I see it now, the objections that I have raised and will raise as to the adequacy of Lawrence's art to its own declared intentions (whether the unimportance he attributes to work in Hardy or the interpretation of the un-"Italian" impotence of Signor di Paoli of "The Lemon Gardens") act as a circle of limitation on the art, warning us that the conclusions in the art are not, as they urgently purport to be, directly transferable into life. The objections

are a necessary part, I believe, of an adequate understanding of the art. But they are, I have come to believe, only ultimately relevant. They ought not to be allowed to confuse the critic's more immediate business of identifying the controlling artistic dynamic. (The argument for Lawrence's normativeness has caused such a confusion: it claims competences for Lawrence that the thirties critics were rightly suspicious of.) That Lawrence provokes both a more intimately personal response and a more detached one would not, perhaps, give cause for comment were it not that the responses, once they are differentiated by the kind of inquiry I have pursued, can be seen to work in non-complementary, even conflicting, ways. I have taken the liberty of naming this state of affairs "the Lawrence paradox". It is the aim of this thesis to substantiate the existence of this paradox only in relation to Twilight in Italy, but thereby to suggest that a shift of critical attitude towards Lawrence's writings is called for. The terms adopted by this thesis would, I hope, provide useful points of departure for any such endeavour.

My claim that Lawrence's art after mid-1914 was a subjective art carries with it the inevitable claim that it relied heavily on intuition. However, I would prefer to direct attention to the unusual channelling that that faculty received at Lawrence's hands. Intuited polarities, I will argue, are used by Lawrence to account for the chosen subject or situation to the extent that one can speak of polarisation as a literary form. Before developing this idea, however, it's useful to glance at what critics have made of Lawrence's interest in polarities.

Although the interest has received comparatively little attention, of its importance to Lawrence there can be no doubt. No reader can help but notice, in Lawrence's books on psychoanalysis, the apparently eccentric multiplication of balancing opposites - those ganglia and plexuses - into a whole schema of psychologico-physical dualism. Even before this, in the first versions of Studies in Classic American Literature, written during

1917 and 1918, Lawrence pronounces confidently on the universality and fundamentality of polarity:

But the duality is within us, as well as outside us. It is the duality of life itself, the polarity of the living.

The soft, rolling sound of the dove among the leaves, her silken iridescence, depends on the hawk that hangs on sultry wings like a storm in bird-life. The one concentrates the other.

But life depends on duality and polarity. <sup>61</sup>

Lawrence's explicitness here represents the crystallisation into conscious, even dogmatic, thought of what had been, if previously in solution, an active agent shaping his thinking and writing. (I argue this claim in later chapters in relation to the revisions of The Prussian Officer Stories and Twilight.)

Unfortunately, such quotations tend to give the misleading impression that Lawrence's commitment to polarity was purely in the form of a belief, perhaps the cornerstone of some eccentric philosophy. This has been the sole ground on which those critics who have mentioned it have found a way of discussing it. W.Y. Tindall, in D.H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow, registered the importance of polarity to Lawrence's fiction and non-fiction alike but regarded it as only another of Lawrence's hare-brained and derivative beliefs, which Tindall ranged with his animism, primitivism and anti-intellectuality. Richard Aldington, in his introduction to the Phoenix edition of Twilight, followed suit with the suggestion that we "skip" the pseudo-philosophical passages in Twilight. John Remsbury declared himself "irritated out of all proportion by the spuriousness" of the procedure.<sup>62</sup> "The author", he argues elsewhere, "was deceiving himself at the outset in imagining that what he had to say could be formulated in any other language but that of true literature".<sup>63</sup> This is a response held more commonly, I suspect, than appears in print. Yet surely it is born of impatience rather than understanding. What else would lead one in this way virtually to disembowel

Twilight and The Study of Thomas Hardy (which has received much serious and admiring study in the last ten years), to denigrate these prose writings written in the very period when Lawrence's imagination was working at fullest stretch producing his greatest works of fiction (as they are generally acknowledged to be): Women in Love and The Rainbow.

Other critics, it is true, have looked more respectfully at Lawrence's interest in polarities. Ronald Draper, in his comprehensive introductory study, D.H. Lawrence, published in 1964, notes its existence from Fantasia of the Unconscious onwards and attempts to elucidate it by reconciling its many manifestations in the writings. H.M. Daleski corrected Draper's idea of when Lawrence introduced polarity into his work by charting its presence in The Study of Thomas Hardy. His attempt to disentangle the many expressions of what he, like Draper, takes to be a polar "philosophy" leads him to tabulate the various opposites — Male - Female, Law - Love etc.— in Hardy.<sup>64</sup> Trying to find the crux of the "philosophy", the key to it, he decides that the "male - female opposition is not merely an instance of a dual reality but its underlying principle: Lawrence explicitly asserts that 'everything that is, is either male or female or both, whether it be clouds or sunshine or hills or trees or a fallen feather from a bird ...'".<sup>65</sup> Daleski's conclusion would seem unimpeachable were it not that Lawrence also says in Hardy that "division into male and female is arbitrary, for the purpose of thought" (Pl, 448), and that he later declares fire and water to be the basic two opposed ingredients of life.<sup>66</sup> Later still, he uses the voluntary system of nerve ganglia and the sympathetic system of plexuses as the two cornerstones of yet another explanation of life. Examples could be proliferated but the lesson is plain. To treat Lawrence's polarising on the level of ideas or theory alone, to attempt to reconstruct the tantalisingly scattered "central" philosophy, is almost certainly futile. We need to realise that the hope Lawrence's obviously strong commitment to dualisms and polarities leaves us with, that somehow they can be all tied together, is most unlikely ever to be satisfied.

Lawrence himself is partly to blame with his talk about the novelist's possessing a metaphysic (a notion borrowed from Abercrombie incidentally<sup>67</sup>), thereby suggesting he possessed one: a set of beliefs that were fixed, tangible and, thus, able to be stated.

It is to Lawrence himself in the process <sup>of</sup> imagining in a polarising fashion that, I suggest, we should turn our attention. In looking at Hardy's novels, "classic" American literature, the history of the Italian people through distorting, "polarising" lenses Lawrence, I would argue, committed himself to a series of confrontations with his subject that allowed him a unique ingress into matters that more conventional, "undistorting" lenses would not have allowed. Adopting polarisation as a literary technique partly released Lawrence from the novelist's traditional duties of creating a sustaining socio-economic location for his themes. It thereby facilitated, I will argue, wide-ranging enquiry in and beyond his own experience.

In Twilight the contrast of exploratory passages to passages of "traditional", well-observed travel description (that had survived from their earlier 1913 versions) is most noticeable. Indeed Twilight is arguably a testing ground for the style of Women in Love. In both we can sense the strong urge to bring the local into collision with the general, to clarify the particular by recognising its most extreme expression. Gerald, the moderniser of the mines, becomes "the most crucial instance [to Gudrun] of the existing world, the ne plus ultra of the world of man" (WL, 508). Loerke, associated with mud imagery of earlier chapters, "seemed to be the very stuff of the underworld of life. There was no going beyond him." (WL, 480). In Twilight Lawrence's energising of the opposite Tiger and Lamb concepts, and his confronting salient occurrences in European history with them, powerfully invests with unforeseen significance the otherwise trivial occurrences of an Italian gentleman's chagrin at his wife's rocking another's child, an Italian's playing out Hamlet's "Northern" dilemma on stage.

What we get in the latter cases is not the just appraisal or reasoned reflection that modestly seeks to

convince but, rather, the overwhelmingly vivid, if only momentary, coherence of a special point of view where familiar things appear differently in the suddenly altered light, take up compellingly new configurations in regard to one another. Mrs Bates' shock, at the end of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", at the awful reality of her dead husband's physical presence, is another example. The reader, too, is disconcerted, even shocked, at having suddenly to divest himself of his original sympathy with Mrs Bates' housebound point of view. The reader sees it suddenly in a new light.

The clarification of the issues is bought, however, at what from one point of view could be seen as a cost. There has been, in a sense, a simplification of the situation by its reduction to two opposed issues: the "life" obtainable through a full recognition of the husband's physical being as against the "impedimenta" of housewifely respectability and pride. One cannot, then, avoid the charge of Goldberg (and Leavis of 1930) that there is a good deal of preconception brought to the art. The intuitive polarisations of life and bourgeois deadness, of Tiger and Lamb, are deliberately introduced into the art. However, it's not against this charge that Lawrence needs, as I see it, to be defended. The coherence that I believe the art possesses does not come from its adequacy to the more normal criteria of thought, or thought in art, that the critics are raising. The coherence of the art derives from what one might call the "personalising" of the thought. By that I mean the sense we get as we read of a man writing out of himself, living out (as the case may be) the development of thought or the character's state of mind. Witness, for instance, Lawrence's discussion of the Calvinist spirit that inspired the Pilgrim Fathers to instigate "the most cruel religious tyranny in America" ("The Spirit of Place", ER XXVII, 1918, 326):

It [the Calvinist spirit] is the will of man rising frenzied against the mystery of life itself, and struggling insanely to dominate, to have the life-issue in unutterable control, to squeeze the mystic thing, life, within the

violent hands of possession, grasp it, squeeze it, have it, have unspeakable power over it. (ibid., p. 327)

The rush of the sentence to its conclusion, the insistence caused by the repetition of phrases centred on infinitives, the dramatic intensifying of the thought caused by the dropping of "to" before the last four verbs, the image of horrible and unfeeling restriction: all these factors contribute to enact the frenzy that the sentence purports only to describe. Rather as with convincing personal testimony in conversation, one can't keep an easy distance from the thought: it comes to the listener (or reader) as a lived or experienced argument rather than as an intellectual one. This creates the basis for a kind of trust in the writer. He does not merely "apprehend" or "adduce" the ideas. He so undeniably travels their distance.

Lawrence's personal participation in his prose, as evidenced here, does not lead, however, to the merely solipsistic and self-indulgent. Rather, it gives him a freedom to follow his intuitions on the page; it facilitates an unembarrassed and highly original exploratoriness that deference to established canons of intellectual procedure would have denied him. Lawrence's impatience with the conventional explanation of the motives of the Pilgrim Fathers in first coming to America is a good example. It was not because they sought religious freedom, Lawrence argues, for

The protagonist will always assert that he moves of his own intention .... But it is a palpable fiction.

[I]nto Puritanism and Calvinism had already entered the dangerous negative religious passion of repression, this passion which so easily becomes a lust, a deep lust for vindictive power over the life-issue. It was on the hard recoil of this destructive religious passion that the Pilgrim Fathers left Europe. America, dark, violent, aboriginal, would lend them force to satisfy their lust of anti-life. (ER, XXVII, 1918, 327)

The terms "Calvinism", "America", "the Pilgrim Fathers" seem to occupy a place half-way, as it were, between being an arbitrary symbol in Lawrence's mind for some tendency and their objective, actual equivalent. Lawrence is at his best in his non-fiction when dealing with such abstract things as America for they, like a work of art, are things we only nominally "know". Thus we're ready, without making the conscious admission we're doing so, to see what personal slant the driving force of his thinking will give it, what startling but sudden shafts of illumination will appear from Lawrence's over-riding urge to detect the ultimate mode of being in which the "floating" realities take their place.

The notion of Lawrence's concern to detect "ultimate modes of being" needs more scrutiny than I can give it in this introductory chapter. However it is, I suggest, linked to the language of hyperbole that gets its first major expression in The Rainbow: Tom Brangwen's being "mad to revel in the inexhaustible wealth of [Lydia]" (R, 62); Will's soul leaping "up into the gloom [of the cathedral], into possession, it reeled, it swooned with a great escape, it quivered in the womb, in the hush and the gloom of fecundity, like seed of procreation in ecstasy" (R, 201). Although Lawrence acknowledges the controlling metaphor only incidentally (in the last phrase), he intends to and does exploit the full literal force of the comparison. He needs that literal force adequately to evoke the intense registrations of the subconscious. Nevertheless, the literal meaning remains - taking up, conceptually, a great deal of room. However, because the novel's chronicle form requires the constant supersession of these imposing emotional states, their potential to refer beyond the particular state of feeling is not being harnessed. Lawrence's ability to meld the everyday with the cosmic, to challenge and deepen our understanding of what everyday states of living are, what underlies them: these are the kinds of reasons critics cite when arguing the greatness of The Rainbow. However, the highly original language Lawrence has developed for the purpose seems to be capable - because of its potential largeness of scope - of extending beyond the

everyday, of implicating, say, general social directions in the evocations of the individual's state of mind and emotion.

Indeed, this is what we find happening, tentatively and not fully successfully, in the last hundred pages of the novel as Ursula comes to maturity. Ursula's subconscious awarenesses strongly imply judgements on the social world in which she moves. Her changing response to the professors at Nottingham becomes (there is nothing to counterbalance it) the novel's as well: "Her violent hatred of the Ilkeston School was nothing compared with the sterile degradation of college." (R, 436) Similarly, Uncle Tom Brangwen's and Winifred's perversity, Mr Harby's sadism and Skrebensky's failure of manhood all verge on being socially representative. What Lawrence is developing is a polarisation of the deadness of the modern world as against the aliveness that Ursula herself glimpses: bodied forth in the campfire image (Ursula is the one who dares to look into the surrounding darkness), in her looking at the unicellular creature under the microscope, at times with Skrebensky. The polarisation ought not to be seen (as Goldberg and others might well see it) as merely evidence of an arrogant pre-judging of the issues. Rather, Lawrence can be seen as attempting (in Women in Love as succeeding) to accept the full thrust of implication that his language of the subconscious had ready in it to be tapped.

Looked at in this light, the polarities and pairs of opposites with which Lawrence experiments in The Study of Thomas Hardy and Twilight can be seen not as a means of trammelling his imagination but of liberating it. They provide a vehicle for Lawrence to make a leap from the microcosm (the novelist's traditional concern) to imagining in the realm of the macrocosm, the realm of what he sees as the great fundamental directions and forces of life: the "universals" that underlie the action in Hamlet, or the "great individual forces" that underpin the action in Hardy's stories. The coherence of this kind of imagining lies not in the writer's disinterested observation of the particular (because for Lawrence the particular immediately discloses the universal) but in the concreteness and vividness

and in the freedom, flexibility and confident thrust of the mind we feel as we read to be grappling with the object in its relation to the general idea, manoeuvring it into ever larger contexts of meaning. Thus the prose characteristically moves in large circular sweeps, reflecting Lawrence's refocusingings, his returning with a fuller context to the same position. Hence his ability in this way, to reach and deal with "ultimate modes of being".

Along these lines one could mount a defence against the claim (one hears it in conversation often enough) that the art is indeed personally-centred but in a compulsive, obsessive way. The claim was of course common in the criticism of the thirties. R.E. Pritchard in his recent contribution to this approach (developing out of his earlier, introductory study of Lawrence<sup>68</sup>) demonstrates how Lawrence, in his prose of the years 1917-1921, repeatedly (Pritchard implies, compulsively) returns to the same ideas of male singleness and female engulfingness. For Pritchard, Lawrence's ideas about American writers are no more than displaced ideas about himself.

One can see why Pritchard makes the connection. For a man of such talents as Lawrence's to cut himself off from his audience and from its respect for traditional modes of thought, to develop a personally-centred way of writing and understanding, was almost inevitably to have to produce his own cosmogony, psychology and metaphysic. In "The Spirit of Place" he even invents a geography - a theory of (non-material) continental attraction and repulsion. In the face of this kind of eccentricity and with the access to biographical information that we have it is not unnatural to make Pritchard's move and see Lawrence's thought as issuing compulsively from his inner confusions.

However, if it is admitted, as I have been arguing, that Lawrence's imagination deliberately and characteristically pushed his intuitions to their extreme polarised positions then it becomes possible, even in many of the examples Pritchard dwells on, to separate Lawrence the man from Lawrence the artist sufficiently to posit a disinterestedness in his writing that its urgency and sense

of passionate involvement would, in other writers, tend to contradict. Lawrence, in a letter of 1916, does honour to "the great articulate extremity of art" (CL, 478). Can we not, then, see his "extremist" imagination and polarising procedure as being uniquely fitted to channel his superabundant energies and interests? Lawrence's disinterestedness can be felt in his following his intuitions, in his committing himself to an intimate and immediate, often imaginatively exhausting, "living out" of his ideas on the page.

Turning attention, as I wish to do, to Lawrence's art as process and away from the art as thought does not mean that one is necessarily disarmed by the "process" as I've argued other critics are by the thought. For one thing, as I have stressed, the kind of "process" Lawrence adopted itself acted as a circle of limitation on the art, made it extremist, un-normative. The early critics had rightly registered this cost. Secondly, there is the obvious standard of judgment: that Lawrence was not always or uniformly able to energise the polarities he brought to his writing in such a way as to challenge or disturb his reader's assumptions about morality, intellectual procedures, the importance of mind and personality. At its best, the art challenges the reader to a rough re-shuffling of his thoughts rather than inviting him to extend or carefully modify them.

When it is possible to convert Lawrence's polarised terms of reference directly back into our ordinary conceptions of life it is a sign that Lawrence has failed to create a genuinely challenging polarity. In The Ladybird, for instance, the terms are, as usual, extreme ones but extreme in the lesser sense of histrionic. The blessed pair, Dionys and Lady Daphne, are headed, we are to believe, for reunion in "wild" Hades because the life of this "tame" world, represented by ineffectual, unmanly Basil, pathetic Lady Beveridge and the crowded and ugly London suburbia, supposedly defeats and nullifies life. However, Dionys's anger against the present world is merely pathetic; the wild-tame antithesis

becomes silly:

"What grudge have I against a world where even the hedges are full of berries, bunches of black berries that hang down, and red berries that thrust up. Never would I hate the world. But the world of man. Lady Daphne" - his voice sank to a whisper - "I hate it. Zzz!" he hissed. "Strike, little heart! Strike, strike, hit, smite! Oh, Lady Daphne!" (Ladybird, 43)

The would-be polarity of the darkly beneficent forces of nature as against the pathetic world of man never gets off the ground; the simplification of the issues does not justify itself by productive insight.

While Twilight is not immune to this kind of criticism, I believe it earns its place (as The Crown, I believe, does not) as a work of Lawrence's "great period": 1914-1916. My argument, so far only sketched, about Lawrence's commitment to polarisation as a literary method is my principal means of justifying this claim. Chapter Two of this thesis deals with this argument by focussing on Lawrence's revision of several of The Prussian Officer Stories in July 1914. Here, I argue, Lawrence's commitment to polarisation as a technique first establishes itself. Without the recognition of this, as I see it, crucial development in Lawrence's art one cannot properly account for the fundamental change in character between the 1913 versions of the Twilight sketches and their 1915 re-writings. So, finally, it's in the context of Lawrence's developing art rather than in the context of the travel book genre<sup>69</sup> that this thesis wishes to examine Twilight.

FOOTNOTES

Place of book publication is London except if otherwise indicated.

- 1 From obituary in Observer by J.C. Squire, 9/3/30; in R.P. Draper: DHL: The Critical Heritage (1970) pp.330-34.
- 2 ibid., p.331.
- 3 From obituary in Manchester Guardian, 4/3/30; in Draper op.cit., p.325.
- 4 From obituary in Glasgow Herald, 4/3/30; in Draper op.cit., p.328.
- 5 In Squire's obituary, Draper op.cit., p.325.
- 6 In Manchester Guardian obituary, Draper op.cit., p.328.
- 7 ibid.
- 8 Letter to Nation & Athenaeum, 29/3/30, XLVI, p.888.
- 9 Aspects of the Novel (Penguin, 1966; orig. publ. 1927) p.147.
- 10 1939, N.Y.
- 11 ibid., pp.202 & 196 respectively.
- 12 Theodore Spencer's review of Phoenix, Saturday Review 31/10/36, in W.T. Andrews (ed.): Critics on DHL (1971) p.44; Chesterton quoted in Armin Arnold: DHL & America (1958) pp.180-81; Swan, in his "DHL: Italy & Mexico" reprinted in his A Small Part of Time ... (1957) p.279; Thomas: "The Perversity of DHL", Criterion X, 1930, 9; Carter: DHL & the Body Mystical (1932) both refs. p.17.
- 13 Murry's article: Adelphi I, 1923, 269-77; the quotation, p.270; Eliot's "Function of Criticism" in Selected Essays (1951, 3rd edn.) pp.23-34, orig. publ. in Criterion II, 1923, 31-42.
- 14 "Tradition & the Individual Talent" (1919) in Selected Essays, pp.13-22.
- 15 "Function of Criticism", Selected Essays, pp.31 & 33.
- 16 "Hamlet", Selected Essays, p.141.
- 17 Thomas, op.cit., pp.11-12.
- 18 Criterion X, 1931, 768-74, both quotations p.771. Eliot picks up Thomas's points about L's depriving persons and things of their "opaqueness", their ultimate inexplicability, when he bemoans L's not understanding "the simple truth that of any two human beings each has privacies which the other cannot penetrate, and boundaries which the other must not transgress" (p.773).
- 19 2nd edn., 1961, pp.9-10.
- 20 See, e.g., the (inexhaustive) "Catalogue of DHL's Reading from Early Childhood", DHLR III, 1970, 193-324; and its supplement: DHLR VI, 1973, 86-99.
- 21 "Tradition and the Individual Talent", Selected Essays, p.17.
- 22 ibid.
- 23 ibid.
- 24 Review of Son of Woman, Criterion p.771.
- 25 After Strange Gods (1934) p.25.
- 26 See principally his: "Note on Son of Woman's Non-Appearance", Scrutiny I, 1932, 189-91; "DHL & Professor Irving Babbitt", Scrutiny I, 1932, 273-79; For Continuity (Cambridge, 1933); DHL: Novelist (1955), much of which had appeared in the preceding years in Scrutiny; "Romantic and Heretic", Spectator CCII, 1959, 196-97; "'Lawrence Scholarship' and Lawrence", Sewanee Review LXXI, 1963, 25-35; "Justifying One's Valuation of Blake", Thought, Words and Creativity (1976); "Introduction" to his 1976 edn. of Towards Standards of Criticism (Lawrence & Wishart, 2nd edn.).
- 27 After Strange Gods, pp.36-7.
- 28 DHL: Novelist (Penguin, 1978; orig. publ. 1955), pp.100 & 108.
- 29 ibid., p.106. I thank Sharon Connolly for pointing out to me the contradictory nature of these quotations from Leavis.
- 30 Keith Sagar: The Art of DHL (Camb.1966) p.59.
- 31 Jacques Berthoud: "The Rainbow as Experimental Novel", in Andor Gomme (ed.): DHL: A Critical Study (1978, Sussex) p.61.

- 32 J.V. Davies: "Introduction" to his edn. of Lawrence on Hardy & Painting (1973) pp.7 & 6 resp. M.E. Wallace in her "Study of Thomas Hardy": DHL's "Art Speech" (Ph.D. thesis, 1974, UKC) comes to an identical position: "To distinguish the two [L's art & thought] is to 'give in' to Descartes and the eminence of scientific thought that almost incapacitated Hardy ", p.527.
- 33 DHL: Novelist, pp.174-75.
- 34 ibid., p.54.
- 35 Thought, Words & Creativity, p.19.
- 36 Berthoud op.cit., p.61.
- 37 DHL: The Novels (Cambridge, 1978) p.4.
- 38 The PS "social" solution is only an apparent exception. The solution is neither generous (given the cruelty that informs and precedes it) nor in any significant way "social": L. was too much the stranger to Indian society for that.
- 39 "Romantic and Heretic" op.cit.
- 40 See letter to Jessie Chambers, 16/6/08: Boulton I, 56; & to Blanche Jennings, 25/6/08: Boulton I, 59; CL, 17-18.
- 41 See Harold Mason: "DHL & The White Peacock", Cam.Q. VII, 1976-77, p.228.
- 42 "The Theatre", ER XV, 1913, 225-27 & TWI, 70-2.
- 43 See letter to Gertler 9/10/16: CL, 477-78.
- 44 Introduction to "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion", PII, 357.
- 45 See Frederick Carter's DHL & the Body Mystical.
- 46 Review of Son of Woman, Criterion p.769.
- 47 "Blake's Simplicity", Cam.Q. V, 1971, 215.
- 48 ibid., p.220.
- 49 For Continuity, p.117.
- 50 "The Rainbow: Fiddle Bow & Sand", Essays in C. XI, 1961, 418-34.
- 51 James Banner: William Blake & DHL: Some Common Themes, M.A. thesis, UKC, 1978.
- F.R. Leavis argues similarly in his 1930 article on L., quoting a contemporary psychologist's advocating a very mechanistic training of the emotions: For Continuity, pp.141-43.
- 52 "DHL's Poetry: Art & the Apprehension of Fact", in Gomme op.cit., pp.175-89.
- 53 Review of Georgian Poetry: 1911 - 1912, PI, 306.
- 54 One can "reconstruct" the earlier version (of early 1912) in many places. Much of this version was incorporated into the final version MS and there are a number of early version fragments printed in the same volume: Mark Schorer (ed.): DHL: "SL": A Facsimile of the Manuscript (1977, Berkeley)
- 55 Cf. Roy Littlewood: "Son and Lover", Cam.Q. IV, 1968-70, 323-61.
- 56 This is the second version of Paul Morel that ET describes in DHL: A Personal Record (1965, 2nd edn.) pp.190-92.
- 57 Methuen, 1961 (1st publ. 1902) p.17.
- 58 See PI, 424-25. L. returns to the idea in his "Introduction" to the Magnus memoirs in his conversation with Magnus about the peasant: PII, 323.
- 59 Richard Garnett (ed.): The International Library of Famous Literature 20 vols., 1900, vol. XVI, p.7582; Mill: Utilitarianism... (Dent, 1968) p.117. As Gertrude Himmelfarb points out, Mill borrowed the analogy, unacknowledged, from Humboldt (On Liberty and Liberalism, N.Y., 1974, p.61).
- 60 All, Mill op.cit., p.118.
- 61 Resp.: "Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American Novels", SCAL (1st vers.), ER XXVIII, 1919, 98; ibid., p.99; "The Two Principles", PII, 235.
- 62 "Lawrence and Art" in Gomme op.cit., p.214.
- 63 DHL: Critic of Life, Ph.D. thesis, Uni. of Exeter, 1966, p.52.
- 64 The Forked Flame (1968, 1st publ. 1965) pp.30-1.
- 65 ibid., p.31.
- 66 In "The Two Principles".

- 67 L. read Lascelles Abercrombie's Thomas Hardy: A Critical Study  
as part of his preparation for the writing of Hardy.
- 68 His earlier work is DHL: Body of Darkness (1971); his recent  
article is "The Way to Freedom..." in Gomme op.cit., pp.94-119.
- 69 See: Richard Murphy: Structures of Authorial Control in the Travel  
Books of DHL Ph.D. diss., U. of Texas at Austin, 1970; Billy Tracy:  
"DHL & the Travel Book Tradition", DHLR XI, 1978, 272-93 and  
her Ph.D. diss.: Coasts of Illusion: The Travel Books of DHL,  
Columbia U., 1976.

CHAPTER TWO

THE REVISIONS OF THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER STORIES

The last four or five years have seen a good many articles published on what seems at first sight a minor area of Lawrence's work: his revisions of his short stories for his Prussian Officer collection of 1914. Now a book has been published on the subject: Keith Cushman's D.H. Lawrence at Work (1978, Harvester Press). The relevant details of Lawrence's biography and the statements of artistic intent in his letters have been linked to the development of the stories through their different versions. The "normative" insights that a generation of literary criticism has identified - and made respectable - as maturely Lawrentian have been identified as appearing prior to The Rainbow, in the stories' July 1914 versions. In this way summer 1914 is proclaimed as the period in which Lawrence came into his own.

Cushman sees Lawrence as having been, by this time, liberated from the sexual and filial confusions of his earlier life, the cause being the "deep and essential harmony of his life with Frieda."<sup>1</sup> Out of this experience grew a "larger vision" of "the impersonal forces governing the universe", a "metaphysic" that "was immensely important to him, providing an essential underpinning for his art".<sup>2</sup> "Lawrence came into his own", Cushman argues, "only when he decided that his writing would be founded on the interplay of art and metaphysic".<sup>3</sup> What this "metaphysic" consisted of in 1914 Cushman, Kalnins and Littlewood (the three principal contributors to the critical side of the debate<sup>4</sup>) are in close agreement about: that Lawrence was no longer interested in the "old stable ego - of the character", not in what the character "feels" but in what he "is as a phenomenon". The famous "carbon" letter of 5th June, 1914 (CL, 281-83), from which these snippets are taken and which immediately predates the revisions, encourages the critics to account for the action of the revised stories in terms of the revelation of one character's "otherness" to the other, the "dying" from the old self involved in this recognition, the inalienable "gulf" in human relationships to which this recognition is testimony.

These "lessons", Littlewood argues (here extending Cushman's biographical argument), were gleaned from his experience with Frieda, who was Lawrence's opposite (and so, "other") in race, class, temperament and experience.

Furthermore, Littlewood argues, Lawrence's "overcoming his own resistances to love" is embodied and vindicated, and a "universal value" is affirmed, in "The Daughters of the Vicar", in Louisa's finding her "way through" to Durant.<sup>5</sup>

By common consent Lawrence's portrayal of "otherness" is held to be central to the new achievement (because central to the "metaphysic"). However, "otherness" and its allotropes (such as "foreignness") were present, if in a less developed form, in Lawrence's pre-1914 fiction. In The White Peacock it makes sense to refer to the natural object (rather than the person) as being captured in its "otherness". This is because here it's not a character's personal resistances to the rehabilitating awareness that need to be overcome but rather the annoyingly literary mediation Lawrence channels through Cyril. On a few occasions the natural event is given us direct: the swans alighting on Nethermere (WP, 79-80), George's feeding the piglets (WP, 228). There is full concentration on the object; there is no distinction, as it were, between the thing in itself and the response. The steadiness of contemplation springs from what must have been the unpremeditated surprise and consequent fullness of response.

An essay written in September 1912, "Christs in the Tirol", seems to indicate Lawrence's conscious awareness of another element of the critic's "otherness" thesis: namely, the existence of a <sup>definite</sup> boundary between oneself and the other, a gap that needs to be imaginatively crossed. Having described the Christ's "plain rudimentary face [which] stared stubbornly at the hills", Lawrence writes "I stood in front of him, and realized him." (PI, 82) This awareness of the need to "realize" the "otherness" of an object or person is quite liberally sprinkled through Sons and Lovers. When Paul is critically ill, in bed with his mother, she at last cries:

"Oh, my son - my son!"  
 That brought him to. He realized her. His whole  
 will rose up and arrested him. He put his head  
 on her breast, and took ease of her for love.  
 (SL, 175)

"He realized her": the formulation is not a happy accident. The crucial rehabilitating awareness struggling out of a fog of sickness - as such, an analogue of the 1914 situations that the critics acclaim - was not understood in this powerful simplicity in the third version of the novel, which reads:

Suddenly he remembered her. His whole  
 consciousness rose up and arrested him. He  
 put his head on her breast, in love, and did  
 not die.<sup>6</sup>

Again in the Paul-Miriam love-making scene we get: "This thick-voiced, oblivious man was a stranger to her." (SL, 350) This note was to become central to Lawrentian sexual ethics. In fact, it dates from the novel's third version of, roughly, early 1912.<sup>7</sup> The note gets a number of variations in the novel. In Paul and Miriam's last meeting Lawrence writes: "Her impotence before him, before the strong demand of some unknown thing in him, was her extremity." (SL, 507) Earlier in their relationship, as Paul fixes the umbrella, Miriam grasps what one can only call his "otherness":

He remained concentrated in the middle of  
 the road. Beyond, one rift of rich gold in that  
 colourless grey evening seemed to make him  
 stand out in dark relief. She saw him, slender  
 and firm, as if the setting sun had given him  
 to her. A deep pain took hold of her, and she  
 knew she must love him. And she had discovered  
 him, discovered in him a rare potentiality,  
 discovered his loneliness. Quivering as at  
 some "annunciation", she went slowly forward.  
 (SL, 205)

Although the expression is still rather clumsy the insight itself is clearly there; what is lacking is the technical

ability to make the description of the object evoke directly, at the same time, the depth of the perceiver's response. (Lawrence, in fact, gets rather closer to this in the description of Paul's being startled at the full moon, SL, 220.) The insight, in any case was not a sudden thing of 1914, an upshot of his newly worked-out metaphysic.

I don't wish to dispute that the experience of otherness is given a new importance, indeed a centrality, in the 1914 revisions. However, to put the stress, as the critics wish to do, on a breakthrough in thought is not only chronologically questionable but critically dubious as well. It seems, in practice, to commit the critic to heavy use of Lawrentian phraseology and thought-forms, so that he tends to explain Lawrence's ideas in terms of themselves. The problem, as I've argued in Chapter One, is almost endemic to Lawrence criticism and comes up frequently in the critics' accounts of the 1914 development. It's not that the accounts misconstrue the stories' themes: on the contrary. Rather it's that the accounts are too patently Lawrentian. Their language often reads, indeed, almost like a parody. One has heard - and, in seminars, most likely been embarrassed by - this kind of terminology too often:

The theme of otherness and the sense in which each lover is an opening, a doorway into the unknown for the other...

[Mrs Bates, as she gazes at her husband's corpse] is in a sense no longer there personally but only as a well-head for the truth, which flows through her as if independently.

Only gradually did the Alfred-Louisa marriage come to embody the human salvation available through the dark mystery of the body. 8

This language is, among other things, unlikely to cultivate (or re-cultivate) an interest in Lawrence in those readers who have come to object to Lawrence's language and style and the demands it makes on them.

There is, in any case, an obvious rejoinder that it's

open to such readers to make. If, as Cushman and Littlewood argue, after his "abnormal" early years Lawrence had won through to a satisfyingly "normative" relationship with Frieda and if, out of this experience, he had wrung central human insights - a "metaphysic" - that he feeds into the revisions, then why are the critics so signally unable to rephrase those insights and to state their relevance in ordinary language, signalling in this way their taking the message from the art into life? If the insights are, on the other hand, inevitably context-bound, only comprehensible and valid in a work of art, then the critics should come out and say so. The lesson, it seems to me, is that the critics' tacit assumptions that Lawrence's ideas have a direct relevance to life needs modifying, the mode of relevance, if any, needs specifying. Clearly this will not be done by continuing to expatiate on the stories' "metaphysic". Critics, I suspect, have not balanced their depth of response to the mesmeric power of Lawrence's prose with sufficient intellection of what is happening to make them respond as they do.

To get out of this closed circle of Lawrentian-normative terminology, more emphasis needs to be put, I suggest, on the change in style and "method" of Lawrence's art in mid-1914. The fact that in most of the revised stories the plot materials were more or less "there" in their early versions with only the decisively new shaping lacking suggests, in any case, that the more important change was in method rather than matter. The two are, of course, ultimately inseparable, but putting the stress on method sheds a revealing light on important elements of Lawrence's "breakthrough". An important new understanding of the development that led so rapidly to Twilight in Italy (and Women in Love) is, for my purposes, most importantly to be gleaned: what I will argue to be the polarising and, in a special sense, extremist art of Lawrence's major phase only gets its first significant expression in the July 1914 revisions of The Prussian Officer collection of short stories.

If Lawrence had stopped writing altogether after completing Sons and Lovers it's unlikely that he would have alienated so many of the critics of the thirties. It was only his post-Sons and Lovers art that fell foul of their preconceptions, that led to charges of his perversity, his relying on the dubious authority of the Inner Voice, of his forgoing observation for the imposition of psychologically-driven theory. Sons and Lovers was well received by reviewers, for it was written, one might almost say, to their prescription. The influence of Ford Madox Ford, and more particularly of Edward Garnett, in encouraging Lawrence along that line of development (running through a series of colliery town short stories from about 1909) that led to Part One of Sons and Lovers, is becoming well-known, especially now with the publication of the facsimile manuscript of the novel.

However, this development towards a species of dramatic realism, towards a willingness and ability to let external observed details tell the story - an impersonalising of the narrative -, was competing in Lawrence's literary endeavours with contrary influences. Witness the painfully personal string of works, reflecting the confusion of his "sick year", 1911, after his mother died, and the equally painful provinciality of the works of The White Peacock period. That novel's enforced literariness can be seen as a form of unease, a showing-off to his metropolitan Edwardian audience. Moreover, the Cyril-Emily plot is dropped when it comes too close to Lawrence's own life; the mining background is kept carefully tucked away on the edges of the novel; the narrator's family has been (predictably) elevated to the middle class. Although Lawrence declared of Cyril, "I will kick him out - I hate the fellow", he was unable to fulfill the promise. (Boulton I, 69; CL, 25) Added to this, his dissatisfaction with his next novel, The Trespasser, (which Lawrence was soon describing as "a decorated idyll running to seed in realism"; Boulton I, 184; CL, 66-7) must have convinced him that Edwardian poeticising and Wagnerian romanticising were no way to deal with his personal experience. They had only appeared to offer ways of elevating

and generalising his experience, of getting him into the position where he could ponder the "larger questions" it seemed to contain. Yet the means, he evidently realised, were bogus: they led him into an extravagance he was soon ashamed of. However, they had answered a personal need/<sup>which</sup> his developing dramatic art was temporarily to stifle.

Disciplining himself out of the centre of the story - "de-personalising" the narrative - he came to see as the only authentic way of presenting and understanding his own earlier life. In the early versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", in The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd, "Two Marriages", "Strike Pay", "Her Turn", and "The Miner at Home", we can see him experimenting with the technique that was to culminate in the presentation of the young life of Paul Morel. When Heinemann rejected Paul Morel in July 1912 Lawrence gave way to his fury (in that "Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines ..." letter, CL, 133-34; Boulton I, 420-22). Yet a mere five days later he was asking Garnett to suggest alterations. Garnett obliged, making detailed notes on the novel. Lawrence profusely thanked this "Trojan of energy and conscientiousness" (CL, 135; Boulton I, 427) and pledged to do him credit - an intention that ought to be taken seriously. Although Lawrence was later to disagree with Garnett over Sons and Lovers' alleged formlessness, so confident was he that Garnett's influence in pushing him to develop a sparer, more dramatic art was salutary that he gave him a carte blanche to prune the final version of the novel. Garnett excised about ten per cent, for which Lawrence professed himself very grateful. No wonder: Lawrence had been trying to write Garnett's kind of novel and Garnett, in a sense, simply finished the job. This was not a simple case of "bowdlerizing", as Harry Moore describes it.<sup>9</sup>

In Part One of Sons and Lovers Lawrence demonstrates the great virtues of an impersonal art. The fact that critics have disagreed as to whose "side" - Mr or Mrs Morel's - Lawrence was on in the novel, and whether or not Mrs Morel is to be admired, and that others have pointed to the "contradictions" within the novel, seems to me, in

view of Lawrence's later novels, to be testimony most importantly to the fact that the novel gives us the opportunity to make these kinds of claims, to speculate and weigh up the accounts of, say, the relative culpability of the two parents.<sup>10</sup> The narrative air, in Part One at least, is almost never stifling; there is no equivalent luxury in Women in Love for instance. In the earlier novel there is a scrupulously but unobtrusively maintained distance of narrator from event. The narrator instills confidence by his calm presentation of events and by his ability to maintain a distancing third person tone even in what verges on interior monologue:

Often Paul would wake up, after he had been asleep a long time, aware of thuds downstairs. Instantly he was wide awake. Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp replies of his mother, then the bang, bang of his father's fist on the table, and the nasty snarling shout as the man's voice got higher. And then the whole was drowned in a piercing medley of shrieks and cries from the great, windswept ash-tree. The children lay silent in suspense .... He might hit their mother again. There was a feeling of horror....

The children lay and breathed the darkness. And then, at last, they heard their father throw down his boots and tramp upstairs in his stockinged feet. Still they listened. Then at last, if the wind allowed, they heard the water of the tap drumming into the kettle, which their mother was filling for morning, and they could go to sleep in peace. (SL, 78)

I've deleted the frequently acclaimed description of the wailing ash-tree to draw attention to the continual shifting in sentence subjects and objects. Lawrence does not wish to dwell on the nature of Paul's suffering nor to remain long inside his consciousness. So the suffering is soon widened to the children's and then impersonalised altogether ("There was a feeling of horror"); "his father" becomes "the man", "his mother" becomes "their mother". The noises of the ash provide a metaphorical mode of further impersonalising the experience. A third person "tone" is impressively maintained; there is no possibility for Lawrence to pity

himself in Paul or to imbue Paul's feelings with large metaphysical significance: the turbulent cross-currents of the action prevent it. The third person tone is maintained, in Part One, even at moments of intense feeling. As Paul lies dying, Mrs Morel moans, "'Oh my son - my son!' That brought him to. He realized her .... and took ease of her for love." (SL, 175) Whereupon there is an immediate - de-fusing - change in perspective to the aunt's view of the event.

The second paragraph of the quoted passage demonstrates another "impersonal" quality of Lawrence's art. That is the way in which, something like Joyce of The Dubliners, Lawrence passes vivid emotion and impulse through the medium of <sup>the</sup>mundane and everyday: here, the details of the mother's nightly routine with the kettle, the father's way of going upstairs to bed. The prose is kept externalised, so that its authenticity is almost impossible to impugn. Depth of emotion is implied rather than stated.

In Part Two, however, faced with the necessity of dealing with nearer and less resolved aspects of his not-so-distant past, Lawrence seeks to invest these experiences with a larger significance than he can generate dramatically. Paul's fate becomes toweringly central; the splintered (dramatic) focus on family life is all but forgone for an interior and more respectful focus on the central son and lover. Criticisms of the novel tend to centre on the presentation of Miriam. It has been convincingly argued, for instance, that the novel's view of her is, <sup>that of</sup> Paul and his mother made to sound, even if done unconsciously, as if it's coming from the impartial narrator,<sup>11</sup> who, as I have pointed out, we have learnt to trust in Part One. There is, in fact, associated with Miriam, a great deal of "first degree" interpretation which purports to be observation:

Often, when wiping the dishes, she would stand in bewilderment and chagrin because she had pulled in two halves a cup or a tumbler. It was as if, in her fear and self-mistrust, she put too much strength into the effort. There was no looseness or abandon about her. Everything was gripped stiff with intensity, and her effort, overcharged, closed in on itself. (SL, 191)

We get no independent arbitration of the claim in the last sentence; it is part of a theory that is consistently imposed on the story. It is evidenced in the neatness of interpretation that the narrator finds it so easy to fall into:

He was conscious only when stimulated. A sketch finished, he always wanted to take it to Miriam. Then he was stimulated into knowledge of the work he had produced unconsciously. In contact with Miriam he gained insight; his vision went deeper. From his mother he drew the life-warmth, the strength to produce; Miriam urged this warmth into intensity like a white light. (SL, 196)

The detachment of the narrator of Part One has almost evaporated (returning only in those isolated vignettes of recognisably Part One home life: Arthur and Beatrice at home, Mr Morel's coming to terms with his wife's dying, Mrs Radford's attempts to keep Paul and Clara from sleeping together). The narrator's implicit claim that he is merely following the day-to-day events of Paul's growing up is fraudulent in a way that it is not in Part One.

It seems that Lawrence could no longer contain the pressures of personal experience within the confines of a dramatic art. The matters must have seemed too urgent and important to Lawrence to leave to the uncertainties of dramatic revelation and readers' inferences. The issues themselves would have to determine the artistic form. Thus Miriam's "case" is repeated again and again: her urge to possess, her "tightness" of being, her spirituality. Against a background of a dramatic art and an ongoing narrative these characteristics (and Paul's contrasting ones) become larger than life, as it were fill out the narrative "space". The disproportion between the two modes is disagreeably obvious; the language used to evoke the latter feels often, as a result, inflated, forced or simply out of character. For example, Paul's sexual desires for Clara might at times, had the narrator been less identified with him, been less portentously described as randiness; and there is Mrs Morel's belief - the language is not at all hers - that

Miriam "'wants to absorb him. She wants to draw him out and absorb him till there is nothing left of him, even for himself. He will never be a man on his own feet - she will suck him up.'" (SL, 237) The confusion of Part Two can be seen, then, as as much one of technique as of misunderstanding and emotional bias.

So I think Edward Garnett was probably right to complain of Sons and Lovers' lack of form. (As I pointed out in Chapter One, Lawrence dodges the question in his famous resumé of the novel.) A contemporary reviewer lamented (as Lawrence reported in a letter to Garnett of 16th July, 1913, CL, 213) that "the second half of Sons and Lovers [is] such a lapse from the first". Frieda, Lawrence added, agreed. The excessiveness that is so easy to speak of pejoratively in his earlier work was not simply to go away: "excessiveness" of response was, I've argued, of the essence of Lawrence's character. He had to find a way of coping with it in his art. In that sense the art had to become "personal". The largest significances (as they must have appeared to Lawrence) were clamouring to be engaged with. So that his attempt, in Sons and Lovers, to discipline his intensity of response went, finally, against the grain. It was not until mid-1914, when he was revising his Prussian Officer Stories, that Lawrence discovered an appropriate form that could harness and exploit that "excessiveness" and turn it into the driving force of the art that was so rapidly to develop into Twilight in Italy and Women in Love.

Tracing Lawrence's revisions of "The Odour of Chrysanthemums" through its different versions of 1909, 1911 and 1914, we can see Lawrence gradually learning to master the dramatic style of Sons and Lovers Part One, only to find himself hemmed in by the inherent limitations of that style as he tries to resolve the problem of the story's ending. His final solution in the version of 1914 necessitated what it is hardly an exaggeration to describe as a revolution in style.<sup>12</sup>

Lawrence finished the first version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" in December 1909, directly after completing the third and final version of The White Peacock and before

commencing The Trespasser (1910; revised January 1912). Sons and Lovers, as Paul Morel, was begun in autumn 1910. When we compare the 1909 version of the story with the revised 1911 version we can see Lawrence on the road to Sons and Lovers. He had chosen to present what he had skirted in The White Peacock, a fictional version of his parents' marriage: a long-suffering, unimpeachably mature mother struggling to maintain a semblance of respectability in a colliery town while having to cope with a careless, often drunken miner husband. The unexpected death of the husband that is revealed at the end of the story would act as a sudden dramatic reversal enabling Lawrence, in a scene of intense emotion, to play a sharp light on the actual bond that had managed to subsist between the almost estranged husband and wife.

The first half of this intention Lawrence achieved competently in the first version, and he significantly improved on it in the 1911 version. The visual imagery is striking and purposeful: the gathering darkness inside the house, the red glow from the coal fire, the copper light irradiating the mother's maternal figure, the actual odour of chrysanthemums all deftly suggest her frustrated potential for a fuller maternal blossoming. Reinforcing these suggestions are the overtones of the moral and physical griminess of her environment, a griminess she is always combatting: the coal dust on the washing and chrysanthemums, the rats, her father's re-marrying too soon after her mother's death, her husband's drinking habits. Thus we are led into sympathy with Mrs. Bates' view of things. We are given no chance to sympathise with the husband till the end when he appears in the most eloquent and forceful way he has it in him to do: in his sheer, now ideal (because no longer capable of "error"), physical presence. Lawrence had apparently hit upon an ingenious way of achieving the balance and fairness that his "dramatic" method of impersonal presentation required.

The greater economy of the 1911 version results from a clearer understanding of this logic of the story. Certain details that do not contribute to the developing tension

are, as a result, excised or altered: the children's games are much cut, and Mrs Bates' overt suspicions about a pit accident are deleted to heighten her shock at the end. Literary, clichéd or affected usages are also deleted (for example, "[The grandmother] seemed to be looking back down the long dark avenue of her troubles." Boulton: "Odour", p.34), as are overt interpretations of the characters' feelings and motivations. Similarly the superfluity of the comment that follows Mr Rigley's worried offer to "step up to Salmon's an' see if 'e [Bates] is theer" - that he is "afraid of taking liberties with this woman [for t]he bounds of intimacy are very dangerous to overstep" (Boulton: "Odour", p.31) - is recognised and deleted. By 1911 Lawrence had evidently realised that explicit commentary needlessly draws attention to the narrator's presence: "Let the meaning declare itself" he must have been reminding himself as he made the revisions.

By 1911 Lawrence can afford to let the story "tell itself". He has developed the ability to ensure that the intersection of a character's actions and words with the details of his domestic surroundings will define him. Mrs Bates' desire, say, to save her "bit of carpet" from getting dirty when the body of her husband is brought in is one of the many indirect lights we get on her character; the orderliness of the kitchen and her manner of disciplining the children are others. There is an interesting consequence of choosing this method of characterisation: if the social mores Lawrence describes become increasingly givens (for example, Mrs Bates' scruple about going to look for her husband in the pub) and the economic situation inevitable then we must necessarily come to sympathise with the mother for, in the circumstances presented, she is unfailingly mature. There is no Blakean (or later-Lawrentian) suggestion that repression of her resentment (as in her taking up her husband's pit singlet to sew directly after having reviled him) is rotting anything vital in her life. Nor is there any inquiry into the sources of her residual love and fidelity to her husband. She simply is as she is. Lawrence's dramatic method does not equip him to go deeper.

This is why Lawrence could not get the ending right in the first two versions. Although he was perfectly able to maximise the dramatic effect of the plot, he simply could not provide the full concentration on Mrs Bates' current of emotion that the massive ironic reversal calls for. In both 1909 and 1911 versions he has to force the issue and only comes up with some weak and disjointed intuitive psychologising, mixed in with speculations that belong to the dramatic mode (her calculating hurriedly whether she will have enough money to live on). We are left wondering whether she would think this; the problem is that Lawrence does not convince us he knows either. Similarly the "strange thrills" the wife and mother-in-law are said to feel in handling the body. What are we to make of the remark? Nothing that we have learnt of Mrs Bates so far informs this response of hers, and in any case we are told that it is predominantly a gush of motherly pity that the sight of the body of her dead husband evokes in her. Not only is there this confusion but the end-of-story reversal is made as easy as possible on the wife by insisting on the husband's culpability in the midst of her awakened emotion (1909 version):

She loved him so much now; her life was mended again, and her faith looked up with a smile; he had come home to her, beautiful. How she had loathed him! It was strange he could have been such as he had been. How wise of death to be so silent! If he spoke, even now, her anger and her scorn would lift their heads like fire. (Boulton: "Odour", p.44)

The affected literary touches in this passage (such as the personification of death and faith) are what in the rest of the story Lawrence excised in 1911; that the corresponding last scene in 1911 becomes even more literary and affected once again demonstrates the limits of Lawrence's dramatic art.

He said in a letter of the time that he had a great deal of trouble with the ending (Boulton I, 250). No doubt his mother's recent death in December 1910 had made

clarification of the emotional drama more difficult of achievement. However that may be, he fails entirely to salvage the ending of the story. He attempts to vindicate the mother even more fully than in 1909 by means of a sententious and gratuitous little sermon ("He betrayed himself in his search for amusement ...", ER VIII, 1911, 432). That Mrs Bates' response is maternal rather than wifely-sexual is insisted on, and an ambiguity in the 1909 version in regard to this is eliminated.<sup>13</sup> The mother in action (as practical housewife, contriver on an inadequate income, discipliner of the children, long-suffering wife, striver after respectability) Lawrence has caught to a tee. The mother shocked suddenly back into the unalloyed position of wife, made the channel of feelings she can hardly understand and cannot control (which, as Littlewood observes, we can, with the hindsight of the 1914 version, see the story had in it to be brought out), Lawrence can do nothing to evoke. But yet do we need to see it in these terms? Littlewood's view is an attractive one; it provides an adequate summary of Mrs Bates' changing states of mind. Yet it ignores what I wish to suggest is the facilitating factor: Lawrence's commitment to a new structuring of his fiction.

In July 1914 Lawrence came to revise "The Odour of Chrysanthemums". Reading back over the text of the 1911 version he must have thought that, except for the ending, it was written in a mode that he either could not or had no wish to improve on. (There is a little bit of tinkering with the body of the story but no significant change.)

In the ending of the story, however, Lawrence had failed to take advantage of the ironic reversal the story had been preparing (the wife's decrying the husband for slinking off to the pub when actually he is dead). In the body of the story everything is, artistically, of equal importance. Each emotional state is defined and circumscribed by its dramatic placement. Our sense of Mrs Bates is the product of the intersection of a complex of factors. However, in the last few pages one emotional state - her sudden realisation of her husband's apartness now that he is dead and the belief, springing from this, that she had

got him wrong while he was alive - is lifted out of its context and endowed with such a great importance, that it revises and finally determines our whole response to the foregoing story. The importance is achieved by Lawrence's committing himself to what is essentially a new direction in his art: a "living out" of the wife's intense emotion on the page:

Elizabeth looked up. The man's mouth was fallen back, slightly open under the cover of the moustache. The eyes, half shut, did not show glazed in the obscurity. Life with its smoky burning gone from him, had left him apart and utterly alien to her. And she knew what a stranger he was to her. In her womb was ice of fear, because of this separate stranger with whom she had been living as one flesh. Was this what it all meant - utter, intact separateness, obscured by heat of living?

She had denied him what he was - she saw it now. She had refused him as himself. And this had been her life, and his life. She was grateful to death, which restored the truth.

It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy and inert. A terrible dread gripped her all the while: that he could be so heavy and utterly inert, unresponsive, apart. The horror of the distance between them was almost too much for her - it was so infinite a gap she must look across. (PO, 222-24)

The startling newness of the expressions, "had left him apart", "in her womb was ice of fear"; the amplitude of meaning achieved through an abstractness of statement ("utter, intact separateness") or through poignant simplicity ("She had denied him what he was") provide a concentration of focus on Mrs Bates unachievable in the dramatic mode of the body of the story. This newfound pressure of meaning gives Lawrence direct access to the subconscious movements of Mrs Bates' life - which the dramatic mode could only hint at - and sparks a new depth of involvement on the reader's part. We had been (in each version) responding sympathetically to the wife's unfair lot, admiring her unrewarded patience and maturity. Now, at the end, we're

trapped - as she is - into making the embarrassing admission that her view of things - which had seemed so impregnably justified - was in fact the merest illusion. In terms of the deeper level of reality which she experiences in seeing her dead husband her moral system is exposed as not only hollow but injurious and deadening. Real living is something radically other than she had thought it was. The world of the story is, in other words, rapidly but convincingly polarised into the living and the deadening. They become our terms of reference: in terms of them the elements of the story take up their meaning. They literally polarise the story.

This development in Lawrence's art could be seen as a regrettable one - particularly by those readers who prefer Sons and Lovers to Women in Love. Lawrence, it could be objected, is erecting one particular emotional state, and the interpretation of things it generates, into the touchstone of reality. There is no room to argue with the author as there was in Sons and Lovers. Lawrence would appear to be abandoning his concern to achieve that width of democratic interest that characterised his period of dramatic realism. The move looks forward to that narrowing of Lawrence's uncommitted sympathetic interest and that withdrawal of charity which I described in Chapter One.

Lawrence's growing ability to verbalise the obscure workings of a character's sub-conscious flow of feeling, to render it with the inarticulate intensity with which unconscious feeling strike the character, had opened up for him the possibility of linking the particular with the universal. Lawrence's use of phrasing of generalised significance in 1911 had led only to the sententious and pontificating ("He had come from the discipleship of youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence .... Let Education teach us to amuse ourselves, necessity will train us to work." ER, 432) In 1914 abstract nouns find their rightful home ("Was this what it all meant - utter, intact separateness, obscured by heat of living?" PO, 222). However, the grandness of gesture, and scope of implication, of wording of this kind ("There lies the reality"; "she knew she had never seen him" ;

"She had denied him what he was"; "it was so infinite a gap she must look across." PO, 223-24) reaches out from the dramatic context so much that the fictional world of the story is soon "filled" by it. Lawrence must have recognised the need for a sharp polarisation of the story to channel and focus the generality of reference. It was a focussing that, if it involved in one sense a simplification of the issues, allowed Lawrence thereby to prosecute with more energy and less distraction a search for the fundamentals that underlay the everyday world of the body of the sketch. It's important to realise that this is not a mere imposition of the terms of the polarity: Lawrence has to arrive at it, imagine it in terms of the resistant medium of the character's subconscious.

For "Odour of Chrysanthemums" this was only possible in the ending of the story (if, that is, he were not to scrap the story and start again - an unlikely event since his short stories were at this time his principal means of ready income). In "Daughters of the Vicar", although various discordant threads from its early versions occasionally show through, the polarising tendency is more fully developed.

The idea of an opposition or at least a contrast of the two sisters' choice of marriage partners was not, however, a thing of 1914; it is revealed in the title of the 1911 version ("Two Marriages"). There were to be two heroines rather than one. Mary is given a fuller place in the 1911 version: for instance, it is she rather than Louisa who, in the 1913 and 1914 versions, goes with Mr Massy to visit the dying Mr Durant. According to E.T., Lawrence once remarked that the usual plan for writing novels was to "take two couples and develop their relationship" <sup>15</sup>; he seemed to be following his own advice here. Mary's marrying the misshapen and underdeveloped Massy would contrast with

Louisa's decision to marry the more wholesome, if mother-dominated, Alfred Durant. Lawrence shows interest in other of his early writings in using contrasts. According to E.T., Lawrence felt Annable ("animal"?) had to be incorporated into The White Peacock to counterbalance the over-refined sensitivity of Cyril.<sup>16</sup> But nothing much came of the intention. In Sons and Lovers Paul's women are supposed to represent opposite types: Miriam spiritual and "personal", Clara sensual and "impersonal". And there was the apparent desire, early in the novel, to erect Mr and Mrs Morel's marital discord into something larger, more representative:

She was a puritan, like her father, high-minded, and really stern. Therefore the dusky, golden softness of this man's sensuous flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like the flame from a candle, not baffled and gripped into incandescence by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, beyond her.  
(SL, 18)

However the passage is more a remarkable foreshadowing of future themes than a disclosure of the central insight around which Sons and Lovers would be constructed. Interestingly, the passage dates from the third - and not the last - version of Sons and Lovers (November 1911 - April 1912).<sup>17</sup> In any case the incipient polarity gets overwhelmed by the complexities of the dramatic rendering of their home life. Lawrence was moving towards Garnett's requirements in 1912, not away from them. In these early works contrasts and oppositions are either decorative or contributive; they in no way form the central structure of their respective fictions.

This is what we find, too, in "Two Marriages". The story is a mixture of social detail (the Lindleys' impoverished middle class situation), heated dramatic interchange, and intrusive autobiography (the smothering relationship of Mrs Durant and Alfred). The story of Mary's marriage to Massy, and Louisa's emerging affection for Alfred, is woven in between. It's as if Lawrence had not made up his

mind where to put his emphasis, where the centre of his story lay. Lawrence's sharp ear for the asperities of dramatic conflict and his growing ability (by 1911) to bring them out in their sharpest, hottest light makes for a more memorable interchange between Mrs Durant and the vicar than we get in the later versions, but the shape of the story as a whole suffers. Mrs Durant rubs in the fact of the vicar's poverty and his dependence on her contributions rather too much for us to feel <sup>the</sup> sympathy we are later to feel for her as she lies dying, or readily to connect this Mrs Durant with the one who is the object of her son's excessive affections.

The 1913 version is considerably reshaped. Mrs Durant's aggressiveness is toned down by removing the information that Louisa is the organist and, as such, the recipient of Mrs Durant's contribution. Evidently Lawrence now considered this something of a loose end that would needlessly divert attention from the opposition of the two marriages that came, now, more importantly to the centre of the tale. Louisa's argument with her parents about the Durant men's drinking habits (retained in the 1914 version, also in Part II) is introduced to widen the gap between the Lindley's kind of respectability (which Mary symbolically succumbs to in marrying Massy) and Louisa's love-idealism. In order to attach it more definitely to Alfred, Lawrence, in 1913, sends off Louisa, rather than Mary, with Massy to visit the dying Durant so that in seeing Alfred's suffering her interest in him can be re-aroused. Moreover, Massy is more thoroughly vilified in the 1913 version: "The family had to exert all their self-control to treat him as a human being" (Lazarus, p.10); "He made her [Louisa] think of a maggot, that is quite content with itself." (Lazarus, p.18). The portrait of the Lindleys as a family is correspondingly darkened and its details made weightier by an "interiorisation" (if, in 1913, a little staccato) of some of the sketch which, in each version, fills in their history prior to the opening of the story:

The vicar and his wife were outcasts. Mrs Lindley rebelled but the seat of her resentment was against her husband, and she was afraid, seeing him already beaten. She had no stand-back in life. And afraid lest her anger and disappointment should bring down his life and hers in ruin, and she should have no place; afraid to war with her present condition for fear of the conditions afterwards, she stifled herself. Children came quickly. The vicar and his wife went out very little. He was seen sometimes passing indefinitely down the lanes. She stayed in the vicarage among the shrubs with the children and a servant. And at last she became an invalid and took to her couch. (Lazarus, p.2)

The interiorisation gives the facts a scope and a resonance within the story that they lacked in the 1911 version:

[The colliers'] attitude towards her was one long insult. She held the whole people in aversion. Then poverty came, and further undermined her pride. After the first year, the vicar's lady was never seen outside her vicarage, save on her short transit to church each Sunday morning, or, very rarely, seated in the trap hired from the "Robin Hood" to drive her the three miles to the station. Gradually she retired into an invalid's sofa, her only refuge from overwhelming mortification of poverty, worry, and insult; she had eight children. (Time and Tide, 24/3/34, p.393)

The shift between the two versions is away from observable facts and social details towards their effect on the psyche. This is potentially liberating for Lawrence's art: the necessity of finding an objective correlative for emotion - something by which we can infer what is going on inside - is on the point of being bypassed and, with it, the limited impact of such correlatives (for in Lawrence's dramatic art they must remain within the realms of the probable and domestic). As Lawrence began to develop his characteristic type of interior monologue - his modulating the prose from, say, dialogue to conscious thought monologue, to unconscious or instinctual murmurings and back again - he had to introduce an extravagance of language and of psychological posture if he was to invoke the inner life with the unmediated intensity with which the character experienced the particular feeling. However, the extravagance of

language would of necessity have an effect as well on the story's meaning and directions that would be larger than and unbounded by its simple dramatic placement. Witness the sisters' reactions (of 1913) to Mary's marrying Massy:

When Miss Louisa knew, she was silent with bitter anger against everybody, even against Mary. And she loathed Mr Massy. She thought his self-confidence something monstrous. He was not ashamed. Therefore she wanted to exterminate him. He made her think of a maggot, that is quite content with itself....

Miss Mary, in marrying him, tried to withdraw right into herself and leave her body insensible. She said she had no feelings, she had shut them up. This did not prevent her from suffering agonies of shame at first. She felt utterly violated. (Lazarus, pp.17-18)

There is nothing corresponding to this in the 1911 version; in the 1914 version on the other hand the technique is taken further.

However, there is a danger in this tendency. To the extent that the various effects of the story shake themselves loose of a dramatic definition (the above quotation is a good example) in what way are they to be otherwise organised? I suspect that, in 1913, Lawrence had no satisfactory answer - as "The Prussian Officer" demonstrates. (It was published as "Honour and Arms" - with a number of passages editorially cut to reduce the length, but restored for book publication.)

Keith Cushman argues that the story "is a fully achieved embodiment of Lawrentian metaphysic - of the dualistic vision so centrally significant to his best art.... [The opposition of the Captain and Schöner] function[s] within the larger framework of antitheses that give the story structure: the valley and the mountains, heat and cold, life and death." The story, Cushman believes, "reverses the significant pattern [the 1914 maturing] that is the primary occasion of this book."<sup>18</sup> The antitheses Cushman mentions are undoubtedly utilised in the story. However, this story (written in June 1913) is not the first

occasion on which Lawrence demonstrated a conscious and intentional use of antitheses. I have pointed to the (little developed) examples of intentional contrasts in The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers. In his subsequent "Foreword" to Sons and Lovers of January, 1913 he can be seen rather portentously manoeuvring oppositions of male and female, God the Father and God the Son, contrasting twin male responses to the woman, applying all these to his own (unmentioned) experience, seeing how his schema might explain or generalise that experience. In the third (early 1912) version of Sons and Lovers and in the published version, the first love-making suggests, for Paul, an extrapolation of his own feelings: the stillness afterwards is "'being'" (it's italicised), the world of activity is "'not-to-be'".<sup>19</sup> Yet the note is merely dropped into the novel; and were it not for the concern of the later non-fiction to explore dualities Lawrence's "Foreword" could be dismissed as merely a tangled and obscure piece of experimental prose. Nevertheless, if a "dualistic vision" is the infallible sign of Lawrence's great maturation, then Cushman has at least got his dating wrong and needs to push it further back still than June 1913. (Oddly, however, he mis-dates the "Foreword" as coming after the composition of "The Prussian Officer".<sup>20</sup>)

It is true that a scrutiny of "The Prussian Officer" demonstrates an increasingly conscious use of opposites (consciousness/unconsciousness, repression/sensuous ease, mountains/valley etc.), but Lawrence shows very little ability to organise a coherent meaning for the story in terms of the opposites. Indeed, Ann Englander, in an article in the Sewanee Review in 1963, convincingly demonstrates the deep confusion Lawrence's dualisms led him into.<sup>21</sup> The orderly, she points out, is intended to represent pure, unthwarted and unconscious life; the Captain has undergone a rigid repression of the unconscious in the interests of making himself an efficient <sup>self-</sup>disciplined Army functionary. Englander then describes how the story unfolds from the Captain's inability to maintain his "mechanical" exterior, given the presence, everyday, of the orderly's

"blind, instinctive sureness of movement", his "unhampered young animal" qualities (PO, 9). The officer, Lawrence writes, "did not choose to be touched into life by his servant." (PO, 9) Thus, on the metaphysical level, the orderly, Englander argues, ought to be seen as the counterpart of the Captain's own unconscious which he is repressing.

But [Englander observes] at the story level the orderly is a man, not a symbol; and it is a specific desire for the boy that the Captain represses, not an influx of undifferentiated "emotion", "instinct", "warmth" - or anything else that is the opposite of "discipline" and "rigidity" - from the Unconscious.

Moreover, Englander argues,

If, as Lawrence would have us believe, the officer's reactions to his orderly are the result of his repression, how does Lawrence explain the development of homosexual leanings in a boy whose Unconscious is unrepressed and therefore, presumably, life-giving?....[I]t looks very much, [she archly remarks] as if Schöner has caught contagious latent homosexuality. 22

The tone of her remark is indicative of her impatience with the story as a whole. She has caught Lawrence out in this story.

However, her general objection is less acceptable. Englander objects to the whole business of injecting a dualist theory of the personality into fiction, arguing that it "can neither reveal nor explain the nuances of their behavior as human beings."<sup>23</sup> I think this is true, but then Lawrence is little interested in "nuances" in his post-1912 prose. Instead one can feel, in this story, Lawrence stretching his wings in the direct depiction of what he declared he had achieved earlier that year in The Insurrection of Miss Houghton: the "stratum deeper than ... anybody has ever gone" (Boulton I, 526; CL, 193) - the depiction of the workings of the unconscious driven, here, into an extreme dislocation. The unconscious/ conscious dualism seems to me

to be only a means of initiating a long virtuoso rendition of this. Certainly it gives Lawrence little help in keeping that rendition comprehensible. Lawrence turns instead to an excessive use of sensuous imagery in an attempt to keep us closely in touch with the orderly's disordered and almost drugged sub-consciousness. The actual events taking place recede almost entirely into the background:

When, to his dumb wonder, he opened his eyes on the world again, he no longer tried to remember what it was. There was thick, golden light behind golden-green glitterings, and tall, grey-purple shafts, and darkness further off, surrounding him, growing deeper. He was conscious of a sense of arrival. He was amid the reality, on the real, dark bottom. But there was the thirst burning in his brain. He felt lighter, not so heavy. He supposed it was newness. The air was muttering with thunder. He thought he was walking wonderfully swiftly and was coming straight to relief - or was it to water? (PO, 27)

The sensuous evocation of the woods does not simultaneously evoke much sense of the soldier; we see what he saw but, in the language, we don't feel him seeing. (The depiction of this is a development that belongs to 1914.) Thus this potential purchase on reality is lost. So too is another as Lawrence tries to evoke the reality/unreality opposition. (After experiencing "the real, dark bottom" he sees the woman who is described as "the bright, solid unreality".) The opposition, however, works at cross-purposes to the repression-and-consciousness versus unconsciousness-and-sensuous-life opposition of the earlier part of the story. What is the real thing at the dark bottom? and how, in comparison, is the woman "unreal" unless in terms of the scheme, we align her with the Captain - which we've no reason for doing? The mountain/valley opposition comes also to the fore in the last moments of the orderly's life and it's the mountains' "beauty, so clean and cool, [that] seemed to have it, that which was lost in him." (PO, 29) Presumably, if the mountains have "it" then where he is - the woods - have not got it. If "it" is resolved association of the consciousness and unconsciousness, then this

entails that the squirrels and birds he had just seen (and which seemed to be functioning as examples of carefree naturalness - of life got "right") have not got their life right after all. Thus the dualist oppositions only precipitate the story into confusion; they fail to order Lawrence's "sultrily over-charged" foray into the sub-personal and sub-conscious.<sup>24</sup> Nor does the story's reality/unreality opposition irresistibly refer outside the story as - I argue below - the central opposition of the companion piece to "The Prussian Officer", "The Thorn in the Flesh", does. And this story's 1913 version was revised in 1914.

The 1913 version of "Daughters of the Vicar", in a somewhat similar way, shows Lawrence experimenting with opposites and attempting half-heartedly to re-shape the earlier version around them - as if he half-knew that his emerging ability to evoke and follow the workings of the sub-consciousness called for a new kind of organisation. But a real polarity that charges and organises the meaning of the story is not achieved till 1914. In 1913 the Lindleys' respectability and Massy are made more objectionable and a way out for Louisa with Alfred more necessary, but the significance of the story remains a largely conventional affair. In 1914 the story is charged with a new and deepened meaning when Lawrence finds the confidence completely to dissociate social disease and individual solution, to make the Lindleys' denial of life more extreme and to portray Alfred and Louisa's release as the more purely life-giving. The Lindleys are seen as having trammelled their lives in social shells, as having compounded for social position or security at the cost of vital energies that only Louisa manages to liberate by "exceeding", in several almost magical moments, social definition and self altogether. I don't think I need to analyse any further those moments when she "sees" Durant as he "really" and unconsciously is, as essentially "other" than herself, thus taking her "out of herself"; the critics, J.C.F. Littlewood in particular, have done the job admirably already.<sup>25</sup> What I do wish to insist on, however, is not, as the critics would have it, that somehow out of his living with Frieda

over the 1912-1914 period Lawrence made the psychological "discovery" of otherness in 1914 and, realising its importance, decided to put it into the revisions. Rather, as I see it, Lawrence only managed to make this discovery in the form it achieved in the story by committing his art, benefitting as it was from/<sup>his</sup> constantly expanding powers of rendering the subconscious, to explore extreme and opposite cases, and to allow these opposed essences to order his fiction, informing every aspect of the story.

It's just such a polarity that is lacking in 1913; the fairly harsh portrait of the Lindleys becomes, in the absence of a vital, defining opposite, just run of the mill social criticism. There is no opposite "pole" that can characterise their dampening effect on their children as one of destruction of the vital. Lawrence is unable to push his art to this level of quintessential clarification in 1913. Louisa's awakening love for Durant is seen very much as it was in 1911, still partaking of the motherly and of the socially superior; Louisa is appreciative of Durant rather than shocked by his otherness. In section X as she serves Durant his dinner we read, in the 1913 version, "She loved doing it, it seemed so exciting to have him in her hands .... he seemed pleasant to her eyes. His black face and arms/were strange; it suited him to be all dirty.... His dirt was not repulsive to her; it would wash off; it all seemed so strange." (Lazarus, p.35) Her reactions in the 1914 version are much less comforting and less aesthetic. Psychologically they are more extreme but feel right because they are:

She was strung up tense, trying to understand him and his mother .... Her soul watched him, trying to see what he was. His black face and arms were uncouth, he was foreign. His face was masked black with coal-dust. She could not see him, she could not know him .... What was he, as he sat there in his pit-dirt? She could not see him, and it hurt her. (PO, 85)

Similarly, in exploring Durant's awakening to Louisa (in the

1914 revision) it's the discomfoting gulf in their relationship that is stressed and his "losing himself" (PO, 89) in his contemplation of her. The 1913 version had hardly extricated itself from the 1911 version in this respect. (At this stage of the story - past the end of the Time and Tide published sections - one can read the 1911 scene underneath the 1913 revisions Lawrence had superimposed on the 1911 typescript.) The 1911 version had stressed, naturally enough, her class superiority: "Suddenly, he realised that she was far above him in education, in thought as well. Yes, she was beautiful." In 1913 this becomes, "Suddenly she seemed far above him, she was beyond him in everything. And he felt forlorn. Yes, she was above him." (Lazarus, p.38) Both versions continue: "She had beautiful white plump hands" and the 1913 version adds, "- a lady's hands." The potentially open-ended emotional effect is lost by the tying of the emotion to considerations of class. Most revealingly, the back-washing scene, so crucial to the meaning of the 1914 version, is taken over in the 1913 version, almost word for word from 1911. "They were neither of them sorry when the washing was done", it concludes, "She put down the flannel and fled upstairs, flushing furiously." (Time and Tide, p.399). This has none of the makings of the fundamentality and breadth of implication of the 1914 version; the best we can hope for in their relationship (and what in fact we get in the 1913 version) is an emotionally heightened and dramatically tense love-recognition scene that, however, does not strive to clarify the "essential" elements of love as the 1914 does. In that sense its significance is "contained" by the narrative of which it's a part. It does not lead, on either side, to an extreme personal dislocation that could, standing opposite the Lindleys' social compromises, polarise the significance of the contents of the story.

This is, in large part, achieved in 1914. Lawrence is prepared to sacrifice the verisimilitude that comes from grounding the art in the likelihoods and probabilities of social living. What the Lindleys represent is given a new and powerful clarity through pushing their case

towards an extreme. A vocabulary of hardness and impermeability (which contrasts later with Durant and Louisa's "rawness" to one another, to the vulnerability of their relationship) is added to the 1913 descriptions. The vicarage, in 1913 "a humped mouse" (Lazarus, p.1), becomes "a humped stone-and-mortar mouse" (PO, 50); Mrs Lindley's fear, in 1913, that "her anger and disappointment should bring down his life and hers in ruin" (Lazarus, p.2) becomes "unless she were careful, she would smash her form of life and bring catastrophe upon him and upon herself" (PO, 51). In 1913 the girls' hearts "began to grow chilled with fear of this perpetual, cold penury" (Lazarus, p.10); in 1914 they "were chilled and hardened..." (PO, 59). Furthermore, what compensating virtues Mr and Mrs Lindley have are removed. In 1913 Mrs Lindley is "a bouncing, authoritative young woman" (Lazarus, p.1); in 1914 she is merely "self-assured" (PO, 50) nor, is her husband any longer accorded the honour of "set[ting] out in all honesty to bring the colliers into the church" (Lazarus, p.1). The emphasis falls, instead, unremittingly on his smouldering resentment and emotional sterility. Lawrence is far less compassionate than previously, and the Lindleys probably become less statistically representative as a result. But rendering the situation extreme does not lead to oversimplification, for it calls up a more searching and thorough psychologising. In this way Lawrence's attitude to the Lindleys if, in a sense, pre-conceived is re-conceived - in the 1914 version of Mrs Lindley's history of dissatisfaction, for instance, in terms of the resistant medium of her psychology:

Wounded to the quick of her pride, she found herself isolated in an indifferent, callous population. She raged indoors and out. But soon she learned that she must pay too heavily for her outdoor rages, and then she only raged within the walls of the rectory. There her feeling was so strong that she frightened herself. She saw herself hating her husband, and she knew that, unless she were careful, she would smash her form of life and bring catastrophe upon him and upon herself. So in very fear she went quiet. She

hid, bitter and beaten by fear, behind the only shelter she had in the world, her gloomy, poor parsonage.

Children were born every year; almost mechanically, she continued to perform her maternal duty, which was forced upon her. Gradually, broken by the suppressing of her violent anger and misery and disgust, she became an invalid and took to her couch.  
(PO, 51-2)

The idea of willed invalidism, almost melodramatic in its improbability, can only be said, if present in the 1911 and 1913 versions, to be understood in the 1914. Lawrence accepts and realises the extreme psychological case. The large gestures and the hyperbolic language Lawrence employs can now unleash their full scope of reference and implication. Balanced against Louisa's and Alfred's "opening to one another" (with its psychological extremity) the Lindleys become the pure embodiment of life-denying social compromise. There is "room" available for this once socio-economic location is relegated to a secondary position. Kingsley Widmer, in his stimulating book, D.H. Lawrence and the Art of Perversity (1962), wonders whether it is "possible to write major fiction concerned with the actual world yet staying outside of some version of the social and moral scheme that we call 'realism'?"<sup>26</sup> It seems to me that from 1914 (perhaps excepting the first two generations of The Rainbow) Lawrence proved that it was; dramatic realism is superseded as the primary desideratum. Widmer is the outstanding (and almost the only) example of a post-thirties critic to have faced up to the unpleasant extremity of the marital and social situations portrayed in Lawrence's art.<sup>27</sup> Nevertheless, so intent is he on highlighting Lawrence's heterodoxical insistence on the demonic and perverse as a continuous concern throughout his literary career that he fails to register the significance of the 1914 revisions: Lawrence's turning polarity into a literary form that would replace his art's first allegiance to the social and moral scheme we call "realism".

Roger Fry's comment on Cézanne's famous statement that natural forms all tend to the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder can help us to understand Lawrence's use of polarities:

[I]n his endeavour to handle the infinite diversity of nature [Cézanne] found these forms convenient as a kind of intellectual scaffolding to which the actual form could be related and referred.... his interpretation of natural forms always seems to imply that he is at once thinking in terms of extremely simple geometrical forms, and allowing those to be infinitely and infinitesimally modified at each point by his visual sensations. 28

There is a deforming and then a reforming of the visual scene; the dominant and preconceived interpretation (the basic geometrical form) is brought into interaction with, but is not subjugated to, what is actually (photographically) there. The preconceived is, in this way, re-conceived; the process of Cézanne's doing so is there in the painting and is, Fry argues, the predominant interest.

Lawrence seems to have understood intuitively what Cézanne understood; the peculiarly active process of discovery which Fry describes might equally be predicated of Lawrence. Both "strove", and here I'm adapting a comment about Cézanne made by Adrian Stokes, "for [their] senses to reveal, for [their] mind[s] to re-create, a quintessential structure .... without the arrière pensée of 'thinking makes it so'."<sup>29</sup> The opposite terms of Lawrence's polarity may be there, preconceived, but they are not left that way, not simply imposed. Lawrence has to establish the polarity in terms of the workings of the subconsciousness or the probabilities of social living. Lawrence has to demonstrate that the polarity offers not an exhaustive but an unavoidable account of reality in the story, that it provides a compelling clarification of the issues.

This, however, fails to happen in the case of Massy. Although in the 1914 revision the descriptions of him are

made more derogatory and the idea of his living solely in a bloodless realm of abstract thought is injected, we get no sense of the preconceived interpretation confronting a reality. The changing conception of Massy does not provoke Lawrence into generating a corresponding psychology: symptomatically the presentation of him is hardly interiorised at all. Moreover, Lawrence found it necessary to continue tinkering with Massy in the October, 1914 revisions: he was evidently aware that there was something wrong. Massy did not cohere in the 1911 or 1913 versions either: he is presented as both strong (in his subjugating Mary to his wishes) and weak (physically) yet the connection between the two sides of him is not established. Lawrence's presentation is apt to strike us, as a result, simply as nasty.

Nor is this the only bit of lumber from the earlier versions that Lawrence fails to turn to his purpose in 1914. One or two of the purely dramatic scenes are hardly changed at all from their 1913 form; the metaphoric potential of the coal dust - disguise detail is only partly worked out, but most importantly Lawrence cannot fully turn to his purposes the autobiographical mother-son relationship. Even in 1911 Lawrence is well on the way to capturing the son's acute and overwhelming distress at his mother's dying. By 1913 he has done it perfectly: there has been Sons and Lovers in between. The 1914 additions do not make his plight more extreme whereas the other major elements of the story are made so. However, in the 1914 love-recognition scene he is allowed, rather like Bachmann after knocking the sergeant off the moat, in "Thorn in the Flesh", to stand free, a new man. Similarly (in 1914) when he goes to see Mr Lindley he has a much stronger, unembarrassed sense of purpose. In 1911 and 1913 he hates the prospect. The love-recognition scene in 1913 is much more intertwined with Alfred's mother-fixation than in 1914 where there is a pure release from it. Louisa, in 1913, manages to keep the conversation going (she is pinning on her hat, pulling on her gloves) by talking about his mother's wishes. Finally she rocks him on her breast and kisses him on the

forehead. She takes much more of the initiative. In 1914, on the other hand, she is "like a creature given up as prey" (PO, 96). Again, in 1913 Lawrence devotes more of his efforts to a naturalistic explanation of Durant's difficulty in feeling love for a woman, for Louisa. In 1914 he is less continuously interested in the causation. His concerns are more fundamental.

A further fault I find with Cushman's book is his failure to discriminate adequately between the various degrees of success of the stories Lawrence significantly revised in 1914. He devotes a long chapter to "The Shades of Spring", the revisions of the March 1912 version of which ("The Soiled Rose") involved only a rather mechanical injection of some of the ideas that Lawrence's polarising of the situations in "Odour" and "Daughters" produced. Although the Lawrence-figure, Syson, comes in for a shock — he is made, only in 1914, to realise he had got the Miriam-figure, Hilda, quite wrong — the significance of the realisation is in no way comparable to Mrs Bates'. And pace Cushman, Lawrence's personal presence in Syson, even though veiled by the third person, prevents a full polarisation of the story. Syson might be, in the story, convicted of complacency and even priggishness, but Hilda's reluctance to marry the gamekeeper (with whom, as Syson has just become aware, she has been having an affair) is a tacit admission that Syson, the man of culture from the city, has still a kind of superiority over the gamekeeper that Hilda needs. This may be truer to life but not to Lawrence's emerging art. Mrs Bates' equivalent "superiority" — her respectability and maternal maturity — gets no such gentle treatment.

Some of the revised stories lent themselves better to polarisation than others: accordingly, it seems to me that "Thorn in the Flesh" stands, after "Odour" and "Daughters", as the most significant achievement in the volume. "The Shades of Spring" still harkens after its autobiographical origins without quite achieving either the impersonality of dramatic realism of the Sons and Lovers Part One type or

the substantial reshaping and clarification typical of the 1914 breakthrough. "The White Stocking" and "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" were, in their unrevised forms, good second-rate, "nineteenth century" fictions. They possessed an inner coherence of a traditional kind that the language of the interior and Lawrence's dwelling on the underlying violence and gulfs in human relationships either dissipated ("Shadow") or simply filled out and deepened without superseding ("White Stocking").

"The Shadow in the Rose Garden" is a story that calls for a subtlety and delicacy to which Lawrence never quite found the key. As the title hints, the story is concerned with a series of ironic reversals: the husband's complacency in his ideal vision of his wife, her lingering ideal vision of her former lover (now mad), capped off by a disclosure scene where the shock both receive can be sublimated into a deeper appreciation of one another. It seems to me that Lawrence's 1913 revision of the 1907 first version ("The Vicar's Garden", unpublished) gets closer than the 1914 to the discriminating balance of sympathies that had to be maintained if no one element was to tear the tissue of the story's overall form.

A tableau in the second paragraph of the story (in 1913 and 1914 versions) prefigures the action. The husband contemplates a "Tree of Heaven" but decides instead to pluck an apple from a crooked apple tree. "To his surprise the fruit was sweet." Thereupon he sees "only his wife" (PO, 139). This same rationale is not superseded in the 1914 version. What is changed, however, is the language in which the responses of man and wife to their surprises are conceived. Take, for instance, the scene where she sees her former lover and realises he is mad. In 1913 Lawrence had, as one would have expected, made some progress towards presenting her shock with the unmediated intensity with which it would have struck her: "It was as if her brain had been torn in two, so that she was not an entity that could think and feel.... She sat perfectly still, afraid to move from her set position." (Smart Set, March, 1914, p.75). In 1914 Lawrence seeks to give the shock a more exquisite

intensity by employing the metaphor of the rape of a virgin: "It was as if some membrane had been torn in two in her". The other sentence becomes, "She sat perfectly still, without any being." (PO, 146) The abstract generality of the latter expressions (which do not here, I think, quite capture the woman's internal state) is characteristic of a number of 1914 additions in the story. Her neutrality in the face of her husband's question is emphasised in 1914: "He did not exist for her, except as an irritant .... She could not recover her life .... She sat absent, torn, without any being of her own." (PO, 147-48)

However, injecting this language of ultimates into the prose is risky. A problem associated with dealing in large responses is the need to have a definite and clear-cut structure in which to "contain" them, to prevent their overlapping and confusion. But here the special nature of the subject requires a subtle and restrained balancing of both the story's ironies and the reader's sympathies. The language of ultimates, however, tends to ride roughshod over such subtleties. Thus, although the violence of the disclosure scene at the end of the story is heightened in 1914, the earlier version's greater simplicity and unexplicitness make it, I think, more effective. (His wife has intimated she and the madman were once lovers):

Very slowly, he lifted his open hand and laid it on the dressing table to steady himself. He began to speak, but got nothing out. Then, hurt into simplicity, he said:

"You should have told me."

It was this she found so hard to accept. She closed her mouth and held herself shut from him. Then a queer, pathetic look came into her face, as if she were yielding herself up to pain.

"And then today," she went on, confessing to something greater than he, "I saw him in the rose garden - and he is out of his mind -".

(Smart Set, p.77)

If less fiery than its 1914 counterpart it's more moving. The tentative resolution at the end of the story ("We can't stop here then," he said") is not possible in 1914 - which

version ends on an unsatisfactory note of frustration and incompleteness.

The 1914 alterations to the 1913 version of "The White Stocking" are more successful although, once again, without managing to liberate the story from its former structure:

[Elsie] was stimulated all the day. She did not think about her husband. He was the permanent basis from which she took these giddy little flights into nowhere. At night, like chickens and curses, she would come home to him, to roost. (PO, 169)

Although this excerpt was added in 1914, it perfectly summarises the character of the heroine in the 1913 version. The frivolous, infantine Elsie may have been suggested by Rosamond Vincy (as I suspect was the case with Lettie Beardsall of The White Peacock: the short story's first version was of 1907); certainly the story has a moral theme of an Eliotesque kind. "Giddy little flights", however, by no means allows for the quasi-sexual kinship that, later in the 1914 story, she discovers with Sam Adams while dancing with him. One imagines Lawrence to have read through his earlier version and to have summarised its theme, thus accepting it as a way of structuring the new version.

However, it does not adequately accommodate the changes. In 1913 it's "that shallow self of hers, which was playing with Adams" (Smart Set, p.104) in the dance; in 1914 it's a very much deeper, less conscious and more exposed part of herself that interacts with Adams in a common giving of themselves to the stirring movement of the dance.

She went almost helplessly, carried along with him, unwilling, yet delighted.

That dance was an intoxication to her. After the first few steps, she felt herself slipping away from herself. She almost knew she was going, she did not even want to go. Yet she must have chosen to go. She lay in the arm of the steady, close man with whom she was dancing, and she seemed to swim away out of contact with the room, into him. She had passed into another, denser element of him, an essential

privacy. The room was all vague around her, like an atmosphere, like under sea, with a flow of ghostly, dumb movements. But she herself was held real against her partner, and it seemed she was connected with him, as if the movements of his body and limbs were her own movements, yet not her own movements - and oh, delicious! He was also given up, oblivious, concentrated, into the dance. His eye was unseeing. Only his large, voluptuous body gave off a subtle activity. His fingers seemed to search into her flesh. Every moment, and every moment, she felt she would give away utterly, and sink molten: the fusion point was coming when she would fuse down into perfect unconsciousness at his feet and knees. But he bore her round the room in the dance, and he seemed to sustain all her body with his limbs, his body, and his warmth seemed to come closer into her, nearer, till it would fuse right through her, and she would be as liquid to him, as an intoxication only. (PO, 174)

The innovative language (those metaphors for human feeling drawn, extraordinarily, from chemistry; the grammar's imitating the flow of feeling and the movement of the dance) provides an unmediated intimacy with Elsie's deep sensuous response to the man. However, there is nowhere, within the narrative structure Lawrence has accepted, for this new dimension to develop. His dividing up the male machismo between the two men merely adds a complication to the moral problem which remains the story's organising subject: Elsie's flirtatiousness and irresponsibility. Our recognition that this is the central theme, together with Lawrence's choosing not to make Adams a culpably lascivious dancer, prevent new moral questions from intruding into our empathising with the dance experiences. The rendition of them emerges, thus, as an essentially virtuoso achievement, detachable from the story.

Similarly the reconciliation of Elsie and her husband. It can only take place after Elsie has been rocked as deeply by Whiston as she has been by Adams. Although the portrayal of Whiston's anger and violence is a distinctively 1914 achievement ("his lust to see her bleed, to break her and destroy her.... It carried him. He wanted

satisfaction ", PO, 184), the feelings themselves are self-purging and the reconciliation that the story requires becomes possible. (And without, now, the cliché that marred the 1913 version: "But she loved him. Oh, down in the very kernel of her, she loved him", Smart Set, p.108). Thus an Eliotesque story is turned into a recognisably, if not a representatively, Lawrentian one: no innocent Elsie figures appear in Lawrence's later fiction for instance.

Bachmann and Emilie's discovery of a redeeming love in "The Thorn in the Flesh" ("Vin Ordinaire" in its original, 1913 version) in face of a hostile Authority was, on the other hand, not a dead end. ("The Virgin and the Gypsy" reworks an allied situation, for instance.) But it only achieved this powerful simplicity in the 1914 version. In 1913 most of the psychic clues were there: Bachmann's wetting himself, because of his fear of heights, when forced to climb the ramparts; the sergeant's surliness; Bachmann's unconscious reflex in knocking the sergeant into the moat; the flight to Emilie's bedroom; a restoring relationship (only partial in 1913) established with Emilie; the recapture. Yet "Vin Ordinaire" is a confused and ultimately rather pointless story. Emilie is left essentially unchanged by the experience; she sinks back into her dutifulness. As in the 1913 version of "Shadow in the Rose Garden", the irony of the story (here, love that almost came off; it's not clear whether their love is consummated or not) and the accounts of suffering (here, more impressively interiorised) seem to be the only upshot. As in "Honour and Arms", Lawrence deliberately seeks to restrict the action to the subconscious (for example, when Bachmann hits the sergeant) and to attempt to exploit the ambiguity of reference (internal as well as external) that descriptions of the action can have:

There was no way out - no way out. He was walking just blindly nowhere. Yet it was only forty miles to France. He took the next bridge across the river. Soon the order would be given for his arrest. He knew it was quite hopeless to think of escape. (ER XVII, 1914, 305)

"The Thorn in the Flesh", on the other hand, verges on being a major short work of fiction (a status I believe "Odour" and "Daughters" more certainly achieve). Lawrence accomplishes this by completing the logic the story had potentially in it, by making its lines "clearer", finding a significance - organising polarity that, in a confused form, had existed in the earlier version. On one side, Emilie's and Bachmann's achievement of love is made unequivocal. The other side of the new polarity - hostile and unnatural Authority - is established partly by de-personalising the sergeant. He no longer hates Bachmann personally; he merely sees him as a mechanical instrument of his will. Accordingly Lawrence has to provide him with a more ogreish personality. The relevant 1913 passage reads:

His head stuck forward, dropped a little between his straight, powerful shoulders. His face, once handsome and full of character, had relaxed, so that all its lines hung sullenly. The dark eyes were heavy underneath. It was the face of a passionate, ruined, hateful man. His duties were only intervals in his drinking. (ER, 299)

The puritanical undertones are deleted in 1914 and the figure is made altogether more repulsive:

His head was thrust forward, sunk a little between his powerful shoulders, and the strong jaw was pushed out aggressively. But the eyes were smouldering, the face hung slack and sodden with drink. (PO, 31)

More importantly, the idea (not much more than that in 1913), that the will's forcing the body beyond its natural limits is an outrage, is intensified by the now memorable account of the suffering that Bachmann undergoes on the ladder. Correspondingly, his striking the sergeant is seen as more a re-assertion of the natural; it induces an "inner silence" from which springs the "immediate instinctive decision" to decamp (PO, 35). No longer is he the "guilty soldier" of 1913 (ER, 303):

In his heart was a sense of vindication, of

escape. He was leaving it all, the military world, the shame. He was walking away from it. (PO, 35)

This "clear line" has been prepared for by Lawrence's depriving the depiction of Bachmann of several complicating factors that had made him more a "character" in the traditional sense - his showmanship, his concern about his mother's reaction to his desertion, his keen interest to learn how badly the sergeant is hurt, his need to rationalise his conduct and vindicate himself to Fräulein Hesse.

The new portrait of Bachmann leaves him free to embody a more representative role: the unleashing of his natural capabilities from the restrictions of unnatural, willed discipline. The new history with which Lawrence fits Emilie out extends this concern. Till the present, we now learn, she has found her natural course in duty, in serving. Thus she also needs liberating from her cocoon - which their cleansing passion, this time consummated, achieves. Again the rather schematic psychological plan calls forth from Lawrence (in the love making scene) that "extravagant" language of the subconscious which invests the particular with a potent general significance.

Or, almost. Lawrence's confidence falters somewhat. We find that although Emilie's new love has supposedly liberated her from the drug of unthinking dutifulness she seems only to have changed masters: "in joy and security of service again, she left him" (PO, 44); Bachmann, at the end, is once again shepherded back into the army and the Baron this time starts "preparing himself for what he could do [to help]" (PO, 49) despite the fact that the logic of the story pointed to complete release from Authority. Perhaps the real problem here is <sup>one</sup> that Lawrence recognised and tried to paste over: how can we triumphantly and wholeheartedly side with Bachmann and Emilie? The Ober-Leutnant may give his orders in "military cold confidence" (PO, 48) but, after all, he is only doing his job; the sergeant was injured needlessly after all; discipline is essential in an army and soldiers must learn to climb ramparts. Lawrence

cannot quite wrest a full polarity from the materials available.

I have criticised the tendency of the critics, who deal with the 1914 revisions, to use derivative Lawrentian terminology. The tendency can be seen as an upshot of Lawrence's polarising his stories. The amplitude, indeed extravagance, of meaning that Lawrence uses to render the subconsciousness can be channelled, I have argued, into the meaning of the story because the polarity is able to accommodate it. The corresponding extravagance of the critics' exegeses of Lawrence's "insights" - his vision of "the impersonal forces governing the universe" (the "universe", no less) - becomes understandable.<sup>30</sup> The critics are sympathetically, if somewhat too readily, reflecting the thrust of what undoubtedly is there. The clouding of the issues that, I've argued, this occasions is worsened by the accompanying assumption that the Lawrentian ideas they elucidate are directly, indeed urgently, relevant to life. Again, recognising the consequences of Lawrence's new commitment to polarisation is of assistance. The actual mode of relevance becomes clearer when one appreciates the deliberate selectivity and the shrinking of Lawrence's breadth of uncommitted sympathy and interest that is occasioned by the polarising of his fictions. By giving the stories' special moments of heightened responsiveness and apprehension a hyperbolic linguistic embodiment and revealing, as I have argued, an inherent "essence" or "fundamental dimension" of life, Lawrence avoids the confusion, hedging and unconscious self-deceits in which rendering the particular socio-economic complexities of a situation can trap a writer. (And certainly several critics have accused Lawrence of this in Sons and Lovers.) But he thereby deprives himself of an important forum of authentication - of dissolving his ideas in the normality of everyday life. So, in this important sense, Lawrence's insights are decidedly un-normative; their relevance to ordinary life is not at all direct.

The endings of the stories indicate this. What Mrs

Bates learns from her dead husband may be renovating, for example, and her experience, in the language of the critics, may be total and "of the whole self" but, we ought to ask ourselves, would this new awareness, had it come earlier in their marriage, have solved all their problems? She may have learnt that "real" living is something other than she had believed it was but, were her husband to recover, say, can we believe they would achieve a continuity of "real" living? Of course not. It's unimaginable. The question is particularly apposite in the case of this story. Stretched, as it is, between Lawrence's two styles, the body of the story lets us see aspects of Mrs Bates' character that do not participate in her renovating experience, aspects that enable us to say that her experience cannot possibly be one of the "whole self" (as the critics would have it) if "whole" is to mean what it says. To put the point another way, Mrs Bates may have discovered "real life" at last, in terms of which her prior life was dead and unreal, but that prior life, rendered so vividly and dramatically as it was in the body of the story, strikes the reader as decidedly "real" in another and not insignificant sense.

What I'm suggesting is that Lawrence cannot re-locate the accession of new life back inside ordinary, day-to-day living: his decision to adopt polarity as a literary form inevitably foreclosed this possibility.<sup>31</sup> Heightening and super-charging the significance of one kind of awareness, (what, within the story, becomes something as grand as "a mode of being") committed Lawrence to denigrating and generalising the failure of vital awareness in the opposite mode. To sanctify he had to vilify. So there's no place for the "new" Mrs Bates in the colliery town with the children (or at least we can't imagine it). Louisa and Durant have, inevitably, to forsake or, rather, divest themselves of Aldecross life. It is known, defined; the special nature of Louisa's and Durant's release would not maintain its peculiar brightness and unsullied purpose there. Canada, vague and unknown, is the fitting solution. Indeed, escape abroad was to become a Lawrentian stand-by.

(In the earlier versions of the story, by contrast, Durant and Louisa stay in Aldecross.)

The light that Lawrence plays on his material is not a thin, piercing one that we can accommodate along with our own other "lights" into the nature of things; it's a broad engulfing glare that alters everything under its arc, that makes us see as it illuminates. But very few readers, however sympathetically they re-phrase Lawrence's ideas, are either capable of, or willing to, make the extreme personal adjustments in their ways of understanding the world that Lawrence calls for. This is as it should be: we may respect fundamentalists (and Lawrence is a very special one) but few of us choose to become one. Thus the "relevance" of Lawrence's ideas cannot consistently be called a direct one; they are not directly transferable into life. They remain, ultimately, inverted comma ideas, trapped (paradoxically - for that is the very opposite of their thrust) in the art. Thus it's not surprising that the critics' elucidations of Lawrence's themes so often sound odd or embarrassing. Once out of the art they are fish out of water. Nor is it surprising that many readers have resented feeling ill at ease with or badgered by Lawrence's ideas. Were they to reflect on how Lawrence's adoption of polarity as a literary method qualifies the direct and demanding "relevance" of his art they might even come to agree that it's a good idea to "trust ourselves to the fiction" as one critic advises<sup>32</sup> - that the rewards for doing so can be great indeed - provided always, they are likely to add, that we understand how the fiction works.

#### CODA: WHY JULY 1914?

The springboard for the critics' accounts of the 1914 "breakthrough" has been Lawrence's famous "carbon" letter of 5 June, 1914. The critics take up the psychological implications of Lawrence's alternative to "the old stable ego - of the character" (CL, 282) in order to account for the (supposedly) new "Rainbow insights" that enter Lawrence's prose at this time. Yet next to no attention has been given to the effect the Italian Futurists might have had

on the revisions - despite the facts that Lawrence declares a strong interest in the two Futurist volumes he read and that it appears to have been this reading that sparked off his memorable articulations of what would provide "the only re-sourcing of art", of what novelistic conventions he most objects to, of what conception of man he intends to replace them with. Although, as I've pointed out, Lawrence was interested in oppositions and dualisms before July 1914, it was likely, I will now argue, that his reading of the Futurists provided Lawrence with the immediate stimulus to adopt polarisation as a literary form.<sup>33</sup>

Lawrence used the word "polarise" for the first time in his writing in his 1913 revision of "The Daughters of the Vicar".<sup>34</sup> He may have first come upon the concept of polarisation in Emerson's essay "Compensation" which was included in the International Library of Famous Literature.<sup>35</sup> The word "polarity" was, in any case, in common use, predominantly scientific, throughout the nineteenth century.<sup>36</sup> Goethe makes much of it in his Doctrine of the Theory of Colours. Nietzsche and Blake, both of whom Lawrence knew well, are further likely influences, although at least as important must have been Lawrence's familiarity with the extremist stances of New Testament morality and its clarification, for the first time in religious history, of the relationship of God and Heaven to the Devil and Hell as being one of diametric opposition.<sup>37</sup> There is a gap, however, between implantation and development of the idea (the 1913 stories, in particular, consciously experiment with it) and its final adoption as a literary form. The Futurists, as I see it, gave Lawrence the push he needed to take this last step.

Most likely Lawrence first came across the Futurists when reading Jane Harrison's Ancient Art and Ritual in October, 1913.<sup>38</sup> (He was not in London when the Futurists held their first exhibition there in March 1912.) In a letter to A.W. McLeod of the time he professed himself fascinated with her general thesis - "art coming out of religious yearning" (CL, 234) - but his attention may well also have been engaged by the context Harrison gives her one-page discussion of the Futurists. The Lawrence who

had declared in May that year: "I am fearfully proud of [Sons and Lovers but].... I shall not write quite in that style any more" (CL, 205) and who was currently writing The Sisters, something "so different from anything I have yet written, that I do nothing but wonder what it is like" (CL, 230), is quite likely to have spotted the incipient contradiction between the two main requirements Harrison sees modern art as being obliged to fulfil. She demands that it offer "first-hand emotion and expression", that it re-admit "keen emotion felt towards things and people living today ... including, among other and deeper forms of life, the haste and hurry of the modern street, the whirr of motor cars and aeroplanes [i.e. the Futurists' ambit]"<sup>39</sup> Simultaneously, however, she invokes a more conventional requirement - the necessity of detachment and impersonality - without suggesting how the two requirements could be reconciled:

This is the essence of the artist's vision, that he sees things detached and therefore more vividly, more completely, and in a different light. This is of the essence of the artist's emotion, that it is purified from personal desire.

This aloofness, this purgation of emotion from personal passion, art has in common with philosophy.

As M. André Beaunier has well observed, by the irony of things, when we see life in relation to ourselves we cannot really represent it at all.<sup>40</sup>

This is as neat an articulation (and before "Tradition and the Individual Talent") as one could hope for of a received literary critical consensus as to the desirable relationship of art and life.

Towards the end of his stay at Fiascherino Lawrence came again upon the Futurists. Presumably some member of his fairly extensive English and Italian acquaintance in the Lerici area lent him two Futurist volumes which I have identified as : Cubismo e Futurismo by Ardengo Soffici (this

is the "book of pictures" which also contains "Soffici's essays on cubism and futurism" that he mentions in the letter of 2nd June, CL, 279) and I Poeti Futuristi by Libero Altomare etc. (the "book of their poetry" with "Marinetti's and Paolo Buzzi's manifestations [sic.] and essays" (CL, 279). I explain in Appendix Five why these two books must have been the ones Lawrence read.) In the Futurists, I contend, he glimpsed a way through the contradiction inherent in his own earlier writing that Harrison had conveniently pin-pointed. Soffici and Marinetti gave him the last bit of encouragement he needed to "go over the top", to reject the authority of important literary canons: the necessity of detachment, of dramatic validation of ideas rather than imposition of them, the centrality of character, of the "old-fashioned human element". The Futurists, as I see it; prompted him to find the new artistic form to create what is, in an important but not pejorative sense, an extremist and simplifying art, one which aggressively polarises the near-bewildering complexity of life (or so the later Victorian and Edwardian novelists had tended to see it) into a choice between two basic modes of being. If, in his art, this meant distorting life, it was in order to see it more clearly, to try to grasp the essentials that underlay its complexities.

If this is what happened to Lawrence's art in 1914, in what way can the Futurists be said to have caused such a change? It is probably true in general that Lawrence in his reading, at least from the early 1910's, was not so much "influenced" as "ignited". He would shoot off at a tangent along his own highly individual train of thought. Although his response was often all wrong academically — grossly disproportionate to its stimulus, unpredictably selective, not "comprehensive" or "adequate" — he could, on the other hand, be a highly original and creative reader, brilliantly re-shaping his borrowings almost beyond recognition. So he asked Lady Ottoline Morrell for "a book not too big because", he explained, "I like to fill it in myself" (CL, 424).<sup>41</sup>

This was exactly what he proceeded to do with the Futurists. He would not, he wrote, trust their "eyes" but he would trust their "appetite" (CL, 282) - and their appetite was for revolt. If it was an "igniting cause" Lawrence needed at this juncture Marinetti was just the man for the job. The flamboyant and indefatigable propagandist of Futurism was bristling with electricity. He was a man who vowed to move mountains, issuing defiant manifesto after manifesto:

Nell' arte e nella letteratura, noi combattiamo tutta la sconcia eredità delle passate generazioni italiane, la stupidissima ossessione della cultura, il tradizionalismo accademico, pedante e pauroso, il senilismo sotto tutte le sue forme, la tirannia dei professori e degli archeologi, il culto dei musei e delle biblioteche.  
(I Poeti Futuristi, p. 9)

(In art and in literature we are combatting all the indecent heritage of past Italian generations, the supremely stupid obsession with culture, pedantic and fearful academic traditionalism, senility in all its forms, the tyranny of professors and archeologists, the cult of museums and libraries.)

Marinetti's imperious call for the violent overthrow of Academy culture, for what, in the first Futurist manifesto, he described as "the heavy framework of good sense" and "the horrible shell of wisdom",<sup>42</sup> must have struck a responsive chord in Lawrence, for although he recognised the element of adolescence in the revolt (the "college-student ... at his most blatant" he called it, CL, 280), he was nevertheless excited by Marinetti's confidence and ideas. For Marinetti there was a choice only between the deadening and the liberating. Just such inflaming notions were needed both to create, in their bluntness of assault, an umbrella of identity for the talented group who responded to Marinetti's call and to maintain in them the will and confidence to continue their pictorial and poetic explorations without recourse to received and more "adult" notions about art:

impersonality achieved through realism and naturalism, copying after nature, "correct sentiment" and seriousness, or "i vecchi criteri di nobiltà, di grandiosità, o in ragione delle sue qualità d'ordine letterario, drammatico, sentimentale ecc.", as the less excitable Soffici, the "middle-man" for Futurist theory, put it. (Cubismo e Futurismo, p.69)

It's almost to be expected, incidentally, that Lawrence would not have quoted the calmer and more rational Soffici but would prefer the expostulations of Marinetti and, equally, that he would ignore the literal context of Marinetti's plea. (Marinetti was calling for Panitalianismo: the creation of a totally modern, revitalised Italy; he was glorifying war, advocating sports of violence, the overthrow of the family, the abolition of Greek and Latin in schools, the choosing of teachers by their students.) Nor does Lawrence give the slightest sign that he is reading a technical manifesto of literature. (After the nationalistic section it makes up the body of the article.) One would have thought that Lawrence as a poet might have been interested in Marinetti's revolutionary proposals for a new poetic procedure: he wanted to give "essential" words the freedom to reverberate their "nude" meaning unhindered by punctuation and tense, and unqualified by adjectives and adverbs.

No, Lawrence simply seized on what took his immediate attention: Marinetti's description of Italy as "having for us today the form and potency of a beautiful dreadnought with its squadron of (attendant) torpedo-boats" (I Poeti Futuristi, p.8 ; Lawrence's version: "'Italy is like a great Dreadnought surrounded by her torpedo boats.'" CL, 280). Lawrence interpreted it, not as relating (as Marinetti, in the immediate context intends) to Panitalianismo, but as an indication of Italy's having to "progress down the purely male or intellectual or scientific line." (CL, 200) But, context or not, Lawrence's interpretation undoubtedly cuts through a lot of the fanfare: there is very soon no doubt about Marinetti's fascination with the mechanical and the

material:

Distruggere nella letteratura l'"io", cioè tutta la psicologia. L'uomo completamente avariato dalla biblioteca e dal museo, sottoposto a una logica e ad una saggezza spaventose, non offre assolutamente più interesse alcuno.... Sostituire la psicologia dell'uomo, ormai esaurita, con l'ossessione della materia.

Guardatevi dal prestare alla materia i sentimenti umani, ma indovinate piuttosto i suoi differenti impulsi direttivi, le sue forze di compressione, di dilatazione, di coesione e di disgregazione .... Non si tratta di rendere i drammi della materia umanizzata. È la solidità di una lastra d'acciaio, che c'interessa per se stessa, cioè l'alleanza incomprendibile e inumana delle sue molecole e dei suoi elettroni, che si oppongono, per esempio, alla penetrazione di un obice. Il calore di un pezzo di ferro o di legno è ormai più appassionante, per noi, del sorriso o delle lagrime di una donna.  
(I Poeti, p. 18)

Le intuizioni profonde della vita congiunte l'una all'altra, parola per parola, secondo il loro nascere illogico, ci daranno le linee generali di una fisicologia intuitiva della materia. (ibid., p.20)

(In literature destroy the "I" with all its accompanying psychology. Man, spoiled completely by the library and the museum, subjected to the dreadfulness of logic and wisdom, offers absolutely no more interest to anybody .... Replace the worn-out psychology of man with the obsession with matter.

Be sure not to attribute human sentiments to matter; rather, at the very least, guess at its different impulses and directions, its forces of compression, of dilation, of cohesion and of disintegration.... It's not a matter of making the drama of matter humanised. It is the solidity of a sheet of steel that is interesting in itself, the incomprehensible and inhuman alliance of its molecules and electrons, that prevent, for example, the penetration of a howitzer ["bullet" Lawrence mistranslates]. The heat of a piece of iron or of wood is henceforth more passionate for us than the smile or the tears of a woman.

The profound intuitions of life, joined one to the other, word by word, according to their illogical conception, will give us the general

lines of an intuitive physiology of matter.)

It is true that there is a gap between Marinetti's interest and what Lawrence makes of it ("I only care about what the woman is - what she IS - ... as a phenomenon", CL, 282) but this only fits the pattern of the effect on Lawrence of his "influences". The similarity is in attitude: "Destroy in literature the 'I' with all its accompanying psychology" (Marinetti); "that which is physio-non-human, in humanity, is more interesting to me than the old-fashioned human element" (Lawrence). Reading the Futurists has suddenly made Lawrence fully conscious of and articulate about something that his own artistic development had made him ready to accept the truth of: the tendency of received artistic conventions to strait-jacket perception; the necessity to supersede them.<sup>43</sup> Although in this he was soon to take an alternative direction to Marinetti the dynamic of the process is, at root, the same: it's one of rejection of "the deadening" opposed to a determination to grasp and explore "the liberating", a determination to interpret the world by seeing it in terms of this simple dichotomy. For Marinetti this bifurcation of reality both reflected his fervour and was its cunningly devised (but yet necessary) stimulus. The terms of the dichotomy were repositied and reinterpreted by himself and others in a long series of manifestos in relation to painting, sculpture, the theatre, the cinema, politics, even cooking. For Lawrence, I've argued, it was the bifurcation that made possible that innovative psychologising of inter-personal gulfs and otherness that the critics have acclaimed.

- 1 DHL at Work (Sussex) p.44.  
 2 Resp.: "'I am going through a transition stage': The Prussian Officer & The Rainbow", DHLR VIII, 1975, p.194; DHL at Work, p.22.
- 3 DHL at Work, p.25.  
 4 Keith Cushman: as above, and: "The Making of 'The Prussian Officer': A Correction", DHLR IV, 1971, 263-73; "DHL at Work: 'The Shadow in the Rose Garden'", DHLR VIII, 1975, 31-46.  
 Mara Kalnins: "DHL's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums': The Three Endings", Studies in Short Fiction XIII, 1976, 471-79; "DHL's 'Two Marriages' & 'Daughters of the Vicar'", Ariel VII, 1976, 32-49.  
 J.C.F. Littlewood: "DHL's Early Tales", Cam.Q. I, 1966, 107-24; Correspondence in Cam.Q. I, 1966, 380-82; "Son & Lover", Cam.Q. IV, 1969-70, 323-61; DHL I: 1885-1914 (1976).  
 Brian Finney: "DHL's Progress to Maturity ... Prussian Officer", Studies in Bibliog. XXVIII, 1975, 321-32; "The Hitherto Unknown Publication of Some DHL Stories", NQ XIX, 1972, 55-6; "Additional Bibliographical Information on Some DHL Stories", NQ XIX, 1972, 337.  
 Keith Sagar: "'The Best I Have Known' ... 'Shades of Spring'", Studies in Short Fiction IV, 1967, 143-51.  
 James Boulton: "DHL's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums': An Early Version", Renaissance & Modern Studies XIII, 1969, 5-48.
- 5 DHL I, p.47.  
 6 SL Facsim, p.204. Orig. numbered p.192 in Paul Morel, incorporated into final MS.  
 7 ibid., p.404. Orig. numbered p.360.  
 8 Resp.: Kalnins: "'Two Marriages'", p.45; Littlewood: DHL I, p.18; Cushman: DHL at Work, p.99.  
 9 Priest of Love (1976) p.217.  
 10 On the first point see, inter alia: Andor Gomme: "Jessie Chambers and Miriam Leivers" in his (ed.) DHL: A Critical Study (1978) pp.30-52; Keith Sagar: The Art of DHL (Camb., 1966) ch. on SL.  
 On the second point see, inter alia: Littlewood: "Son & Lover"; Ann Englander: DHL: Technique as Evasion, Ph.D. diss., 1966, Northwestern U., ch. on SL.
- 11 Cf. Gomme: "Chambers".  
 12 For textual history & chronology of each story see Cushman: DHL at Work. For "Daughters of the Vicar" see Finney, "DHL's Progress to Maturity", & entry on "Daughters" in Appendix 6 below. I make only passing reference to the final variations that L introduced when correcting the proofs of the stories in October 1914 so as not to cloud the general picture I wish to draw. The early publ. versions of the stories I refer to are:  
 "Odour": 1909 version, Boulton: "Odour"; 1911 vers., ER VIII, 1911, 415-33.  
 "Two Marriages": 1911 vers., Time & Tide supplement 24/3/34, pp.393-99; 1913 vers. ("Daughters of the Vicar") unpubl., a composite MS/ revised 1911 TS owned by George Lazarus. Work referred to as "Lazarus". I use his page numbering.  
 "Prussian Officer": 1913 vers. ("Honour & Arms"), ER XVIII, 1914, 24-43.  
 "Shades of Spring": 1911-12 vers. ("The Soiled Rose"), Forum, March 1913, 324-40.  
 "Shadow in Rose Garden": 1913 vers., Smart Set, March 1914, pp.71-7.  
 "White Stocking": 1913 vers., Smart Set, Oct. 1914, pp.97-108.  
 "Thorn in the Flesh": 1913 vers. ("Vin Ordinaire"), ER XVII, 1914, 298-315.
- 13 The 1909 passage read:  
 When they rose and looked at him lying naked in the beauty of death, the women experienced suddenly the same feeling; that of motherhood; mixed with some primeval awe. But the pitiful mother-feeling prevailed. Elizabeth knelt down

and put her arms round him, and laid her cheek on his breast.

(Boulton: "Odour", p.42)

In 1911 the "But" is changed to "Then", thus indicating the final embrace is motherly rather than wifely.

14 Footnote 14 deleted.

15 ET: DHL: A Personal Record (2nd ed., 1965) p.103.

16 ibid., p.117.

17 The 3rd version sheet has been incorporated into the final version MS. See SL Facsim, p.13. The first sentence is in fact revised.

18 DHL at Work, pp.170 & 173. Part of Cushman's desire thus to elevate "The P.O." springs from his feeling it incumbent to accept L's description of the story as "the best short story I have ever done" (CL, 209). However this <sup>comment</sup> was made just after he had finished the story in 1913 & can, <sup>strictly</sup> be no reason for ranking the story with the best of the revised stories of 1914 as Cushman does.

19 In the 3rd version L admits he has borrowed the idea from Schopenhauer: SL Facsim, 405; orig. numbered 361; SL, 350.

20 DHL at Work, p.22.

21 "'The Prussian Officer': The Self Divided", LXXI, 1963, 605-19.

22 ibid., 618 & 616.

23 ibid., 607.

24 Leavis's description, DHL: Novelist (Penguin, 1973) p.297.

25 Littlewood: "DHL's Early Tales", DHL I; Kalnins: "'Two Marriages'"; Cushman: "Transition Stage", DHL at Work ch. 3.

26 Widmer: Art of Perversity (Seattle, 1962) p.177.

27 But cf. Colin Clarke: River of Dissolution (1969).

28 In Cézanne: A Study of His Development (1927) pp.52-3. L's "Introduction to These Paintings" is in part a reply to this essay.

29 In Richard Wollheim (ed.): The Image in Form: Selected Writings of Adrian Stokes (Penguin, 1972) pp.236 & 240.

30 Cushman: "Transition Stage", p.194.

31 I'm developing here an argument of Kingsley Widmer, op.cit., esp. ch. IV.

32 M. Kinkead-Weekes: "The Marble & the Statue" in Imagined Worlds, M. Mack & I. Gregor (eds.) 1968, p.411.

33 Apart from brief mentions of the Futurists the only treatments of their effect on L are: Mary Freeman: DHL: A Basic Study of His Ideas (N.Y., 1955) ch. VIII; several pages in J. Michaels-Tonks: DHL: The Polarity of North & South (Bonn, 1976) p.56ff; an article in Japanese (that I've had translated) by K. Shimizu: "Lawrence to Marinetti", Bulletin of Studies in Humanity, Kagawa Uni., XXXI, 1971, 95-122. Freeman notes a number of pertinent similarities & differences of idea between L & the Futurists. Shimizu draws a distinction between the aesthetic & moral influence of Marinetti on L. Morally, he argues, the two are opposed (over the issue of mechanisation) but aesthetically there are similarities in their common opposition to artistic & other conventions. However thematic similarities do not prove influence; indeed Michaels-Tonks argues there was none. None of the three critics are aware of what L read of the Futurists and in any case restrict their notion of influence (as, below, I do not) to influence of ideas.

34 I'm revising Tindall's noting of the first use as being in the 1914 version (DHL & Susan His Cow, N.Y. 1939, p.65). In fact it appears in the unpubl. 1913 version.

35 I thank Carl Baron for this point.

36 Cf. Tindall, op.cit., p.66.

37 Cf. M.E. Wallace: "Study of Thomas Hardy": DHL's "Art-Speech", Ph.D. thesis, 1974, UKC, pp.398-99.

- 38 1st publ. June 1913. There is however an unpubl. letter to Harold Monro (1/8/13, U. of Texas) enclosing three poems, "choosing those which I thought you might find futuristic." However L may well be using the word in an ordinary sense here.
- 39 Harrison op.cit., 1913, pp.207 & 236-37.
- 40 ibid., pp.209-10, 219, 214-15.
- 41 Compare, e.g., Mrs Jenner's sober, unillusioned account of the angelic hierarchy and Christian symbols in general (Christian Symbolism, 1910) with Lawrence's long letter of (?) 19 December, 1914 (CL, 300-04). Also consider, in the first version of Lawrence's Fenimore Cooper Anglo-American essay, his astonishing generosity to the (unnamed) Pryse's systematically casuistic theosophical account of Revelation in The Apocalypse Unsealed (N.Y., 1910).
- 42 U. Appollonio: Futurist Manifestos (1973) pp.21 & 20.
- 43 There is also some apparent "idea influence" that others might wish to develop. For instance, compare Soffici's treatment of Impressionism (Cubismo e Futurismo, pp.8-11, et.al.) "dove le forme e i corpi si disgregano, sfumano, si squagliano e si dissolvano nella fluidita dell' aria" - with Lawrence's memorable description of Turner's paintings in Hardy (PI, 474-76).

CHAPTER THREE

THE SUBJECTIVE ART OF TWILIGHT IN ITALY

"THE CRUCIFIX ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS"

One should go the extremity of any experience.

("The Reality of Peace")

I must say, I have, for you, in your work, reverence, the reverence for the great articulate extremity of art. (Letter to Mark Gertler, 9 October 1916)

When Sir William Conway was completing his thousand-mile walk through the Alps in 1894 his attention was frequently drawn to the variety of religious painting and sculpture he came upon in sheltered alpine regions. However, it was the religious art of the Pfitschertal, along which Lawrence was to walk in 1912, that most provoked his curiosity:

we walked on to [St. Jakob], pausing only at the outskirts to photograph a life-size and most realistic Crucifixion [a Christ and the two thieves]....

The people of this valley are fond of realistic religious sculpture on a large scale. We passed several newly erected chapels containing life-size wooden figures painted up to life. It is curious that this form of religious art should now find its home on the southern slopes of the Alps and nowhere else. To analyse the social and climatic conditions to which it is due, would be an interesting exercise for any student of the natural-history of art. (The Alps from End to End, 1895, pp. 294-95)

Had Lawrence not taken up the gauntlet (although probably unaware of Conway; most likely it was the crucifixes themselves that stimulated him to write) the dearth of serious (published) interest in modern wayside religious art would have continued. Butler and Dickens spend some little time on ex voto paintings; Swinburne has a poem on a crucifix; Ruskin tended only to deprecate what he believed the wayside shrines represented: "the mere thirst for sensation of horror which characterises the uneducated orders of partially civilised countries". It is an art, he argued, which "nearly always dwells on the

physical wounds or exhaustion chiefly, and degrades, far more than it animates, the conception of pain."<sup>1</sup> Other travellers saw only the amateurishness of the chapel paintings and frescoes or, if interested in crucifixes at all, became so only if they were legendary and miracle-working or situated in especially picturesque settings.<sup>2</sup> Better still if the crucifix could assist the observer, clogged with his own emotion, to objectify that emotion - however speciously - by transferring it onto a crucifix, a convenient symbol of extreme suffering and release.<sup>3</sup> The quantity of real attention being paid to the crucifix or paintings is, in cases such as these, likely to be minimal. Strangely enough, it is not much exceeded in the series of heavily illustrated and comprehensive volumes on the peasant art of various central and southern European countries that were produced by "The Studio" immediately before and after World War I. Crucifixes, as a branch of peasant arts and crafts, are hardly mentioned or illustrated.<sup>4</sup> Scholars in this area - and the few that there are are mostly writing in German - tend to cultivate a "respectable" historical interest in the earliest origins, influences and variations of types of crucifix and other religious representation.<sup>5</sup>

Indeed, it's not immediately apparent how one could take a scholarly interest in wayside crucifixes and chapels, how one could, as Conway envisages, "analyse the social and climatic conditions" which influence their many styles. If one wanted to explore the relationship between religious art and the local temperament one would need to know in any particular case where the crucifix came from and if possible who sculptured it; whether he was a professional sculptor; whether trained or not; what models from "higher" secular and ecclesiastical art forms could have influenced his sculpting style. One would need to know the economics of the craft: were there villages renowned for their artistic expertise and actively exporting their wares? Were there travelling sculptors? One would prefer to know something, too, of the tastes of the purchasers of crucifixes: to what extent was



there competition between the families to outdo one another's most visible worship of Christ? Did particular sculptors or, more likely, styles of crucifix come into and go out of fashion? One would need to consider the effect of climate in the particular alpine region: the necessity of frequent renovation and other tending of crucifixes; their expected life-span and their frequency of renewal.

All is not darkness here, however. Amelia B. Edwards in her "ramble across the Dolomites" and South Tyrol in the 1880's describes her discovering an unexpected industry in the village of St. Ulrich near Bozen:

Every last trace of Italy has now vanished .... The wayside crucifixes are larger, better carved, better painted, and some are picked out with gold. By and by we pass a cottage outside the door of which stands a crate piled high with little wooden horses .... And presently we pass a cart full of nothing but - doll's legs; every leg painted with a smart white stocking and an emerald green slipper! 6

She had stumbled across, as she puts it, "the capital of Toyland". The bulk of St. Ulrich's population of four thousand, she learned, were involved in the carving, painting and despatch, to all parts of the world, of the wooden toys, as she says, dear to her and to her contemporary reader's childhood. This great concentration of craftsmanship and artistic expertise, assisted by the easy availability of a local wood peculiarly well-adapted to cheap carving, undoubtedly had its effects on the religious sculpture industry in the surrounding area and, quite possibly, farther afield. Edwards' account of her visit to the warehouses of Herr Purger in St. Ulrich gives us some idea of the great commerce there must have been in religious sculpture:

[R]anged solemnly all the length of dimly lighted passages, stand rows of beautiful Saints, large as life, exquisitely coloured, in robes richly patterned and relieved with gold.... In other rooms we have Christs of all sizes and for all

purposes, coloured and uncoloured; in ivory; in ebony; in wood; for the bénitier; for the oratory; for the church altar; for the wayside shrine. Some of these are perfect as works of art, faultlessly modelled, and in many instances only too well painted. One life-size recumbent Figure for a Pietà was rendered with an elaborate truth, not to life, but to death, that was positively startling. <sup>7</sup>

The road over the Brenner which links Bozen (near St. Ulrich) and Sterzing (at the bottom of the Pfitschertal) with Austria, Germany and the north had been opened in 1772. <sup>8</sup> While it would not be in the spirit of the circumspect and scholarly account of the link Conway envisages between wayside religious art and local psyche to jump to the conclusion that the bloody Pietàs, so common in the upper Pfitschertal, actually came from St. Ulrich, it would be a possibility such a study would have to consider. If any definite link could be proved, then a significant qualification would enter into the envisaged account: the Pietàs could be said to express important aspects of Pfitschertal psychology only in so far as it manifested itself in the purchasing rather than the carving of that particular kind of Pietà. There would be scores of similar complexities once the factors enumerated above were considered in relation to one another. For example, if one were able to get an idea of average peasant family incomes in the Pfitschertal and to hold them up against a schedule of prices of religious sculpture (such as Edwards gives <sup>9</sup>) one might learn what kinds of crucifix the buyer's purse could run to; whether, perhaps, he could afford to purchase one from Vienna.

Consulting M. Haberlandt's more authoritative (although brief) account of the great range of Austrian religious art ("Austrian Peasant Art" in Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary, 1911), one would find further complicating, if also clarifying, possibilities impinging on one's account:

There are the wooden masks for the secular and



A Leonhardstafel in the chapel at Wieden, Pfitschertal

sacred plays performed by the people...; there are the staves of the herdsmen and couriers, the infinite number of manger figures for the tableaux which are so popular at Christmas time; then one or other wayside shrine requires a holy figure, which is also needed for the gable niche or the domestic altar. There is a constant demand for crosses to be hung in house and stable, for doves emblematic of the Holy Ghost to suspend over the dining table, for figures and reliefs for the innumerable Calvaries. Here from the earliest times zealous village craftsmen of more than average skill have found a field for their artistic activities, always following, however, the traditions and, quite unconsciously, the models furnished by ecclesiastical and higher secular art. From the hands of such village craftsmen there have also issued certain memorials which owe their artistic value chiefly to the fact of their being painted, such as the so-called "Marterln" (pictures painted as memorials of the dead, and especially of those who have lost their lives in Alpine accidents), and votive pictures, the "Leonhardstafeln" (i.e. painted tablets with figures of animals, so-called because dedicated to St. Leonard as the patron saint of huntsmen), beehive barge-boards, "Totenbretter" (i.e. boards on which the dead are placed before being put into the coffin), crosses and tablets for graves, etc.

This kind of painting has in many places become a distinct branch of peasant art. Frequently it is to the female relations of the wood-carver that this work falls. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries itinerant painters, mostly Tyrolese from the Fleimser and Fassa Valleys (whence the name "Fassaner"), undertook the painting of domestic articles and all kinds of religious carvings as a branch of jobbing work and occasionally added their signatures. 10

Clearly there are many factors here to reconcile with Edwards' information. The job of coming up with an intellectually respectable account would, as is obvious, involve painstaking research and field work and a careful balancing of likelihoods and possibilities, a task that would need to test and modify the researcher's initial hypothesis about the workings of Pfitschertal peasant psychology. Such an account could well provide an illuminating piece of psycho-ethnography.

Indeed, it might easily seem, had we not Lawrence's chapter on the crucifixes, to be the only way of addressing

the problem. Yet Lawrence, I shall argue, manages to brush aside the complexities that would attend and possibly dog such an undertaking. He makes a determined attempt to establish a basic race psychology without at the same time opening himself to the charge of merely self-indulgent subjectivity. An argument I foreshadowed in Chapter One I intend to argue in detail, thereby taking up the second arm of my general case: that Lawrence's adoption of polarity as a literary form committed him to a subjective art. As I see it, it was an art which, if it suffered from the bold defiant strides with which it overlapt the intricate and carefully maintained paths of rational thought that the proposed inquiry would have employed, nevertheless found an alternative source of coherence in the exploitation of the author's own "presence" or personal participation in the prose.

The critics of the thirties were, as I have already mentioned, not slow to point to the subjectivity of Lawrence's art. They meant it of course in a pejorative sense. Any pretensions his prose might have had to constitute or achieve disinterested thought, the argument ran, was entirely vitiated by his excessive dependence on personal impression. Murry's later complaint that Lawrence habitually erected personal impressions into the status of universal laws, had, in fact, been voiced by the T.L.S. reviewer of Twilight (15 June, 1916):

Mr Lawrence's approach is, like another's, the one and only; the Italian secret is revealed to him, as he crosses the Alps, from the moment the waters begin to flow southward; the Italian soul is stripped and discovered by the time he has ordered his first litre of wine.... Once we chose a small portion of the surface and examined it in strong sunshine; now, as evening darkens, we can exhaust the whole of it before nightfall.... Mr Lawrence....lets his thought drift, without care for precision or clean finish. He might have written a good book about Italy if he had been content to take things simply, and to see no more than he really saw.

Even Francis Bickley - who admired the book - voiced his concern, in a review for The Bookman of October 1916,

[that] the characters of [Lawrence's] fiction [n]ever quite disengage themselves from their maker. Even in "Twilight in Italy" which is not fiction, one is never sure of the objective truth of his portraits; his vision is so personal and so different from that of the ordinary intelligent observer. 11

Orage, in his review of Twilight, professed admiration for Lawrence's obvious talents but took grave exception to its "philosophy" because, he claimed, it

is not simply corrective of intellectualism but subversive.... You will be convinced, unless you are careful, that Mr Lawrence has almost proved his case - and his philosophy. It is, however, all an error and a reaction.... We cannot afford to economise consciousness when reading Mr. Lawrence. 12

Writing in 1930, John H. Thomas essayed to demonstrate "The Perversity of D.H. Lawrence" (a term the T.L.S. reviewer had in fact used). With a sure instinct (as I see it) it's to Twilight that he repeatedly turns for his examples. In so doing, he clarifies the direction the above line of criticism had been taking:

[Lawrence] shuts his eyes to those characteristics which give an event colour and life and make it stand out, an individual and unique phenomenon; he deprives things and persons of their identity and submerges them in the flux of an abstract principle. He is attracted to Hamlet [in "The Theatre"], for instance, not as to a rather unusual young prince who despises himself for not being man enough to want to avenge his father's murder, but as "the tragedy of the convulsed reaction of the mind from the flesh, of the spirit from the self".

This prejudice of Lawrence's gives one a curious and unpleasant feeling of unreality. It deprives persons and things of their opaqueness; there remains nothing beyond them. And that is so stifling.... Uninterpreted, facts seem to enjoy a

certain freedom and independence; they give one a feeling of spaciousness. Lawrence robs them of this independence by showing them up as the products of a close, inner necessity. 13

The vigour and the assurance of Thomas's argument suggest that he is not just articulating his own resentment at being given, in the particular case, no room to move, intellectually, amongst the data of observation and experience with which Lawrence deals. Rather it's the more general assault on accepted ways in which one ought to go about establishing general theories about, say, the Italian temperament to which Thomas takes umbrage.

There are a hundred ways of characterising Lawrence's intellectual sin: Michael Swan put it this way in his essay on Lawrence's travel books:

It is an occupational disease of prophets that they should prefer to make their vision of the world about them consonant with themselves rather than to get down on all fours into the nooks and crannies of life to discover its complexity. 14

Or, again, a more recent writer finds Twilight "depressingly cramped by authorial purpose"; he complains that, in it, thought precedes observation rather than arising out of it.<sup>15</sup> The standards Lawrence is said to be abridging are clearly associated with, or analogous to, the scholarly standards implicit in the research project on Pfitschertal peasant psychology that I have described. Those standards emphasise the saving virtue of impersonality, that pursuit of it helps to curb eccentricity, personal prejudice and perversity. The "whole" truth, they imply, can only be reached by superseding the limitations of the writer's personality and inexperience.

In more recent times, as I pointed out in Chapter One, the thirties approach has been overshadowed by the work of Leavis and others who have drawn attention away from the personal origins of Lawrence's work and have insisted on

the general truth and the impersonal presentation - the "normative" tenor - of Lawrence's thought. The circularity of method and the excessive dependence on Lawrentian vocabulary and thought-forms that seem, as I have observed, to dog this line of criticism are abundantly evident in recent criticism of Twilight in Italy. In assuming that there is a body of Lawrentian thought dissolved in the art of Twilight that one can extract and elucidate, the critic finds himself committed to reconciling a series of images and ideas that are no sooner labelled and systematised than they can be seen re-appearing elsewhere in the book with a different valuation and meaning. In his Ph.D. dissertation on the travel books, William Fahey attempts to sort out a consistent meaning for the light and dark images in the book, but is finally put to the necessity of describing them as "multi-valent".<sup>16</sup> Del Ivan Janik, in taking Italy, in Twilight, to represent the past (as, indeed, it often appears to do), describes Signor di Paoli's respect for "Northern" mechanisation as "a longing for the future, his frustrated desire for a child is an affirmation of his affinity with the past, the flesh, the self."<sup>17</sup> Janik's failure to bring the argument away from the book is embarrassingly obvious. For what Janik writes does not make sense in the external forum: what exactly is "affinity with ... the self"? and isn't having a child ordinarily thought of as a link with the future rather than the past?

Whether the critic takes the safe course of side-stepping the question, in his elucidation of Lawrence's thought, of whether it all makes sense (by using phrasing that implicitly disavows any personal belief in the ideas, attributing them instead to the author) or whether he attempts to accommodate himself to the full implications of Lawrence's radical and personally demanding view of the crisis in Italian life and the poverty of Anglo-Saxon life - however the critic feels obliged to go - he must very soon start to juggle meanings and duck contradictions.

Frederick Owen's thesis, which takes the more difficult, latter alternative, amply demonstrates the dilemma. Explain-

ing the Spinner's function he writes:

the sick duality of man is played out against the great healing background of natural duality. To be fully consummated man should be in tune with the macrocosm, but isn't.... [The Spinner] only knew the sunshine ecstasy, the selflessness of being wholly self, and ceased to exist at sunset. 18

While this is notionally comprehensible (although it is confusing how, in being selfless, it is possible to be "wholly self"), one is forced to question whether it's actually saying anything, especially when Owen subsequently aligns the Spinner (who is portrayed as being impervious and self-complete) implicitly with Il Duro and Paolo :

Although temperamentally at the opposite pole to Il Duro, Paolo is similarly "so finished in his being", and this, in Laurentian thought, indicates a fixing, a strait-jacketing of life. 19

Although Il Duro and Paolo are opposites, they suddenly become (along with the Spinner) almost identical. Important distinctions dissolve - and the critic is hardly to blame. Lawrence compels the expositor of his "philosophy" - in Twilight at least - to work on such a level of abstraction that in his attempt to tidy up the loose ends of Laurentian "thought" he never uncovers a falsifiable metaphysic, or even one that admits of rational argumentation. For instance, Owen observes that "mixing [the Dionysiac and Christian ecstasies] both up can only lead to disaster; has led to disaster - the First World War." <sup>20</sup> Asking what this means (for again there is Laurentian warrant for it) only involves opening the door to an endless regression of questions, increasingly framed in Laurentian terminology. One would be referred from one Laurentian context to another: for "Dionysiac": "Tiger", "Italy", "Female", God the Father. While I'm not suggesting this is a valueless occupation, it would seem to create as many difficulties as it solves.

What is perhaps most worrying here is that there is no via media between critic and the not-totally-sympathetic reader. Where, the latter might well ask, do other perspectives fit in - on, for argument's sake, the causes of the First World War? Owen, it's true, accepts the logic of his position and suggests that Lawrence does explain the actual, practical causes of the war:

It is also logical that an excess of feverish energy [John and the Swiss Italians' lusting after mechanisation] can lead to war, first comparatively minor warfare, then major. When Lawrence was in Gargnano, the Italians were fighting in Tripoli. 21

To imply that Italy or the Italians caused World War One is surely the reductio ad absurdum of this line of criticism. For this critic, clearly, Lawrence's thought bursts and replaces all forms of thought. Such a critic feels no need to provide us with a frame within which to hold, observe, and measure Lawrence's thought. Explication has become meditation.

Unfortunately it seems that only Lawrence's detractors were awake to the fact that it is a limiting judgment to say that Lawrence's art in Twilight does not seek to convince us intellectually. His sympathisers have obscured the matter by talking of Lawrence's "analysis" of Italian culture, of his "discussion" of the peasants of the Bavarian uplands, thus generating expectations that one can, in the ordinary way, investigate their validity.

If, however, as Francis Bickley suggested in 1916, Lawrence is unwilling, in Twilight, to act as an "ordinary intelligent observer", then perhaps we should not expect thought that is falsifiable or modifiable by other approaches to the same subject. After all, it was Lawrence who wrote: "Art speech is the only truth." He did not say "yields the only truth" (as the sympathetic elucidators of his ideas seem to assume) but "is the only truth". The truth lies in the saying, not in the said. This, I suggest, is the crux of the problem: for explication to be an effective

literary critical occupation there must finally be a static set of ideas (however arrived at, however self-critical) to explicate. Because Lawrence's art in Twilight is, as I mean to demonstrate, the opposite of static, it would be more sensible, I suggest, to examine the active reading experience where his "argument" begins to impose its terms on us, to look at the reading "process" rather than the intellectual "product".

Although in 1916 Lawrence spoke of Twilight as containing a plainer statement of his message, he felt the need to put "message", nevertheless, in inverted commas (CL, 423). By 1928 he can, perhaps, be seen as indicating why:

Now the emotional mind, if we may be allowed to say so, is not logical. It is a psychological fact, that when we are thinking emotionally or passionately, thinking and feeling at the same time, we do not think rationally: and therefore, and therefore, and therefore. Instead, the mind makes curious swoops and circles. It touches the point of pain or interest, then sweeps away again in a cycle, coils round and approaches again the point of pain or interest. There is a curious spiral rhythm, and the mind approaches again and again the point of concern, repeats itself, goes back, destroys the time sequence entirely, so that time ceases to exist, as the mind stoops to the quarry, then leaves it without striking, soars, hovers, turns, swoops, stoops again, still does not strike, yet is nearer, nearer, reels away again, wheels off into the air, even forgets, quite forgets, yet again turns, bends, circles slowly, swoops and stoops again, until at last there is the closing-in, and the clutch of a decision or a resolve. (PI, 249-50)

The similarity between "the emotional mind" and Lawrence's own, as it's manifested on the page in Twilight, is unmistakable. We see him coming alive to the points of interest, moving past them to dwell in other, more general considerations, and returning, from a different angle and in a different tone again, careless of a consecutive thought sequence, marshalling those other considerations into an unexpected relationship of relevance to the original

observation. The coherence tends to lie in the compelling personal synthesising of the ideas (rather than in any intellectual approximation of the synthesis we might see as coming out of it). We are implicated and involved, I intend to demonstrate, in the very process of coming to the synthesis, of arriving at conclusions.

My case, then, is that Lawrence learned to exploit, in an entirely original way, a subjective or personal level of coherence (and I stress "coherence") in his responses to his subject, in this case alpine peasant life. By that I mean that the intense personal engagement Lawrence brings to his subject releases resources of language, grammar and idea that enable Lawrence to follow a human motive, impulse or fascination through the subconscious, follow it till he finds its most extreme form, its psychological ne plus ultra. In this way Lawrence reaches an understanding of his subject that is in one sense - in one significant sense - fundamental. He is able to deal directly with what "impersonal" and "rational" thought is so often all at sea in: extreme psychological states, their expression in religious worship and in general cultural directions, the way the particular (a sculpting style, a woman spinning, a style of acting Hamlet) can reveal the general.

However, there is another side to this coin - and it reveals an interesting paradox. I mean Lawrence's tendency, as I will demonstrate crucifix by crucifix, to exclude other more conventional modes of explanation illuminating the same subject matter. My contention, based on appropriate field research, is not just that Bickley's "ordinary intelligent observer", faced with the same religious art and customs as Lawrence, would often (as is to be expected) come to different conclusions but that those conclusions could often be valid in a competing, even mutually exclusive, rather than a complementary way. It seems to me that this is a disturbing paradox and one that has been overlooked by Lawrence's overly sympathetic critics at their peril.

If I prefer to run the risk of appearing ungrateful

in insisting on this "Lawrence paradox" it's because I believe it's needful if we're to understand more truly the kind of art Lawrence offers us in Twilight, and because I aim primarily to define, not what the book's "message" is, but what kind of message it is. My aim is not to attempt to adjudicate on the objective validity of Lawrence's ideas - I leave that problem, if indeed it is solvable, to others - but to do what I see, in the present critical climate, to be the more necessary, prior step: to understand the method by which they are reached. Thus my intention in demonstrating how Lawrence's interpretations can be faulted according to conventional "objective" criteria is not to carp but to illuminate: to be able to bring into high relief procedures of his art that make it a "subjective" one and to recognise the strengths and the weaknesses that flow from its subjectivity.

Lawrence's development of a subjective art can be conveniently traced in his travel sketches of 1912-1915. There are three distinct versions of Lawrence's essay on the crucifixes: his holograph manuscript of September 1912, the Westminster Gazette version (a revision of the MS completed some time before its publication in March 1913, hereafter "Christs") and the Twilight version of July 1915, revised in proof January - February 1916.<sup>22</sup> "Christs in the Tirol" was the last of a number of travel sketches, perhaps two or three of which are lost, that he had written in 1912.<sup>23</sup> In those we have, Lawrence's uncertainties of tone and stance are manifest - the result, it is likely, of his awareness that the travel sketch must necessarily be arranged around the narrator's experiences at a time when, in his fiction, he was refining that presence out. Thus in "French Sons of Germany" Lawrence uses passages of very short sentences - which read rather jerkily - in an attempt closely to track the progress of his response to his surroundings. But this technique works against his use of a distancing, self-conscious wittiness and the rather weak comedy it produces. In "Hail in the Rhineland" he tries an alternative tack of putting a flirtatious heroine



Ex voto painting, the chapel at Rühlmoos. (See Appendix 1.) "The respected M.M. Bauerssohn of Lenggries was struck by a tree on 28 November, 1865 and his foot was broken. God be thanked it it has got better." Lawrence writes, in "A Chapel Among the Mountains": "All kinds of men were saying: 'Gott sey Danck'; either because big stones had squashed them, or because trees had come down on them whilst they were felling ... all little events which caused them to ejaculate: 'God be thanked, I'm still alive'." (PII, 34)

instead of himself in the centre of the story: a mild attempt to impersonalise the sketch. This novelettish romance element is improved upon in the "Chapel" and "Hay Hut" sketches. The playfulness rings true but the element of affectation still marks the prose: Lawrence is, understandably, not willing to push his still somewhat fragile relationship with Frieda too hard in the prose, as he is, fortunately, his response to the ex voto paintings. He surpasses his reliance on self-conscious display as he gains the confidence to dwell on what riveted his attention: the paintings.

They lived under the mountains where always was fear. Sometimes they knew it to close on a man or a woman. Then there was no peace in the heart of this man till the fear had been pictured, till he was represented in the grip of terror, and till the picture had been offered to the Deity, the dread, unnamed Deity. (PII, 35-6)

Although the psychological dimension Lawrence offers us is clearly intuitive, any misgiving we may have that <sup>it</sup> is merely subjective is allayed by the outward-directed nature of the narrator's attention; intrusive personal presence is left behind as surely as the romance element.

"Christ's in the Tirol" draws on this advance. A comparison of the manuscript with the published version reveals a deliberate policy on Lawrence's part of expunging the colloquial and the gratuitously personal. "I got rather scared of them in the end" (MS, p.1) is deleted; the Bavarian Christ's saying "I'll stick it" (MS, 2) becomes less colloquial "I s'll have to go on with it" (PI, 83); "I return to my peasant Christ's, that I love" (MS, 4) is deleted. The printed version is more disciplined than the MS: there is a parallel here to the 1911 revision of the 1909 version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums". Lawrence chooses, for instance, not to retain his rather adolescent vapourings about "all art [being] a kind of accustoming ourselves to the idea of suffering and death, so that we can more and more comprehend them, even if we do not really

understand" (MS, 3). This half-digested thought, which had been offered in a context of his "wonder[ing] if we have as great a horror and terror of death and pain, as these people have", is clipped in the second version to "And all tragic art is part of the same attempt." (MS, 3; PI, 84) The finished thought, offered impersonally, is now the tenor of his interest. His process of arriving at such thought is of little interest in itself and his own personal participation is being, as far as a travel sketch admits, scaled down.

The revision of the description of the Bavarian peasant crucifix demonstrates the authority and interest Lawrence acquires in concentrating squarely on the subject rather than the more or less haphazard progress of his impressions of it. For instance, observe what happens to the detail of the two men in the Gasthaus. The MS reads:

The first I really saw, and the one that startled me into awareness, was in a marshy place at the foot of the mountains. A dead Christ hung in an old shrine. He was broad and handsome, he was a Bavarian peasant. I looked at his body and at his limbs, and recognised him almost as one of the men I had seen in the Gasthaus the evening before: a peasant farmer working himself to the bone, but not giving in. His plain, rudimentary face stared straight in front, and the neck was stiffened. He might have said: "Yes, I am suffering. I look at you, and you can see me. Perhaps something will happen, will help. If not, I'll stick it." I loved him. He seemed stubborn and struggling from the root of his soul, his human soul. No Godship had been thrust upon him. He was human clay, a peasant Prometheus Christ, his poor soul bound in him, blind, but stubborn, struggling against the fact of the nails. (MS, 1-2)

The published version reads:

I was going along a marshy place at the foot of the mountains, at evening, when the sky was a pale, dead colour and the hills were nearly black. At a meeting of the paths was a crucifix,

and between the feet of the Christ a little red patch of dead poppies. So I looked at him. It was an old shrine, and the Christ was nearly like a man. He seemed to me to be real. In front of me hung a Bavarian peasant, a Christ, staring across at the evening and the black hills. He had broad cheek-bones and sturdy limbs, and he hung doggedly on the cross, hating it. He reminded me of a peasant farmer, fighting slowly and meanly, but not giving in. His plain, rudimentary face stared stubbornly at the hills, and his neck was stiffened, as if even yet he were struggling away from the cross he resented. He would not yield to it. I stood in front of him, and realized him. He might have said, "Yes, here I am, and it's bad enough, and it's suffering, and it doesn't come to an end. Perhaps something will happen, will help. If it doesn't, I s'll have to go on with it." He seemed stubborn and struggling from the root of his soul, his human soul. No Godship had been thrust upon him. He was human clay, a peasant Prometheus-Christ, his poor soul bound in him, blind, but struggling stubbornly against the fact of the nails. And I looked across at the tiny square of orange light, the window of a farmhouse on the marsh. And, thinking of the other little farms, of how the man and his wife and his children worked on till dark, intent and silent, carrying the hay in their arms out of the streaming thunder-rain which soaked them through, I understood how the Christ was made. (PI, 82-3)

There is a more deliberate attempt in the second version to impersonalise the narrator's experience of being pulled up abruptly by the dogged humanness of the Christ figure. Clearly Lawrence who, between the two versions, had converted Paul Morel into Sons and Lovers has decided to apply some of the lessons of his novel's dramatic art to this sketch. So he attempts to dramatise his encounter: witness the added scene-setting ("when the sky was a pale, dead colour and the hills were nearly black"); the change from simple description to near-enactment: "His plain, rudimentary face stared straight in front, and the neck was stiffened" becomes "His plain, rudimentary face stared stubbornly at the hills, and his neck was stiffened, as if, even yet he were struggling away from the cross he resented." The change from past to present continuous tense and the locating of the Christ's staring both contribute to the sense of an on-going drama - which

invites Lawrence to delve into the psychology behind it. These concerns are carried on by the notable addition of the farmhouse scene where the cross suddenly becomes metaphoric, standing for the difficulties the alpine farmer suffers in his struggle against the elements. It is very much a "scene" that is seen: getting the Christ and farmers "on stage" allows Lawrence more easily to make acceptable transitions from outer appearance to inner reality, to multiply the suggestiveness of what, on the face of it, is only a description of a rather roughly worked artifact.

Nevertheless, in comparison to the final Twilight version the essay is only partially exploiting these kinds of effects. The reason for this, I believe, was Lawrence's commitment to impersonality in his art, paradoxically the very thing that marks the advance of the sketch over its earlier version. "Christs" is heavily dependent on formal essay conventions ("But then...", "I return to my peasant Christs ...", "I have mentioned ...") which, in the non-dramatised sections, have the effect of making us watch the author's reflecting mind rather than being drawn into the movement of it. The grammar seems to be holding him back from a full enactment of his own personal meditation: "And, thinking of the other little farms ... I understood how the Christus was made." The conventional grammatical form "frames" and, so, defuses the potentially reverie-like observation of the hay-carrying. Yet it was the development of personal reverie or meditation that was to prove the most efficient way for Lawrence of exploiting the kinds of effects "Christs" was beginning to achieve. But the author of Sons and Lovers was, in 1912 and early 1913, very much under Garnett's influence - to whom a personally-based art smacked of self-indulgence and heralded a likely failure to achieve Garnett's desideratum, veracity. Even though in the travel sketch the narrator's journey would still provide the element of continuity, the registering "I" must retreat into the background as each description is generated.

By 1915 his conception of art and his own place in

it had changed fundamentally; the crucifixes travel sketch reflects and measures this change. Perhaps the most striking change - and one that is illustrated in the Twilight version of the Bavarian peasant crucifix - is what I'll tentatively call the "personalisation" of his art.

It's important that this term is not misunderstood. It naturally implies a rejection of any literary equivalent of the objective and dispassionate third person argument of the type represented by Sir Frank Fox's treatment of Italy under Mussolini, written in 1927:

I shall give some facts and venture some opinions, the former correct so far as I can safeguard, the latter honest so far as prejudices permit. The prejudices it would be absurd to disavow, but they are a "mixed bag". In so far as they are those of a journalist, they are susceptible to, but sceptical of, enthusiasms .... In so far as they are of a temporary soldier, they are grateful for order achieved and definite results gained. In so far as they are of a student of history and of economics, they are respectful to facts and inclined to statistical tests. 24

This is as far from Lawrence's credo as could be. Although he suggests in the "Chapel" sketch that looking up the history of the Tyrol for 1783 would solve some of the difficulties of interpretation of the ex voto paintings, the paintings reappear in "The Crucifix Across the Mountains" (in a different form) with no more factual assistance.

However, adoption of a stance opposite to Fox's is by no means a guarantee of success - as a prolonged personal response to a crucifix by a contemporary of Lawrence's, the anonymous author of Joy of Tyrol (1910), demonstrates. The author is an accomplished stylist which, for him, introduces, between the writing and the actual experience, an ingress for insincerity.

A professional Storm - no whit dilettante or hesitating - it started on a high key, dropping mischievous globules of rain here and there, then rumbled down to the bass and flung cats, dogs, and brickbats, and after a pause for girding its loins it pulled out every stop. 25

He is at least as interested in his (mixed) metaphors as in the storm - which makes one suspicious of the supposedly epiphanic nature of his encounter with a crucifix at Weisslahnbad:

[Y]et in a trice - when the sun westered and its longest beams caught the stratified reefs at right angles - everything about it was transformed, the peaks were lifted out of all earthly comparisons, and some of their mystery came down upon us. What happened was of such a sort as you would think impossible; it quickened as we watched into the glow of red sunshine and fiery wine and shed blood - the colour of Tyrol's Eagle, in fact - and the surprise of it was all spread out without warning.

Wisely have the natives let their delight into its name. It is verily a Rose-garden; but in that hour of vision a Crucifix by the path in front of us, with spread arms and bleeding brow, let me behind the roses to the secret at the heart of it.

His hands pointed East and West, His eyes were on the wild flowers, and that One Unwearying Heart seemed to be still overflowing in sacrifice.

It made me wander back to the first days of Creative Joy, when a Fatherly Wisdom planned the Earth, and loved the plan, and gave it shape.

It made me linger in the uncounted ages when a Fatherly Patience was persuading it into loveliness, when Light was given, the magic touch which draws from the Sea its dreams, and interweaves them with the wind into white forests in the meadows of blue sky.

It made me stand trembling in those forgotten days when these colossal coral islands were tilted up by hands of fire from ocean floors. No, it is not fancy - only last night I felt it, was gripped by it, taught by it.

That mountain pulsing with blood - then dead - then alive once more - then again dead, all made of what once in every part of it had actual life, it flung the fact at me that Sacrifice is the centre of things - past, present, to come.

My thoughts swept across everything I have known of pleasure, interest, hope, and fear, the delights of eye and memory, the wings of fancy, the torturing ecstasy of certain feelings; and there - as if the Heart of Heaven were opened for a moment - I seemed to see a Love which does not rest, which lives and dies and lives and dies for the children of its care.

In the silent purple evening I saw a Heart and could not miss its meaning. Joy is the

child of Sacrifice, and if the fingers of the West kindled the rocks into glory, fingers which were of the East kindled the flame within me, and I saw as never before that the highest Joy blossoms out of Sacrifice. It is a relief to write this. 26

Whether or not the author's personal revelation is as deep as he elaborately avows, he is failing to induce an imaginative reaction of an equivalent depth on the part of the reader. This is not, I suggest, because meditation is inherently embarrassing but because there is little to alleviate the drawn-out personal involvement. There is, especially, no direct and frequently reverting attention to the crucifix to support the meditation and suggest its terms. It's not a meditation, that is to say, on what is in front of him. It's a personal meditation in a more restricted sense: a self-communing whose personal base manifests itself in fuzzy emotionalising and forced connection of ideas (the sunset and Christ's blood). Lawrence would have recognised the condition - for he had identified something like it in Miriam:

So to Miriam, Christ and God made one great figure, which she loved tremblingly and passionately when a tremendous sunset burned out the western sky. (SL, 177)

But Joy of Tyrol does not, I think, even possess a clouded sincerity. The recurrent clichés and near clichés ("the uncounted ages", "pulsing with blood", "the wings of fancy") and the lavish capitalising are likely to make us doubt whether anything is being come to terms with at all. We could be excused if, in the face of this kind of writing, we were to look upon the personal element in the travel sketch as merely a shield for blurred, second-rate thought, something that allows prejudices to be guiltlessly passed off in a welter of emotionality. Although in this case the author's language and habits of expression are of

the intellectual market place (and so, in a sense, other than personal), they are being put to such uninterestingly and limitingly personal ends that any attempt to restore impersonal procedures in the travel book (a genre which, after all, encourages the personal) would be likely to come to us as a welcome relief. Garnett, we might observe, knew what he was doing.

With a prejudice against personal involvement in mind, let us look at how Lawrence was reshaping the crucifixes sketch in July 1915:

I was startled into consciousness one evening, going alone over a marshy place at the foot of the mountains, when the sky was pale and unearthly, invisible, and the hills were nearly black. At the meeting of the tracks was a crucifix, and between the feet of the Christ a handful of withered poppies. It was the poppies I saw, then the Christ.

It was an old shrine, the wood-sculpture of a Bavarian peasant. The Christ was a peasant of the foot of the Alps. He had broad cheekbones and sturdy limbs. His plain, rudimentary face stared fixedly at the hills, his neck was stiffened, as if in resistance to the fact of the nails and the cross, which he could not escape. It was a man nailed down in spirit, but set stubbornly against the bondage and the disgrace. He was a man of middle age, plain, crude, with some of the meanness of the peasant, but also with a kind of dogged nobility that does not yield its soul to the circumstance. Plain, almost blank in his soul, the middle-aged peasant of the crucifix resisted unmoving the misery of his position. He did not yield. His soul was set, his will was fixed. He was himself, let his circumstances be what they would, his life fixed down.

Across the marsh was a tiny square of orange-coloured light, from the farm-house with the low, spreading roof. I remembered how the man and his wife and the children worked on till dark, silent and intent, carrying the hay in their arms out of the streaming thunder-rain into the shed, working silent in the soaking rain.

The body bent forward towards the earth, closing round on itself; the arms clasped full of hay, clasped round the hay that presses soft and close to the breast and the body, that pricks heat into the arms and the skin of the breast, and fills the lungs with the sleepy scent of dried herbs: the rain that falls heavily and wets

the shoulders, so that the shirt clings to the hot, firm skin and the rain comes with heavy, pleasant coldness on the active flesh, running in a trickle down towards the loins, secretly; this is the peasant, this hot welter of physical sensation. And it is all intoxicating. It is intoxicating almost like a soporific, like a sensuous drug, to gather the burden to one's body in the rain, to stumble across the living grass to the shed, to relieve one's arms of the weight, to throw down the hay onto the neap, to feel light and free in the dry shed, then to return again into the chill, hard rain, to stoop again under the rain, and rise to return again under the burden. (TWI, 10-11)

In comparison with the earlier version the dramatic element is heightened ("I was startled into consciousness"; "going alone" instead of "going along" etc.) not in an attempt, as in the "Christs" version, to impersonalise the sketch by dramatising his own presence but in order to charge it with an intellectual voltage that will allow Lawrence to jump the gap between the statue itself and an envisaged context in Bavarian peasant life. Writing three years after the event, Lawrence is less interested in factual accuracy than before. That the old shrine was "the wood-sculpture of a Bavarian peasant" is almost certainly just a guess: it suits his theme if the production was local and unskilled. That his looking across at the farmhouse and his witnessing a hay-gathering scene were distinct in time (as they are in "Christs") is quietly concealed. While such considerations suggest certain reservations (to which I intend to return) as to the adequacy and completeness of Lawrence's treatment of the crucifix and of its context, they do stress the strong subjective undercurrent of his account. Spurred by a reading of "Christs", Lawrence recalls the general effect the Christus had on him and it's this abiding impression which he animates.<sup>27</sup> Because he does not have the crucifix in front of him to correct and qualify his account, he has a freer hand in establishing the psychological dimension of the peasant's battle against the unremitting elements. And by 1915 Lawrence, it goes without saying, is the great master of evocation of the

subconscious.

Accordingly his interpretations become more direct and assertive. The Christus, for instance, no longer "reminds" him of a peasant farmer; he is "a peasant of the foot of the Alps". The psychological postures become more extreme. The Christus now suffers not only bondage but also "disgrace". He is no longer just "plain"; he is "Plain, almost blank in his soul". Lawrence no longer relies on the clumsy mechanism of putting words into the Christ's mouth; he evokes the peasant Christ's indomitability directly:

He did not yield. His soul was set, his will was fixed. He was himself, let his circumstances be what they would, his life fixed down. (TWI, 10)

The treatment of the crucifix then follows the pattern I described earlier. Instead of the single rendering of the Christus in the "Christs in the Tirol" version we see a multiple focussing. The prose follows the movements of the author's mind in meditation when, accepting the psychological finality, it sweeps off to create a much larger context for what the crucifix represents, something as all-inclusive and unqualified as, in Lawrence's words, a "direction of being". There is then an arching back to the original focus which is thereby endowed with the extended line of significance. The movement of what Lawrence called the "emotional mind" into the object of attention, away from it, and back again is repeated. In this way thought proceeds from rather than, in the normal way, preceding the prose; the process (it is very much a process) is ongoing rather than completed. Observation and reflection of the "Christs" version become encounter and meditation.

The first step (which, we soon see, is characteristic) is Lawrence's placing the opposition inherent in the peasant Christ's struggling against the nails within a larger natural opposition. "[T]he middle-aged peasant of the crucifix resisted unmoving the misery of his position"

foreshadows the "silent and intent" peasant family at work, which gives way naturally to the poetic evocation of the intimate psychological communion of the haygathering.

The body bent forward towards <sup>the</sup> earth, closing round on itself; the arms clasped full of hay, clasped round the hay that presses soft and close to the breast and the body, that pricks heat into the arms and the skin of the breast, and fills the lungs with the sleepy scent of dried herbs: the rain that falls heavily and wets the shoulders, so that the shirt clings to the hot, firm skin and the rain comes with heavy, pleasant coldness on the active flesh, running in a trickle down towards the loins, secretly; this is the peasant, this hot welter of physical sensation. And it is all intoxicating. It is intoxicating almost like a soporific, like a sensuous drug, to gather the burden to one's body in the rain, to stumble across the living grass to the shed, to relieve one's arms of the weight, to throw down the hay onto the heap, to feel light and free in the dry shed, then to return again into the chill, hard rain, to stoop again under the rain, and rise to return again with the burden. (TWI, 10-11)

The concept of drowsing physicality is established so vividly, in one's reading so nearly (after all we are implicitly invited to enter into the experience), that when Lawrence extrapolates from the particular example to the general case he loses nothing of the immediacy of impact; his conceptualisations maintain the flavour of the sensuous and immediate. Moreover, in generating what amounts to a race psychology he neatly returns us to the crucifix ("at last a crucifixion"), investing it with a deepened and unexpected significance.

It is this, this endless heat and rousedness of physical sensation which keeps the body full and potent, and flushes the mind with a blood heat, a blood sleep. And this sleep, this heat of physical experience, becomes at length a bondage, at last a crucifixion. It is the life and the fulfilment of the peasant, this flow of sensuous experience. But at last it drives him almost mad, because he cannot escape.

For overhead there is always the strange radiance of the mountains, there is the mystery

of the icy river rushing through its pink shoals into the darkness of the pine-woods, there is always the faint tang of ice on the air, and the rush of hoarse-sounding water. (TWI, 11)

Lawrence's abstractions are so concretely felt and the larger opposition of cold above and the heat of life below so satisfyingly absolute that we don't, as we read, stop to question the "adequacy" or "validity" of the abstract polarity as an interpretation of Bavarian peasant life. And Lawrence leaves no room for an alternative view as the prose rushes on, with a confident sense of possession of its subject, repositing the polarity again and again, widening and varying it.

And the ice and the upper radiance of snow are brilliant with timeless immunity from the flux and the warmth of life. Overhead they transcend all life, all the soft, moist fire of the blood. So that a man must needs live under the radiance of his own negation. (TWI, 11)

Consider, however, the case of the reader who is unimpressed by, or suspicious of, the vigour and vividness of the prose. He is likely to argue that the analysis of Bavarian, or any other nation's, life in terms of a single antithesis is, in principle, dangerously simplistic. In this case, moreover, it has involved a blurring of the original focus on the Christ. Whereas the first description of the farmhouse develops the dual suggestions of the Christ's being nailed down and his unremitting will and silent determination, the second picks up for exclusive reflection the intoxicating physicality of the farm work only. I could provide such a reader with further ammunition by attesting to the absence of crucifixes carved in the style Lawrence describes on both sides of the Isar from Icking to Winkel (by which point Lawrence would have ascended the hills to the Chapel and Hay Hut). That I was unable to find Lawrence's crucifix is not surprising but that I could find none like it is worrying - if, that

is, one holds to the normal belief that generalisations should be based on a fair sample.

What I'm trying to enforce in pursuing this argument is the recognition of what Lawrence makes the sympathetic reader resign: what beliefs about the nature of thought and rational enquiry that, in one of their many forms, I have outlined as the procedural principles of the proposed investigation into Pfitschertal psychology. Lawrence, however, offers his interpretation of, here, Bavarian peasant life as a complete wisdom. There is no modesty, no tentativeness. The polarity becomes all-embracing ("The issue [the opposition]" he gets to the point of declaring, "is eternal, timeless, and changeless." TWI, 13)

Retracing the route and searching out the crucifixes oneself gives one a point of vantage outside the text, which leads one to question the completeness of Lawrence's interpretations. Re-reading Lawrence's version, however, reminds one of the particular kind of coherence Lawrence is able, nevertheless, to tap; only now one's awareness of the personal centre of that coherence is sharpened. Its coherence depends on involving the reader in the movements of the narrator's meditation; it has the coherence of, as it were, a lived experience. We trust Lawrence not because, on reflection, we think his ideas "make sense" (although they may also do that) but because, on the page, he travels their distance. E.T. remarked on "the deliberate way [Lawrence] had of speaking when he was trying to work out something in his own mind".<sup>28</sup> She was thinking of his earlier years: by 1915 we can see how Lawrence has been able to bring a natural habit of mind into his writing.

Witness the strong sense one gets in the following passage of a man speaking personally and informally, or thinking aloud perhaps, lingering on the peasant's "large and clear and handsome" form, sharpening a statement by a qualification of it placed ungrammatically, as often in ordinary speech, after the statement.

There is a strange, clear beauty of form about the men of the Bavarian highlands, about both men and women. They are large and clear and handsome in form, with blue eyes very keen, the pupil small, tightened, the iris keen, like sharp light shining on blue ice. Their large, full-moulded limbs and erect bodies are distinct, separate, as if they were perfectly chiselled out of the stuff of life, static, cut off. Where they are everything is set back, as in a clear frosty air. (TWI, 11)

Lawrence's characteristic use of three adjectives in rhythmical conjunction ("large and clear and handsome") and his use of two adjectives, separated by a comma, in apposition of one another, delay one's scan of the sentence. They force a savouring of each individual word, bring the meanings home to the reader. Similarly his deliberately ungrammatical usages: what does "like sharp light shining on blue ice" qualify: "eye", "pupil" or "iris"? One cannot confidently say. Rather we are aware of meanings suspended before us; on to us is put the onus of fusing them. We are drawn into the business of creating meaning, into Lawrence's own "living out" the object or state of mind. Our response is more intimate than we're used to, "personal", to the man-in-thought rather than to the thought itself.

If detachment is denied us and if the sense Lawrence makes is not "rational" in a conventional way we don't grow uneasy because we instinctively recognise signs that, as I have suggested, make us trust the voice we hear: his "travelling the distance", his enlivening rather than leaning on his abstractions, and his variety of tones (indicating a number of different levels of engagement), his on-the-page adjustment of his thinking — evidence of an intellectual restlessness that defeats complacency. So we're inclined, as it were, to go along for the ride. In countenancing his circumventing of the rational and impersonal we find ourselves perfectly willing to follow the large interpretative strides Lawrence, in tapping a personal source of coherence rather than a more cautious impersonal one, finds it possible to make. He has the

confidence and technical ability to follow his intuitions to a kind of metaphysical endpoint, seeing the object, as was becoming increasingly his habit of thought, in terms of its placement within an all-encompassing and all-explaining metaphysical polarity:

The issue is too much revealed. It leaves the peasant no choice. The fate gleams transcendent above him, the brightness of eternal, unthinkable not-being. And this our life, this admixture of labour and of warm experience in the flesh, all the time it is steaming up to the changeless brilliance above, the light of the everlasting snows. This is the eternal issue. (TWI, 12)

Because of the fullness and intimacy of the reader's response only the largest conclusions will satisfy, will answer to the experience of the reading.

The thrust of "personal" interpretation does not strike us as monomaniacal - it's not simply a matter of the art being dictated by the idea - because of the multiple focussing I've mentioned, and because Lawrence's pursuing his intuitions as he does commits him to a continual re-assessment and restatement of them, an imaginative "argument" with himself. He must alter and adjust the statement of the polarity. Thus, after having declared that the Bavarian peasants are "perfectly chiselled out of the stuff of life ... set back as in a clear frosty air", he has soon to change tack:

Their beauty is almost this, this strange, clean-cut isolation, as if each one of them would isolate himself still further and for ever from the rest of his fellows.

Yet they are convivial, they are almost the only race with the souls of artists. Still they act the mystery plays with instinctive fullness of interpretation, they sing strangely in the mountain fields, they love make-belief and mummery, their processions and religious festivals are profoundly impressive, solemn, and rapt.

It is a race that moves on the poles of mystic sensual delight. Every gesture is a

gesture from the blood, every expression is a symbolic utterance.

For learning there is sensuous experience, for thought there is myth and drama and dancing and singing. Everything is of the blood, of the senses. There is no mind. The mind is a suffusion of physical heat, it is not separated, it is kept submerged.

At the same time, always, overhead, there is the eternal, negative radiance of the snows. Beneath is life, the hot jet of the blood playing elaborately. But above is the radiance of changeless not-being. (TWI, 12)

It is a distinctive quality of this prose that we don't take the hyperboles figuratively. "Every gesture is a gesture from the blood"; "There is no mind"; "Beneath is life": the experience of reading compels us to take them with the force of literalness. But then Lawrence must restate this absolute position; it becomes his "eternal issue" which he then must reconcile with the "perfectly chiselled" work-of-art quality he has already identified in the peasants. This becomes "the beauty and completeness, the finality of the highland peasant." (TWI, 12)

Which brings Lawrence back to the crucifix. No wonder the would-be paraphraser of Lawrence's thought is inevitably defeated: the "subject" of the essay is as much imaginative process as intellectual product. The stamp of authority we recognise in this last re-working of the polarity perceived in the crucifix ("It is plain in the crucifixes"; "It is one with the nails") ought not to indicate to the student that here, at last, Lawrence states the distilled essence of his thought. Simply it is one of his most convincing tones. The argument, perhaps, is clinched but it has been an argument, we must not forget, with himself, with his own apprehension of the crucifix.

This is by way of reminder of the limitations - the ultimate limitations - of a personal art. If Lawrence's extrapolating from the sculpting style of a Bavarian crucifix to the race psychology it proclaims must be seen, because of its "personal" source, as ultimately an inverted

comma exercise, it is nevertheless - before one needs to invoke ultimates - a peculiarly rewarding exercise. Exploiting the possibilities of a personal art gives Lawrence a flexibility of response, unburdened by conventional assumptions and a freedom of manoeuvre that ultimately reward him with decisive ingress to areas with which more conventional modes of enquiry are notoriously ill-equipped to deal. If a single polarity is thought too partial or narrow an aperture through which to view peasant life, nevertheless it's precisely because that aperture is restricted that Lawrence can maintain such an extreme pressure of thought. Rather like the river in flood which soon loses its momentum as it fans out over the surrounding land, more traditional approaches to the same problem (such<sup>as</sup> the proposed Pfitschertal enquiry) might gain "area" at the expense of depth and urgency.

Illustrating this point in relation to our present text, the earlier "Christs in the Tirol", although an essay on religious sculpture, betrays an author confident that religion is largely irrelevant to his subject. The crucifix's significance is humanised: Lawrence is content to see the Bavarian Christus's dogged refusal to give in as a reaction to the severities of farming life, and to see the intention of the sculptor as the attempt to understand his own suffering by objectifying it. The intentions of the author of Sons and Lovers are not far away here. Indeed, in Book One of that novel Lawrence betrays the knowing confidence of an agnostic that Paul's mother's (and also Miriam's mother's) religion is unimportant. He gives it no force: which subsequently lands him in trouble when he has to resort to the idea of its power over Miriam and her mother to account for Miriam's frigidity.

By the time of "The Crucifix Across the Mountains", however, Lawrence's apprehension of life is of religious depth - without benefit, though, of overt religion:

Still they act the mystery plays with instinctive fullness of interpretation, they sing strangely in the mountain fields, they love make-belief and



"the ornamental woodwork" on houses - in this case, on Lawrence and Frieda's flat at Icking.



"the ornate iron-work shop signs in Sterzing".

mummery, their processions and religious festivals are profoundly impressive, solemn, and rapt.  
(TWI, 12)

Lawrence's experience of Bavarian peasant life during his few months at Icking has, as one can see from his letters of the time, provided him with the raw material of this interpretative passage. However, only now can he grasp the continuity in the psychological - emotional sphere of the variety of peasant customs he had previously witnessed. He can so illuminate the surface of Bavarian life - what any wide-awake traveller would have seen - because of where, in his meditative process, he can go beyond and beneath it.

While Lawrence's interest in the Bavarians' lack of balance might be seen to stem from a concern to define a normative centre where "balance" is maintained, this is so, if at all, only by distant implication. In dwelling on the peasants' limitedness - because of their "finality" of being and their entrapment in the flesh - Lawrence is not preaching on what life ought to consist in; he is exploring, rather, the extremes on either side of the "norm". They are what really fire his imagination. It's his energetic creation of them that allows him to get those larger and deeper perspectives into view as he considers a sculpture, hay-making or a religious festival.

However, Lawrence clearly has not made the comprehensive kind of investigation that any anthropologist or peasant art historian worth his salt would have. For instance, he misses entirely the context of an extremely wide and varied range of artifacts, decorations and costume of which alpine peasant religious art and sculpture can be seen as an integral part. Lawrence, who was well aware of the Morrisian revival in England, cannot help but have seen the ornamental woodwork on the farmhouses, the biblical frescoes on shops and houses in Bavaria, the colourful Tyrolean peasant costumes, and the ornate iron-work shop signs in Sterzing.

On the other hand, Daniel Baud-Bovy, who had made

a most thorough study of the production and history of all these kinds of artifacts, finds himself struggling to articulate the springs in the alpine personality of this wealth of artistry. To do him justice he is the only editor of the various "Studio" volumes on European peasant art even to attempt such an enquiry. He is the only one who manages to see past the conventional nostalgia for a passing peasant culture, the end of an "organic life" and so on. But the terms in which he views the overall culture tend, nevertheless, to romanticise it:

In his long spells of inaction [in summer on the mountain pastures] - reclining on some rocky spur commanding the valley, [the peasant] contemplates and reflects, finding that vast world in which he lives more mysterious and more to be feared the longer he studies it. Every flower brightening the rocks is familiar to him, the hour at which the chamois will visit the springs to lick their saline trickle is known to him. 29

The second kind of reaction ("Every flower brightening ...") is not self-evidently an example of the first kind - as it purports to be. In a vague sense it is, but it's the vagueness that is the trouble (something of which one cannot accuse Lawrence.)

Baud-Bovy's tone hints at his overall intention: to celebrate organic peasant culture by sanitising it of any possible connection with our own modern industrial life. Lawrence's attachment to alpine peasant culture is free of this kind of prejudice. In attempting to "experience" what he sees rather than aestheticising it, he is able to meet that culture at a greater depth and wholeness. Lawrence does not match Baud-Bovy's kind of wholeness - the scholar's width of survey - because of his selectivity of approach. But that selectivity is an aspect of a "personal" art that pays off. Apparently magpie-like he selects, in Twilight, odd bits and pieces of peasant customs: the change in a local peasant economy, an acting style in Hamlet. Yet he makes his relatively few points of entry into peasant life

generate a meditative mode of assessing and understanding that life. The meditation is pursued with vigour, full personal participation, till a kind of intimate possession of his subject, however elusive or abstract, is attained. In this way he can, on the page, render the vivid reality of the alpine peasant's religious depth of experience as the more learned Baud-Bovy cannot.<sup>30</sup>

Lawrence's advantage can be seen in another light: his solution of a major problem, central to the travel book genre. I mean the author's need to mediate between his audience's assumptions and the foreignness of the place he visits. The obvious solution, perhaps, is to write "at first hand". So Dickens, in his Pictures from Italy, felt bound to ensure the reader that his impressions "were ... penned in the fulness of the subject, and with the liveliest impressions of novelty and freshness."<sup>31</sup>

The touch of intimacy [one commentator suggests], whether real or imagined, is required. The reader, to know what a place is really like, needs to know its effects on someone he knows, someone whose character, preferences and values he understands .... it is the projected personality of the author that is the interpretative gauge in the work at hand.

Richard Murphy, from whose Ph.D. dissertation (The Structures of Authorial Control in the Travel Books of D.H. Lawrence)

I have extracted this comment, attempts to establish a genre theory that will apply to Lawrence's travel books.<sup>32</sup> Murphy argues that Lawrence's manipulation of his "projected personality" involves shepherding the reader into participation in the author's coming to recognitions and awarenesses.

However, Murphy too readily assumes that this process of audience manipulation, in being willed and conscious (if indeed this is the case), is free of wider social influences on it. If the travel writer is the "real centre" of the travel book, he is nevertheless writing from a cultural background that he shares with his readers and which tends to force its expectations and values on him, colouring

or even warping his "first-hand" impressions. How else can one account, for instance, for the endless encomiums on natural beauty, especially mountain scenery, that fill the pages of so many late nineteenth century travel books? "Grandeur", "sublimity": terms and ways of seeing unleashed by the Romantic poets and revived by refined aesthetic spirits later in the century had their effects even on so irreverent an individual as Mark Twain:

Over your head Mount Davidson lifted its gray dome, and before and below you a rugged canyon clove the battlemented hills, making a sombre gateway through which a soft-tinted desert was glimpsed .... At rare intervals - but very rare -... the setting sun would gild and flush and glorify this mighty expanse of scenery with a bewildering pomp of color that held the eye like a spell and moved the spirit like music.  
(The view from Virginia City, from Roughing It, in Works (1972) vol. 2, ch. 43, p.276.)

The way to give a memorable scene significance, Twain, and so many other travel writers, obviously thought was to appeal to the language of the picturesque ("the battlemented hills"), to the conventionally poetic ("the setting sun would gild/flush<sup>and</sup> and glorify" : the alliteration is unavoidable in the exalted frame of mind), and to that sure proof of "sensitivity": that one's spirit was moved as by music. It is a general, ideal response that is sought; both immediacy of impression and the actual pre-poeticised contours of the scene are lost under the wash of literary and other elevating associations. Similar examples could be culled from Amelia Edwards' "ramble through the Dolomites" (Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys), or from Joy of Tyrol whose author gratefully culls as much "religious" emotion as the landscape will afford. But there are other ways in which the travel writer can be seen to be carrying his culture about with him, allowing it to intervene between himself and what he is seeing, or allowing it to predetermine the objects of his attention.

R.L. Stevenson remains very much the Victorian

Protestant gentleman during his ungentlemanly tramp with his donkey in the (formerly persecuted) Protestant region of the Cévennes (Travels With My Donkey). Or, again, although Samuel Butler (in Alps and Sanctuaries) has personally warmed to the general Italian savoir-vivre, with its easy-going social relations, he has most pointedly been unable to transport his mental equipment as well. He tries to let his English audience into the Italian social scene gently. That "which in England would be impossible," he explains, "is here not only possible but a matter of course, because the general standard of good breeding is distinctly higher than it is among ourselves." <sup>33</sup> Going on to justify that claim (Italy, he argues, is an older civilization in comparison with England which still has, in its lower levels, a colonial roughness about it), Butler exhibits his habitual thoughtfulness, without genuine depth, which would flatter the light reader into thinking - without, as it were, raising a finger - that he is in the presence of real and profound thought. Complacency is courted on both sides. The commonality of language and assumption shared by reader and writer commits the writer to the valuations of his culture in a way that dates the travel book. This can be at least partly attributed to the writer's failure to tap the personal (always crucial in the travel book) as the book's real source of coherence. The reflections the author offers about the experience he describes are too frequently detachable and distinct from the experience itself. Although, say, we may be interested in Stevenson's ideas about religious antagonism - his "editorial" - we feel perfectly free to reflect differently. The thought content of the travel writing is not getting a "personal" authority or validation.

Twilight in Italy, however, is by no means dated. One of its original reviewers commented that Lawrence "talks like an expatriate. His matter is not more indigenous than his manner." <sup>34</sup> While this view clearly needs qualification (for example, the evidence in Twilight of Lawrence's Biblical training, his resorting predominantly to English

history for examples of his world polarisation theory), one can see what prompted the reviewer's comment. Leaning on so few cultural "givens", Lawrence had to find an alternative—a personal—source of coherence, and a style to match.

In saying this, however, I don't mean to limit his achievement to, say, the level of Heine's or Greene's in their "personal" travel books (respectively, Reisebilder, 1826-30, and Journey Without Maps, 1936). They have little trouble suffusing their travel essays with their own personalities. Heine's risible ironies are always just below the surface. His aesthetic and sexual fancies are freely allowed to determine the subject matter; he is content to indulge in rather complacent opinionating about other writers. The inherent interest of his (set ) personality determines and limits the interest of the prose.

In Graham Greene's case, ~~the~~ line of thought (of the back to 'bur pre-civilised roots" kind) that his needlessly hazardous journey in Liberia is supposed to generate is quite distinct from the real, personal centre of the book: his felicitous registration of the seedy, corrupt and hopeless. Greene cannot help being himself: which is the book's strength. But it's also its limitation: it's "personal" also in a revealing way.

Neither the Butler/Stevenson nor the Greene/Heine avenue of endeavour seems to solve the travel book dilemma: subjectivity is either half-hearted or insufficient to cope with the problems and ideas the journey suggests. Lawrence's kind of subjective art resolves this dilemma. To be "personal", for Lawrence I've argued, is precisely what enables him to deal with the largest and apparently most impersonal issues.

Lawrence's solution, I have suggested, is based on a willingness and capability to follow his own intuitions to their end-point. The thought characteristically develops in a polarised fashion, swinging away from the particular in opposite directions and giving the swing itself - the movement of thought - a compellingness or vivid embodiment

which illuminates the particular in an invigorating new light. This is Lawrence's direct line of commerce between the particular and the general. "[The same at all times", "eternal, timeless and changeless", "Beneath is life": in the face of this level of generality polarity is, as it were, a spatial necessity. If Lawrence wishes to deal in ideas as intellectually expansive as these, and keep them at the same time imaginatively intelligible, only complete opposition will do. A letter of Lawrence's, written in October 1915, illustrates this point.

Can you not see that if the relation between Father and Son, in the Christian theology, were only love, then how could they even feel love unless they were separate and different, and if they are divinely different, does not this imply that they are divine opposites ...?

I hope this doesn't seem confused: I think it is quite clear really. (CL, 369)

This heresy on the doctrine of the Trinity is an imaginative necessity for Lawrence. It is "quite clear" to him because he has to hold onto the idea of "divine opposites". It is in terms of such opposites, constantly changing, constantly repositated, that by mid-1915 he has, I would submit, come to envisage life.

Although the proving of this claim is beyond the scope of the present enquiry, it has a corollary that must, in any case, be faced in relation to "The Crucifix" chapter. I mean the preconception of the terms of the polarity that Lawrence "apprehends" in the particular situation. Although preconceived, the opposition is, by means of the circular meditative process I have described, confronted with actual observation, with more aspects of peasant life; it is frequently re-formulated, re-imagined. If pre-conceived, it is re-conceived. Moreover, in the case of the Bavarian Christus, the polarity is both suggested and reinforced by the (unavoidable) antithesis in the natural scene: the icy mountains above as against the valley of human habitation below. This is part of the reason for the success of this

part of the essay: the physical scene is fecund with sensuous imagery in terms of which Lawrence can generate his metaphysical polarity, can keep it sharp. There is a kind of "image logic" here which contributes to the personal coherence I have discussed.

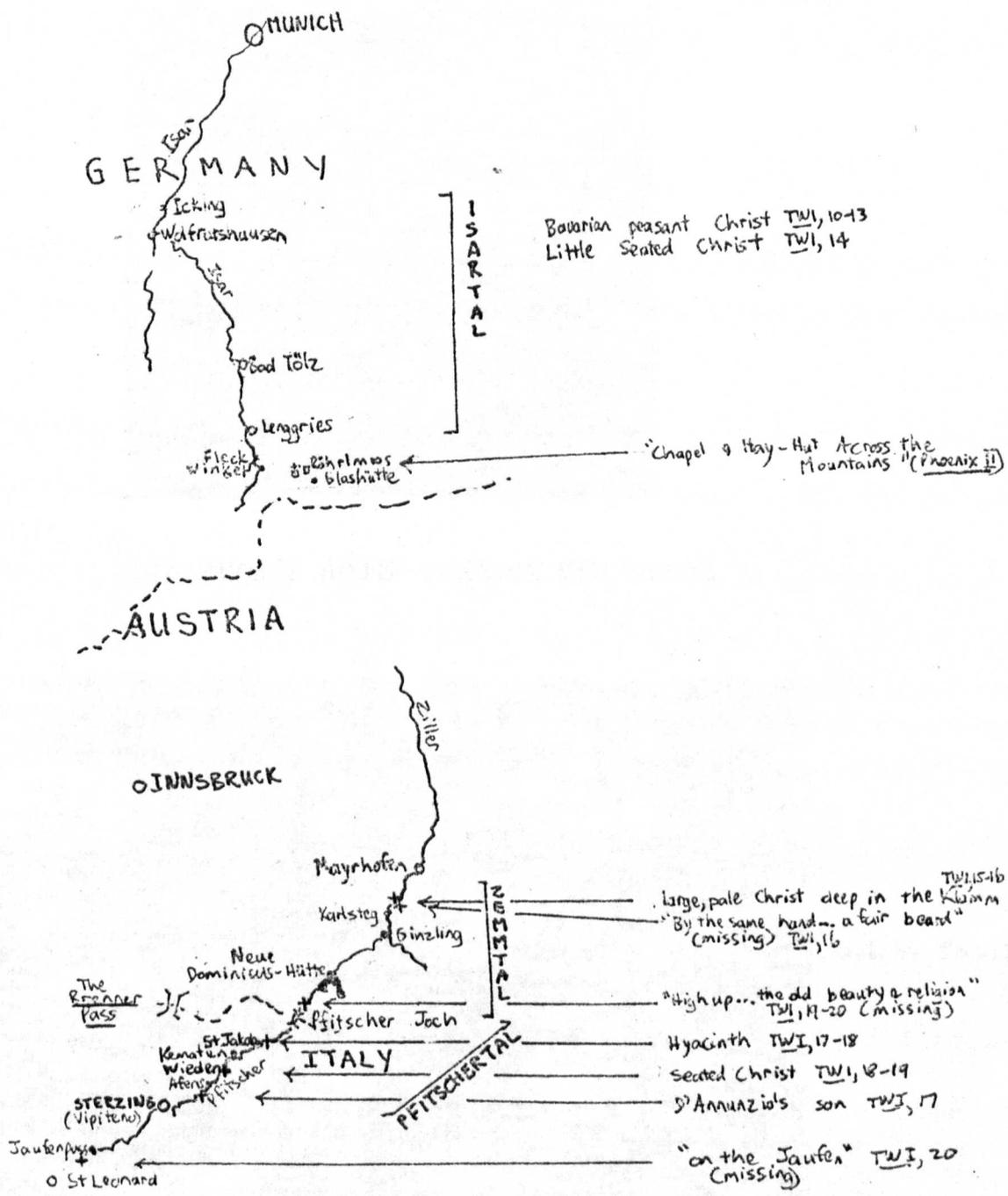
But habits of polarised thinking, or of whatever kind, can induce laziness. In a personal art especially, mere insistence and self-delusion are ever-present dangers. Consider, for instance, the first page of Twilight. Nobody - in print, at any rate - has yet recognised that it is largely bluff. The description of the Imperial road and Holy Roman Emperors, introduced into the essay only in 1915, was probably an attempt on Lawrence's part to connect this essay with the following ones in order to give them some unity as a book. "The Crucifix" essay is not about Italy at all: the Roman road idea provides an exalted (if literal) connecting link between the two areas of interest. Presumably too, Lawrence was hoping to evoke an air of mystery, to give a premonition of the weightiness of the matters to follow. However, the idea is little more than a dressed-up, "great-people-passed-by-here" cliché. Lawrence's uncertainty, in an essay elsewhere characterised by intellectual vigour, is only too apparent:

It was not a very real empire, perhaps, but the sound was high and splendid.

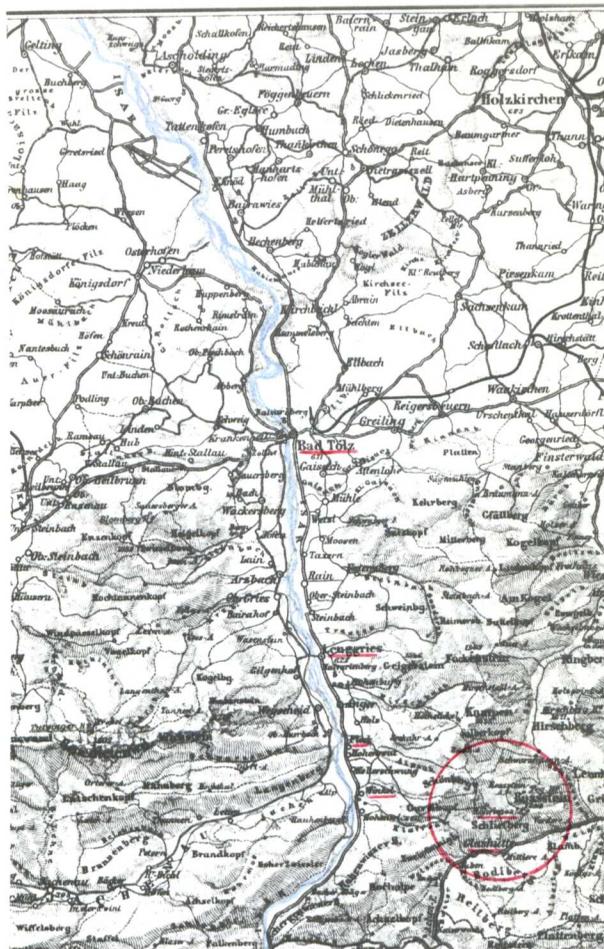
Maybe a certain Grössenwahn [delusion of grandeur] is inherent in the German nature. (TWI, 9)

Uncertainty then gives way to the trite: "If only nations would realize that they have certain natural characteristics ... how much simpler it would all be" (TWI, 9).

But Lawrence perseveres, trying to will a significance onto his material. He restates the imperial procession theme and speculates as to the genesis of the crucifix, generated, he imagines, by the processions, "like a new plant among the mountains" (TWI, 9). Not only is this the merest speculation (they most probably date from the

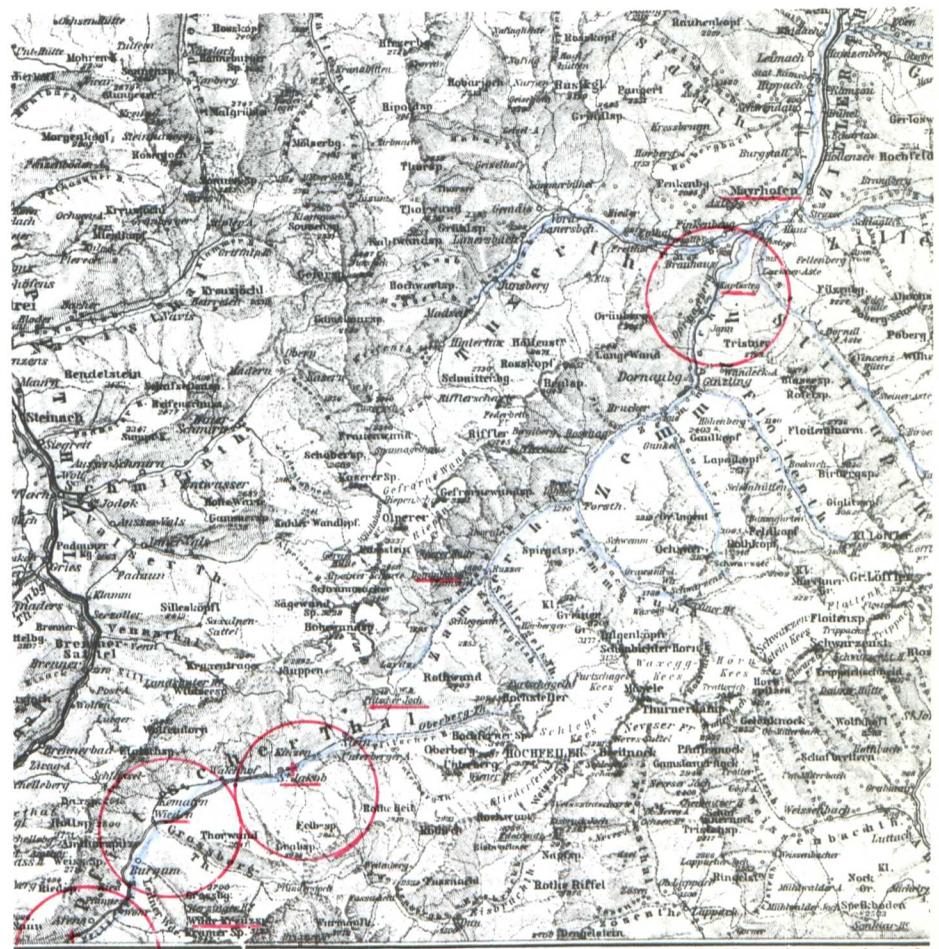


LAWRENCE'S ROUTE THROUGH THE TYROL



From Baedeker's  
Eastern Alps (1911,  
 12th edn.) p. 68  
 facing.

LAWRENCE'S ROUTE THROUGH THE TYROL



p.234 facing

Counter-Reformation, expressions of its religious zeal <sup>35</sup>), it sets out deliberately to disguise the fact that the crucifixes Lawrence saw are nowhere near the imperial road. The modern road of 1912 over the Brenner was constructed in 1772 (the Roman road had in fact gone over the Brenner) but it's not the way Lawrence went. He traversed several valleys and two mountain ranges to the east of the main road and then cut back to it at Sterzing along the Pfitschertal.

In keeping with the pretext for this elevated tone that Lawrence feels the need to maintain, he changes and disguises the location of the Zemmtal crucifix: from, in "Christ's": "In the Zemm valley, right in the middle of the Tirol" (PI, 83) to, in "The Crucifix", "in the heart of the Tyrol, behind Innsbruck" (TWI, 15). He has mentioned Innsbruck as being on the imperial road.

The likelihood of Lawrence's being aware of any connection, mystical or otherwise, between the old imperial road and the way he walked becomes all the more remote when one considers that Lawrence had never done the Munich to Verona walk. Indeed it's doubtful that he had ever set foot on it. The closest he had been by 1915 was his catching the night train from Verona to Munich on 14 April, 1913.<sup>36</sup> And, given his aversion to main roads in the final chapters of Twilight, it's unlikely that the experience of walking that road (the major alpine route) would have inspired such interest in the crucifixes.

Lawrence evidently wished to lift the nature of his journey, and the religious art he came across, above the level of the accidental and haphazard, to plot, in Thomas's phrase, a close necessity around the crucifixes he saw, to deprive them of their independence by seeing them in terms of a scheme of greater significance. But, if he approaches his task with profound intentions, profundity comes despite them rather than because of them.

Consider the changing interpretations he gives the Zemmtal crucifix. (I quote only the MS version which should be read together with the "Christ's" version, PI, 83-4,

and the Twilight version, 15-17.)

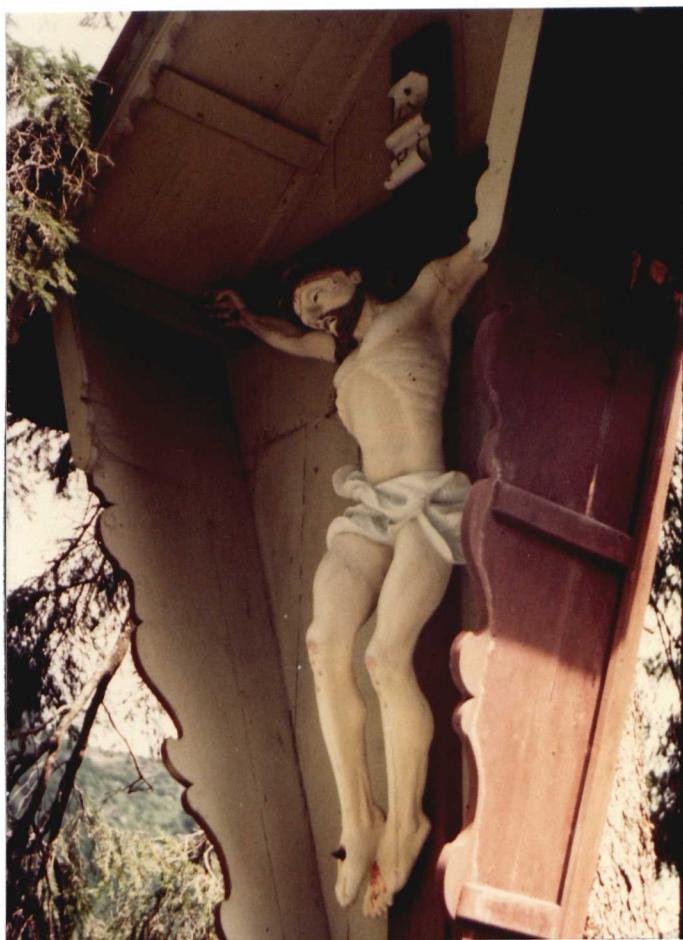
But then there are so many Christs that are man, carved by men. In the Zemm valley, right in the middle of the Tyrol, there are half a dozen crucifixes, evidently by the same worker. They have all got the same body and the same face, though one has a fair beard. The largest of them is more than life size. He has a strangely brutal face, that aches with weariness of pain, and he looks as if he were just dead. He has fallen forward on the cross, the weight of his full-grown, mature body, tearing his hands on the nails. And on his rather ugly, passionate mouth, is despair and bitterness and death. The peasants, as they drive their pack-horses along the dark valley, take off their hats in passing, half afraid. It is sombre and damp, and there hangs the falling body of the man, who has died in bitterness of spirit. There is something dreadful about the bitter despair of the crucifix. I think of the man who carved it. He was afraid. They were nearly all afraid, when they carved and erected these monuments to physical pain, just as the sturdy peasants are afraid, as they take off their hats in the mountain gloom.

They are afraid of physical pain. It terrifies them. They raise, in their startled helplessness of suffering, these Christs, these human attempts at deciphering the riddle of pain. In the same way, more or less, they paint the little pictures of some calamity. (MS, 2-3)

The general point of the description in the MS version is unsatisfactorily general: that the "Christs .... are man, carved by men" - a rudimentary response which merely reflects the dawning of Lawrence's interest in the crucifixes. In the "Christs" version, with the benefit of the final re-writing of Sons and Lovers behind him, Lawrence sees a deeper intention in the carver's art:

to get at the meaning of [his] own soul's anguish ....[T]he same worker ... has whittled away in torment to see himself emerge out of the piece of timber, so that he can understand his own suffering, and see it take on itself the distinctness of an eternal thing, so that he can go on further, leaving it. (PI, 83)

This intuiting of the sculptor's motivation prompts



The Zemtäl crucifix in the Klamm.

Lawrence to speculate further in the subconscious realm: to portray the Christ's state of mind as he died. The prose changes from external descriptions (which is virtually as far as the MS version goes) to a kind of indirect speech of the psychology of the Christ:

his rather ugly, passionate mouth is shut with bitter despair. After all, he had wanted to live and to enjoy his manhood. But fools had ruined his body, and thrown his life away, when he wanted it. (PI, 33)

Yet Lawrence's newquality of attention has little relevance to the overall context - the carver's deeper intention - that he has given the crucifix. Although Lawrence returns to the fear under which the carver must have laboured, he fails to substantiate the feeling of liberation the carver is supposed to have felt in giving his fear an objective form. Rather it's his unavoidable enmeshment in suffering and death that is stressed. "Evidently the artist could not get beyond the tragedy that tormented him." (PI, 84), he concludes.

Re-reading "Christs" in 1915, Lawrence evidently saw confusion here and hit upon the idea of re-arranging and unifying the chapter by pursuing a central opposition of motivation to which all the crucifix styles could be referred: the "unconscious" attempt to convey a religious truth versus the conscious endeavour to render a more or less sensational feeling. The Bavarian crucifix and the ones high up the Jaufental/<sup>and</sup> on the Pfitscherjoch (the sites of those at the end of the chapter) would be the examples of the first kind and the Zemmtal Christ and the large seated Christ near St. Jakob in the Pritschertal would be the primary examples of the latter kind. However, the dichotomy seems to have offered Lawrence more an opportunity for an intellectual tidying-up than a spur to a genuine re-imagining of the crucifixes in terms of the opposite motivations. Already complete in Lawrence's first statement of it, the opposition commences and remains imaginatively inert. It

does not provoke Lawrence into the kind of imaginative excursion that the valley/mountains opposition did in relation to the Bavarian crucifix.

No doubt this is partly because there is no natural opposition to support the intellectual one, to supply the images and promptings Lawrence needs to keep his meditative "circles" alive, buoyant and compelling. Perhaps, too, Lawrence was aware of the problems that would result in later chapters if he pushed this opposition too hard: he could all-too-easily defuse the later North-South polarity by attributing, in this chapter, the Bavarian ("Northern") nation with an instinctive, unconscious existence (even if part of Bavaria's "old phase" of life) when Germany, in the later schema, is said to possess the over-developed consciousness of the "Northern" nations. (It was not that the North-South polarity only occurred to him as he revised the later chapters. He had already been developing the idea in The Study of Thomas Hardy written in late 1914.) The problem of the sheer arbitrariness of what, really, are major terms of Lawrence's thought, crops up here. We are reminded of why there would be good reason for not classifying it as finished thought at all. The process of the thought is, I repeat, more important than the extractable thought itself: within the chapter, within the book and within the long series of more or less private philosophising that occupied much of Lawrence's attention during the 1910's: his "Foreword" to Sons and Lovers, The Study of Thomas Hardy, the lost version(s) of what became The Crown, The Crown itself, Goats and Compasses (destroyed), At the Gates, "The Reality of Peace" and so on.

It is perhaps predictable that Lawrence's newfound opposition in the crucifixes chapter partakes of the clichéd ("small like the kernel of the truth" TWI, 15) and depends on a subtle sleight of hand. Although the crucifixes are "still... genuine expressions of the people's soul", the sculptor is "trained and conscious, probably working in Vienna", (TWI, 15) a different world entirely to the remote, peasant life of the Zemtäl. Moreover we're told a couple



"'The chief of his crucifixes stands deep  
in the Klamm, in the dank gorge .... The road  
runs under the rock and the trees, half-way up  
the one side of the pass.'"

of pages later that the foppish "D'Annunzio's son" crucifix is "quite in the Viennese spirit". At any event the opposition fails to engage with his deeper responses to the Zemtäl and St. Jakob Christs, responses which only now, in 1915, is he able adequately to articulate and, to a considerable extent, plumb the significance of.

We are aware, as it were, of a psychological journey as the narrator gradually focusses his attention on the Christ. The prose registers the narrator's taking of the details of the scene.

The chief of his crucifixes stands deep in the Klamm, in the dank gorge where it is always half-night. The road runs under the rock and the trees, half-way up the one side of the pass. Below, the stream rushes ceaselessly, embroiled among great stones, making an endless loud noise. The rock face opposite rises high overhead, with the sky far up. So that one is walking in a half-night, an underworld. And just below the path, where the pack-horses go climbing to the remote, infolded villages, in the cold gloom of the pass hangs the large, pale Christ. He is larger than life-size. He has fallen forward, just dead, and the weight of the full-grown, mature body hangs on the nails of the hands. So the dead, heavy body drops forward, sags, as if it would tear away and fall under its own weight. (TWI, 15)

The prose follows the natural strides of the thinking mind rather than seeking the unequivocal clarity and precision of expression permitted by strict grammatical usage. For example, in the second sentence there is a grammatical ambiguity caused by the placement of "half-way", which introduces an adjectival expression, directly after "trees" when the expression is intended to qualify "road". Accustomed as we are to natural speech rhythms we automatically make the adjustment: although grammatically ambiguous the sentence makes perfect sense. But of course, in making the adjustment we are unconsciously attuning ourselves to a more personal mode of discourse than the equivalent passage in "Christs" necessitated. In that essay, though Lawrence seeks to "set the scene" and mildly to dramatise his coming upon the



"'It is the end. The face is barren with a dead expression of weariness'" - the Zemmtal Christ.

the crucifix the note of impersonality is intrinsic.

Many other details in the Twilight passage confirm this distinction. Lawrence is more alert here to effects we would normally call poetic. Consider, for instance, the way "ceaselessly" draws attention to itself, slowing down the prose, delaying registration - an effect picked up by "endless". Look at the way Lawrence chooses to drop the striking phrase "pushing back the sky" and replace it with the more naive "with the sky far up", which has a closer relation to an actual looking at where the sky is now. (My own experience of this very narrow part of the Zemtäl certainly confirms the 1915 version: it is slightly worrying what has "happened" to the sky.)

The personal voice has a variety of tones and speeds, can slide in and out between subconscious and more purely conscious states of engagement. Witness the stamp of authority in the passage that follows and overtly interprets the description of the Zemtäl crucifix:

It is the end. The face is barren with a dead expression of weariness, and brutalized with pain and bitterness. The rather ugly, passionate mouth is set for ever in the disillusionment of death. Death is the complete disillusionment, set like a seal over the whole body and being, over the suffering and weariness and the bodily passion. (TWI, 15).

The epigrammatic force of the first sentence sets the tone. It's not just that the plight of the Christus is seen as more extreme than in the "Christs" version but the plight, or at least a "taking" of it, is very nearly enacted. The impersonal expression, "The face is strangely brutal" of the earlier version, is strengthened and given direct impact by changing the adjective into a verb and balancing the two halves of the sentence, thus giving it a rhythmic force. (Compare also the characteristic double "and" construction in the last sentence.) "The disillusionment of death" is an odd phrase and the sentence in which it occurs might at first give the effect of a bareness of

assertion. But Lawrence's effects tend to be rhythmic and cumulative rather than precise or circumspect. He does not stop and remark, "Let me say what I mean by 'the disillusionment of death'". Instead he confidently re-asserts the idea, extending and varying it. The confident onward thrust of the "personal" voice gives us confidence to trust in the narrator's dealings with extremes of experience.

Perhaps it's useful at this point to underline the linking of the aspects of Lawrence's art to which I've been drawing attention: the way the enacting of his taking of the Christ's plight - with the fruitfully imprecise grammar and sometimes hyperbolic language he uses - permits a dwelling on the extremity of that plight which, in turn, becomes identified as a fundamental of human experience - fundamental in the sense that there is no going past it - a fundamental towards which the sculpture is pointing. There is clarity achievable here, but a clarity of a relentless kind.

The mountain peasant seems grounded upon fear, the fear of death, of physical death. Beyond this he knows nothing. His supreme sensation is in physical pain, and in its culmination. His great climax, his consummation, is death. Therefore he worships it, bows down before it, and is fascinated by it all the while. It is his fulfilment, death, and his approach to fulfilment is through physical pain. (TWI, 16)

Equipped to go deeper by means of his circular, meditative mode, Lawrence uncovers a disturbing dimension of the Zemmtal mountain peasant's dalliance with fear, and in doing so extends the meaning of the Bavarian peasant's entrapped life of physical and sensuous experience. (Lawrence dares in other words, to take the case to its end-point.) The Bavarian obsession with the entrapment becomes the Zemmtalers' obscene fascination with the end of physical life and with its concomitant and harbinger, physical pain.

Clearly Lawrence has burst through the half of the merely intellectual opposition this crucifix is supposed

to represent. Its sculptor was supposed to be "consciously trying to convey a feeling" (TWI, 15). Lawrence indicates the matter is far deeper than that. Although Lawrence's basic intuition of the peasants' fear of pain is prominent in the "Christs" version (fed, as it is, by his speculations about the ex voto paintings in "Chapel Among the Mountains"), he can only convey its full psychological significance in the 1915 version.

The less-than-fully-sympathetic reader of Lawrence's account might raise the objection at this point that Lawrence is rather arrogantly positing a more or less injurious interpretation of the psychology of a particular peasant group that is based on the observation of only a single crucifix and having seen a pack-horse driver's taking off his hat to it. Moreover, when one looks at the actual crucifix itself (allowing for the new coats of paint and renovations it has had since 1912) it is obvious Lawrence has misremembered some important details. <sup>37</sup>

The crucifix is situated just below a bridge called the Karlsteg and although the river does not, because of a number of modern weirs, "roar unceasingly, till it is almost like a constant pain" (TWI, 15-16), it must have been a very obtrusive part of the scene in 1912. (A contemporary Baedeker reads: "The ...Karlsteg (2820') crosses the torrent which here dashes wildly over huge rocks."<sup>38</sup>)

However, Lawrence's description of the Christ figure is less fitting. The Christus has not fallen forward from the cross as Lawrence indicates. His back is hard up against it. In fact, a carving of a Christ who had literally fallen forward would be more difficult and expensive to produce because the back would then have to be carved as well. More importantly, because the body needs to be securely anchored to the upright beam of the cross the heavy bolt passing through the back of the Christ would then be visible; which would create not only aesthetic but also theological difficulties. The nails of the Zemtäl Christ are driven into the section between wrist and hand, allowing

some drama to the fingers which clutch forward. The Christus, although not falling forward, has sunk down on the cross. He is not, as are so many in the Zillertal below, pushing up with his legs. He is past that stage; the struggle is over. As Lawrence says, he is just dead - which is confirmed by the prominent wound in the side. However, the stomach which is stretched taut, with every rib visible, tends to contradict this impression. Yet the tension of the stomach muscles does attest to the foregoing agony: even in death, it suggests, there is no relaxation.

The head with its broad forehead, prominent cheek bones and ashily staring eyes, looking but not seeing from under large heavy lids, is, however, the centre of the drama. In the MS version Lawrence describes the mouth ("on his rather ugly, passionate mouth, is despair and bitterness and death", MS, 2) without indicating whether it is open or shut. Yet clearly the fact that it is open and downward turning at the edges is very important in creating the strong sense of disillusionment and bitterness of the figure. In the "Christs" version we're told that "his rather ugly, passionate mouth is shut with bitter despair." (PI, 83) In the Twilight version the mouth is simply "set forever in the disillusionment of death." (TWI, 15)

These differences are not surprising: there is a simple problem of memory. Lawrence has no doubt come away with a definite, intense impression but writing several weeks, then a few months, then years later he tries to re-create an image of a Christ which corresponds to his remembered impression. (Whereas one would have innocently expected the process to be the other way round: that he would try to make his impression correspond to the Christ.) There is a loss of fidelity here, and the detractor, already objecting to Lawrence's generalising on the basis of insufficient evidence, is likely to become incensed when he learns that even that evidence is imperfectly remembered.

In the terms in which this objection is put there is, I believe, no answer to it. Although I have made it clear,

I hope, that Lawrence's art works from an opposite position to the one that is implied by the terms of the objection, there is no doubt that Lawrence's interpretations do not court or brook any qualification or complementing by other views of the same subject. The terms in which Lawrence sees the Zemtäl crucifix and its significance fill the intellectual "space" of the sketch: the waters which roar unceasingly, the mysterious underworld darkness of the ravine, the finality of the pack-horse driver's dread, the psychological extrapolation which envisages his "supreme sensation ... in physical pain .... His great climax ... [in] death" (TWI, 16). There is no opportunity or room in the convincing extremity of the rendered experience to urge qualifications, to beg to disagree, to be anything less than fully convinced. The art offers, or at least purports to offer, a total explanation: that is a condition of its success. Lawrence's intense personal engagement with his subject matter releases resources of language, grammar and idea that make that totality, as we read, feasible, indeed inevitable. Yet the "totality" is perhaps more rightly described as a "sense of totality": it is confined to the text, an inverted comma totality. Deliberately detach oneself from the text (as the detractor does or as one is forced to do in finding and studying the crucifixes oneself), and another limiting sense of "personal" becomes relevant. This, I suggest, is the Lawrence paradox, and one that is, in all likelihood, not restricted to Twilight in Italy.<sup>39</sup>

There are reminders in the chapter of a more ordinary way in which the art of the sketch is, at bottom, a subjective one. Witness the three paragraphs from "Beyond the Brenner ..." on page eighteen:

Beyond the Brenner, I have only seen vulgar or sensational crucifixes. There are great gashes on the breast and the knees of the Christ-figure, and the scarlet flows out and trickles down, till the crucified body has become a ghastly striped thing of red and white, just a

sickly thing of striped red.

They paint the rocks at the corners of the tracks, among the mountains; a blue and white ring for the road to Ginzling, a red smear for the way to St Jakob. So one follows the blue and white ring, or the three stripes of blue and white, or the red smear, as the case may be. And the red on the rocks, the dabs of red paint, are of just the same colour as the red upon the crucifixes; so that the red upon the crucifixes is paint, and the signs on the rocks are sensational, like blood.

I remember the little brooding Christ of the Isar, in his little cloak of red flannel and his crown of gilded thorns, and he remains real and dear to me, among all this violence of representation.

One sees the line of association: "vulgar or sensational crucifixes" associates with "a sickly thing of striped red", which in turn suggests "the rocks are sensational, like blood" and "this violence of representation". In this way there is an easy transition from the Hyacinth crucifix to the St. Jakob one. However, the line of association is only a line. It is merely subjective. Lawrence's method of repetition and variation of idea, word and image seems uninspired and laboured here.

Yet that shortcoming - the temporary lapse - into mere habit - is <sup>of</sup> not as crucial as it might appear. It involves a changing/ key, a relaxation of the intensity of focus, thus providing a kind of breathing space so that a deeper engagement with a more profitable centre of interest, the hideous St. Jakob Christus, can more easily and naturally be taken up. Lawrence later wrote:

As a matter of fact, we need more looseness. We need an apparent formlessness, definite form is mechanical. We need more easy transition from mood to mood and from deed to deed. A great deal of the meaning of life and of art lies in the apparently dull spaces, the pauses, the unimportant passages. They are truly passages, the places of passing over. 40

The reader does, I think, instinctively make allowances in

a "personal" art for the "unimportant passages". They are familiar enough in personal conversation after all. The variation in the later chapters, from the passages of relaxed observation to those of tense visionary philosophy, and then back again, is related to this.

But, in any case, in Lawrence's subjective art unevenness is not fatal: ideas can be deposited in the reader's mind - rather than developed - to be taken up subsequently as the circular meditative process returns to its starting point. Indeed, Twilight as a whole demonstrates this movement away and back again. The little seated Christ on the Isar contemplates the "to be or not to be" problem which is subsequently given illuminating treatment in "The Theatre".

Lawrence's subjectivity can appear in a refreshingly naive aspect.

Yet I dared not touch the fallen body of the Christ, that lay on its back in so grotesque a posture at the foot of the post. I wondered who would come and take the broken thing away, and for what purpose. (TWI, 20-1)

In an essay laden with abstract ideas this unembarrassed, off-the-cuff air is a welcome attestation to Lawrence's openness to the actual data of sensory perception:

The wooden hood was silver-grey with age, and covered, on the top, with a thicket of lichen, which stuck up in hoary tufts. But on the rock at the foot of the post was the fallen Christ, armless, who had tumbled down and lay in an unnatural posture. (TWI, 20)

If we're to trust Lawrence in his more ambitious interpretations it's necessary that we trust him here, in the middle ground, in a more ordinary way. Lawrence's personal voice has tones pitched to match, tones mid-way between the naive concern of the chapter's ending and the intense involvement of the Zemtäl and Bavarian crucifix descriptions. We see the advantages a subjective art gives him here in the way he feels no need, as he had in the MS and "Christs" versions,



"'One Christus is very elegant, combed and brushed'" - the D'Annunzio's son Crucifix.

"'this striking and original position'" .



to make fun of the element of pretension in the D'Annunzio's son and the Hyacinth crucifixes. Indeed, it's almost an essay convention that the author will employ a condescending wittiness to counteract pretension. However, this can too easily become a false position. The author, in distancing himself in this way, can become insensitive to what is in front of him. In the early versions any possible interest the Christs may have yielded is shortcircuited by such a stance and its appropriate idiom.

But some of the Christs are quaint. One I know is very elegant, brushed and combed. "I'm glad I am no lady," I say to him. For he is a pure lady-killer. But he ignores me utterly, the exquisite. The man who made him must have been dying to become a gentleman.

And a fair number are miserable fellows. They put up their eyebrows plaintively, and pull down the corners of their mouths. Sometimes they gaze heavenwards. They are quite sorry for themselves.

"Never mind," I say to them. "It'll be worse yet, before you've done."

Some of them look pale and done-for. They didn't make much fight; they hadn't much pluck in them. They make me sorry.

"It's a pity you hadn't got a bit more kick in you," I say to them. (PI, 84)

By 1915 Lawrence has divested himself of the need to pander to his audience's expectations. His deep interest in extreme experience (which he now has the resources of language to deal with in his art) manifests itself here in a respectfulness and balance that allows him to insinuate himself more surely into the motivation of the sculptor and into the psychology of the Christus:

Turning the ridge on the great road to the south, the imperial road to Rome, a decisive change takes place. The Christs have been taking on various different characters, all of them more or less realistically conveyed. One Christus is very elegant, combed and brushed and foppish on his cross, as Gariele D'Annunzio's son posing as a martyred saint. The martyrdom of this Christ is according to the most polite convention. The elegance is very important, and very Austrian. One might almost imagine the young man had taken



"'The young, male body droops forward on the cross, like a dead flower.'" - the Hyacinth crucifix.

up this striking and original position to create a delightful sensation among the ladies. It is quite in the Viennese spirit. There is something brave and keen in it, too. The individual pride of body triumphs over every difficulty in the situation. The pride and satisfaction in the clean, elegant form, the perfectly trimmed hair, the exquisite bearing, are more important than the fact of death or pain. This may be foolish, it is at the same time admirable.

But the tendency of the crucifix, as it nears the ridge to the south, is to become weak and sentimental. The carved Christs turn up their faces and roll back their eyes very piteously, in the approved Guido Reni fashion. They are overdoing the pathetic turn. They are looking to heaven and thinking about themselves, in self-commiseration. Others again are beautiful as elegies. It is dead Hyacinth lifted and extended to view, in all his beautiful, dead youth. The young, male body droops forward on the cross, like a dead flower. It looks as if its only true nature were to be dead. How lovely is death, how poignant, real, satisfying! It is the true elegiac spirit. (TWI, 17-18)

Lawrence evinces little real respect for the crucifixes in the "Christs" passage; his comments are frothy, glibly of-the-moment. However, in Twilight, it is as if, writing almost three years later, Lawrence recognizes for the first time the integrity or at least the seriousness of the sculptor's intent and determines to get the crucifix into focus and to meditate on that image.

This "getting into focus" is part of the reason for the new emphasis on geographical location - in which, as I have already pointed out, Lawrence is error-prone, if not worse. The first sentence of the second paragraph of the quotation does not make geographic sense at all (as, in any case, the vagueness of the recollection would otherwise have alerted us to.) As one "nears the ridge" over which Lawrence walked there are almost no crucifixes whatsoever for the area is virtually unpopulated. (The farms end only a few miles above the Zemtäl crucifix.) Moreover, his Hyacinth is most probably one of the two matching his description perfectly (see photograph) situated in the Pfitschertal on the outskirts of St. Jakob and so, beyond

"the suffering in  
the eyes" - the  
D'Annunzio's son  
crucifix.



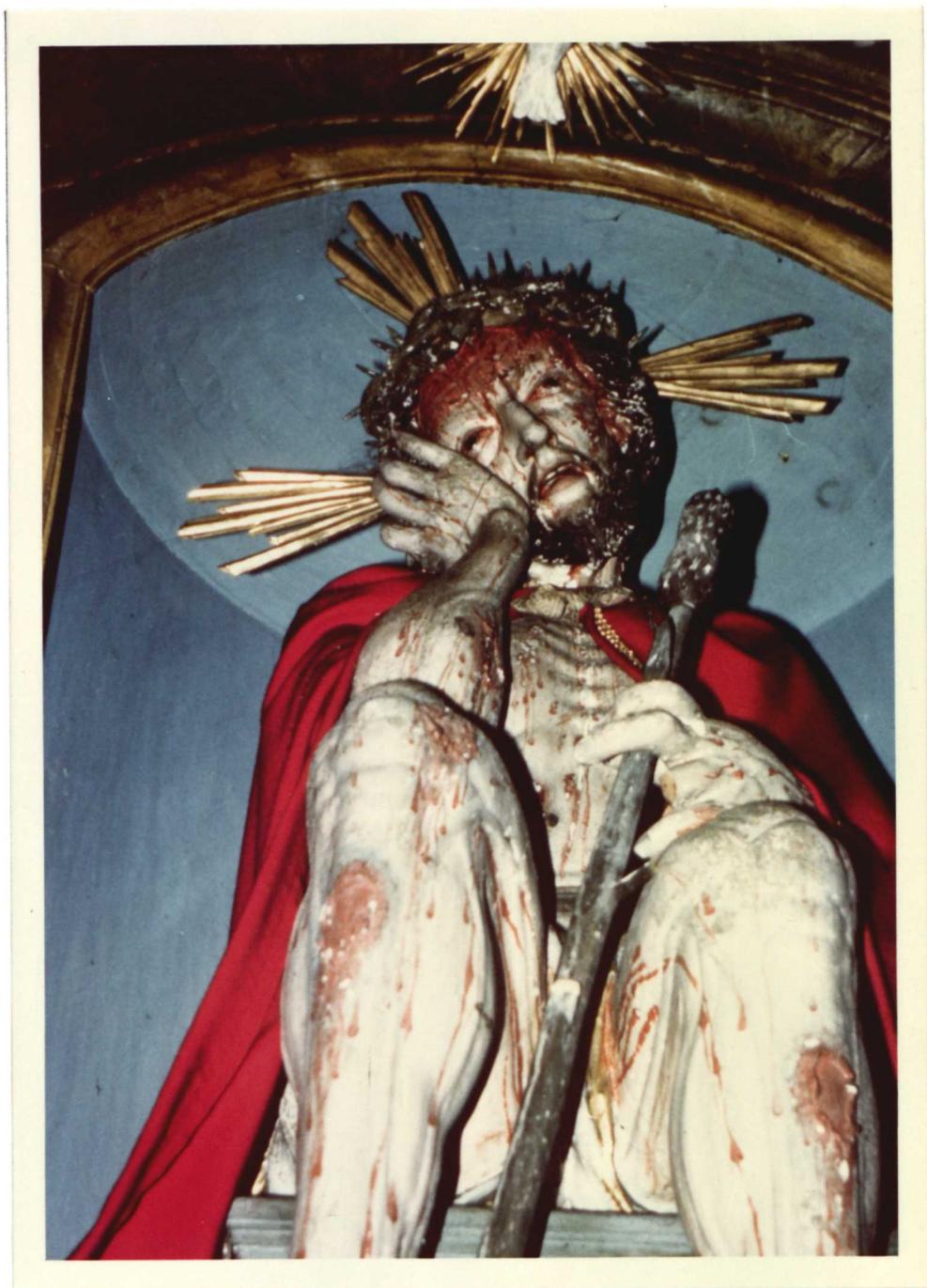
"the excessively  
long toes".

the "ridge".

The D'Annunzio's son, also in the Pfitschertal, is in any case unmistakable. Undoubtedly there is, as Lawrence suggests, a deliberate sensuosity in the Christus: the slightly dandified posture, the excessively long toes, the curling of the thighs and left leg (which does not, as elsewhere, express the involuntary twistings brought on by pain), the "combed and brushed" hair, the flourishes of the loin cloth. However, I don't find the Christ "foppish". That is too dismissive a term: the suffering in the eyes contradict any such suggestion. Lawrence, indeed, recognises that he has gone too far in his imputation of showmanship (which his dubbing the Christ, son of D'Annunzio, furthers). He changes tack and changes tone: "There is something brave and keen in it, too...". However, he fails to reach any truly penetrating point of vantage as the rather lazy "admirable" suggests. Nor does he plot any deep subconscious connection of Christ and peasant: his meditative mode only goes at half-pace here; his speculations do not "fill" the sketch. One can, as a result, challenge his interpretation without doing violence to the sketch at this point - as is so difficult with the Bavarian and Zemtäl crucifixes. The "Lawrence paradox" is not arrived at.

Lawrence's treatment of the St. Jakob seated Christ is the third major focal point of the Twilight essay. It had been treated far more perfunctorily in "Christs" - which in fact shortened the original MS version. The MS reads:

There is <sup>in</sup> a chapel near St. Jakob the most ghastly Christus it is possible to imagine. He is seated, after the crucifixion, and in the most dreadful bloody mess. His eyes, which are turned slightly to look at you, are blood-shot till they are scarlet and glistening, and the very iris seems crimsoned. Where the skin is torn away at the wounds, the living red muscles are bare, and one can almost see the intestines, red with blood, bulging from the hole in the side. And the misery, and the almost low hate, the almost criminal look on the bloody disfigured face, is shocking. That is a Christ of the new, sensational sort. (MS, 4)



"'He is a big, powerful man, seated after the crucifixion'" - the Christ in Distress in the chapel at Wieden.

For the printed version Lawrence deleted the sensational element in his writing - the description of the gore - and the colloquial: "in most dreadful bloody mess", with its needlessly ambiguous "bloody". While this tightens up the prose it does vanquish the element of personal response which the deletions rather awkwardly suggested. Moreover, the periodic second last sentence (in both versions) defeats any possibility of enacting the shock the narrator protests he feels.

In the Twilight version the Christ's suffering and the implications of the suffering, become profoundly disturbing as Lawrence makes his prose really register that shock, as we feel the narrator turning the image that remains to him over in his mind.

He is a big, powerful man, seated after the crucifixion, perhaps after the resurrection, sitting by the grave. He sits sideways, as if the extremity were over, finished, the agitation done with, only the result of the experience remaining. There is some blood on his powerful, naked, defeated body, that sits rather hulked. But it is the face which is so terrifying. It is slightly turned over the hulked, crucified shoulder, to look. And the look of this face, of which the body has been killed, is beyond all expectation horrible. The eyes look at one, yet have no seeing in them, they seem to see only their own blood. For they are bloodshot till the whites are scarlet, the iris is purpled. These red, bloody eyes with their stained pupils, glancing awfully at all who enter the shrine, looking as if to see through the blood of the late brutal death, are terrible. The naked, strong body has known death, and sits in utter dejection, finished, hulked, a weight of shame. And what remains of life is in the face, whose expression is sinister and gruesome, like that of an unrelenting criminal violated by torture. The criminal look of misery and hatred on the fixed, violated face and in the bloodshot eyes is almost impossible. He is conquered, beaten, broken, his body is a mass of torture, an unthinkable shame. Yet his will remains obstinate and ugly, integral with utter hatred. (TWI, 18-19)

The repetition of words links one sentence with the next,



"And this 'in a handsome, baroque, pink-washed shrine in one of those Alpine valleys which to our thinking are all flowers and romance'." - detail of the Christ in Distress in the chapel at Wieden (which, below).



so contributing to the passage's cumulative, on-going impact. The strings of parenthetical expressions at sentence ends provide a speaking voice stride and forcefulness: "He sits sideways, as if the extremity were over, finished, the agitation done with, only the result of the experience remaining"; "finished, hulked, a weight of shame". The full sinister reality of the Christ recalls the despair and cynicism of the Zemtäl Christ, except that the superadded sensational element gives a gory twist to the disillusionment. The mentality it portrays is, as it were, that one step more extreme, further gone along the line of development the essay has plotted: from the Bavarian entrapment in physical being, to the Zemtäl fascination with death and pain, to, now, an obscene, almost depraved worship of tortured suffering. And this "in a handsome, baroque, pink-washed shrine in one of those Alpine valleys which to our thinking are all flowers and romance". (TWI, 19)

The significance of this extreme of experience - the consciousness alive although the body has been tortured and killed - swells at Lawrence's touch but it does not generate the incisive racial psychology that his meditation on the Bavarian sculpture does. This, I suggest, is largely because the St. Jakob seated Christ does not stand in sharply defining relation to anything. Especially, Lawrence can find no opposition in the scene that he can erect into a tense polarity that, in turn, could contain and keep concrete the generality, and abstraction of expression, of the kind we get in the meditation on the Bavarian crucifix. Language of this kind would be necessary if Lawrence wished to grasp and convey the "fundamentals" of Pfitschertal life in a short space of writing. Indeed, in this respect, the essay manifests over its three focal points a winding down of tension and a diminution of scope of reference. No doubt in the case of the Bavarian crucifix Lawrence had more experience of Bavarian life to draw on. Moreover, he spent a couple of weeks in Mayrhofen (near the Zemtäl) and the valleys around it.<sup>41</sup>

Recognising this last point reminds us just how vividly



"the Christ Lawrence saw is not seated after the crucifixion."

Lawrence registered his experiences. His long digression in "The Theatre" about the irresistible appeal the most sentimental heroines always have for him can be read as an attempt to brave out the embarrassment his hyper-sensitivity had caused and still could cause him. So that it would be folly to underestimate the depth of effect a series of fairly brief encounters would have had on him. He had most definitely felt the lure of the challenge Sir William Conway was responding to when he suggested that the Pfirtschertal peasant art deserved serious study.

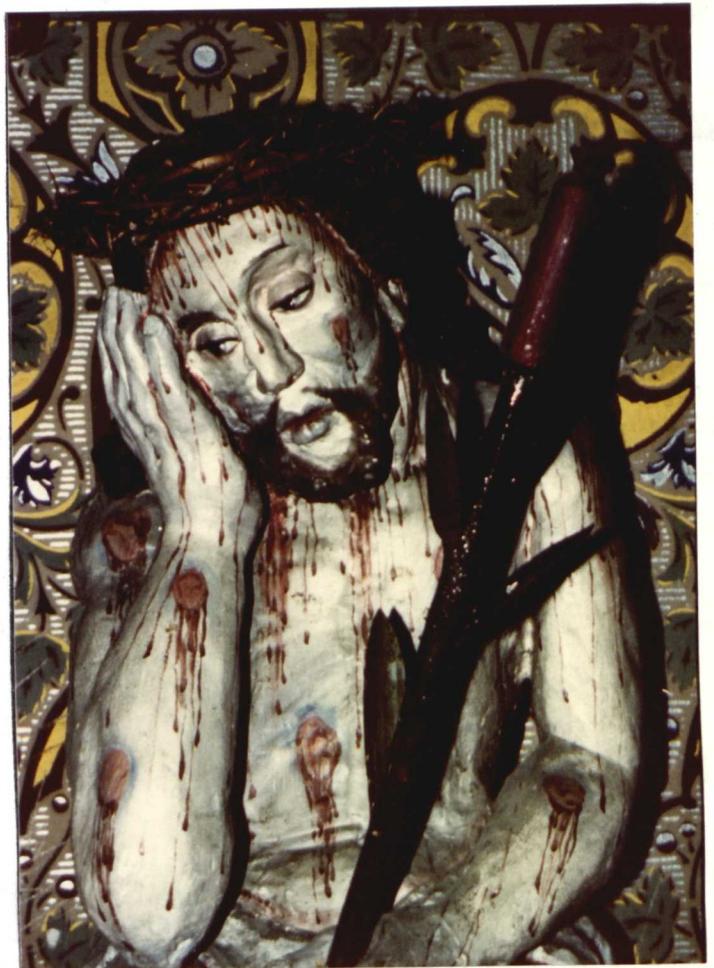
But again Lawrence has abridged some of the canons of what Conway obviously intended by "serious study". Again Lawrence has come away with an impression deeply engraven on his mind. In trying to re-invoke it Lawrence imagines a Christ after his impression (rather than vice versa). A major part of the effect Lawrence achieves in his depiction of the St. Jakob Christ's being left to contemplate the shame of his torture and physical death depends on the fact that the Christ is dead: "the look of this face, of which the body has been killed, is beyond all expectation horrible. The eyes look at one, yet have no seeing in them" (TWI, 19). In the MS and "Christs" versions, too, Lawrence describes the Christ as seated after the crucifixion. In the Twilight version he takes this one shocking step further when he suggests the Christ is seated "perhaps after the resurrection, sitting by the grave." (TWI, 18)

However, the Christ Lawrence saw is not seated after the crucifixion. The scene is most definitely set before it. The Christ holds a reed (his mock sceptre) and wears a crown of thorns. This is a Christ just after the flagellation, prior to the crucifixion. Nor has he got any hand wounds (a further proof). There are two breast wounds but neither really qualifies as the wound in the side - although one could mistake either wound for it. Thus Lawrence in fact brings out the obscenity of the worship of such a figure by an exaggeration (although probably an unconscious one). For the actual Christus, seated after the flagellation,



Pietà,  
Pfitschertal.

A Christ in  
Distress in the  
chapel at Platz,  
Pfitschertal.



there is, theologically, hope. For Lawrence's Christ, seated after the resurrection, there is only obscene agony. The Christ story frames the ugliness of the present suffering of the Christ Lawrence actually saw. The conventional contemplative posture (when, in actual life, a man with these wounds would be unconscious or at least laid out flat) is a further reminder of what is to follow in this man-God's story.<sup>42</sup>

Nevertheless, Lawrence's description, even if based on a misapprehension, is, I think, true to the feeling of the sculpture even if not to the fact. Lawrence seeks a psychological reality to approximate that feeling and does what the sculptor seems unconsciously to have been inviting viewers of the sculpture to do: to deny the hope, to accept the shattering consequences of the Christ's being conscious amidst ultimate physical degradation. Setting the scene after death provides, for Lawrence, the only possible psychological equivalent.

This view is reinforced by inspection of the religious sculptures in the region. Many of the crucifixes in the Pfitschertal have gone, in their representation of Christ, that one step too far, just past "permissible" theological limits in their need to express some overriding human impulse or need.<sup>43</sup> Their Christs gain a more distinct character that is more than just the "innocent" interpretation of Him to reflect local aspirations, assumptions or physiognomy. The Pfitschertal sculptors (if indeed they were local) simply make their sculptures do more work. The homage done locally to St. Sebastian, the unusually large number of Pietàs in the chapels, and the fact that, in the populated areas, one is almost never out of sight of a crucifix reinforce this suggestion.

It would seem, then, that Conway's hope for a serious study of the religious sculptuary of the Pfitschertal has been fulfilled - although in a way that Conway could not have anticipated. The very unconventionality of Lawrence's "study" reflects the subjective nature of his art. By mid-1915, armed with the skills acquired in writing The Rainbow,

Lawrence was better prepared than he had been a year earlier in The Prussian Officer Stories to realise, through the technique of polarisation, the explanatory capability of his language of the subconscious. In the travel essay he could exploit the coherence of his own involvement on the page with his subject and, unhampered by essay conventions, could range widely and freely, rapidly constructing a telling context of interpretation. He would thus evade the restrictions of a more cautious, scholarly approach — but only in the art. For the more ambitious and all-encompassing the account the more intolerant the art would become of the conventional considerations - such as sheer factual accuracy - that Conway obviously envisaged and that, when placed side by side with Lawrence's offering, produce what I've called "the Lawrence paradox".

- 1 Lectures on Art (1880), Lect. II: "Relation of Art to Religion", pp.53-4. See also "The Mountain Gloom", Modern Painters vol. IV (1905, Routledge) pp.312-40, where Ruskin writes: "human suffering, which in any other country would be confined in hospitals, is permitted to be openly exhibited by the wayside". This reflects "a gloom of spirit possessing the inhabitants of the whole land .... a settled obscurity in the soul - a chill and plague". "[T]his endurance or affronting of fearful images is partly associated with indecency, partly with general fatuity and weakness of mind." (pp.322 & 324)  
See also footnote 30, below.
- 2 E.g.: Conway, p.55; Amelia B. Edwards: Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys (2nd edn. 1890) p.132.
- 3 anon.: Joy of Tyrol (1910) ed. J.M. Blake, pp.223-25 inter al.
- 4 Charles Holme (ed.): Peasant Art in Austria & Hungary ('The Studio', 1911) and Peasant Art in Italy ('The Studio', 1913); Daniel Baud-Bovy: Peasant Art in Switzerland ('The Studio', 1924) trans. A. Palliser.
- 5 E.g. J. Reil: Christus am Kreuz (Leipzig, 1930). Deals with crucifix art from late antique to the early middle ages predominantly in terms of museum and church depictions. G. Von der Osten: "Job and Christ", Journal of Warburg & Courtauld Inst. XVI, 1953, 153-58 on the origins of the seated Christ - Christus im Elend - figure. Also: W. Friedlander: "The 'Crucifixion of St. Peter': Caravaggio and Reni", JWCI VII, 1953, 152-60; V. Gurewicz: "Observations on the Iconography of the Wound in Christ's Side", JWCI XX, 1957, 358-62; Ernst Kitzinger & Elizabeth Senior: Portraits of Christ (1940). In his recent, The Making of the Hapsburg Monarchy 1550-1700 (1979, Oxford), R.J.W. Evans argues that, as part of the Counter-Reformation in Austria, encouragement was given by famous Catholic preachers such as Sancta Clara and Procopius to the establishment of local religious cults & shrines, including crucifixes: "A vast number of shrines sprang up, from major edifices to wayside calvaries, most of them no older than the Counter-Reformation itself." (p.189) The Alpine valleys, particularist & introspective, had sheltered groups of Anabaptists and other enthusiastic heretics. Those, according to Evans, were probably stamped out during 1600 - 1620. See also: Michael Lehmann: "Die Kalvarienberganlagen im Donauraum", in Festschrift Franz Loidl, Viktor Flieder (ed.) (Vienna, 1970) vol. 1, pp.113-59.
- 6 Untrodden Peaks, p.372.
- 7 ibid., p.376.
- 8 Baedeker's Northern Italy (Leipzig, 1913) p.22.
- 9 "It takes him [the sculptor, Alois Senoner] ten days to cut a figure [of Christ] of three-quarters life-size, and fifteen to execute one as large as life. For this last, the wood costs fifteen florins, and his price for the complete figure is forty-five florins; about four pounds ten shillings English." (op.cit., p.378).
- 10 Haberlandt, op.cit., pp.22-3.
- 11 Bookman, p.27.
- 12 "Twilight in Mr. DHL", repr. in Selected Essays & Critical Writings (1935) pp.66-7.
- 13 Criterion X, 1930, 10 & 14.
- 14 A Small Part of Time (1957) p.279.
- 15 Carl Baron: Aspects of the Life & Thought of DHL 1912-1916, Ph.D. thesis, Camb. U., 1971, p.225.
- 16 Fahey: The Travel Books of DHL, N.Y.U., 1964.

- 17 "The Two Infinities: DHL's TWI", DHLR VII, 1974, 187.  
 18 Laurentian Places: An Investigation of ... DHL's Travel Writings,  
 M.A. thesis, Swansea Uni. Coll., 1977, p.243.  
 19 *ibid.*, p.274.  
 20 *ibid.*, p.255.  
 21 *ibid.*, p.291.  
 22 Only the page proofs (incomplete) are extant. The HRC at Texas  
 were unwilling to take photocopies for me because of the fragile  
 condition of the proofs. However, according to Ellen Dunlap  
 who kindly examined the proofs, they differ from the printed version  
 only in French accent marks.  
 23 Cf. Boulton I, p.430, note 3.  
 24 Italy Today (1927) p.xi-xii.  
 25 Joy of Tyrol, p.63.  
 26 *ibid.*, pp.223-25.  
 27 It is evident from the numerous echoes, near-repetitions and  
 repetitions of phrases and some clauses that L had "Christs" open  
 in front of him as he wrote "The Crucifix Across the Mountains".  
 28 DHL: A Personal Record (1965, 2nd edn.) p.105.  
 29 Peasant Art in Switzerland, p.34. The end-of-century upsurge of  
 this kind of interest in peasant cultures had succeeded, to an  
 extent, the earlier kind of idealisation to which Ruskin had applied  
 his antidote:  
 Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find  
 it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by  
 torpor, or by anguish of soul .... [Here is] darkness of  
 calm enduring; the spring known only as the time of the  
 scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the  
 sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains  
 as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name  
 of beauty.  
 ("The Mountain Gloom", p.315)  
 30 Similarly with Ruskin & L. Ruskin, unlike L, shows no interest in  
particular wayside crucifixes for he merely deploras what they  
 represent. However he - an elert academic/intellectual - does  
 consider at length the relationship of Catholicism to the suffering  
 depicted in wayside religious art. L, the non-academic, entirely  
 misses this aspect. ("The Mountain Gloom", p.330ff.)  
 31 Chapman & Hall, n.d., p.10.  
 32 Murphy: U. of Texas at Austin, 1970, p.7.  
 33 Alps & Sanctuaries (1913, revd. edn.) p.123.  
 34 Nation (N.Y.) CIV, 1917, 314, col. 1.  
 35 See Evans *op.cit.*, and my footnote 5 above.  
 36 It is possible that he & Frieda had walked from Bozen to Trient  
 (not Alpine) on their way to Lake Garda, although it's more  
 likely they went by train. They had crossed the main road at  
 Sterzing, going via Meran to rejoin it at Bozen. In 1913 L  
 travelled by overnight train from Verona to Munich, 14-15 April,  
 1913. See franking dates on letters 569 & 570 in Boulton I, 540.  
 On the trips to & from Fiascherino in 1913-14 L didn't go via the  
 Brenner.  
 37 Evidence that the one I am describing is the one L saw is given  
 in Appendix 1. See also the relevant photographs.  
 38 Baedeker's Eastern Alps (Leipzig, 1911) p.242.  
 39 It could with profit, I believe, be pursued in relation to WL.  
 Cf. A.L. French: "'The Whole Pulse of Social England': WL",  
CR XXI, 1979, 57-71.  
 40 From his introduction to Verga's Cavalleria Rusticana, PI, 248.  
 41 L may not in fact - as has been biographically accepted - have  
 lived in Mayrhofen. See Appendix 1.

- 42 An authority on the Christ in Distress subject, G. Von der Osten op.cit., suggests that the statue has, in modern times, come to represent the whole Passion. However, if this were so in this particular case, one would have expected some physical sign of it: the stigmata or the hole in the side. The sculptor's intention seems, in this case, unambiguous.
- 43 Cf. Friedlander, op.cit.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LAKESIDE CHAPTERS



Identified in Levy's Paintings of D.H. Lawrence (1964) plate 10 as a scene of the west Italian coast (and thus of Lawrence's Fiascherino period) it looks, however, remarkably like the marina at Villa on Lake Garda. Contemporary photographs show boats rigged in such a manner in use on Lake Garda at that period. Likely date of painting: between 29 November and 17 December, 1912. (See Boulton I: 481, 482, 488 and 532.)

It pleased [Ursula] to know, that in the East one must use hyperbole, or else remain unheard; because the Eastern man must see a thing swelling to fill all heaven. (The Rainbow)

When you depend entirely upon the demon of inspiration, the inner voice, the inner light, you deprive yourself of any external criterion to show whether the demon is working or not. (R.P. Blackmur: "D.H. Lawrence and Expressive Form", 1935)

The lakeside chapters - "The Spinner and the Monks", "The Lemon Gardens" and "The Theatre" - exhibit a deliberate search for significance. Yet to say so - to leave it at that - is to mislead, for it is a deliberate search whose mode, whose subjective procedure, enters so radically into the kind of significance discoverable as to require the critic's closest scrutiny and caution. Yet, so demanding, so world-encompassing are Lawrence's ideas in these three chapters that the sympathetic reader/critic is likely to find himself pressed into their service, providing the kind of respectful exposition of Lawrence's philosophy that, I have already argued, is a blinkered, circular and ultimately futile occupation. Nor is there any key, I have suggested, to unlock the various metaphoric and philosophic expressions of the "ultimate" and "absolute" states of being Lawrence explores in Twilight and in the other works of the period. What is needed is an approach that accounts for the exciting intellectual liberation the reader is apt to feel as he follows Lawrence's startlingly original and uncompromising explorations into the (supposedly) polarised underlay of life. On the other hand, however, if this excitement is not to be over-valued, other inter-related considerations ought to be held steadily up against it: the near impossibility of paraphrasing the "philosophy"; the

desirability of seeing Lawrence's articulations of it as a series of exploratory exercises; and our recognising the process of thought to be at least as important as any intellectual product. These considerations, I shall argue, are reflections of the essentially subjective centre of Lawrence's 1915 art.

## I

## "THE SPINNER AND THE MONKS"

The first passage of "The Spinner and the Monks" appears to exhibit, however, a strenuously impersonal, objective search for significance. The confidence of the opening few paragraphs with their capitalised terms and Biblical references suggests this:

The Holy Spirit is a Dove, or an Eagle. In the Old Testament it was an Eagle; in the New Testament it is a Dove.

And there are, standing over the Christian world, the Churches of the Dove and the Churches of the Eagle. There are, moreover, the Churches which do not belong to the Holy Spirit at all, but which are built to pure fancy and logic; such as the Wren Churches in London. (TWI, 25)

The air of authority is dissipated slightly by the concession to the churches that do not fit the scheme but thereupon more substantially by the reader's growing realisation that Lawrence is referring merely to the churches' physical positioning. As the prose changes from description of the churches that "one passes" to the Church of San Francesco which "I passed", the reader perhaps becomes suspicious that Lawrence is generalising from his own (limited) experience - a single example - in order to elevate his presentation of the Church of San Tommaso and the "drama" that unfolds there onto a higher level of significance.

The procedure is, clearly, at least questionable. Yet the attempt to raise the subjective onto the level of the objectively general is, I will argue, typical of Twilight in Italy as a whole. I have described, in relation to "The Crucifix Across the Mountains", the various qualities of Lawrence's prose which encourage us to trust the narrator's



"San Tommaso rises above the village"

voice and follow his movements of thought. However, the alternative of bluff when the author can generate no imaginative coherence to extend his personal impressions is, as the first page of the crucifix essay showed, all too tempting and easy. And so it is again here.

There was in fact no mention of the Church of San Francesco in the 1913 version of the essay. The description of it has, therefore, been included to lend some credence to Lawrence's announcement of the existence of a polarity in the churches of the Christian world. Moreover, the description, as we soon see, has no real relevance to the sketch and is not referred to again.

What is worse, Lawrence gets his facts wrong - and it's hard to believe that he did not do so deliberately. San Tommaso rises above the village of Villa where Lawrence and Frieda lived - in the Villa Igéa, next door to the di Paoli's house. However, San Francesco is situated in the next village, Gargnano. In relation to Gargnano, if one is to follow Lawrence's scheme, the Church of San Martino would be the Church of the Eagle and San Francesco the Church of the Dove. Moreover, San Martino is the parish church, not San Francesco as Lawrence states. San Martino, however, was just too far away (it's at the opposite end of Gargnano from Villa) and must have failed to impress Lawrence, if indeed he ever entered it.<sup>1</sup> This is the problem: it is merely a matter of impression, but impression being offered as something else. I sound this as a warning to the credulous and sympathetic reader of Lawrence: there is, in its most obvious form, a simple problem of the incompatibility of the subjective and the objective. It takes other forms in the lakeside chapters but remains - or ought to remain - a nagging worry for the critic.

In the 1913 version, on the other hand, Lawrence was content to present his material simply as a series of impressions. The essays mark an advance in one respect over "Christs in the Tirol". (Chronologically they follow it, having been written at Lake Garda by late March, 1913.<sup>2</sup> There is little significant deviation of printed text from

holograph manuscript. What corrections there are may well have been editorial.) Although none of the "Italian Studies" register any deep unsettlement at anything described— as "Christs" was, in part, attempting to do — they do evince a calmer, more confidently sustained detachment. They are of a piece. The narrator adopts an intimate, confidential tone. His familiarity with Italian life is easy and assured, yet he avoids the condescending.

The Signore never did anything without the assistance of the Signora or of the maid, Maria. The Signora cleverly makes him believe, poor, decayed, good-natured little gentleman, that he is absolute lord and master. He has the air of a man who rules. But his gentle spirit takes every time her suggestion. He would deny it indignantly. Yet she lives his life for him, utters his words, suggests his movements — and for all that, is afraid of him. (ERXV, 1913, 212-13)

Compassion and humour are nicely balanced in this vignette of the di Paoli's marital modus vivendi. The sketches frequently achieve this kind of balance. They are the work of an author who had mastered a dramatic, impersonal art in Part One of Sons and Lovers but yet who felt that for the travel genre a more chatty, relaxed, intimate tone was appropriate. This decision must have been made partly because, compared with the Morel's home life, Lawrence knew relatively little about his subject. All he had to rely on was his traveller's perceptiveness and his sensitivity to geographic character and mood — qualities, however, which Lawrence had in pleasing abundance:

All summer long, upon the mountain slopes steep by the lake, stand the rows of naked pillars rising out of the green foliage like ruins of temples: white, square pillars of masonry, standing forlorn in their colonnades and squares, rising up the mountain-sides here and there, as if they remained from some great race that had once worshipped here. And still, in the winter, some are seen, standing away in lonely places where the sun streams full, grey rows of pillars rising out of a broken wall, tier above tier, naked to the sky, forsaken. (ER, 216)

Lawrence can be seen as feeling his way towards an acceptable travel form that would suit his capabilities but that would not engage his other, ultimately deeper, interests and responses that emerge in Twilight and with which he was already tinkering in the Sons and Lovers "Foreword". Symptomatically, the 1913 travel essays show almost none of the experimentation with the language of the subconscious that the stories and revisions of mid-1913 evince. The comparison with the divergent artistic directions of the two Parts of Sons and Lovers is relevant. In Part One, I argued, Lawrence sought to perfect a form to which he was not fully committed and which was, in a sense, as much Garnett's as his. In Part Two he paid the cost. He had not developed a form of art that would support his different, pressingly personal concerns.

Similarly in "Italian Studies". The felicitous natural descriptions, Lawrence's openness to Italian social life, his whimsical self-indictments: ultimately these do not help him to cope with the wider questions to which his accounts give rise. Where he does overtly judge or reflect he is disappointing: he has not as yet developed the artistic form that would allow him to follow his, as yet tentative, reflections home, to push them to an extreme point of clarification in his 1915 manner. He has to rely instead on the clichéd or sententious:

None of their sons [of the Italian mothers] could be a Dickens, with that wonderful warmth and cosy tenderness that makes life rich in an English home. (ER, 223)

And the northern races are the really passionate people, because theirs is the passion that persists and achieves, achieves everything, including that intimacy between a man and a woman which is the fruit of passion, and which is rarely seen here: the love, the knowledge, the simplicity, and the absence of shame, that one sometimes sees in English eyes, and which is the flower of civilisation. (ER, 212)

Lawrence is attempting here, somewhat less successfully

than Samuel Butler in Alps and Sanctuaries, to be "thoughtful" in a conventionally acceptable way (in this case mildly challenging the traditional view that saw Italians as sensual and carefree and the English as serious and restrained).

Lawrence was, of course, to change his mind completely about the national dispositions, but in his art what matters is not so much, I suggest, a change of attitude as a change in his technique of presentation. "Attitudes" is no longer the right word in 1915. By then he had found a method of exploring and examining a personally felt position, of embodying and approximating it in the rhythms of the prose till it took on the thrust and convincingness of a genuinely felt, experienced belief. In impressing the reader as being genuinely felt, it manages to assume an irresistibly wider and more general validity. He finds a new kind of coherence for his thoughts, a new way of challenging, extending and authenticating them.

The procedure naturally lent itself to thinking in the largest terms: he would try to see life at its most basic and fundamental. His positing of a polarity of Eagle and Dove churches is in this spirit. It is not simply a matter of a charlatan aggrandisement of the trivial. The failure is as much (a temporary) failure of technique as of motive and idea. The chapter, in any case, goes on to make a number of further attempts to lift Lawrence's little expedition above Villa into the realm of the universal.

Comparing the 1913 version with the 1915 lays this impulse bare. One is aware of a deliberate "re-vision" of the earlier outing. A simple afternoon's expedition becomes a quest, the narrator mystically finding pointers in what, in 1913, were merely the accidentals of the outing. No longer, for instance, is it just a whim of Lawrence's to look for San Tommaso. Instead he describes how "The church became a living connexion with me. So I set out to find it, I wanted to go to it." (TWI, 26) The ascent to San Tommaso is, in the 1915 version, more perilous, peopled by women who "glanced down at me from the top of the flights of steps,



The ascent to San Tommaso

old men [who] stood, half-turning, half-crouching under the dark shadow of the walls, to stare." (TWI, 26) These "strange creatures of the under-shadow" multiply the difficulties of the ascent. The steps up to the church are no longer just in disrepair, they are a privy, and in 1915 Lawrence expands the suggestions of the labyrinthine nature of the village streets that bar his way.

There is more earnestness too. Expunged are the humorous self-indictments: "that so few [houses] should be too many for me" (ER, 202); "For if I had been a goat walking by the wall, and she a grey old stone, she would have taken just as much notice of me." (ER, 204) Gone are the literarisms: "I had as lief go looking for Pan among beech-woods" (ER, 202); "more horrible than the Valley of the Shadow of Death" (*ibid.*); and the intentionally striking phrase: "this decayed Purgatory of a passage" (ER, 203). The deletion of these kinds of expressions is a reflection of the new discipline that Lawrence achieves in shifting the centre of the sketch's balance from the narrator's subjective impressions to the objects of those impressions.

It is just as well. The earlier centre of balance is, as the quotations have perhaps indicated, a rather fragile one. The earlier version is more consciously a travel sketch. Its valuations are more tentative, sometimes whimsical. The accidental effect on the narrator of what he sees is the unconcealed touchstone of relevance. The constant reversion of the prose to the experiencing "I" is a reminder of its modest scope and modest intentions. Even the relatively enterprising placement of the Spinner's "present" next to the monks' "before" and "after", in the last paragraph of the sketch, is whimsically undercut by the remark about the Italian tit-slayers. In the MS (which may well represent Lawrence's final intentions about the contents of the sketch) there is, indeed, a rather silly post-script which further detracts from any sense of authority the interpretation may have had:

And if I were in England - it is Saturday

evening - I might avoid all these complexities of old women with distaffs, and monks that "lope", and have toast for tea, and go to the theatre - if I had the money. (MS, 8)

But there are also indications of a contrary, more serious spirit at work in the sketch. Apart from the early (published) version's interpretative last paragraph, there is the confused attempt to identify just what importance, or lack of it, Lawrence assumed in the eyes of the Spinner (ER, 205). There is the attempt to understand the monks' lack of "presence" in terms of their devotion to the Cross (the past) or eternity (the future), as well as one or two half-developed attempts to develop the suggestiveness of the position in which the narrator finds himself (when he is burrowing "like an otter" in the gorge below San Tommaso, ER, 207). There are signs that Lawrence half-wishes, but is not able, to make the travel sketch engage and explore his deeper responses to the Italian scene. He recognises that he must keep the registering "I" and its impressions at the centre of the sketch because he is not yet capable of imaginatively entering the Italian psyche so as to bring it to the centre.

At one point in the 1913 sketch it is as if he is trying to bridge this gap - when he reports "over-hearing" (without actually hearing anything) the monks' conversation. Under the influence of the restfulness of the natural scene ("A cricket hopped. It was Saturday afternoon", ER, 208) the narrator fancies himself "participating" in the monks' conversation:

It was all so still that I felt them talking .... It was almost as if, like my old woman, they were talking to me. I sat with my primroses [MS, 7: "saying 'Si' - 'Si'" deleted], as if I understood. And all the time I listened to them, absorbed in their conversation. (ER, 208)

In the 1915 version Lawrence strengthens this suggestion:

It was as if I were attending with my dark soul to their inaudible undertone. All the time I sat still in silence, I was one with them, a partaker. (TWI, 35)

It is this kind of "attending" to the Italian scene that becomes typical of the 1915 sketch as a whole.

Comparison of the sketches' differing descriptions of the Strada Nuova can enforce this point.

High up on the Strada Nuova - a beautiful, wide highway, newly made, that does not quite reach the frontier yet - I heard the crack of an oxen whip and the faint clank of a wagon. (1913 version, ER, 208)

High up, on the Strada Nuova, the beautiful, new, military high-road, which winds with beautiful curves up the mountain-side, crossing the same stream several times in clear-leaping bridges, travelling cut out of sheer slope high above the lake, winding beautifully and gracefully forward to the Austrian frontier, where it ends: high up on the lovely swinging road, in the strong evening sunshine, I saw a bullock wagon moving like a vision, though the clanking of the wagon and the crack of the bullock whip responded close in my ears. (TWI, 34)

In the 1913 version Lawrence describes the road vaguely; in the 1915 he "partakes" of its qualities. Not that we are presented with any more information in 1915. (On the contrary, Lawrence, in 1915, seems no longer to care where the road exactly ends.) Rather we are, as it were, ushered into its beauty as Lawrence stretches the long, single sentence to its grammatical limits, reaching the main clause ("I saw a bullock wagon ...") only at the very end of the sentence, after a series of parallel adjectival phrases and clauses. The deliberate, slow rhythms brought about by the predominance of present participles and the recurring, sometimes alliterative, "s" sound delay our scan of the sentence, deepening our registration of the meaning. We seem to be following the narrator's lingering delectation of the "feel", one might almost say of the spirit, of the



"'I went into the church. It was very dark!'"

road. The grammar has the eccentricity of personal response; we instinctively alter our expectations to accord with it. Although the 1915 version makes us more vividly aware of, almost indeed to "experience", the qualities of the object of attention (and thus, in a sense, superseding the normally subjective centre of the travel sketch), it only achieves this by a remarkable increase in the personal participation of the narrator whose "experiencing" of the object of attention we follow.

The two versions of the narrator's entry into the Church of San Tommaso prompt similar comments.

I have only been in the church once. It was very dark, and smelled powerfully of centuries of incense. It reminded me of the lair of some enormous creature, and my senses sprang awake. I expected something, I wanted something, my flesh was alive. And I hurried out again, onto that wonderful table of sunshine outside. And it would cost me a great effort to go inside the church again. But its paved threshold is clear as a jewel. (1913 version, ER, 203)

I went into the church. It was very dark, and impregnated with centuries of incense. It affected me like the lair of some enormous creature. My senses were roused, they sprang awake in the hot, spiced darkness. My skin was expectant, as if it expected some contact, some embrace, as if it were aware of the contiguity of the physical world, the physical contact with the darkness and the heavy, suggestive substance of the enclosure. It was a thick, fierce darkness of the senses. But my soul shrank. (TWI, 27-8)

The emphasis in the earlier version is on the unresolved and puzzling experience of the narrator, on his experience ("I expected something, I wanted something ...") whereas the latter version diverts attention away from the narrator to the stimuli of his experience: "the physical world", "the suggestive substance of the enclosure", "the senses". The change from "It reminded me" to "It affected me" nicely locates the altered centre of balance. The former expression seems to suggest — distractingly — a particular experience of the narrator's to which he is drawing a comparison;

the latter expression puts the emphasis on the comparison itself so that its suggestiveness more readily feeds into the ongoing, accretive definition of the church's interior. But of course, in the 1915 version, it is more than just the church's interior that is being evoked. Lawrence is gesturing towards a much larger entity that picks up suggestions planted earlier in the essay about the souls of Italians "being dark and nocturnal. If they are to be easy, they must be able to hide, to be hidden in lairs and caves of darkness." (TWI, 26) His first statement of this in the Church passage ("the contiguity of the physical world") is rather clumsily inexact. But Lawrence no longer seeks precise development of meaning. Rather, after the initial gambit, we sense him feeling his way to a firmer sense of his meaning, turning the idea over, re-phrasing it, varying it. There is a new kind of subjectivity propelling the art, but it is one which gives him a new, deeper kind of entry into the world on which he is reporting.

Hyperbole is an integral part of Lawrence's method if he is to re--evoke the experience with something of the force with which we are to believe it was originally felt. It is akin to the language Lawrence employs in The Rainbow to render states of subconscious feeling: there is a common (justifiable) "inflation" of meaning. It is because of his growing mastery of this kind of hyperbolic language-of-the-interior that Lawrence was able to work in such abstract realms as "the deeper currents of Italian life" and so on. At his best Lawrence could give these kinds of abstracts an imaginative embodiment, a solid base from which to posit and explore his metaphysical speculations into the nature of the Italian character, and the historical origins of what he saw as its modern state of frustration and contradiction.

"The Spinner and the Monks" is, in these terms, a failure. Metaphysical concepts and suggestions are always hard to handle: they take up a lot of intellectual space. Lawrence was increasingly finding (from mid-1914) that

developing his abstract insights in terms of a polarised opposition was the only way of keeping them sharp. The opposition that "The Spinner" naturally tended to suggest was one between the two foci of the sketch: the spinner and the monks. The early version had indeed mildly developed such a one.

However, the foci do not match and balance one another as opposites. They form, at best, a fragile half-opposition. It's the neutrality of the monks, their failure, in Lawrence's terms, to become absolute that he sees as their most salient characteristic. The Spinner, on the other hand, takes his interest because of her ignoring him, her apparently total self-containment, her sun-bleached oneness with her immediate, sun-drenched environment — the "platform" in front of San Tommaso. So there is no viable opposition between Spinner and monks possible of the kind that Lawrence found between mountain and valley, and exploited so powerfully, in "The Crucifix Across the Mountains".

Lacking any ready-made opposition to latch <sup>on to</sup> and develop, Lawrence makes a series of stuttering attempts to formulate one. The churches of the Eagle and the Dove is the first; "'Children of the Sun'" as against "'Children of the Shadow'" is posited — rather self-consciously within inverted commas — only a page later. Although this latter opposition is implicitly picked up in the description of the San Tommaso interior, the opposition is rather an awkward one, for the Spinner is evidently to be placed in the "Sun" camp — which makes her, oddly, un-Italian — even though her eyes have "a sharp will in them [which] now and then seemed to gleam at me, as if to dominate me" (TWI, 31) — an attribute, surely, of the "dark and nocturnal" creatures associated with the darkness of San Tommaso. There are more of these loose ends, for Lawrence was not able to find a way of organising them. Each one is suggestive, reaches out beyond its immediate context, but ultimately is left hanging.

The experimental nature of this essay is partly to blame: Lawrence had to make a new start after "The Crucifix" in order to deal with the deeper currents of a new subject :

Italian life. (In a similar spirit the following two chapters explore alternative, but more successful, ways of melding travelogue and philosophical-racial speculation.)

Equally to blame is the narrator's distracting physical presence in the sketch. He confuses the development of the imagery (and the possible polarity) of night and day, dark and light. While the Spinner's qualities are made more extreme, suggestive of an absolute, Lawrence is unable satisfactorily to intensify the portrayal of his own reactions. The description, in the early version, of her colourlessness is extended:

She was like a fragment of earth, she was a living stone of the terrace ... like a stone rolled down and stayed in a crevice. (TWI, 28)

Her blue eyes "confident and quite untroubled" (ER, 204) in the early version become "clear as the sky, blue, empyrean, transcendent" (TWI, 29). Lawrence's reaction ("In my black coat, I felt quite wrong" ER, 204) is correspondingly intensified: "In my black coat, I felt myself wrong, false, an outsider" (TWI, 29). Although some of their conversation is deleted, along with his timorous fear of her, his (now inflated) place in the scheme of significance being pursued serves only to confuse. How, in his black coat, does his soul (later called a "dark soul", TWI, 35) "shrink" from the darkness of San Tommaso, when he also "shrinks" from the supposed threat to his existence, posed by the uncompromising apartness of the sun-bleached Spinner? Where, in other words, does he fit in the scheme of things?

Although, in the 1915 version, his presence is only a mechanical device for moving from one description and contemplation to the next one and although he manages, as he had done with the crucifixes, to paint his figures against a still background (thus increasing their sense of isolation, and imbuing them with a work-of-art quality that renders the object more susceptible of interpretation) - although

his personal presence from these points of view is of diminishing importance - nothing like full detachment is achieved. And that, really, is a condition for the fullest exercise of that personal, participatory prose - that subjectivity - that I have nominated as being central to the special achievement of Twilight in Italy. The prose does not, I feel, quite defuse mundane suspicions the reader may entertain that Lawrence's interest in the Spinner and the monks is, in large part, reducible to the merely personal: that his interest in the Spinner is an attempt to account for her failure to defer to him as a foreign signore (which, as we learn in "The Theatre" and "The Lemon Gardens", many of the villagers were in the habit of doing); that his deploring the monks' "neutrality" and their failure to unite the Italian spiritual poles represented by night and day is merely a rationalisation of an instinctive dislike of the style of walking of two of their number, and the pair's failure to enthuse over the glories of the sunset.

At its best Lawrence's subjective art breaks free of this kind of subjectivity. In the actual outing, as reported in the early version, Lawrence "stood deferential, smiling into her eyes, afraid, terribly afraid lest she should think me a fool" (ER, 206); it was his embarrassment that caused him to dart up the stairs as soon as she turned her back. Although it's tempting to argue that Lawrence's concealing this reaction in the Twilight version infects and makes questionable his whole procedure of endowing the Spinner with a symbolic significance, it is surely too easy to leave it at that. How Lawrence is able to shape his memories of the Spinner is the real criterion. In retrospect Lawrence's momentary feelings - whether of embarrassment or naive enthusing over her antique way of spinning - are of secondary importance compared with what Lawrence is able to make of the suggestive positioning, colouring, and self-enclosure of the Spinner:

She glanced at me again, with her wonderful, unchanging eyes, that were like the visible heavens, unthinking, or like two flowers that

are open in pure clear unconsciousness. To her I was a piece of the environment. That was all. Her world was clear and absolute, without consciousness of self. She was not self-conscious, because she was not aware that there was anything in the universe except her universe. In her universe I was a stranger, a foreign signore. That I had a world of my own, other than her own, was not conceived by her. She did not care.  
(TWI, 30)

R.P. Pritchard (whose "line", that Lawrence's metaphysical speculations are invalidated, or at least enfeebled, by their personal origins, I have already criticised) seizes on an inconsistency later in the sketch - that "There was no shadow" when the "four o'clock steamer was creeping down the lake" (TWI, 34) - to demonstrate Lawrence's "perversion" of realism.<sup>3</sup> But this is to assume that the prose is fully dependent on the journey: surely a narrow, literalistic position. In the early version Lawrence reports that there was "not a dark shadow or a deep tone anywhere" (ER, 208); in the Twilight version he converts this into a dream vision of motionlessness and timelessness. We instinctively allow for the hyperbole; it is eloquent of a state of the onlooker's mind as much as of the scene itself.

Everything was clear and sun-coloured up there, clear-grey rocks partaking of the sky, tawny grass and scrub, brownish-green spires of cypresses, and then the mist of grey-green olives fuming down to the lake-side. There was no shadow, only clear sun-substance built up to the sky, a bullock wagon moving slowly in the high sunlight, along the uppermost terrace of the military road. It sat in the warm stillness of the transcendent afternoon.  
(TWI, 34)

In comparison with this sublime stillness the monks' furtiveness can be pictured as vaguely indecent. The connection, it must be admitted, seems a little random, but the problem, as I have suggested, is Lawrence's failure

to find a viable imaginative opposition that would give the connection a clinching inevitability. Failure to render literal truth is not, in the immediate way Pritchard suggests, the problem: the particular in Lawrence's 1915 art is, I have argued, of importance more because of Lawrence's large sweeps away from it than for itself. Lawrence's art does not require to be fed by continuous apprehension of the outside world: coherence comes instead from the felt, inner movements of the narrator's mind as it deals with the larger questions posed by that outside world.

However, when Lawrence enters into his long explanation of why the Spinner could not recognise Lawrence's apartness from herself we lose touch with that inquiring mind whose multifarious tones and flexibility of response have, in the Crucifix chapter and at times in this sketch, encouraged our "participation" in the movements of its thought. The rhythms of the prose stiffen as Lawrence launches into a page-long passage of laboured philosophising, which the following quotation sufficiently exemplifies:

If I say "The planet Mars is inhabited," I do not know what I mean by "inhabited", with reference to the planet Mars. I can only mean that that world is not my world. I can only know there is that which is not me. I am the microcosm, but the macrocosm is that also which I am not. (TWI, 30)

The phrasing is dull and academic: there is no imaginative release gained from the use of abstractions. In comparison, re-read the third last quotation above where the flower image acts as an imaginative referent for the establishment of an abstract — the Spinner's self-enclosure. There is a genuine feeling of discovery about the passage; the abstract gains a resonance within the sketch virtually independent of the object of the narrator's attention that suggested it.

On the other hand, when Lawrence comes to deal directly with his theory of the polarised nature of life and the

necessity of achieving a consummation, rather than a neutralisation, of the opposite modes of being it's most usually into the laboured and academic that he falls. The prose gets no release from the level of theory:

Neither the flare of day nor the completeness of night reached them, they paced the narrow path of the twilight, treading in the neutrality of the law. Neither the blood nor the spirit spoke in them, only the law, the abstraction of the average. The infinite is positive and negative. But the average is only neutral. And the monks trod backward and forward down the line of neutrality. (TWI, 36)

Although an echo of the monks' heavy tread can perhaps be felt in the rhythmic emphasis that falls, as one reads, on "flare", "completeness", "paced" and "treading" the image of walking fails entirely to support the metaphysical superstructure that Lawrence erects on it. Indeed, he seems almost perverse in his attempt to make the rosy sunset symbolic of a triumphant meeting of the opposites. Look at the disingenuous note of casualness in the first phrase of "After all, eternal not-being and eternal being are the same." (TWI, 36) That proposition is simply not something that, "after all", we would ordinarily assent to. If one has not read The Crown (and very few of the contemporary readers of Twilight would have: it was only available to subscribers to The Signature, and then only in its first three chapters), one would have difficulty understanding this proposition, let alone assenting to it.

In this frame of mind the reader is likely to be unmoved by the earnest homiletic uplift of the essay's last paragraph:

Where is the supreme ecstasy in mankind, which makes day a delight and night a delight, purpose an ecstasy and a concourse in ecstasy, and single abandon of the single body and soul also an ecstasy under the moon? Where is the transcendent knowledge in our hearts, uniting sun and darkness, day and night, spirit and senses?

Why do we not know that the two in consummation are one; that each is only part; partial and alone forever; but that the two in consummation are perfect, beyond the range of loneliness or solitude? (TWI, 37-8)

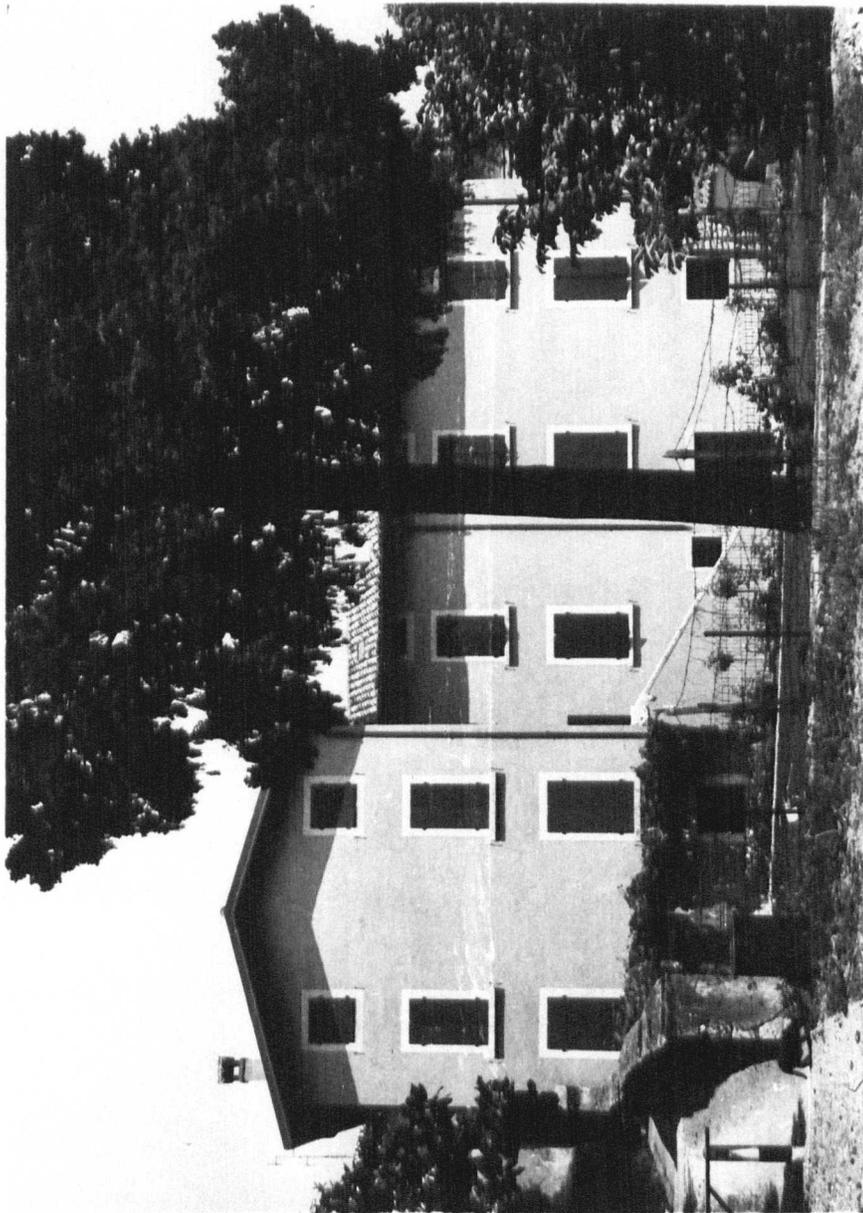
Why not, indeed? It is likely that the reader in the midst of his puzzlement hardly cares. At this point the subjective art has become merely private.

## II

### "THE LEMON GARDENS"

Although "The Lemon Gardens" exhibits a very different mode of "re-vision" of its earlier version in comparison with "The Spinner and the Monks", it shares with that essay a concern to rid it of the obtrusive personal presence of the narrator. This takes the form not so much of reducing his part in the action to a minimum - for it is already minimal - as winnowing out his deliberate or whimsical comments on it. Lawrence now, in 1915, sees the need to throw the weight of attention onto the happenings themselves rather than to offer them, as it were, garnished with the smooth sauce of <sup>the</sup> conventionally reflective, conventionally detached travel essayist. Altering the chapter's centre of balance would be necessary if he were to make great, confident, philosophical excursions within the confines of a travel essay.

Not only are self-referring comments such as "I was much pleased"; "But only the hall pleases me" (ER, 211); "I learn the names of vegetables" (ER, 216) dropped in the 1915 version but also the attempts at witty entertainment. "The French language is a wheel upon which so many poor spirits and innocent tongues are broken" (ER, 210) is deleted; the joke about Bacchus being before St Francis in the drink trade is shortened. In 1915 Lawrence does not wish to



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encourage the slightest hint of condescension to the subject matter on the part of the reader. His concerns are too urgent now. The observing eye succumbs to the pressure of the insistently speculative and exploring mind. Thus Signora di Paoli's tussling with the obstinately unco-operative door-spring is no longer of interest for its suggestion of her flame-like nature. Now it yields different, more general information: she is seen as suspended on international spiritual cross-roads: she, an Italian, "was wrestling with the angel of [Northern] mechanism" (TWI, 49).

Before examining the principal and obvious means by which this kind of leap from the particular to the general is made - the implantation of the long philosophical digressions - it is useful to look at a less obvious bridging device: Lawrence's deliberate "artifying" of the action, his stopping it at significant moments, spot-lighting the foreground figures, putting them, virtually, on a stage. This tendency was already partly developed in the earlier version of "The Lemon Gardens": the narrator's role as a reporter frames the action for us; the persistent reversion to the present tense in the first couple of pages gives us the sense of a drama unfolding before our eyes; the near-stopping of the action afforded by the panorama the narrator sees when standing on the roof of the lemon house gives an atmosphere of timelessness against which the padrone's dilapidated figure becomes all the more eloquent. Lawrence further develops these effects in the 1915 version: the "magnificent" Casa di Paoli, illuminated by the pale moon, becomes "stagey"; Signor di Paoli becomes "histrionic" as the (1915) sketch closes. And in 1915 he is portrayed as "strange and static, scarcely human, ageless, like a monkey." (TWI, 49; my emphasis) As Lawrence and his guide stroll through the gardens the feeling Lawrence reports is no longer one of cosiness but an absolute, clearly defined state: "Within the walls we are remote, perfect, moving in heavy spring sunshine, under the bony avenue of vines." (TWI, 54)

Stopping the action, catching it at significant moments, creates the natural expectation that that significance will be elucidated. The effect is related to Lawrence's "stopping" the Bavarian peasant, seeing him "perfectly chiselled ... static, cut off .... set back, as in a clear frosty air." (TWI, 11) The "work of art" is asking to be responded to, to be interpreted. So, in "The Lemon Gardens", we are being made ready, only half-consciously, to accept a sweep away from the action into an overtly interpretative mode.

It was an artistic decision - to make the sweep a clean one, even if that would give the chapter a patchwork quality - that Lawrence had hesitated to make in "The Spinner and the Monks". There, with what one might call a novelist's modesty, he offered a number of "philosophical" points of departure, possible polarities in terms of which to re-cast the action, only to resign them or move past them when the action did not of itself fall naturally into place around them. However, his strong urge to search out "fundamentals" remained, serving to clog up the more "observed" sections and detract from their more conventional travel sketch felicities. Evidently he decided, in the next sketch, to allow both modes a more uninhibited development by their being stylistically independent of one another.

In the 1913 version, when describing Signor di Paoli's envious displeasure at seeing his wife nursing another man's child, Lawrence had been led to reflect on the differing importance the Italian and the Englishman place on having children. The Italian

seems not to be able to believe in himself till he has a child ....[He] feels ... that he is made in the image of God, and in this image of flesh is his godliness, and with its defacement and crumbling, crumbles himself. Which is why he often gives one the feeling that he has nothing inside him. (ER, 215)

The reflection springs easily from its context, and Lawrence

returns, as easily, back to the progress of the story. However, the interpretation sits uneasily with his (previously quoted) earlier comment that "the northern races are the really passionate people" (ER, 212). He does not seem to notice the disparity. This is partly because the ideas are still in their nascent state but also because the essay does not depend on them. They can remain unreconciled because Lawrence is using the travel sketch in the traditional way: allowing the descriptions of foreign life to suggest "thoughtful", "interesting" but artistically un-revolutionary reflections.

In the 1915 version of the essay the thinking is much more strenuous. The ideas are pushed to their extreme limit - for only at the extremes of being, Lawrence believed, were the deepest truths uncoverable.<sup>4</sup> Certainly it is there - at extremes - that his imagination functions most freely:

This is the soul of the Italian since the Renaissance. In the sunshine he basks asleep, gathering up a vintage into his veins which in the night-time he will distil into ecstatic sensual delight, the intense, white-cold ecstasy of darkness and moon-light, the raucous, cat-like, destructive enjoyment, the senses conscious and crying out in their consciousness in the pangs of the enjoyment, which has consumed the southern nation, perhaps all the Latin races, since the Renaissance. (TWI, 42)

The prose is superbly confident; the mood is one of urgent intellectual discovery - and it is infectious. We don't reject the apparent exaggeration and overconfidence ("This is the soul of the Italian since the Renaissance ..."), partly because the line of thought has already been given imaginative embodiment in the descriptions of the Spinner, and the force of those passages is now being silently invoked. The Spinner herself is now identified as a kind of half-Italian. Moreover, the force of the passages describing the sensational crucifixes is indirectly feeding into the definition of the self-consciousness that is said

to complement the Italian's Spinner qualities. (The southern crucifixes told the story of an obverse "ecstasy" - the sensational lust for pain and for suffering.)

Lawrence, as this passage attests, was carving new territory for himself in prose: he had shaken off the novelist's shackles. He surpasses the need for dramatic enactment of his themes, for impersonal presentation, for the appeal, when overt interpretation was unavoidable, to the public forum of shared experience and common wisdom. Instead, he relies on the distinctly personal rhythms of thought he is able to give the prose and on a poetic-incantatory use of language. The pressure of generalising thought finds its own—original—path of development. For instance, look at the patterns of metaphor in the quotation, the vine image stridently, the cat image subtly, connecting the two halves of the Italian character (a connection which in more abstract language - particularly that of the literary critic - is apt to sound pretentious and unlikely). The cat image ("basks asleep" to his natural ease of functioning in the night-time - including sexually) helps also to link this part of the "argument" to the later invocation of the Blakean Tiger. Meanwhile, the wine metaphor ("vintage", "distil", "consumed") renders the abstract ("Day-ness" or some such label) more palpably, sensuously present.

However, the immediacy we sense is not so much, I suggest, to the things themselves as to the author's involvement, on the page, with them. As nearly as possible he is, one feels, experiencing those states of being, not just describing them; to convey them is almost, as it were, to live them out. Look at the long parenthetical digression - within the second sentence - as the author pauses to take into mind, relish and linger over the "night-time" nature of the Italians. The sentence rhythms, as the flow of thought continues, are of the speaking voice or of the man thinking aloud:

It is a lapse back, back to the original

position, the Mosaic position,<sup>5</sup> of the divinity of the flesh, and the absoluteness of its laws. But also there is the Aphrodite-worship.

(TWI, 42)

The meaning is not completed in the first statement of it. Qualification quickly follows rather than being subordinated grammatically within the confines of a first sentence. Indeed, Lawrence's grammatical structures — as with the speaking voice — tend in general to be co-ordinative rather than subordinative.

We instinctively attune our ear to this "personal" feel and sound of the language — which response affects the standard of truth and, indeed, the species of truth we expect this kind of thought to achieve. We grant his speculations, I suggest, the indulgence we more frequently extend in private conversation than in print. We don't require, in an academically rigorous way, that the elements of his argument have to be seen in the order and relationship in which he places them. We don't, seeking exactness, fault his argument by pointing out the ways in which it is not true but are content to imagine in what way it could be true. We are taken up in the excitement released by his new conjunctions of ideas. Rewarded by the intellectually liberating nature of the prose, we seek only to follow where the intensely engaged speculations will lead:

This is the true soldier, this is the immortal climax of the senses. This is the acme of the flesh, the one superb tiger who has devoured all living flesh, and now paces backwards and forwards in the cage of its own infinite, glaring with blind, fierce, absorbed eyes at that which is nothingness to it.

The eyes of the tiger cannot see, except with the light from within itself, by the light of its own desire. Its own white, cold light is so fierce that the other warm light of day is outshone, it is not, it does not exist. So the white eyes of the tiger gleam to a point of concentrated vision, upon that which does not exist. Hence its terrifying sightlessness. The something which I know I am is hollow space to

its vision, offers no resistance to the tiger's looking. It can only see of me that which it knows I am, a scent, a resistance, a voluptuous solid, a struggling warm violence that it holds overcome, a running of hot blood between its jaws, a delicious pang of live flesh in the mouth. This it sees. The rest is not ....

What is that which parted ways with the terrific eagle-like angel of the senses at the Renaissance? The Italians said, "We are one in the Father: we will go back." The Northern races said, "We are one in Christ: we will go on."  
(TWI, 44)

The grip Lawrence maintains on the concrete while venturing so confidently into concepts as expansive and demanding as "being" and "not-being", Italianness and Northern-ness — the easy passage he finds between the two — encourages us to trust the narrator's direction of thought. His closeness to the ideas, at this point, seems to offer a guarantee of their validity; it is a validity of experience rather than logic.

Meanwhile, Lawrence's "distance" from his argument is constantly shifting; he ranges from the vivid and closely engaged to the rhetorical, from the incantatory to the homiletic, positing, extending and repositing the (now adjusted) terms of his world polarity. An amazing amount of ground is covered:

This is the spirituality of Shelley, the perfectibility of man. This is the way in which we fulfil the commandment, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." This is Saint Paul's, "Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known." (TWI, 47)

The sweep of thought, the range of tones and the variety of levels of engagement continue to create a sense, not of a personality exactly, but of a personal presence behind the prose — an inquiring, self-questioning but intellectually adventurous mind whose conclusions far exceed the amount of "evidence", conventionally considered, that has been

marshalled. Whether or not Saint Paul's remark is co-extensive in meaning with the eighteenth century doctrine of the perfectibility of man and whether Shelley's "spirituality" has to be seen in the same light as these two would, in other contexts, be highly disputable and would require very substantial argumentation. However, the breathless speed and expansiveness of Lawrence's polarity — the way, on the page, it expands in a bid to account for the major directions of Western civilisation — do not appear, as in other contexts they might, as mere folly, as an intellectual overreaching. Rather, they are a reflection of the "personal" mode of the art. Turning from the articulation of powerful and deeply-felt subconscious feeling in The Rainbow to the articulation of his own half-formed feelings about the directions of contemporary European life, he naturally wrote with something of the same urgency and force.

It is not only the "new clarity and universality of vision" (that one critic finds differentiates The Rainbow from Sons and Lovers) that is common to Rainbow and Twilight.<sup>6</sup> Another important but less obvious element the two works have in common can be seen in the respect and even-handedness Lawrence shows toward whatever state of a character's mind — or of culture — he wishes to evoke or animate. He avoids ironic placement of Anna Brangwen's flowery innocence (when pregnant), for example. Instead he enacts it, he thinks and feels his way "into" it — and with the same instinctive respect as when he is evoking much more harrowing or extreme psychological states, such as Tom Brangwen's obsession to be totally "recognized" by Lydia when she is pregnant. Lawrence deals with the state of mind of the husband, estranged — as he fears — by his pregnant wife, with unprecedented depth (one could guess, for instance, how the Zola of Nana would have treated it!) because he can insinuate himself into the state of mind, embodying it and approximating it on the page. As in Twilight Lawrence's stretching of grammatical conventions almost to their breaking point gives us the sense of the emotion (or

argument) being apprehended or experienced on the page.

Intrinsic to this art is a revolution in language; a language of ultimates is forged. For example, in Will's and Anna's finding of "new selves" (in their final, lust-centred reconciliation) Will discovers "Absolute Beauty" in parts of Anna's body; "He was quite ousted from himself" (R, 236-37) we are told. Theirs is not just a new leaf turned, of which "new self" is figurative. Lawrence has a stronger meaning. Will's new direction, an ultimate one so that it "sent him slightly insane" (ibid.), is on the rebound from his equally ultimate (if one admits the expression) spiritual ecstasies in "The Cathedral". We instinctively recognise that the extravagance in meaning is necessary if Lawrence is to register feelings with the strength and depth at which they subconsciously occur. Nevertheless, the terms retain their denotative meaning as well and so potentially refer well beyond the particular experience. But, while grand new realities are being experienced by the characters, little changes in the public world outside. The fact, say, that Will is freed to participate in public activities is only a personal matter. Gerald Crich's sexuality and its failure have, on the other hand, much wider, public implications.

This is a measure of the change in Lawrence's art between The Rainbow and Women in Love. Twilight in Italy identifies the change. The hyperbole of expression - a reflection of the "personal" centre of the art, the narrator's "personal" participation - finds its natural outlet in an hyperbole of thought. This is another reason why we automatically allow for the "excessiveness" of thought in Lawrence's sustained meditative passages in Twilight: we're willing to accept hyperbole in a personally-centred mode of argument just as we are in the depiction of subconscious levels of feeling. Lawrence wins our acceptance, of course, so that we are likely to find the step from, say, the stackyard dance scene where Ursula "annihilates" Skrebensky to the rendering of the Tiger ecstasy in "The Lemon Gardens" a short and natural one. The Rainbow passage exceeds and leaves everyday reality almost as much

as the Twilight passage does. The former's salt and harsh light metaphors have no assignable counterpart in that reality. Yet Ursula's extreme experience has clarified her as nothing else could. This, in fact, is 1915 Lawrence; It is part of the last full revision of The Rainbow, as The Cathedral chapter and Will and Anna's final relationship also are.<sup>7</sup>

Yet time and again in The Rainbow Lawrence has to bring the prose back from extremes to the everyday. During Will and Anna's honeymoon, for instance, Lawrence envisages an opposition between the rind of the world (the workaday world outside their cottage) and the "naked real centre" of life that Will, having undergone a revolution in perception, having seen his old sureties about work and clothing swept away, seems to be experiencing. Yet the dichotomy, despite its seeming irrevocability (while we are kept in sympathy with Will's view of things), is soon resigned when Anna finds she must organise a tea-party. The outside world is soon seen to be very much more than a discardable rind.

Lawrence's balancing of the everyday and the cosmic is often argued to be the great strength of The Rainbow; I would agree that it is probably essential if the novel is to fulfil the functions of a chronicle of three generations. Yet this strength effectively prevents Lawrence, in the first two generations at least, from pursuing his dichotomies very far, from seeing, say, a revelation of the nature of the public world in terms of private experience. In Lawrence's attempts to capture the hectic and extreme passions of his characters the necessarily large gestures of his language have, as it were, nowhere to go beyond their immediate subject. The effect in reading often verges, as a result, on the claustrophobic. (The scene in the cathedral is a good example.)

If Lawrence was to exploit his abilities in this line any further, the clear need was for a technical form that would structure and accommodate hyperbole of language and thought - that would accommodate the fullest reaches of

a "subjective" art. If, in the world of the sketch (or novel), Lawrence could keep alive a completely discrete imaginative opposition, or polarity, use its terms as absolute poles of reference, then there would be room for the largest theories, the widest-reaching abstractions. His speculations would not have to be squarely based in the psychological state of a particular character at a particular time. Rather, as I have described, Lawrence would find alternative kinds of coherence to replace the more traditional ones of observation of the particular, dramatisation of theme and so on.

It's apposite at this point to underline the relevance of this observation to my argument in earlier chapters concerning the near-standard critical vulnerability to the imposing claims of Lawrence's philosophy. If I have seemed to stress the technical side of Lawrence's artistic development in 1915 rather than evaluating that philosophy, it is because I believe the evaluation cannot be undertaken until the technique is better understood. Lawrence's ideas, as many sympathetic critics have unwittingly shown, are apt to seduce rather than enlighten. The critics' mistake lies in accepting Lawrence's ideas with their full, confident force of delivery and their professed width of implication — that is, in a conventionally impersonal way — when the kinds of coherence Lawrence has been seeking have been, at almost every point, quite other than the impersonal.

Lawrence's unconventionality of argument form — his use of polarities — further mitigates the force of literalness with which the critic ought to accept Lawrence's conclusions. The form itself is, I suggest, a much more tentative and experimental one than the force of the arguments Lawrence makes it generate. There is, indeed, something almost arbitrary about the choice of the dichotomies Lawrence brings to bear. The "division into male and female is arbitrary, for the purpose of thought" he had admitted in Hardy (PI, 448). His jumping from one set of opposites

to another in that work is in line with this admission: whether it be Male and Female, Self and Not-Self, North and South, Motion and Inertia, Lawrence takes each opposition as far as he can, probing his subject matter with it, testing its explanatory power, seeking to define underlying fundamentals. As his sense of the conditions and directions of life changed - in response to what he read, to his own experience, including his marriage, and to the war, to his own emerging personal impulses and discovered imperatives - so, of course, his need to account for his altered sense of things necessitated new intellectual forays, new placements of relevance and significance, new organisation of old ideas.

One can trace this process unfolding in the letters and writings of the period. As the War proceeded, Lawrence's diagnosis of and revulsion from English life hardened and his need for a correspondingly absolute and extreme solution became urgent. In a letter to Harriet Monroe of 17 November, 1914 (CL, 294) Lawrence reports writing his "war poem", "Eloi, Eloi, Sabachthani". In letter and poem he espouses the idea of "Northern" (his second winter in Italy had firmly established in his thinking this Northern vs Southern notion) corrupt spirituality seeking an instinctive release in an orgy of violence. A "rough draft" of this idea had appeared in his newspaper article, "With the Guns", in the Manchester Guardian of 18 August, 1914. And the seeds of that had already been sown in his period in Germany in mid-1913, experience which went into "Honour and Arms". "England, My England" (first version), written by early June 1915, enacts the idea in a particularly gruesome form.

The War was to despatch any of Lawrence's lingering optimism but its first effect was to attenuate, almost to etherealise, it. In September 1914 he had been able to write:

Personal feelings and attachments .... are all only expressive, and expression has become mechanical. Behind in all are the tremendous unknown forces of life, coming unseen and unperceived as out of the desert to the Egyptians. (CL, 291)

The "tremendous unknown forces" phrase is an adaptation of an idea from Jane Harrison's Ancient Art and Ritual which Lawrence read in 1913.<sup>8</sup> By late 1914, receiving a new impulse from a reading of Mrs Jenner's Christian Symbolism (1910), Lawrence's optimism had become almost visionary. Ignoring Jenner's predominantly sober, even sceptical, tone Lawrence seized on her description of the Cherubim palpitating in praise of God as a type of the "necessary" submission to those "unknown forces of life" (CL, 300-04). For Lawrence, the surgery that contemporary civilization needed was massive. Its (claimed) absolute hostility to those renovating "unknown forces" elicited from Lawrence a number of equally absolute and all-encompassing solutions. Witness his naively simplistic clean-sweep social solutions and his plans of social reconstruction in his letters to Cynthia Asquith and Bertrand Russell of this period.

Jenner's influence can be seen in Lawrence's prognosis for modern society, offered in a letter to E.M. Forster of January 1915 (unpublished, Texas file).

It is time for us now to look all round, round the whole ring of the horizon ... a conception of the beginning and end, of heaven and hell, of good and evil flowing from God through humanity as through a filter, and returning back to God as angels and demons .... We were tired of measuring everything by the human standard .... I am tired of class, and humanity, and personal salvation.

"I use old terms ["Angels and Devils"] for my feeling, because I am not inventive or creative enough", he confessed to Forster in an unpublished letter of 3 February, 1915. This must have been a major stumbling block in his frustrating efforts with the early (lost) versions of what became The Crown.

His ceaseless re-positing and re-definition of a polarity that would "account" for modern life can be taken as a sign of his intellectual vigour and sincerity, but it is also a reminder of the experimental nature of his thought,

and of the underlying tentativeness of his very un-tentative conclusions in Twilight, and elsewhere, a reminder too of the ultimately personal base from which his thinking so directly springs. Lawrence's response to his trip to Cambridge in early March 1915, as revealed in a memorable, unpublished letter to David Garnett (whose rooms he had visited), clinches this point. (It is true one is dealing here with a personal letter rather than with public, more considered prose, but there is less distance between the two forms than in the case of other writers. Lawrence's letters are often written in full seriousness.) This is when the idea of "rotteness, marsh-stagnancy" enters his writing — public and private — and it's this trip which sparks off his dreams about beetles (which was also to taint his vision of modern civilisation. It had probably come from his reading, at this time, of Dostoevsky's Idiot. Ippolit has a similar nightmare<sup>9</sup>.) Typically for Lawrence, he finds the sight of one of Garnett's homosexual friends, coming out in his pyjamas, to proclaim not just, as a more conventional moralist might have seen it, the sexual-cum-moral degeneracy of the times but something much more radical: the modern entrapment in sensationalism, the shell-like imprisonment of modern life. Lawrence sees a clear signal of impending apocalypse: the jump from the particular to the universal is immediate. While I have discussed the original means Lawrence developed elsewhere to give this kind of thinking coherence (Lawrence, after all, makes similar leaps in the case of the Spinner, and with the di Paoli's tussle with the door spring), exposed so blatantly as it is in this letter, the mode of thought ought to be <sup>one</sup> more factor counselling hesitation before accepting the apparent omni-competence of Lawrence's subjective art.

In the face of this kind of spiritual disintegration, the only solution, for Lawrence, was escape (Rananim) or complete destruction of the social form. Lawrence's alienation from contemporary society was severe. Everything he saw was infected with the modern disease: the

soldiers he sees at Worthing in April are "teeming insects. What massive creeping hell is <sup>not</sup> let loose nowadays." (CL, 338). Lawrence admitted that his revulsion from contemporary life and his talk of revolution were "extravagant" (CL, 340), indeed that they verged on lunacy (CL, 343). Frieda, on the other hand, "thinks if the war were over, things would be pretty well all right" (letter of 16 August, 1915; CL, 362), and Cynthia Asquith thought the war was not preventing the personal life from going on, that the individual could still love and be complete (reported in a letter to her; CL, 374). Bertrand Russell found the war more unsettling than this, it is true, but he found a kind of balance (possibly a perverse one) in working for the pacifist movement and in his subsequent imprisonment.<sup>10</sup> Lawrence's spirit was clearly the rarest: although he lacked the everyday normality of the two women, and Russell's dogged determination to do something, anything, he possessed the keenest sensitivity to the darkening spirit of the times, and that when even the dullest could not fail to be unsettled by the horrors of the War. Little wonder that his writing should sometimes verge on the hysterical or should retreat (as in many parts of The Crown) to the merely private. Equally little wonder that Lawrence should increasingly resort to the intellectual and artistic vehicle of the polarity as a way of accommodating the War's massive assault on his sensibility: only if he could contain the "unbearable" aspects of modern life within a larger metaphorical form which itself held out hope that an opposite tendency would soon be coming into play - only then could he maintain his sanity amidst the horrors of war.

This is, in a nutshell, what The Crown is about: it is an attempt to find an acceptable frame for the unacceptable. Polarisation is presented as a law of nature; the "crown" of being is achieved only as long as both opposites continue their polarised struggle. Each is seeking the fullest expression or "consummation" of his own line of being: for example, the lion his ferociousness and the unicorn his gentleness. The modern predicament has, Lawrence argues,

resulted from a cessation of the struggle: the Northern spirit has ceased its efforts to assert itself over its opponent (hardly mentioned in The Crown: Twilight fills in here) and corruption has set in. Sections III to V are devoted to an analysis of this state and to a series of analogies: the bestiary in Section V, each animal emblematic of a modern condition; the soldier on the pier.

The Crown is an obscure and often tedious work, partly because it springs so directly out of a personal predicament. Although that predicament arises from the deepest possible concern about a public predicament, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the problem was as much interior and private as exterior and public. The Crown, I think, is not personally indulgent but it is personally driven. Thus, although polarity can be seen, I have argued, as a brilliant and original artistic opportunity, giving Lawrence ingress to depths of being closed to more conventional and impersonal intellectual disciplines, it was also a psychological necessity. Which again prompts justified hesitation, even suspicion, before accepting Lawrence's wide-ranging philosophy, history, and anthropology of the Italian nation and Western civilisation provided in Twilight in Italy. We might be less hesitant if Lawrence employed the polarity form simultaneously with or separately from, a criticism of it. But this is not the case. From 1915 polarity was simply a given. Its terms and implications were ceaselessly adjusted and re-worked but the belief itself was never openly questioned.<sup>11</sup>

It's possible to gauge some of the profit and loss flowing from Lawrence's (subjective) apprehension of the plight of Signor di Paoli in terms of a North-South polarity. One needs to determine to what extent Lawrence's 1915 "philosophical" additions to the 1913 travel descriptions were a genuine deepening of significance and to what extent a blurring. There is no doubt that the extrapolation away from the door-spring scene into the realms of the Tiger and the Lamb is justified by the most tenuous of connections

and that the passage digresses substantially into areas - England's participation in the War, for instance - that, apparently, have nothing to do with a family called di Paoli in a tiny and obscure Italian village on Lake Garda. Certainly, Lawrence does not keep his subject under close observation during his philosophical reflections: the latter are not shown, in a conventionally acceptable way, to follow from and be corrected by the initial subject.

Yet it would be a mistake to follow Richard Aldington's advice in his preface to the Phoenix edition of Twilight to skip the more intellectual passages. However, the demonstration of their relevance to the "observed" passages (transferred with some alteration from the 1913 version) is not just a matter of pointing, as Frederick Owen does, to the "dualistic possibilities" of elements of the descriptive passages.<sup>12</sup> According to Owen these elements indicate that the philosophical matter has been subtly dictating the imagery of the descriptive passages all along. This argument is unsatisfactory for the simple reason that in many cases the "philosophically suggestive imagery" pre-dates the philosophy itself. For example, the light and dark dualism in "the rocking of the water still made lights that danced up and down upon the wall among the shadows by the piano" (TWI, 39) has a very close counterpart in the earlier version. (ER, 210). Similarly, the "pride of the padrone came back with a click" (TWI, 54) - with its mechanistic overtones - is not introduced in 1915 to connect Signor di Paoli with the industrial North: the auditory image was already there in the 1913 version. (ER, 215) "The Lemon Gardens" does not possess this subtle kind of unity. One cannot escape, as Owen wishes to, its patchwork quality. Moreover, large chunks of descriptive prose (situated after the second "meditation") are taken almost word for word from the earlier sketch; the couple of pages which precede the first meditation can hardly be said to be infused with philosophical matter either. It is true that in 1915 the narrator, in this first section, finds "the honour of mechanical England" (TWI, 40) in his hands rather than the

vaguer "honour of the English-speaking world" (ER, 211) but this is an obvious move, almost too obvious.

The relevance of the philosophical mode to the descriptive is better seen in relation to that experimental nature of Lawrence's discursive thought, discussed above. The relevance, I suggest, is less intentional and subtilised than accidental, massive and blatant. It is as if, in this "personal prose", the reflecting mind of the narrator runs on ahead of the story, taking its slightest hints as an excuse to launch into the largest possible contextualising of them. So the dark interior rooms and the obstinate door-spring are soon lost sight of as the prose intellectually balloons, filling the sketch with the largest (yet concretely rendered) abstractions.

The relevance of "philosophy" to "observation" is then, in this chapter, prospective. So that, returning to the relation of the tale, we find the meditation contributing in an unexpectedly powerful way. It is as if Lawrence himself is challenged to a deeper scrutiny of the incident. The Signora's Tiger-like Italianness, merely hinted at in the early version, now gains definition and power. In 1913 her satisfaction at seeing the door fixed seemed disproportionate:

The Signora, who gave me the uncomfortable feeling that she might burst into flame at any moment, clasped her hands together in ecstasy as the door swiftly shut itself. (ER, 213)

Only in 1915 does Lawrence work out why "she might burst into flame": he knows now where the "flame" is coming from:

This question of a door-spring that made the door fly open when it should make it close roused a vivid spark in her soul. It was she who was wrestling with the angel of mechanism. (TWI, 49)

The extravagant reaction is powerfully rendered:

"Ecco!" she cried, in her vibrating, almost warlike woman's voice: "Ecco!"

Her eyes were aflame as they looked at the door. She ran forward to try it herself. She opened the door expectantly, eagerly. Pouf! - it shut with a bang.

"Ecco!" she cried, her voice quivering like bronze, overwrought but triumphant. (TWI, 49-50)

The juxtaposition of "aflame" and the mundane "door" is daring but successful. This powerful deepening of meaning in turn gives a new shaping to the patterning of light and dark images in the description of the Signora's nursing the baby. In 1913 the images seem, simply, natural to an Italian setting; in 1915 her being "obscured" with the baby, her kissing him "avidly", her inclining to the shadows, all draw on the foregoing Tiger/Lamb meditation. No longer meditative, they now make a new kind of sense, a sense which the second meditation reinforces and extends.

The Signore's "ignominy" as a childless Italian is now all the stronger when the 1913 qualification, that the Italian's belief in the flesh "often gives one the feeling that he has nothing inside him" (ER, 215), is removed and more impressively subsumed into the Northern spirituality "pole" in the two meditations. That "ignominy" verges, in 1915, on nonentity: it is linked to the reversal of a national life-direction. Moreover, the economic facts of the lemon growing, its bleak future and the lopping-off of the lemon pillars to make pergolas for the (clinging) vine are given a more general force, a just perceptible sexual dimension that they lacked in the earlier version.

Thus we are prepared for Lawrence's interpretation of the final histrionic gesturing of the Signore as he defends the Italian "possession" - the sun - against "the mineral coal and the machines" of the North. Lawrence sees a disguised lusting after the power given by machines - "this last triumph of the ego" (TWI, 60) - in the Signore's gesturing. He continues then to develop the thought that both previous meditations have canvassed: the dead end England herself has reached in taking the road the Signore lusts after. His defeat thus takes on a two-fold force: he is the victim of

a personal and international malaise.

But was he? I mean the actual Signor di Paoli. To what extent does Lawrence's reconstruction of the links of this man's plight to the largest international currents of being (or however one paraphrases it) constitute a clarification of our understanding of him? It's possible to avoid the question by insisting that the connection between event and idea is too slender to even raise the question, that to base a theory of national apocalypse (the chapter's last paragraph) on an author's mere impression of the gesturing of a pathetic old man is to stretch too shamelessly our conception of what genuine thought is. However, to adopt this criterion - the untrustworthiness of subjective impression - would be, as I hope I have made clear, to overthrow the basis of the personal art of Twilight in Italy and thus to dismiss the book entirely.

Although the question of the adequacy of Lawrence's interpretation of Signor di Paoli cannot, then, be avoided, there is, as I see it, no way of rebutting that interpretation once one has accepted the terms in which it is presented. Lawrence believes that life can only be known with any certainty once its extremes are explored, that, say, Signor di Paoli's chagrin at his wife's delighted fondling of a baby can only ultimately be understood in terms of the Tiger and the Lamb. This belief does not admit of evaluation except in its own terms. It is hardly conceivable that even a most original and technically skilled writer could find, even if he wanted to, convincing alternative "fundamental life directions". The whole procedure is too personal, of Lawrence: it is no surprise that he inspired no Lawrentian school of writers.

However, the question does admit of evaluation in terms which, although quite foreign to the art, are ones we would normally consider relevant, indeed indispensable. I mean those of simple factual truth. Fact, my investigations have shown, is simply at odds with Lawrence's clear-cut interpretation of this "last, shrivelled representative of his race", Signor di Paoli (TWI, 39).



The Casa di Paoli, Villa

To make this point it's necessary to rehearse some of the facts of the economics of Garda-style lemon growing in the late nineteenth century. There had, as Lawrence says, been a change in the style of lemon cultivation: the lemon trees were now grafted onto a bitter orange stock. This had proved necessary because of a devastating citrus tree disease in the late 1850's. In that decade 69 million lemons had been consigned from the Gargnano region; by the 1880's the figure had dropped to 22 millions and only the biggest landowners survived.<sup>13</sup> Added to this, the lemons were becoming uncompetitive in price. The resulting economic depression in the region has, indeed, never been fully overcome. Now, if these facts are combined with the further ones that the di Paoli's house was built in 1851, just prior to the onset of the citrus tree disease<sup>14</sup>; that it must have been, as Lawrence avers, "a splendid place"; that until recently its extensive gardens were beautifully maintained and that it was the only house in Villa with central heating, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that this was the product of a family at the height of its prosperity, not the last desperate efforts of an inexorably doomed one. One can explain that "doom" in straightforward economic terms and in the fact that Signor di Paoli happened to have been without heirs. This, indeed, is the problem: there seems to be no room within the art to urge this sort of qualification. Which brings us once more up against what I have called the Lawrence paradox: the personal and the impersonal simply do not mix.

A similar argument could be put forward in relation to Lawrence's treatment, in the previous chapter, of San Tommaso: it becomes part of the developing definition of the Italian darkness and sensuality. His account, although not "wrong" in the way his account of the di Paoli family is, is nevertheless excessively selective. In San Tommaso there is a sixteenth century fresco of some merit, a baroque chapel and a Byzantine-style mosaic over the altar (not, of course, period: the church is of the eighteenth century; the fresco was taken from the original fourteenth century

church). Lawrence mentions none of this nor the church's religious history: for instance, that the majolica roof of its steeple acted as a kind of beacon for the twenty-year caravan of wayfarers travelling, in the years after 1545, to the Council of Trent beyond the northern end of the lake. Lawrence of course is not obliged to incorporate these kinds of considerations into his treatment of San Tommaso. I am not calling into question his deep respect for his object of attention, simply demonstrating that there are more ordinary kinds of respect that he does not possess. Similarly, one would have thought - at least ordinarily - that a mastery of Italian (let alone the dialect that, in all probability, the Spinner was speaking<sup>15</sup>) would have been one pre-condition for a symbolic placement of her in the Day-Night antithesis such as Lawrence attempts. One would expect that Lawrence would first have understood what she was telling him. Yet there are two different accounts of her tale in the two versions. Moreover, in the second version, when Lawrence's interpretation becomes more ambitious, the qualification that he hardly understood what she was saying is dropped. Although, then, Lawrence may excel at extremes, with fundamentals, he does not accord the respect to the middle, the surface, the everyday that we normally look for and value.

CODA: THE "LEMON GARDENS" FRAGMENT AND  
EMPEDOKLES

Examination of the two page typescript fragment of "The Lemon Gardens"<sup>16</sup> with its extensive holograph revision reveals an interesting earlier stage in Lawrence's thinking; it sheds light on the question of the place of Christian terminology in Twilight - especially given Lawrence's apparently contradictory letter of 21 July 1915 (mis-dated in Moore) when he records his newfound enthusiasm for the Ancient Greek philosophers and his determination to abandon his Christian language and to come out of "the camp" of the early Greeks in his next re-writing of his "philosophy".<sup>17</sup>

One's first thought on reading this letter and thinking of certain parts of Twilight is, perhaps, to wish that he had. For the passages about the Holy Ghost's suspension above the warring poles of life, keeping them both in some sort of mystical but divine relationship, are among the most imaginatively inert of the meditative sections. Lawrence can find no imaginative focus for the idea (as he does, say, in the case of the Tiger). The abstracts remain abstract:

There are two ways, there is not only One. There are two opposite ways to consummation. But that which relates them, like the base of the triangle, this is the constant, the Absolute, this makes the Ultimate Whole. And in the Holy Spirit I know the Two Ways, the Two Infinities, the Two Consummations. And knowing the Two, I admit the Whole. But excluding One, I exclude the Whole. And confusing the two, I make nullity nihil. (TWI, 54)

The passage is clogged by terminology; although the grammar reflects the narrator's tussle to articulate the ideas in a speaking voice (for example, the series of conjunctions commencing the sentences suggest the narrator's facing up to each idea one by one) the feel, nevertheless, is of a writer wielding weighty abstractions of which he is hardly in control. His commerce with them is not an imaginative one. His having to resort to a geometrical image is symptomatic.

It is most likely that Lawrence commenced his Twilight revisions and rewritings only after the 21 July letter. They are first mentioned in an unpublished letter to Pinker of 29 July, by which time Lawrence had completed the Crucifixes chapter. In unpublished letters to his typist, Douglas Clayton, Lawrence's completion of the ensuing chapters is recorded: "The Spinner" by 20 August; "The Lemon Gardens" by ?24 August, but this was partly re-written by 5 September,<sup>18</sup> suggesting that he was correcting the typescript as he went; "The Theatre" by 6 September; "San Gaudenzio" (which, at that stage,

possibly included "The Dance",<sup>19</sup>) by 11 September. At this stage Lawrence broke off to rewrite his Crown instalments for The Signature (with which he had been struggling before commencing his work on Twilight).<sup>20</sup> He returned to the travel book in early October. "Il Duro" was ready by 8 October (which chapter possibly included "John" as it's not elsewhere mentioned); "Italians in Exile" by 12 October; "On the Road" (presumably "The Return Journey") by 19 October. By 26 October the typescript was complete and Lawrence sent it off to Pinker (letter to Pinker 26 October, unpublished): "I send you the rest of the Italian Studies [for American publication]. I have sent the complete MS to Duckworth [presumably TS duplicates]."<sup>21</sup> He completed the proofs (the galleys) between 24 January 1916 and 10 February 1916.<sup>22</sup>

The chronology helps one to establish the significance of "The Lemon Gardens" fragment, to trace the influence of the early Greek philosophers on Lawrence and to demonstrate further the place of Twilight on the cross-roads between The Rainbow and Women in Love.

The fragment falls within the second meditation. Both meditative passages were revised after Clayton had typed their first versions (see note 18). Both demonstrate a more fully conscious awareness of the theatrical implications of Lawrence's, by now customary, artistic and intellectual use of polarities. It is as if Lawrence suddenly finds that certain polarities are more pervasive, more universally explanatory than he had thought; he accepts the conclusions towards which his way of apprehending and rendering life had been shepherding him. Underneath Lawrence's holograph corrections the original typescript reads:

It is time to turn round, the flesh, new-issued from the Infinite, strong and dark from the creative Infinite, becomes now the supreme threshold of creative eternity. But it is time that we looked outwards from the threshold, that we passed out to the great, luminous, uncreated world. So long we have stooped to the doorway of the flesh, and gone in unto the

flushed, sensual darkness, and beyond the sensual darkness, into the far spaces of scientific research, the everlasting night, the first cold, grey twilight of the dawn of creation, beyond the hot flush of life. It is the great and wonderful retrogression to the Original Creation, to the Original Eternity, to the Original God.

But there is also, at the threshold of the flesh, the beginning of the world that is to be, the Uncreated World, that shall become the future. Looking outward from the doorway of the senses, from the threshold of the original eternity, clarified and confident from our return to the creative Infinite, we look forth again, and see the great impediments to our going forth, great stumbling-blocks, immense falsities that we have gropingly reared against ourselves. But beyond these is the golden chaos of morning, which is waiting for us to order into being. Once beyond the obstructions, once these are removed, there is a new world for us to create, to bring into being. We know that it exists in Eternity, because we have been received back into the original Eternity, through the senses and our late experience of death, universal death. We know that in Eternity exists a great world of truth, which here, in this falsity and confusion, is denied and obscured. And it is our business to set the whole living world into relation to the eternal truth.

When we have done that, we shall have re-created Paradise, there will be complete Heaven. We can at any rate begin the job. To finish it may be beyond us. But we must make a start, nevertheless. The success will be greater than the failure, however we fail, we shall be in closer relation to the Infinite Truth than we were, we shall have our place in the Eternity of Truth. (Fragment, pp. 15-16)

(The corresponding Twilight passage - which is almost the same as the holograph revisions - begins "It is past the time to leave off ..." and extends, like the TS passage, to immediately before the resumption of the Signore's conversation. TWI, 53-4) The tenor of the Twilight argument is that "There are two ways, there is not only One." (TWI, 54) In the original version there is just One on the horizon, an awakening optimism after the doomed efforts of the past (scientific analysis and mindless phallicism). Lawrence is exhorting us to a new millenium, a new "Eternity",

"a great world of truth." He envisages a reconciliation of the opposites of the flesh and the spirit; there will be perfection in Lawrence's Eternity. One could trace a line from the flower image of Hardy (the natural unfolding of one's being from roots to leaves to flower) through the optimism of the end of The Rainbow and the naive, Christian-oriented solutions of the letters of early 1915, to the original "Lemon Gardens" passage.<sup>23</sup> The line is reversed in the published version of the passage as Lawrence formulates a definition of the Holy Ghost that will sustain rather than reconcile opposition.

Lawrence's cancelled solution was closer to an orthodox Christian solution than his newfound one: in the Greek Church the Holy Ghost comes from the Father through the Son; in the Western Church it proceeds (after Augustine) from the Father and the Son.<sup>24</sup> In either case the Blessed Trinity is not based on opposition. In arriving at an ad hoc theology where the Holy Ghost constitutes only an ultimate connection between irretrievably opposite impulses, Lawrence creates the conditions for himself both to explore contemporary and historical reality in the way most congenial to his imagination — in terms of polarised opposites — and to keep alive a belief in the possibility, however distant and vague, of final perfection: an optimistic frame for the previously warring, but now stagnating, driving impulses of Western civilisation. If this was a personal necessity it was, nevertheless, the condition of an imaginative liberation. In a subjective art the dependence of the one on the other ought not unduly to worry us. The objection — that satisfaction of Lawrence's desideratum of proceeding as far along both lines of being as possible is humanly inconceivable — may prove the idea per se does not make a lot of sense but it does release Lawrence to explore/<sup>to</sup>extraordinary depth the fixed psychologies of Paolo, the Bavarian peasants, and, it could be argued, Gerald Crich.

This leaves the question, nevertheless, of the causation of the change in Lawrence's thinking. (Certainly the change was a long-lasting one: Lawrence's "Holy Ghost"

appears in works as far apart as "The Reality of Peace" and "Aristocracy".) The answer, I believe, lies, as Lawrence claimed, in his reading of John Burnet's Early Greek Philosophy (1st edn. 1892). The book contains translations of the philosophers' extant fragments together with lengthy elucidations of them. That the early Greeks' influence on Lawrence was decisive can be demonstrated by identifying their more obvious effects on his contemporaneous work, The Crown. Although it is Herakleitos whom Lawrence quotes in the letter to Russell — that philosopher was certainly congenial to Lawrence's anti-democratic frame of mind — it was, I submit, Empedokles who had the more lasting effect on Lawrence.

Certainly Lawrence found the Burnet book as a whole remarkably conducive to the development of his own outlook. He frequently returned to it in later years and its influence on his writings was correspondingly extensive. He makes detailed use of it in Apocalypse, in the notes for Birds, Beasts and Flowers, in "Two Principles", in "... Love Was Once a Little Boy"; it inspires a number of poems. But The Crown and Twilight are its first recipients.

Lawrence serenely ignores Burnet's obvious scientific sympathies: for Burnet early Greek philosophy manifests a progression in empirical inductive reasoning towards the more genuinely scientific, later Greek philosophy. But it was probably the godlessness of the philosophy; together with its efforts to generate a convincing theory of cosmogenesis, that most appealed to Lawrence — who was attempting a similarly ambitious task but whose thinking was "muddled" by Christianity (CL, 352). He would have found Herakleitos's doctrine of opposites both welcome and, almost, familiar:

Men do not know how that which is drawn in  
different directions harmonises with itself.  
The harmonious structure of the world depends  
upon opposite tension. (Fragment 45) 25

With Herakleitos' notion that life intrinsically contains an opposition, although it originally flowed from the one

source diverting into two streams ("All flows" says Herakleitos; "Matter is a slow, big wave" writes Lawrence, PII, 412) Lawrence would have been equally at home.

What gave Lawrence the necessary push forward, however, was, I believe, the Empedoklean conception of the conduct of life as an eternal opposition of "Strife" and "Love", one tendency making for complete differentiation, the other for reconciliation and togetherness. As one tendency reached its climax, its final destination, it would, having expended its energy, lose its impetus only to be overcome by the opposite tendency now in the ascendent. Although Lawrence does not accept Empedokles' terms he does adopt something very like his version of the eternal dynamic of these opposing tendencies:

Love and hate,<sup>26</sup> light and darkness, these are the temporary conquest of the one infinite by the other .... when the opposition is complete on either side, then there is perfection.

(Signature, 4/10/15, p.10)

In the second Signature instalment, on page six, Lawrence describes the experience of changing from the peak of one extreme to the lowest point of the other: "And then, new-born on the knees of darkness, new-issued from the womb of eternity, I open my eyes to the light and know the goal, the end, the light".<sup>27</sup> In the final chapter Lawrence writes:

The motion of the eternities is dual: they flow together, and they flow apart, they flow forever towards union, they start back for ever in opposition. (PII, 410)

Sophisticating this Empedoklean thought with the notion of a frame for the motion — it is "the utter relation between the two eternities" which is God (PII, 410) — provides the philosophical frame for the Tiger/Lamb/Holy Ghost meditations of Twilight in Italy. There is more

insistence there on the terrible sin of confusing opposites. (The analysis of modern civilisation changes from this kind of confusion - "Lambs" acting like "Tigers" - in Twilight to a "corruption within an outer shell" type of analysis in The Crown.) However, the dynamic of underlying life as one of eternal opposition presided over by the Holy Ghost's absolute relationship of the warring elements is essentially the same.

It is quite possible that the early version of the two "Lemon Gardens" meditations, of which the fragment is an extant part, were extracted from his earlier pre-Burnet writing of the early (lost) version(s) of The Crown and were simply deposited into the travel sketch. On the other hand, it could be that it took Lawrence several weeks fully to digest the implications of Empedoklean doctrine so that a revision of the two meditative passages became necessary almost immediately after writing them.

### III

#### "THE THEATRE"

"The Theatre" ought to be an anthology piece. It could function not just as a show-piece of brilliantly original criticism of Hamlet (as a stimulation to thought about Hamlet - whatever one makes of Lawrence's conclusions themselves - it can, surely, have no equal) but as a show-piece of creative thought in general. For it is thought that is at once confidently assertive yet genuinely exploratory, intensely intellectual yet concretely imagined, thought about literature that is unfettered and free-ranging; thought that, although straddling the borders of anthropology, history, literary criticism and psychoanalysis, is distant in tone, style, preoccupation and allegiance from that of the man of letters - the man who, even down to the thirties and forties (as we see from some of Lawrence's

critics) had maintained this "overseer's" role. One such critic, the editor of The Criterion, later complained that Lawrence was ignorant in the sense of being unaware of how much he did not know. That Lawrence was ignorant is demonstrably untrue; though he lacked Sanskrit he must have been, judging by his letters, almost as "well-informed" as Eliot himself. Nevertheless, as this thesis has been suggesting, Eliot's objection, more carefully phrased, could be sustained. In relation to "The Theatre" one could put it this way: that the chapter's strength is accompanied by a disrespectfulness not so much for knowledge in any conventional sense as for conventional ways of employing it as evidence in a larger argument, knowing what constitutes "acceptable" practice in the employment of it. Of course it can be (I think, validly) argued that this disrespectfulness, even hereticalness, is a pre-condition of Lawrence's achievement. But the disrespectfulness also means that Lawrence is not likely to satisfy our expectations about standards of proof that the very incisiveness and scope of his speculations are frequently likely to suggest the need of: expectations that the (ideal) man of letters would <sup>have</sup> satisfied by working within a common forum of shared experience and wisdom, shared assumptions and modes of argument. Except, of course, that doing so would almost certainly have debarred him from achieving Lawrence's incisiveness and scope. That the problem arises is an indicator of Lawrence's high achievement; that the problem exists (and cannot be avoided) is what I have called the Lawrence paradox.

What a "thirties critic" might have seen as the cramping effects on subject matter of the author's purpose, his denying it the uninterpreted freedom of the merely observed, can equally be seen at almost any point in "The Theatre", when one compares it with its more conventional counterpart in the 1913 version, as a deepening of purpose, a new and more intense focussing of vision. Look, for instance, at the two versions of "the real Joseph" in the audience. The 1913 version reads:



The old theatre, Gargnano

Just one man is with his wife and child, and he is evidently in love with his wife. He is a fair, handsome, clean fellow, rather queer, in that he seems to have gathered his wife and child into an atmosphere together, so that they are quite separate among the crowd. It reminds me of the Holy Family. I guess Joseph was really like this man; with a keen, abstract look, quite as wild and untamed as a hawk, but like a hawk at its own nest, fierce with love. Why should Joseph always be painted bald and bearded and a muff? My Joseph buys a tiny, tiny bottle of lemonade, and the mother and child sip it. It is curious how these three are by themselves in the theatre, as much as if they were camping in the desert alone on their way to Egypt.

(ER, 232)

The Twilight version reads:

Just one man was with his wife and child, and he was of the same race as my old woman at San Tommaso. He was fair, thin, and clear, abstract, of the mountains. He seemed to have gathered his wife and child together into another, finer atmosphere, like the air of the mountains, and to guard them in it. This is the real Joseph, father of the child. He has a fierce, abstract look, wild and untamed as a hawk, but like a hawk at its own nest, fierce with love. He goes out and buys a tiny bottle of lemonade for a penny, and the mother and child sip it in tiny sips, whilst he bends over, like a hawk arching its wings.

(TWI, 83)

The 1913 passage makes its Joseph/hawk-like point vividly enough but Lawrence is much more tentative in the way in which he arrives at it: "It reminds me of ...", "I guess..." "quite as ...". Moreover, in 1913 Lawrence is prepared to entertain a variety of possible responses to the family vignette, responses that gesture outwards from the scene (without reinforcing its central idea) to more conventional frames of reference: that the man is, unusually, in love with his wife; that he is handsome but rather queer; and there is the question of conventional portraiture of Joseph. We are at home with this kind of casual comment; it makes no strenuous demand on our attention and is at one with the

tentativeness of description. Although the observations are professedly those of a traveller-observer and, thus, nominally personal, every attempt is made to rest the development of the argument on the familiar and conventional.

That this amounts to a resignation of a real personal centre of the art, examination of the 1915 passage makes clear. Although in one sense the earlier passage is closer to actual personal observation in its entertainment of a number of unreconciled and unexplored responses to the scene, the second demonstrates a deeper personal engagement with that hawk-like quality already glimpsed in the early version. The attention is, in one sense, narrowed, but the stricter de-limitation of interest facilitates a corresponding pressure of attention. Each detail is probed for its significance. Suggestion is stiffened into certitude: "It reminds me of the Holy Family. I guess Joseph was really like this man" becomes "This is the real Joseph, father of the child". The observer's concentration on the man's hawk-like quality conditions his every perception. Now the man "bends over, like a hawk arching its wings"; the family is no longer only "quite separate among the crowd" it is "gathered ...together" as if in an eyrie "into another, finer atmosphere, like the air of the mountains". But it is not only the local intuition that conditions the nature of what is seen; the narrator's evocation of the chapter's dominant Italian/Northern polarity is also clearly at work.

That Lawrence's instilling of meaning is not merely imposition is exemplified here. We see that it is a two-way business: the original observation of the family forms a kind of opposition to the polarity that forces Lawrence to revise and reformulate his "imposed" terms of reference. Thus the Joseph's Italian-Tiger (and so, hawk) nature would appear to be simply a further example of essential Italianness except that the man is "fair, handsome, clean ... rather queer". This, together with the bird's "atmosphere" suggestion, issues, in the 1915 version, in a "re-vision" of the scene that simultaneously re-defines the Spinner as it

invests this scene with some of the suggestiveness of the earlier chapter:

he was of the same race as my old woman at San Tommaso. He was fair, thin, and clear, abstract, of the mountains. He seemed to have gathered his wife and child together into another, finer atmosphere, like the air of the mountains, and to guard them in it. (TWI, 83)

Lawrence's approach to his material, if theoretically preconceived, is not doctrinaire. There is a grappling of mind with object enacted on the page; the sentence rhythms declare it. This is not to suggest that the distension of significance of the original observation means that the prose derives its authority from keeping the object of observation firmly in view but, rather, that reading this passage in context brings home to the reader that essentially the same quality of attention is applied both to the particular scene and to the largest historical/natural/spiritual interpretations. Intensely engaged as the narrator is with the larger dimensions of the Italian predicament, he cannot help but carry this over into what were formerly traveller's observations. There is, in other words, a common "personal" vehicle, a common source of apprehension, understanding, response. I think that there is point in putting it this way: it stresses the new kind of personal-ness in the prose; it is light years past his conventionally "personal" travel prose written only two short years before.

The original scene is not so much kept in view as in mind: which, perhaps, is as it ought to be. Memory fades, of course, so that Lawrence has not, so much, actual travel experience to work with as a literary re-creation of experience — his English Review version. The veracity of the (later) travel essays is not guaranteed, as Dickens hoped his was, by "the liveliest impressions of novelty and freshness".<sup>28</sup> It is a meditation on Italy rather than a second look at it. Given this fact, Lawrence's distance in time (and place: he was writing in England) from his subject

can be seen as an advantage: he can pursue his speculative course of thought unencumbered by the intricacies of ongoing life. One effect of this - stopping the action at significant moments, providing in this way for himself a meditative focus - is something I have remarked on in relation to earlier chapters. And so it is here. Although the Joseph is still allowed, in 1915, to go out to purchase his bottle of lemonade he is not allowed to stray into the deserts of Egypt. Instead he must play again his hawk's role, protecting his nest. His function is essentially a static one.

The relation to this of Lawrence's choosing to dwell on dramatic performances, acting styles and audience reactions (viewed conveniently from the red plush box above - another distancing device) needs little spelling out. The members of the audience "are strangely isolated in their own atmosphere, and as if revealed." (TWI, 64) Lawrence undertakes to articulate the revelation, just as he had the "strange, clear beauty of form about the men of the Bavarian highlands" (TWI, 11). The common element is Lawrence's propensity to find revelation in the intensely perceived instant.

The unresolved tension he is later to find in the actor, Persevalli, and in Hamlet declares itself even as Lawrence describes the audience. (The English Review version should be read from "The people were all waiting", p. 221, to "makes life rich in an English home" on p. 223; and the Twilight version from "Downstairs the villagers are crowding" p. 63, to "the terrible subjugation to sex, the phallic worship" on p.66.) The "opposition of the sexes" in the English Review version becomes by 1915 a deadly, if covert, state of war. By 1915 the Italian men and women are seen as soul-enemies. What was previously metaphorical becomes actual. Lawrence pushes the earlier interpretation as far as it will go in a prolonged meditation marked by his characteristic repetition and variation of idea. Lawrence takes up an idea only to lay it aside after some initial development of it, then to pick it up again subsequently

in order to confront it with a different line of thought. (Witness his three starts in the Twilight version at "On Sunday afternoons ...".) The whole momentum of the 1915 passage is one of ideas being arrived at or, more precisely, an author arriving at ideas, attempting to "feel" himself into the meaning of them.

So instead of the bare description, "Perfectly at their ease, the men lounge and talk", the condition is enacted in the rocking rhythm of the statement of it:

They move and balance with loose, heedless motion  
upon their clattering zoccoli, they lounge with  
wonderful ease against the wall at the back ....  
Loose and abandoned, they lounge and talk.  
(TWI, 64)

The sustained poetic attention to mimetic effects and the use of a predominantly co-ordinative grammar make for a tactile and visual immediacy of language that allows a natural transition from "observation" to "speculation":

They are strangely isolated in their own atmosphere, and as if revealed. It is as if their vulnerable being was exposed and they have not the wit to cover it. There is a pathos of physical sensibility and mental inadequacy. Their mind is not sufficiently alert to run with their quick, warm senses.

The men keep together, as if to support each other, the women also are together; in a hard, strong herd. It is as if the power, the hardness, the triumph, even in this Italian village, were with the women in their relentless, vindictive unity.  
(TWI, 64)

"Strangely isolated" is a new interpretative note absent from the early version, but we, as readers, don't object to it because in our minds the men, realised so vividly, are therein "strangely isolated" for us. Being so, they are susceptible of direct imagistic opposing: to their "quick, warm senses" Lawrence opposes the "hard, strong herd" of women. There is a satisfying imaginative clarity and completeness here—a kind of imaginative "logic"—which

"carries" the burden of interpretation. The physical separation of the sexes in the early version becomes metaphysical in the later; the manifestation is made to reveal the essence.

In a similar spirit we see the rather tepid sexual psychologising of the early version ("One rarely sees a woman with that beautiful womanly contour ...", ER, 222) deepened into a sexual scenario of conflict and hostility — a counterpart in their private lives of their social incompatibility.

That which drives men and women together, the indomitable necessity, is like a bondage upon the people. They submit as under compulsion, under constraint. They come together mostly in anger and in violence of destructive passion. There is no comradeship between men and women, none whatsoever, but rather a condition of battle, reserve, hostility. (TWI, 64)

This is the first occurrence in Twilight of an insight that is to receive a further sustained re-working and adaptation in his description of Paolo and Maria's relationship in "San Gaudenzio", and thus is a further example of the larger rhythms of thought (or, rather, thinking) of the book as a whole. Both locally and from chapter to chapter the creation of meaning tends to be cumulative, unfinished, always being re-adapted, re-worked rather than neatly encapsulated and finished. (Another instance: the men's "dark, soft eyes" and their being "unconscious", "absorbed" picks up and varies Lamb and Tiger characteristics from "The Lemon Gardens".) This is close to the condition of "emotional thought" that Lawrence defines (and which I quoted in Chapter Three).

We instinctively allow for what I've called the hyperbole of idea that flows from the personal nearness of reader to the formation of thought. Yet one cannot help taking Lawrence's ideas at face value as well: they are so imperative that they demand it. What was added as an after-thought to the 1913 MS (probably inspired by the poem,

"Sunday Afternoon in Italy") about the uncomfortable youth courting his "maiden" on a Sunday becomes firm evidence of the fundamental sexual hostility in the 1915 version.

On Sundays the uncomfortable, excited, unwilling youth walks for an hour with his sweetheart; at a little distance from her, on the public highway in the afternoon. This is a concession to the necessity for marriage. There is no real courting, no happiness of being together, only the roused excitement which is based on a fundamental hostility. There is very little flirting, and what there is is of the subtle, cruel kind, like a sex duel. On the whole, the men and women avoid each other, almost shun each other. (TWI, 64)

The author's grasp of the situation impresses as being a total one. Proceeding from fundamentals the author, as it were, re-writes reality. Alternative interpretations would seem ungrateful in the face of this; more, would seem impossible. Neither is there room for counter-examples.

Which again brings up the "Lawrence paradox".

Lawrence's confident conclusions purport to cover and explain a section of social life that, if looked at from a different angle, can yield, not just different, but contradictory conclusions. I had often wondered whether there was no flirting or whether Lawrence just did not see any. This is not a frivolous objection because the absence of flirting is used as an important buttress for Lawrence's version of the Italian sexual stalemate. Antonia Cyriax (née Almgren, see Boulton I, 520) was living at nearby San Gaudenzio at exactly this period - to which she devotes an entire book, her Among Italian Peasants (1919). Although her understanding of Italian sexual relations is shallow in comparison to Lawrence's, she has an efficient and tidy mind. For instance, she registers a great variety of peasant customs and the intricacy of village politics; she details the economics of subsistence living and so on. And she reports and describes a good deal of clandestine courting.

Once one pokes a hole in this way in the taut fabric of Lawrentian speculation (it's taut because it attempts to cover so much territory), other rents begin to open up alarmingly. For instance, why does the lakeside men's drunkenness, together with Lawrence's having seen some of them being led home by their wives, have inevitably to be seen in terms of this sex-duel? To do so denies the humour and practical joking associated with their Sunday gatherings, the comradeship of the men; it ignores the simple fact that Sunday was the only day when wine could be indulged in without loss of earning. It's not that these considerations tell us more than Lawrence: on the contrary. It's just that there is no room for them: Lawrence storms experience, pushing aside, if need be, the ordinary and everyday, but makes in his impressive formulations, no admission of having done so.

Yet, as one reads, such demurrers are pushed to the back of one's mind: such is the pressure of the prose. Ideals associated with rational thought give way before a stronger "logic" of emotive imagery. "Downstairs the villagers are crowding, drifting like a heavy current. The women are seated by church instinct"; the men are "sprawling", "lounging" (TWI, 63). The bovine suggestions at the beginning of the description of the audience are picked up a page later in more explicit suggestions of herding: "That which drives men and women together ... is like a bondage .... They submit as under compulsion"; "The men keep together" as if in defence against the "hard, strong herd" of women (TWI, 64). Very little in the way of abstract argument is then needed for Lawrence to reach the point where he can declare the spiritual directionlessness of the men: conscious argumentation is only one part of the cumulative effect.

One pre-requisite of that effect (especially as compared with the 1913 version) is a de-individualising of the members of the audience. The women are seen en bloc only, as a hard and hardened group, hostile to the more vulnerable men who, though initially differentiated into

several groups, are soon subsumed into a general male-ness: "There is a pathos of physical sensibility and mental inadequacy." (TWI, 64) The descriptions make their deepest imaginative impact as their scope of reference extends beyond the particular; one might almost say that the two are in direct proportion. Thus, if Lawrence appears to be describing the attitudes of a particular group, the bersaglieri — their "loose, heedless motion", their "wonderful ease", their "dark, soft eyes" (TWI, 64) and, later in the chapter, the cascading feathers of their head-dress — they are attributes which not only pick up (generalising) evocations of the Tiger and the Lamb from earlier chapters but, by virtue of the static image that Lawrence captures (although there is, in this case, physical movement Lawrence "stops" the image in time), its imaginative impact on the reader can "spread out" unopposed by the intricacies of ongoing action, dispute, whatever. It is no accident that it is the unwilling youth Lawrence describes going "courting" on a Sunday — not one or two he happened to see. (In 1913 he had written: "One sees very little courting in this part, and no lovers .... And on Sunday afternoon an uncomfortable youth walks by the side of his maiden" (my emphases: ER, 222).) The later interpretation does not seek its warrant in the particular; instead it reaches after fundamentals in terms of vivid or concrete images.

To excerpt, then, the concluding passage (about the men's going to America to rehabilitate themselves spiritually) from the cumulative intellectual/imaginative thrust of its context and then to submit it to more dispassionate tests — as Thomas did in his Criterion article — is unfair. But it is understandable and, I think, it is an experience common to many "uncommitted" Lawrence readers (and not only in relation to Twilight in Italy). It is as if the reader says: "I have been willing to countenance the male/female generalising thus far but further I will not go. What about the obvious financial reason why Italian men, in their hundreds of thousands, went to America around the turn of the century?" Again, I think, there is no ready

answer: Lawrence does not allow for the objection. Almost, he does not stoop to it. Perhaps what is needed is some kind of Twainian "Warning to the Reader" informing him before he starts that some of his expectations and assumptions about rational thought (whether about turn-of-the-century Italy, European history, or literary criticism of Hamlet) are not going to be satisfied. Although Lawrence's formulations are offered as the last word on the matter ("And this is why the men must go away to America", TWI, 66), they cannot possibly be that. It is better instead to take them as a kind of exercise in thought, a delving into fundamentals, an attempt to recreate the subject in terms of them. It is better to see the prose as enacting an interplay between asserted fundamentals and perceived social living, one upshot of which process is the propounding of certitudes and finalities that ultimately cannot be maintained. Thus I see the function of his interpretations as one of fertilisation of thought rather than foreclosure, their business being to create (guided) ferment rather than certitude.

Lawrence's 1915 treatment of the peasant troupe's performance of Ibsen's Ghosts prompts similar comments. In the 1913 version Lawrence shows himself to be closer to the actual play. His explanation of Oswald's "passion for his half-sister" ("like a child that suddenly goes wild for a desired object", ER, 223) aptly conveys Oswald's near-desperate clutching at straws as he attempts to ward off thoughts about his advancing sickness. This is dropped in 1915 in favour of a significance that is more in tune with the general concerns of the chapter. Now his passion reveals "something he wanted and would have in spite of his own soul" (TWI, 67) — which recalls the passage about the Italian male's lack of purpose, his unwilling enslavement to the flesh. Similarly, in 1913 Lawrence's feeling some sympathy for Oswald in his agony of mind is more immediately relevant to the play than is his 1915 response: "one loved the Italian nation, and wanted to help it with

all one's soul." (TWI, 68) Again, Lawrence's comment (of 1913) that "Ibsen is the mind, recognising that itself is of no avail against the flesh", that "he showed how the mind is overthrown at any moment by the body" (ER, 224) seems to get closer to the source of the play's tragic feeling than anything in the 1915 version.

That is partly because there is a crucial change of subject matter in 1915, a change which accepts and follows a lead the earlier text offered: to concentrate on Enrico Persevalli's portrayal of Osvald rather than on Osvald himself.

It was this contradiction within the man that made the play so interesting. A robust, vigorous man of thirty-eight, flaunting and florid as a rather successful Italian can be, there was yet a secret sickness which oppressed him.

(TWI, 67)

Thus the circumstances of Persevalli's occupation now become relevant; the formulation about the male "spirit that fulfils in the world the new germ of an idea" is invoked and reworked: what the actor's (Persevalli's, not Osvald's) flashy passion betokens, rather than its place in a drama, is what now most interests Lawrence. "It was so different from Ibsen, and so much more moving." (TWI, 67)

The change in subject matter reflects and facilitates the deepening of Lawrence's personal engagement with it. The 1913 version is more obviously personal, almost confessional, for Lawrence evidently feels he has to account for his unsettlement at the play and cannot easily find the settled third person distance that, elsewhere in the early version, he doffs so readily. But his personal tones too easily lead him into the affected and clichéd:

And if the mind of the son of Ghosts is gone,  
so is the light of my candle blownout. And yet  
the bees are carrying their pocketfuls of wax  
from the flowers, that the flowers got from out  
of the air and earth whither the light went,  
and which will make more light, if I like.

(ER, 224)

Lawrence does not, in 1913, possess the skill to elicit and articulate his deepest responses so as to present them on the page virtually as he becomes aware of them. There is a discipline of personal attention in the later version that manifests itself as a real argumentation on the page; we are aware of a tussle of preconceived ideas with a remembered response to the play. If the cost is a vagueness about the detailed relevance of his ideas to the workings of the play ("the same thing is in Strindberg and in most of the Norwegian and Swedish writings", TWI, 68, is indicative), his account is more sensitive to the currents of thought running through the chapter.

In any case, by now we are used to Lawrence's habit of distending the significance of what is in front of him. We recognise in Ibsen's play the starting point for, rather than the (claimed) full equivalence to, Lawrence's speculation that

[The Scandinavians] seem to be fingering with the mind the secret places and sources of the blood, impertinent, irreverent, nasty. There is a certain intolerable nastiness about the real Ibsen .... It is with them a sort of phallic worship also, but now the worship is mental and perverted: the phallus is the real fetish, but it is the source of uncleanness and corruption and death, it is the Moloch, worshipped in obscenity. (TWI, 68)

The prostitution, dissipation, and fake respectability that linger at the edges of the action in Ghosts might lend support to Lawrence's argument. But if it were to be accepted as adequate literary criticism (it might of course possess qualities other than "adequacy") it would need to reconcile the quoted claim with the invigorating sense of intellectual clarification the play affords: Mrs Alving's reaching towards the necessary joie de vivre — her recognition that her buckling under to the dictates of respectability was a playing false to herself and to her own desires — is not to be put at nought as Lawrence does.

His mind/body polarity ignores the individual/society axis that is central to the play. Or that is, is intended to be central. For Ibsen cannot quite reconcile the two dimensions: the heroic struggle to individual self-sufficiency as against the unpredictable and insensitive supervision of the past and the blood.

It was this worrying cross-purpose (complicated by the Italian performance of it) to which, I believe, Lawrence was reacting. A full understanding of it might well require a modern-day critic to enter areas of biographical and psycho-analytic speculation where he would quite probably be ill-equipped to venture. This helps us to define Lawrence's achievement. It could be argued that only by divesting oneself of one's closeness to the text can an original line on such a problem be uncovered. (It will not guarantee it, of course.) Lawrence finds such a line immediately, instinctively. He worries and works at articulating the contradiction, asks what it tells us about Ibsen, how it relates to his own North/South polarity. In eliding actor/character, in seeing no distinction between playwright and play, Lawrence may be committing elementary critical "errors" but they are nevertheless necessary to his approach. His criticism may spring excessively from selected parts or problems of the play but he provides us with a revealing attention to them that a more thorough and disciplined study would have been unlikely to have done.

The description of the D'Annunzio play follows. Lawrence shortens his earlier explanation of the audience's reaction to the murders and artificial terror. (The play is in deed replete with all manner of natural and unnatural horrors, with a snake-charmer thrown in.) He obviously thought the explanation over-analytical. He deletes the personal references ("I loved it myself, for that matter," ER, 225) in order to give the description clearer lines in terms of the progression of the chapter as a whole. His earlier conventional "thoughtfulness" too easily betrays him into something like a showing off: his comparisons are too fortuitous, verging on the contrived and clichéd:

"It was evident that the name of the Italian was like church bells to the barber, while Ibsen was the scratching of a match on a match-box." (ER, 225)<sup>29</sup> There is a new determination in 1915 to get to the bottom of these impressions. He invents a meeting with the barber after the performance of Ghosts — "he had the curious grey clayey look of an Italian who is cold and depressed" (TWI, 69) — to balance their dramatised conversation about D'Annunzio. The contrast becomes imaginatively firmer: which provides a convenient base from which to launch his speculative — but very confident — meditation on the Italian passion for rhetoric. The North/South polarity receives another redefinition in tune with the altered subject matter, another re-conception, the grammar of the passage bespeaking the author's close engagement in the process. (The passage starts "It was the language ...", TWI, 69.)

The effect of this psychology of audience reaction — satisfyingly complete in its large outlines and complete distinctions between archetypically Italian and English reactions — is somewhat negated by Lawrence's curious decision to incorporate a (pointlessly) revised version of the soft-hearted, typically male reaction to the tearful lady of the stage. Apart from the fact that it confuses his categories (he, an Englishman, is exhibiting a supposedly Italian weakness), it allows an influx of the weaker kind of subjectivity of which, I have argued, the early version is more often guilty. The scope of the prose narrows; a silly kind of self-irony is levelled but it does not lead us beyond the immediate situation — as the chapter has been doing and which it immediately goes on again to do in the consideration of the peasant company's version of Hamlet.

Part of this chapter's superiority over "The Spinner" and "The Lemon Gardens" is a result, given the experimental nature of the art as a whole, of the simple fact that this is the third "experiment". Significances from Lawrence's earlier evocations of the day and night-time sides of the Italian psyche, of the Tiger and the Lamb, are able, sometimes at crucial points of argument, to "feed into" the line of

thought, providing useful ballast when a lengthy and distracting digression would otherwise be needed. Lawrence can take bigger strides of argument from a surer and more stable base. Perhaps the more important contributing factor here is, however, the nature of the subject in hand: the exposed, if crude, reactions of a peasant audience; the actors' styles of performance; great dramatic works of imagination. Not only is the invitation to interpretation especially strong but the number and quality of promptings offered to a writer of Lawrence's originality are uniquely qualified to focus and hold his bold subjective licence.

There can be little doubt, I think, that this possession of a subject resistant enough to his polarising impulse to force him to de-schematise and reconceive accounts, by and large, for the superiority of this chapter over "The Lemon Gardens" and "The Spinner and the Monks". However, it would, once again, be misleading to suggest that "The Theatre's" superiority is purely a result of its being firmly anchored in common ground between writer and reader or that his speculative generalisations can be seen to arise from observation of the particular.

This is not the source of his strength - as one could argue it is for, say, Jane Austen. Lawrence's descriptions of the closely guarded, fine social distinctions evident among the "upper" audience at the end of the play are merely competent in comparison with Austen's prose. She is so much more alert to the subtleties of genteel social interplay; her detachment is so much more deft, her touch so much lighter. Nor does Lawrence possess Dickens' depth of respect for the actual, the observed. Thinking, say, of the Hamlet performance in Great Expectations or a thousand other "theatrical" performances in Dickens - characters "performing" themselves - it is easy to see how much more firmly Dickens' prose is rooted in the particular. For Dickens the tone of voice, the nervous tic, the unusual turn of phrase, the distinctive clothing are the infallible indicators of the character's psychology and moral disposition. It is to

these that Dickens repeatedly turns to reinvolve our sense of the character's unique being each time the character makes his appearance. External reality is, in an important sense, the continuous sanction of Dickens' "interpretations" of character. His characters, with the exception of the heroines, are unthinkable as unembodied essences - when "essences", it might be said, form the centre of Lawrence's interest. Lawrence is interested in Enrico Persevali's performance of Hamlet, for instance, not primarily for what it intimates about the actor's individuality or eccentricity but for what it declares about an international cross-roads of the most fundamental allegiances, of a living "according to" the flesh or to the mind, to the Self or the Spirit. The particular provides an imaginative springboard to the universal. Lawrence's respect for his subject is not thereby lessened; rather he seeks to engage with it in a different manner.

His long meditation on the course of European history is sparked off by Enrico's wrongness for the leading role and the general inappropriateness of the peasant company's rendition of Hamlet. Although Lawrence catalogues the bungled performance of the characters, it is the overall effect rather than a gleam into each individual character (the Dickensian strength) that is our lasting impression. Here the 1915 version excellently revises the more anecdotal and mannered description of 1913. Lawrence, in 1913, was trying to be witty at the expense of the peasant troupe, but his hackneyed turns of phrase show the trouble he is soon in: ("kind hearts were more than coronets", "cleaved not to his garments", "Uneasy lies the head ..." and so on, ER, 229). His affectation of the essayist's wry detachment was not his natural stance. In 1915 his comic touch is surer and lighter because of the more serious intent of the surrounding prose: the comedy keys into the more serious concerns that he goes on to develop in the ensuing meditation.

I have already speculated as to what T.S. Eliot's reaction to Lawrence's criticism would have been. F.R. Leavis, writing in the sixties, took a radically opposite

viewpoint. He showers Lawrence's criticism with praise. It demonstrates, for Leavis, Lawrence in one of his finest roles: that of the greatest literary critic of the century.<sup>30</sup> I know of no other sustained attempt in print to come to terms with Lawrence's criticism of Hamlet: and given the sheer amount of criticism available on the play and on Lawrence this is indeed surprising. Partly it is neglect, but more importantly it is the difficulty of finding a coherent stance other than one of sheer applause (or outright rejection) that must have stayed the hand of many critics. As usual with Lawrence at his best, there seems to be no way around him, no external frame in terms of which to understand him or to measure his thought.

When Lawrence gets to the position of being able to articulate "the most significant philosophic position of the Renaissance" in less than a page after having embarked on his meditation - and without the reader being left feeling harried or that his literary critical sensibilities have been wantonly trodden upon - he is hard put to do anything but applaud:

I had always felt an aversion from Hamlet: a creeping unclean thing he seems, on the stage, whether he is Forbes Robertson or anybody else. His nasty poking and sniffing at his mother, his setting traps for the King, his conceited perversion with Ophelia make him always intolerable. The character is repulsive in its conception, based on self-dislike and a spirit of disintegration.

There is, I think, this strain of cold dislike, or self-dislike, through much of the Renaissance art, and through all the later Shakespeare. In Shakespeare it is a kind of corruption in the flesh and a conscious revolt from this. A sense of corruption in the flesh makes Hamlet frenzied, for he will never admit that it is his own flesh. Leonardo da Vinci is the same, but Leonardo loves the corruption maliciously. Michelangelo rejects any feeling of corruption, he stands by the flesh, the flesh only. It is the corresponding reaction, but in the opposite direction. But that is all four hundred years ago. Enrico Persevali has just reached the position. He is Hamlet, and

evidently he has great satisfaction in the part. He is the modern Italian, suspicious, isolated, self-nauseated, labouring in a sense of physical corruption. But he will not admit it is in himself. He creeps about in self-conceit, transforming his own self-loathing. With what satisfaction did he reveal corruption - corruption in his neighbours he gloated in - letting his mother know he had discovered her incest, her uncleanness, gloated in torturing the incestuous King. Of all the unclean ones, Hamlet was the uncleanest. But he accused only the others.

Except in the "great" speeches, and there Enrico was betrayed, Hamlet suffered the extremity of physical self-loathing, loathing of his own flesh. The play is the statement of the most significant philosophic position of the Renaissance. (TWI, 75-6)

The scope, the incisiveness, the confidence, the boldness, the unfetteredness that is yet fuelled by an urgent sense of purpose: it is terms such as these that the applauding critic might well (as Leavis did) find himself using. Yet, if one looks at the terms closely, the applause is not so much for the ideas themselves as for the activity of thinking, the special kind of thought presented. That is as it should be: Lawrence's ideas here and elsewhere are notoriously "unliftable" from context. His terms - Male and Female, Northern, Self and Spirit - are not readily convertible into everyday use. Indeed, when Lawrence himself comes to "apply" his ideas - almost as a contemporary critic might have done - to the society of the day, his thought descends into the paltry and unexciting ("When it is a question of death, the fashionable young suicide declares that his self-destruction is the final proof of his own incontrovertible being", and so on, TWI, 81)

It is the stride of thought rather than the thought itself to which, I suggest, we in fact respond. It is a stride that has a distinctively personal spring. From the declaration of an obviously personal impression (his aversion from Hamlet) the prose appears to revert to more public and impersonal matters - da Vinci, Michelangelo, Shakespeare. However, a personal speaking voice always

informs the prose. We get the sense of a man feeling his way along a line of argument:

A sense of corruption in the flesh makes Hamlet frenzied, for he will never admit that it is his own flesh. Leonardo da Vinci is the same, but Leonardo loves the corruption maliciously. Michelangelo rejects any feeling of corruption, he stands by the flesh, the flesh only.

(TWI, 75)

Lawrence "hits upon" an idea rather than states it; qualification follows after (for example, "but Leonardo loves the corruption maliciously"). The adjustment is there on the page. And no sooner is the advance made than Lawrence must retire, changing direction: "But that is all four hundred years ago." As in a more personal kind of communication, the attempt is not, as we read, to insist on a watertight argument (there are other forums for that) but to encourage the formation of a new and original - possible - one. So our minds flick, perhaps, to Leonardo's half-voluptuous, half-melancholy face of the Mona Lisa, to his Leda and the Swan (the most likely source of this remark given the significance of the swan in Lawrence's bestiary in The Crown), to his anatomical drawings perhaps (Lawrence equates science with corruption in The Crown). We search for the relevance, perhaps half-glimpse one, and move on. The Michelangelo reference is easier but we're no sooner in control of that idea than we're confronted with the challenging identification of the actor with Hamlet. The move is daringly improvisatory. The tone is almost of a revelation, the dawning of a truth on the narrator. He takes advantage of the momentum he thereby generates, moving towards an intellectual climax in the following paragraph. ("The play is the statement of the most significant philosophic position of the Renaissance").

If it is true that we are responding to the rhythm and verve of thought as much as to the ideas themselves, that is partly because the ideas do not function as "cleanly"

as ideas in a way to which we are accustomed. Whenever, for instance, Lawrence wishes to employ the King in the Self idea he does not just state it, he re-creates it. Its fourth or fifth version reads:

The King, the Father, the representative of the Consummate Self, the maximum of all life, the symbol of the consummate being, the becoming Supreme, Godlike, Infinite, he must perish and pass away. (TWI, 79)

It is as if Lawrence is repeatedly measuring up to the idea; it is not a matter of his choosing the appropriate weapon from his intellectual armoury to employ in a conventional debate. He has to follow the argument through, "stay" with it. It is another reason (apart from the openly improvisatory nature of the thought, the variety of tones and levels of engagement) that we tend to place a measure of trust in the narrator's excursions of thought, why, say, we lend credence to his argument about the regicide plays. His jumps from art into life (Hamlet to Enrico, Shakespeare to Renaissance Europe) go unquestioned because of the energy and originality of the results. The jump then into the historical expression of the Self/Not Self polarity seems inevitable and is delivered with superb confidence. In this sundering of history into the two Infinities there is little opportunity for local disagreement.

The challenge of the enterprise lies in this basic polarising of the currents of history. The Female/Male dichotomy in its numerous allotropic forms provides Lawrence with a simple yet effective inroad to a familiar problem: the breakdown of feudalism and kingship and, more importantly, the breakdown of psychological allegiance to them. Apart from being, pace Eliot, "well-informed" enough to make the relevant intellectual connections across historical periods and disciplines, Lawrence, the author of The Rainbow, was, in 1915, uniquely equipped to approximate the deeper psychological currents that accompanied the breakdown. And, given the largeness of gesture and

the hyperbole of language that is necessary to convey this kind of depth of feeling, only an analysis as uncluttered as a polarity could keep the significances apart and intelligible. The talent necessitated the intellectual technique.

If one objects that there is something suspiciously circular here, that is because, as one departs from the experience of reading the text, one's more usual intellectual checks and balances start to re-assert themselves. Yes, it might be argued, Lawrence does create and re-create his meaning of Kingship in the Self, but does not the act of doing so (instead of only stating the idea) prevent the reader from getting into the position of being able intellectually to question it, get an independent grip on it? In other words, does not Lawrence deliberately seek to disengage our normal cautions by involving us so closely in this "personal" mode of argumentation, forcing the reader to fuse the meanings in his mind, to linger over them (the Kingship quotation is a good example)?

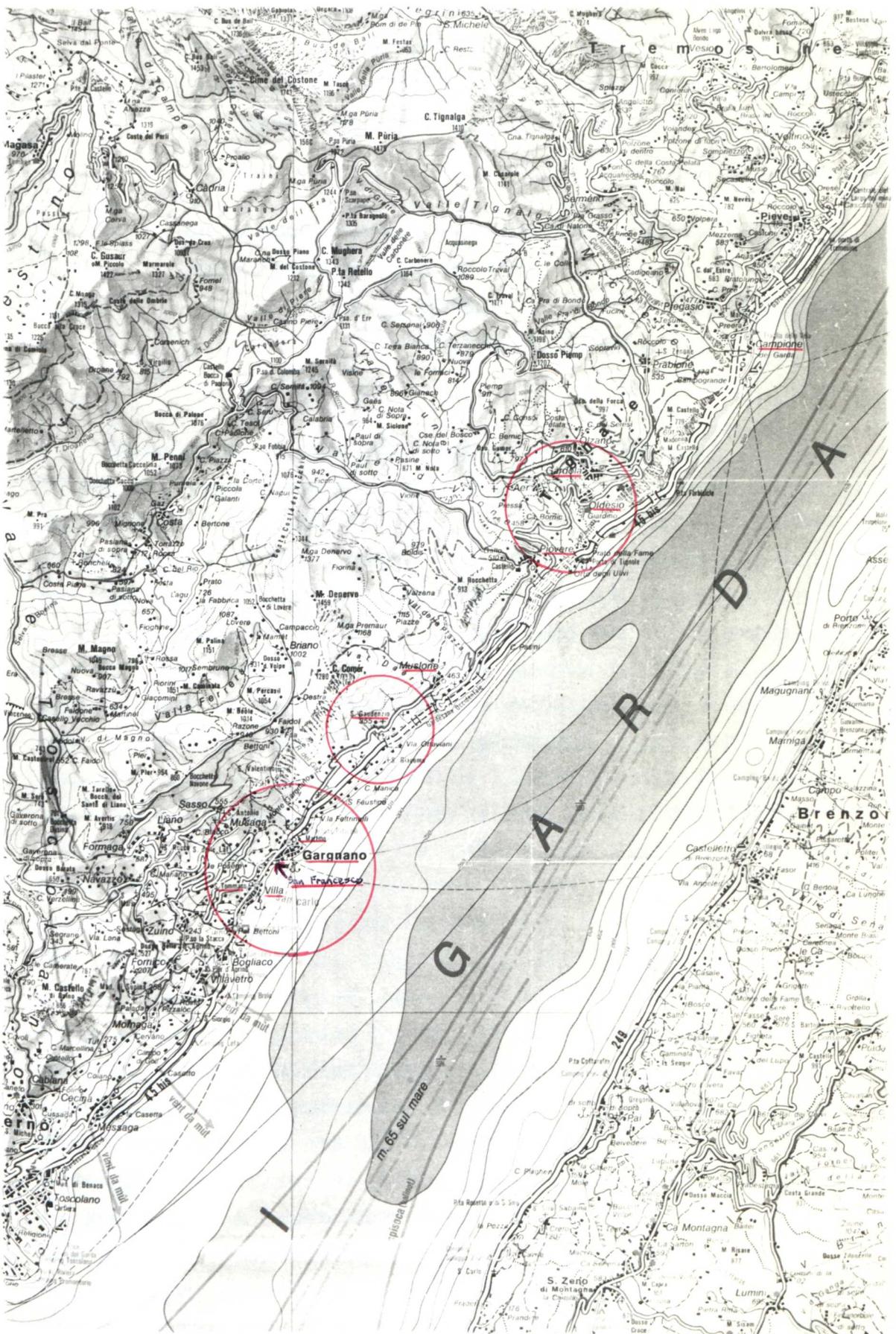
The only answer is, I suggest, the one this thesis had been repeatedly making: to stress the sense in which Lawrence's thought is best seen as an exercise in thought. How can it be otherwise when, in the convincing thrust of argument, we hardly notice that Lawrence has, for instance, been using the facts of English history to explain an Italian dilemma and that even those facts are loaded? Did Henry VIII say "'There is no Church, there is only the State'" (TWI, 79) because he intended to reject kingship (capitalised or not)? Was Hamlet's father murdered because he represented "the old form of life"? (TWI, 79) Did not jealousy have something to do with it? In perceiving - in challenging himself, on the page, to perceive - life as a conflict of fundamental opposite impulses Lawrence achieves an originality and incisiveness of thinking that yet does violence to many of our most cherished certitudes about what thinking is. There is no reconciling them. That is the "Lawrence paradox".

- 1 Yet it is an impressive building. See Appendix 2.
- 2 See letter to Ada Lawrence ?25 March, 1913: Boulton I, 533.  
The sketches were published in Sept. 1913 in ER XV, 202-34.
- 3 DHL: Body of Darkness (Pittsburgh, 1971) p.57.
- 4 See my references in Ch. 2 to Gerald Crich & Loerke. L's treatment of the crucifixes works from this premise, as does Mrs Bates' awakening in "Odour".  
L frequently reverts to the idea in letters, e.g. "[Ottoline Morrell] has not found the reality, because it was not to be found till she had pulled the temple down." (CL, 381)  
This is L's familiar "death from the old self" idea. Catherine Carswell says she asked L why most of the characters of WL were "so far removed from the general run, ... so sophisticated and 'artistic' and spoiled, that it could hardly matter what they said or did? To which he replied it was only through such people ["the uttermost tips of the flower of an epoch's achievement"] that one could discover whither the general run of mankind ... was tending." (Savage Pilgrimage, 1932, revd. edn., p.42) Widmer argues this general case in The Art of Perversity (Seattle, 1962) passim.
- 5 In the 1913 version L had referred more specifically to "the men in the Old Testament". (ER, 215) In Hardy he had written: "But before the Father a eunuch is blemished, even a childless man is without honour." (PI, 470). The Biblical reference is Deut. 23-1: "He that is wounded in the stones, or hath his privy member cut off, shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord." See also Lev. 21-18 & 20. In the first version of the "Fenimore Cooper Leatherstocking Novels" L takes a different view of a man's seeking immortality through children. It is seen merely as an external prop. (ER XXVIII, 1919, p.204)
- 6 M. Kinkead-Weekes: "Introduction" to his (as ed.): 20th Cent. Interpretations of "The Rainbow" (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.; 1971) p.4.
- 7 See C.L. Ross: The Composition of "The Rainbow" and "WL" (Charlottesville, 1979) pp.83-94. The present form of the three scenes belongs to the TS revision of April-May 1915.
- 8 1st publ. 1913, p.199: "Man may be in the foreground, but the drama of man's life is acted out for us against a tremendous background of natural happenings ... this background profoundly affects our imagination, and hence our art." Clearly this influenced L's interpretation of Hardy's novels.
- 9 Idiot (Penguin, 1979) pp.427-29. I thank Ray Mainsbridge for this point.
- 10 See Russell's Autobiography vol. II, ch.1 (1968).
- 11 H.M. Daleski was the first to point this out: The Forked Flame (1965) p.20.
- 12 Laurentian Places .... M.A. thesis, Uni. Coll. of Swansea, 1977, p.252.
- 13 U. Perini: Gargnano Nella Storia e Nell'Arte (Brescia, 1974), p.175.
- 14 The date is engraved in the keystone of the arch over the front door.
- 15 L's study of Italian only began on his arrival in Italy in Sept. 1912. "The Spinner" experiences took place in very early spring 1913. The dialect is still the most common language spoken in Villa: it is quite a foreign language to Italian. Some very old Gardesani still speak no Italian. L wrote to David Garnett in Feb. 1913: "And the dialect they speak is quite unintelligible to me." (Boulton I, 515)

- 16 Held by the Notts. County Record Office. See Appendix 6.  
 17 CL, 352. The 21st dating as given in the Texas master-file  
 is an inferential one.
- 18 Unpubl. letter to Clayton 5/9/15. L has evidently received, and  
 at least part-corrected, the TS of "Lemon Gardens" for he asks  
 Clayton to replace pp.4-10 of the TS with several pages of MS.  
 Presumably this is a re-writing of the first meditative passage  
 of "Lemon Gardens". The existing fragment covers the bulk of  
 the second meditation.
- 19 Mrs Clayton had objected that in L's last sketch (meaning the  
 one called "San Gaudenzio") Tony Cyriax might be recognisable.  
 L replied he could easily re-write the "end" of the sketch  
 (CL, 371; letter ?21/10/15). Tony Cyriax appears (unnamed)  
 in "The Dance".
- 20 Letter to Cynthia Asquith 2/10/15 (Huxley, 259): "I have done my  
 six papers" (of The Crown). Only three were published in  
The Signature. With some revision the six were republished in  
Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine (1925).
- 21 It is possible the story does not end here. In an unpubl. letter  
 to Pinker (29/10/15) L describes his Italian Studies as "pretty  
 well complete". In an unpubl. letter of 17/11/15 he writes to  
 Pinker: "You will arrange about the Italian Sketches. You know  
 best." This suggests there had been negotiations with the  
 publisher. Possibly L was revising the sketches at Duckworth's  
 behest, perhaps even writing "John" for the first time (there is  
 no reference to it in the letters) in order to bring the book up  
 to a more acceptable length. Possibly he was only making new  
 chapter divisions.
- 22 The page proofs have only typing errors in French accent marks  
 corrected. See footnote 22, Ch. 3 above. This suggests L  
 corrected only the galley proofs (now lost). His revisions,  
 however, may have been substantial. The paragraph beginning,  
 "But it is no good ..." (TWI, 52-3) falls within the part of the  
 chapter covered by the 2 page rev. TS fragment of "Lemon Gardens"  
 but it does not appear in the fragment. As it was not, then,  
 part of the revised typescript it was presumably added in  
 proofs. (Although see the previous footnote.)
- 23 In The Rainbow Ursula muses: "If the lamb might lie down with the  
 lion, it would be a great honour to the lamb, but the lion's  
 powerful heart would suffer no diminishing" (R, 342). Among the  
 holograph revisions on the fragment: "The lion shall never lie  
 down with the lamb. The lion eternally shall devour the lamb,  
 the lamb eternally shall be devoured of the lion." (Frag., p.16)  
 The Biblical reference is Isa. 11-6.
- 24 Cf. M.E. Wallace: "Study of Thomas Hardy": DHL's "Art Speech", Ph.D.  
 thesis, 1974, UKC, p.377.
- 25 Burnet (1892) pp.136-37.
- 26 "Hate" is changed to "power" in the Reflections ... Porcupine  
 version of The Crown of 1925 (PII, 370).
- 27 "Eternity" is changed to "creation" in Porcupine (PII, 378).
- 28 From his "Reader's Passport" to Pictures from Italy, Chapman &  
 Hall, n.d., p.10.
- 29 The name of D'Annunzio would quite literally be like church bells  
 to an Italian from Garda: a feeling of campanilismo, as Carl  
 Baron points out, would be natural as D'Annunzio had an estate  
 down the lake at Gardone. Aspects of the Life & Thought of DHL:  
1912 - 1916, Ph.D. thesis, Camb., 1971, p.224.
- 30 See his English Literature in Our Time and the University (1969)  
 pp.154-66. Leavis commends "the quick penetrating perception  
 and the living movement of thought", its "easy spontaneity". "[T]here  
 is insight", but it is "decisive prompting insight", rather than  
 amounting to "a satisfying critique of Shakespeare's play".  
 (pp.156, 161, 163).

CHAPTER FIVE

THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE AND SWISS CHAPTERS



Detail of "KompPASS Wanderkarte" No. 102 (Fleischmann, Munich, n.d.)

Only a system which keeps itself continually open, so that it continually relates the identifying logic of its finite judgements in terms of the infinite, can be right for the romantic thinker.

(Schlegel)

We cannot afford to economize consciousness when reading Mr Lawrence.

(Orage: review of Twilight in Selected Essays )

This kind of dissatisfaction with Twilight in Italy - "Does one ever recover one's trust in the author after he has revealed a theoretical or didactic purpose with an intrusion of such a kind?" (the critic's immediate target are the philosophical interludes in "The Lemon Gardens"<sup>1</sup>) - must, warranted or not, be diminished when the reader reaches the chapters set on the mountain sides above Lake Garda. For at that point the book noticeably changes character. The depth and vigour of personal engagement, so characteristic of the lakeside chapters, manifests itself in a more obviously imaginative and less recognisably ideological way. The major polarities have already been established: Lawrence can stay closer to his immediate subject, merely drawing on the earlier evocations of the characters of the Italian and Northern nations. The result is an unhurried ease, in the first two mountain-side chapters especially, in intuiting and articulating the deep psychological/emotional urges and conflicts of the peasants of San Gaudenzio and Muslone (Lawrence's "Mugiano"). The links between the undercurrents of their lives and accounts in earlier chapters of related states of being do not require Lawrence's conscious underlining. As in the earlier chapters, Lawrence still secures his deepest imaginative impact as he extends beyond the particular to the universal but now the linking of the two is denser

and tighter.

This is in accordance with the experimental nature of Twilight that I have already commented upon. The creation of the book's larger parameters of meaning is cumulative. One of Twilight's reviewers, Francis Bickley, had made much the same point when he commented that the book is "intensive rather than progressive in relation to its objectives."<sup>2</sup> Indeed, Lawrence's "philosophy" in Twilight never reaches a state of finality that would justify the term "philosophy": if cumulative, his thought is not progressive. It is thinking rather than thought: it requires ceaseless reworking. This formulation usefully stresses the personal base of the prose: a base which, as in the early chapters, evinces a confidence in its own compelling processes of thought but which occasionally runs foul of more conventional ways of understanding. There are again, in other words, factual difficulties which cannot be avoided. Only in the last two chapters - in particular the last - does the conventionally unacceptable side of Lawrence's philosophising become simply ascribable to the vagaries of personal mood and inclination. Until then the personal has an impersonal toughness and an implicit claim to validity which belies its origins.

## I

### "SAN GAUDENZIO"

"San Gaudenzio" and the mountain-side chapters that follow it cannot adequately be accounted for in the terms in which I treated the lakeside chapters. The former have received a little scholarly attention recently in being dated in Keith Sagar's Calendar. There are good reasons for rejecting Sagar's dating, reasons which point to the special character of the mountain-side chapters.

Sagar notes that the "sketches in Twilight in Italy grouped together as 'On the Lago di Garda', can be dated only on internal evidence" and goes on, accordingly, to

date the early published versions of the lakeside chapters as January to April 1913.<sup>3</sup> It is slightly misleading, as part of his entries for 1913, for Sagar to refer to these sketches as forming part of Twilight (even though he subsequently mentions and dates the 1915 revisions) because of the very substantial nature of those revisions. But that is a minor objection.

With very much less warrant, however, Sagar claims that "The four sections beginning with 'San Gaudenzio' itself were almost certainly written there " and that "All these sketches [that is, from "Spinner" to "John"] were to be much revised and extended for book publication in 1915."<sup>4</sup> Sagar's argument that the sketches can only be dated on internal evidence is taken one step further when, as part of the entry for this dating, he quotes a well-known letter of Lawrence's: "I sit and write in a deserted lemon-garden ... I did 200 pages of a novel - a novel I love - then I put it aside to do a pot-boiler" (CL, 196-97). Following this quotation and immediately preceding the dating of the mountain-side chapters, Sagar notes, apparently by way of a comment on the quotation:

Though Lawrence places "The Lemon Gardens" before "The Theatre" in Twilight in Italy, it seems more likely to have been written at San Gaudenzio than at the Villa Igea. 5

Presumably we are to infer that the whereabouts of Lawrence's quaint place of writing (in a lemon garden) somehow reinforces the dating? An extraordinary suggestion, for the di Paoli's lemon gardens are not the disused ones at San Gaudenzio. If one is going by internal evidence one ought at least to do so consistently: the events of the lemon gardens chapter happen on the lakeside, not in the mountains. Moreover, the change from the past tense to the present in the description of the author's habit of watching the sunrise ("Lemon Gardens", TWI, 56; ER XV, 1913, 217) is a subtle reminder that the chapter was written in the Villa Igea and

not at San Gaudenzio. Sagar does not appear to have considered this piece of "internal evidence".

Depending on his, in any case shaky, internal evidence argument, Sagar concludes that early versions of the San Gaudenzio chapters must "almost certainly" have been written (that is, must once have been extant) and that they were written on the spot. Yet, as Vasey's checklist of Lawrence manuscripts at the back of the Calendar makes clear, there are no known manuscripts, typescripts or proofs demonstrating the existence of early versions. Neither is there any mention of them in the letters. Moreover, given the lavish critical and scholarly attention Lawrence has attracted over the last ten or fifteen years, it would have been wiser to infer that the absence of manuscript, letter and memoir evidence on the point offers in itself at least a prima facie case for believing the writing never existed.

In the case in point, Sagar has put into circulation a possibility at the expense of a probability. Sagar's earlier datings in his Art of D.H. Lawrence (1966), clipped though, at the publisher's behest, they had to be, encouraged the erroneous idea (I have noticed it in nearly all the extant criticism on Twilight) that the volume was to all intents and purposes written in 1913. Accounts of Lawrence's development over the 1912-16 period have suffered as a result. It would be a pity if understanding of the San Gaudenzio and Swiss chapters were to suffer a similar fate. (In relation to the latter, Sagar claims, again with no manuscript evidence, that "Italians in Exile" and "The Return Journey" were written in October, 1913 and neglects to mention, in this case, the 1915 revisions.<sup>6</sup>)

If one rejects Sagar's datings, many details, related to the San Gaudenzio chapters, fall into place. Some of the central ideas running through these chapters can, for instance, be seen tentatively forming themselves in Lawrence's letters, subsequent to Sagar's 1913 datings. Lawrence's second winter in Italy is the cause. In a letter of February 1914 he writes:

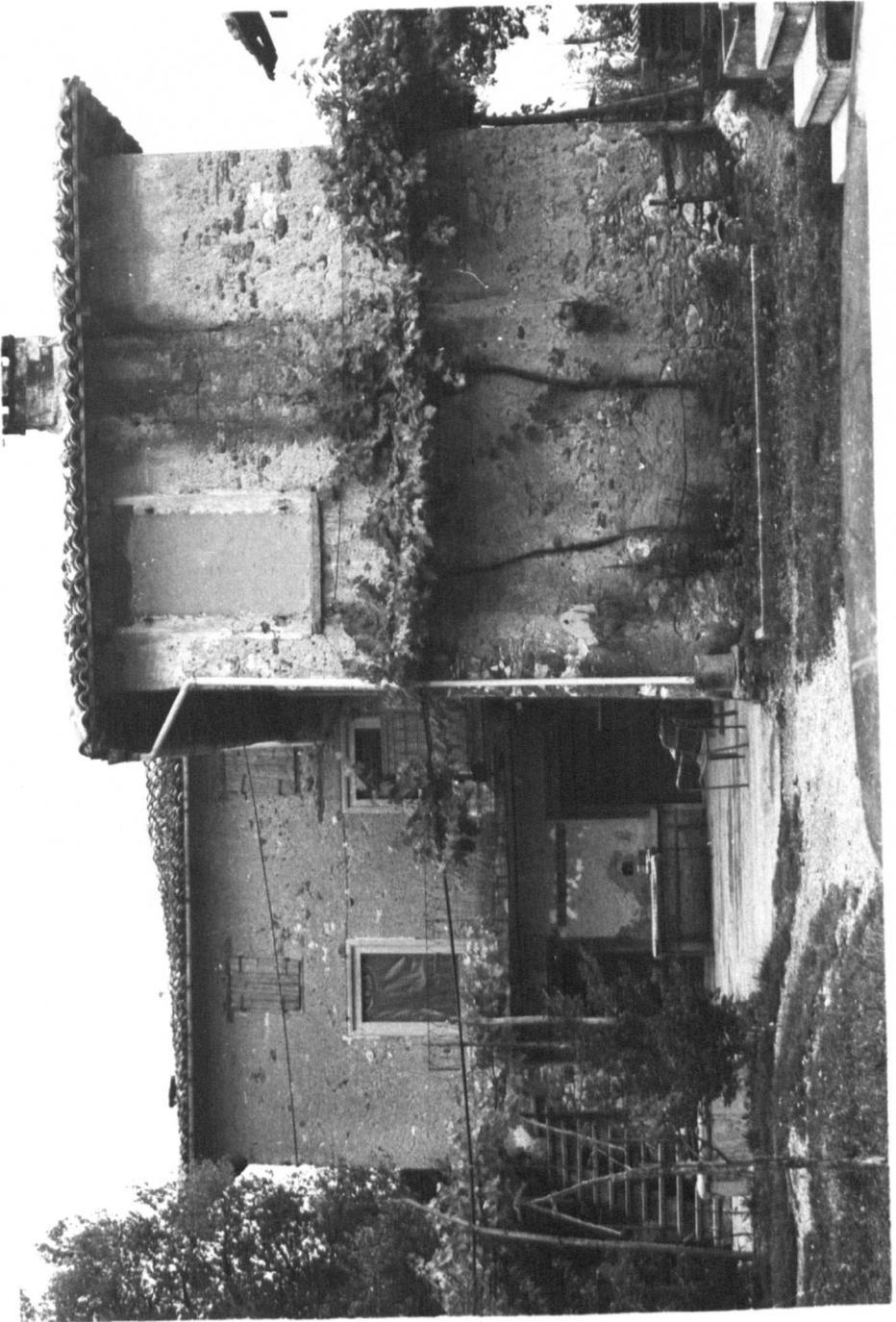
Here [Fiascherino - Tellaro] almost every man has spent his time in America - seven years in Buenos Aires, or in the United States. They will not stay any longer in Italy to be peasants without money .... They seem to have a nostalgia of restlessness. Italy is a country on the change, and suffering it acutely. (CL, 265-66)

The probing has gone very much deeper by autumn 1915; but the nascence of the theme plainly post-dates his time at Lake Garda.

In a letter of April 1913 Lawrence had described Paolo and Maria thus: "We love the people of the farm - such warm folks" (Boulton I, 537; CL, 198). In October of the same year Lawrence writes from Fiascherino, "The men and women in Italy are natural enemies - it is very queer." (CL, 229) The tone is of an idea that has just occurred to Lawrence; it is in fact a post-script to the letter. A much developed form of this realisation, caught here in the bud, is the central theme of "San Gaudenzio". Paolo and Maria are no longer nice, warm folk. Given the predominance in the chapter of the idea of their marriage as a struggle of opposites, and given, secondly, the lines of communication Lawrence creates between Paolo and Maria's "polarity" and the polarities developed in earlier chapters (1915 additions), and given, additionally, that "San Gaudenzio" does not exhibit the stylistic disjunctions between "philosophy" and "travel sketch" typical of the previous, definitely revised, chapters, it seems hard to believe that any early 1913 sketch lurks behind or beneath the published version we have in front of us.<sup>7</sup>

If the probability of a 1915 dating for the chapter's first (and only) version is granted, then the stylistic unity of the chapter - a new quality in Twilight - is readily explained. There is no residual evidence of first and then second intentions: the essay is conceived and written as a whole.

Lawrence's presence both as actor in and meditator



San Gaudenzio

upon the events is much less intrusive than in earlier chapters. The prose follows an observer's natural line of entry into the peasant family's lives; or at least that is the illusion provided by the description of the seasonal cycle of flowers which moves through the period covered so far by the lakeside chapters: autumn to early spring, bringing it up to the fictional present. Spatially the narrative moves from the lake, "up the winding mule-track .... to the tall barred gate of San Gaudenzio" and thence to "the little Garden of Eden" (TWI, 90) inside. Thereupon we're introduced to the main characters, with the narrator only re-appearing in person to reinforce points already made in the more fictionalised style the chapter now adopts. He appears in the discussion about the two couples' length of courtship in order to underline, in comparison with his own case, the inevitable but "terrible" attraction of opposite types in Paolo and Maria's marriage. Again, the narrator questions Paolo about whether he missed his home while in America in order to demonstrate Paolo's total attachment to the "old static order". The incident of the disreputable priest's visit (where the narrator again appears) is included to illuminate Maria's irreligiosity.

The chapter is disciplined in a way familiar to us in fiction. Although Lawrence's shaping of his knowledge, both factual and intuitive, about Paolo and Maria's marriage, is not proceeded with as aggressively and blatantly as, say, the Tiger and Lamb excursions in "The Lemon Gardens" or the Self and Not Self in "The Theatre", the shaping is, nevertheless, it can be demonstrated, taking place in an analogous way. It is not obvious that this is happening. Lawrence's attention seems to be so respectfully rooted in the particulars of the married couple's personal histories ("Paolo had inherited, or partly inherited, San Gaudenzio . . ." TWI, 91), in their physical appearances ("His head was hard and fine, the bone finely constructed, though the skin of his face was loose and furrowed with work." TWI, 91), that the reader may not notice the deliberate "stretching"



"the same curious nobility, the same aristocratic, eternal look of motionlessness .... His head was hard and fine .... His temples had that fine, hard clarity which is seen in Mantegna" (TWI, 91). Photograph of Paolo Capelli taken from a large drawing - said to be a good likeness - at San Gaudenzio.

of the phrasing of almost every observed detail to generate a polarity between Paolo and Maria. When, at the bottom of page 91, Lawrence articulates it, it is almost metaphoric (rather than possessing the usual literal quality), so modestly is it posed and so quickly is it varied:

Paolo and she were the opposite sides of the universe, the light and the dark. Yet they lived together now without friction, detached, each subordinated in their common relationship. ... They had suffered very much in the earlier stages of their connexion.. (TWI, 91-2)

Lawrence can afford to tread with what are, for him, light steps, partly because he has already attuned his reader to his habit of polarising any presented case and because he has already established the dominant terms of the polarities in the earlier chapters.

In rendering the accidentals of Paolo's history and appearance, Lawrence is simultaneously, but deftly, gesturing towards an extreme in terms of which the supposed accidental can be seen as taking its place. It is not surprising to find Lawrence - by now this is familiar - "stopping" Paolo, converting him almost into a work of art:

He was strangely like the pictures of peasants in the northern Italian pictures, with the same curious nobility, the same aristocratic, eternal look of motionlessness, something statuesque. His head was hard and fine, the bone finely constructed, though the skin of his face was loose and furrowed with work. His temples had that fine, hard clarity which is seen in Mantegna, an almost jewel-like quality. (TWI, 91)

We note that Paolo has an "almost jewel-like quality", that he has a "look of motionlessness", that he possesses (in the next paragraph) "an eternal kind of sureness" (my emphases). Lawrence both stretches the individual characteristic into an approximate of an extreme while at the same time modestly acknowledging that the extreme is not in fact the case, though without giving the

acknowledgement any force.

The overriding intention emerges clearly enough. Paolo is given thereby a more distinct, a more definite imaginative presence. In the case of Maria, Lawrence creates the necessary suggestiveness by means of literary devices rather than pictorial comparisons. Using similes and extended similes whereby Maria is compared, first in a qualified manner and then overtly, to oxen, Lawrence deliberately transfers the physical and sensuous characteristics of the beasts of burden onto Maria. (The description of the women of "The Theatre" audience is feeding in, assisting the characterisation.) In this way she comes to assume, in the reader's mind, a palpable presence: "She reminded me again of oxen, broad-boned and massive in physique, dark-skinned, slow in her soul." (TWI, 91) Although this picture is complicated by Maria's hankering after money and the modern world, "she was [nevertheless] weighted down by her heavy animal blood." (TWI, 91)

Lawrence's observation, that "Paolo and she were the opposite sides of the universe, the light and the dark", merely states what has been imaginatively established. Without having obviously or assertively done so, Lawrence has taken Paolo and Maria out of the limiting realm of the everyday and marked out more general axes of interpretation in terms of which they can be seen. The florilegium that starts the chapter had in fact been preparing us for such a move. The description of the cycle of the seasons gives an eternal quality to the scene, a useful backdrop for the human opposition which in turn swings away from the accidental and temporal.

Yet, having got to the point of being able to state Paolo and Maria's oppositeness, Lawrence does not then go on, as had been his practice in earlier chapters, to re-work it, expanding its terms of reference, taking in larger and larger chunks of the universe in each meditative sweep. Rather, in this chapter, he keeps his wider concerns more closely interlocked with his particular subject: the Fiori's marriage.

One gets a sense of Lawrence "thinking on his feet", stopping to reflect, but then returning with re-sharpened awareness to the relationship itself:

What did they want when they came together, Paolo and she? He was a man over thirty, she was a woman of twenty-three. They were both violent in desire and <sup>of</sup> strong will. They came together at once, like two wrestlers almost matched in strength. Their meetings must have been splendid. (TWI, 92)

No sooner does Lawrence have this point settled - their at least momentary equality - than he must return to his prior notion of their oppositeness, but only by way of taking into account the son, Giovanni's, embodiment of aspects of the opposition:

Giovanni, the eldest child, was a tall lad of sixteen, with soft brown hair and grey eyes, and a clarity of brow, and the same calm simplicity of bearing which made Paolo so complete; but the son had at the same time a certain brownness of skin, a heaviness of blood, which he had from his mother. Paolo was so clear and translucent.

In Giovanni the fusion of the parents was perfect, he was a perfect spark from the flint and steel. (TWI, 92)

Just as Paolo had been translated, for a time on the page, into a painting, his son is seen now as the perfect artifact: again the person is given a special aesthetic status that sanctions, as far as the reader is concerned, Lawrence's intuitive exploration of the character's essential "type", his representing some general direction of being.

Yet of course it's not as simple as that. Lawrence, thinking on his feet, is not content with his first formulations of Paolo and Maria's opposite essences. He confronts his interpretation with a series of new considerations, testing it, varying it, re-affirming it. So the concept of Paolo's "clear and translucent" skin is extended a couple



"'Maria was much coarser, more vulgar,  
but also she was more human, more fertile'"  
Photograph of Maria Capelli taken from a  
large drawing - said to be a good likeness -  
at San Gaudenzio.

of lines later to become "a subtle intelligence in feeling . . . . But the mind was unintelligent, he could not grasp a new order." (TWI, 92-3) Thereupon Lawrence feels the need immediately to define Maria's position vis à vis Paolo's. This is an example of the concentration of focus peculiar to this chapter: Lawrence tirelessly defines and re-defines the terms of the husband and wife's opposition:

Maria Fiori was much sharper and more adaptable to the ways of the world. Paolo had an almost glass-like quality, fine and clear and perfectly tempered; but he was also finished and brittle. Maria was much coarser, more vulgar, but also she was more human, more fertile, with crude potentiality. His passion was too fixed in its motion, hers too loose and overwhelming. (TWI, 93)

Although the see-sawing nature of the thinking seems to be prompted by actual observations and reflections the imaginative rearrangements are, of course, taking place at a distinct remove from the original observations. It is therefore proper to draw attention to the intervention of the artificer - to Lawrence's personal participation in the shaping - even if it is of a different kind to that which we have become accustomed in the early chapters.

Although we don't witness the same degree of obvious personal immersion in the rhythms of his prose typical of the early chapters, the manipulation of subject matter, as I've described it, speaks of interpretative effort that one can only think of as personal. An important aspect of this is his use of the polarity as a shaping device. Addressing his art to the establishment of the polarity or, rather, challenging himself to find it in Paolo and Maria's marriage means that the art is not controlled by the usual fictional necessities of scene, character, dialogue etc.. The chapter possesses, symptomatically, an anecdotal rather than a dramatic character - another reflection of the chapter's predominant mood of personal enquiry.

It's this personal flavour to which, I think, we respond, allowing it liberties of treatment (could the balancing of opposites in real life possibly have been so neat and clearly definable?) more appropriate to personal conversation than considered prose. That the treatment is so enterprising constantly tends to confirm the wisdom of our so doing.

Paolo regarded us as belonging to the Signoria, those who are elect, near to God. And this was part of his religious service. His life was a ritual. It was very beautiful, but it made me unhappy, the purity of his spirit was so sacred and the actual facts seemed such a sacrilege to it.... He should not have given Giovanni the inferior status and a fat, mean Italian tradesman the superior. That was false, a real falsity.

[H]is fulfilment was in a fine, subtle, exquisite relationship, not of manners, but subtle interappreciation. He worshipped a finer understanding and a subtler tact. A further fineness and dignity and freedom in bearing was to him an approach to the divine, so he loved men best of all, they fulfilled his soul. A woman was always a woman, and sex was a low level whereon he did not esteem himself. But a man, a doer, the instrument of God, he was really god-like.

(TWI, 95-6)

The perhaps obvious distinction between real and false gentility is reinforced by an awareness of needs-of religious depth - in Paolo that class answers to. Lawrence can be felt edging his way towards a conception of male divinity as against female entrapment in the flesh that, although general in its implications, has been achieved by a line of thinking that involves continual consultation with the object of attention, Paolo.

Lawrence is here developing the sub-theme of the lake-side chapters: the sexual hostility in the theatre audience; the Italian drunks being led home by their wives; the unromantic courting. His establishing the Italian - Northern polarity had been intended to account for the stymied Italian condition. Lawrence now goes on beyond that to

explore the psychological dynamics of that stagnation. (The oddity of this expression is only apparent: the dynamics of English/Northern stagnation are central to the thinking of the contemporaneous Crown. Having sent off "San Gaudenzio" to his typist, Lawrence sat down to revise "my six papers" of The Crown (Huxley, 259) before recommencing work on the rest of Twilight.)

Lawrence's thesis from "The Theatre" - that the Male need for spiritual direction is opposed by cynical Female assertion of the flesh - is not left on an abstract level; it is "deconstructed" for the particular case without, though, losing its imperative sense of generality:

The husband and wife lived together in a relationship of complete negation .... his eyebrows and eyelids were lifted in a kind of vacancy, his blue eyes were round and somehow finished, though he was so gentle and vigorous in body. But the very quick of him was killed. He was like a ghost in the house, with his loose throat and powerful limbs, his open, blue extinct eyes, and his musical, slightly husky voice, that seemed to sound out of the past.

And Maria, stout and strong and handsome like a peasant woman, went about as if there were a weight on her, and her voice was high and strident. She, too, was finished in her life. But she remained unbroken, her will was like a hammer that destroys the old form. (TWI, 100-01)

The Male in Paolo is, in Lawrence's terms, the Pre-Renaissance one; he is Enrico Persevalli's distant spiritual forbear. However, Maria's confidence is not only in the flesh - now, terribly, of the past - but in the future, the new, and the key to it, money. And Maria has the "will" - that Signor di Paoli lacked, for "he is too old" (TWI, 60) - to turn that key. On the one hand, the actual case complicates the pre-conceived one; on the other hand, the pre-conception and the technique of polarising facilitate a constant delving to psychological depths, extending and deepening the actual.

But is it sufficient to leave matters there? One

American reviewer of Twilight, Henry B. Fuller, objected to the process:

It disconcerts and repels [he commented] when an author, moved by a grim determination, opens up his people just as a cook's helper, armed with a knife, opens up his oysters. One begs for a little delicacy, a little reticence. 8

I myself don't trust Fuller's response: it reads too much like a gut-reaction dressed up cleverly to look like something else. Having evidently been shocked by the immodesty of the inquiry, Fuller is willing to look no further. A sneer will do: "'A Frenchman', we feel like saying, ... 'would have known when to stop.'"<sup>9</sup> The line from this reaction to that of the English critics of the thirties is a pretty direct one except that there the next step in the objection is made: the intellectual validity of such a personally-directed art is called into question.

Even if the origins of the objection are, in this case, dubious, it has nevertheless to be met. Although I find myself applauding the unfettered way in which Lawrence's "opening up" his people proceeds (there are, to answer Fuller, knives and knives) and although I value the fertility of Lawrence's thinking about the San Gaudenzio couple, my researches on the spot have raised the possibility that Lawrence's freedom of thought may, in part, be a freedom in the bad sense. Appendix Three records an interview I conducted with Savina and Riccardo Capelli - the daughter (who does not appear in the chapter) and the son ("Marco") of Paolo and Maria - and records some other information I was able to gather.<sup>10</sup> Antonia Cyriax (the 'Mrs Anthony' of Lawrence's letters of the time) lived at San Gaudenzio during much of 1913 and wrote an entire book on San Gaudenzio and the surrounding area: her Among Italian Peasants (1919).<sup>11</sup> Both sources of information throw a rather different light on some aspects of San Gaudenzio life than that offered by Lawrence.

I have tried to avoid using the term "characters" in

referring to Paolo and Maria because, despite the chapter's exhibiting a more fictional air than its predecessors, it is not purporting to be a work of fiction. When Lawrence was invited to write a short critical work on Hardy's novels he found himself writing, as he confessed, "about anything but Thomas Hardy ... queer stuff - but not bad." (CL, 290) However, when invited by Duckworth to submit a travel book on Italy, Lawrence reported to Cynthia Asquith,

Meanwhile I'm writing a book of sketches, or preparing a book of sketches, about the nations, Italian, German and English, full of philosophising and struggling to show things real.  
(CL, 364)

True, Lawrence indicates the wish to write about the nations in the sense of national groups (so that he might only be interested in the local as it disclosed the national), and true, he implies that, up till now, "things real" have not been appreciated about "the nations" so that an unconventional kind of reflectiveness would be necessary, but nevertheless his conclusions, as thought, ought to be valid when applied to the particular subject upon which Lawrence focused when generating them. Lawrence does not invoke a novelist's licence either. This he would have seen as weak-limbed: he did not acknowledge any gap between a strong perception of truth and its depiction in art. Witness his later essay on Cézanne, "Introduction to These Paintings", for instance, where Lawrence does not, as an art critic would, concern himself at all with the problems of the painter's medium that intervene between perception and its depiction. "My head feels like a hammer", his letter to Cynthia Asquith continued, "that keeps hammering on a nail. The only thing I know is, that the hammer is tougher than the nail, in the long run. It is not I who will break."

The dogged self-confidence is inspiring but does not absolve Lawrence from his brief/<sup>of</sup> talking about real nations, particularly the Italian - not about a mythical or fictional one, but the actual one, part of which he encountered at

Lake Garda. It is not, then, beside the point to ask, as far as one is able, whether Lawrence's reflections were, in the ordinary sense, true: the question, I take it, arises in all his work. Only in the travel book it enters more directly and sooner than in the novel; and it is at least partly susceptible of independent verification.<sup>12</sup>

The question of the dating of "San Gaudenzio" is relevant here. It could be urged that Lawrence's altering Paolo and Maria's surname indicates his intention to fictionalise them completely, so sanctioning any subsequent alteration of the facts. However, if, as I have argued, Lawrence wrote the chapter in 1915 then perhaps he simply did not remember Paolo and Maria's surname or their children's Christian names. (In a letter in the twenties when suggesting a suitable holiday spot for a friend he refers to the couple simply as Paolo and Maria of San Gaudenzio.) "Fiori"-flowers- was an artless substitute; "Mugiano" sounds like a groping after the real name of the next village, Muslone. I can't really believe, either, that Lawrence changed the names of all concerned for reasons of protecting their privacy. He referred to his landlord at Villa by his correct name, for instance. Similarly, although Gargnano is not mentioned by name in Twilight, enough directions are given in the book to identify it<sup>13</sup> - and, thus, to find San Gaudenzio. No, San Gaudenzio is not merely an aesthetic construction, a purely mythical setting for the working out of large polarised oppositions. To leave it at that would be to assume Lawrence's inquiry has no real bite, has gone almost for nothing. It is, in the ordinary sense of the word, a real place and Lawrence was discussing real people. His thinking ought at least to apply to them.

The question of the 1915 composition date has more important ramifications than a simple forgetting of names. Lawrence and Frieda stayed with the Capellis at San Gaudenzio for less than two weeks, more than two years before Lawrence wrote the chapter. Lawrence looks back to what must have become, in his memory, a charmed period. ("I used to sit and write ...", TWI, 102.) Some blurring at the edges was

inevitable; the marvellous clarity of the re-created picture was bound, to an extent, to be an artificial one. Lawrence's concern to polarise husband and wife at every point led (as I have discovered) to some oversimplifications as the actual was forced to fit, not so much the scheme, as the method of polarised thought.

The point on which Savina and Riccardo Capelli took heated issue with Lawrence was his depiction of their father as getting into rages and uttering the worst blasphemies.<sup>14</sup> They remembered him as a much milder man, a good father to them, a man who would never have uttered "Porca-Maria", who went to mass "fair weather or foul; always in winter and snow to mass".<sup>15</sup> Their parents, they protested, were not in the habit of fighting with one another.

Lawrence had written:

Paolo, conservative as he was, believing that a priest must be a priest of God, yet very rarely went to church. And he used the religious oaths that Maria hated, even Porca-Maria. He always used oaths, either Bacchus or God or Mary or the Sacrament. Maria was always offended. Yet it was she who, in her soul, jeered at the Church and at religion. She wanted the human society as the absolute, without religious abstractions. So Paolo's oaths enraged her, because of their profanity, she said. But it was really because of their subscribing to another superhuman order.

He never opposed or contradicted her, but stayed apart. It was she who was violent and brutal in her ways. But sometimes Paolo went into a rage, and then Maria, everybody, was afraid. It was a white heavy rage, when his blue eyes shone unearthly, and his mouth opened with a curious drawn blindness of the old Furies. There was something of the cruelty of a falling mass of snow, heavy, horrible. Maria drew away, there was a silence. Then the avalanche was finished.  
(TWI, 97-8)

Cyriax (whose book shows no tangible evidence of having been affected by a reading of Twilight, if indeed she ever did read it) wrote:

Rosina [Maria] had the habit of treating Bortolo [Paolo] as if he was a fool. She was quicker than he was, and his slowness irritated her. He was a refined, thoughtful man, perhaps too lenient of others' failings to be quite just. I never heard him speak ill of any one or swear, unless occasion demanded. Rosina was quite different. She was impulsive and easily shouted, and when in a fury her tongue would get the upper hand and her words become foul and unreasonable. But that did not happen often and the coarseness that was always there lay hidden.

Rosina's method with the peace-loving Bortolo, was to treat him to a war of words, which left his exasperated but speechless. 16

Cyriax's "peace-loving" Paolo is closer to the man Savina and Riccardo Capelli remembered than to the constantly blaspheming man ("he always used oaths") given to occasional outbursts of blind fury that Lawrence describes. Lawrence's decision to have Paolo blaspheme is a much more serious question in relation to his subject - a backward Italian peasant community of 1913 - than we may appreciate today.<sup>17</sup> (The Capellis quickly disabused me of my assumption of its unimportance.) Similarly, the (disputed) regularity of Paolo's attendance at mass.

The question of Lawrence's motive in altering the facts is perhaps more interesting than the fact of his having done so. His immediate concern appears to have been to draw a definite distinction between Maria's and Paolo's kinds of religiousness. Paolo draws on deeper and older sources, Lawrence is claiming, than Maria does: she objects to Paolo's profanity because he has a real connection with what he is profaning. Therefore Lawrence distrusts her (surface) reaction to the indecency of Paolo's language. It makes sense psychologically but more importantly it makes sense in terms of the chapter's patterning of opposites. This local distinction that Lawrence draws between Paolo and Maria is reinforcing and re-establishing the general statement of their oppositeness that I have already quoted.

The above quotation about Paolo's rages continues:

They must have had some cruel fights before they learned to withdraw from each other so completely. They must have begotten Marco in hatred, terrible disintegrated opposition and otherness. And it was after this, after the child of their opposition was born, that Paolo went away to California. (TWI, 98-9)

Their complete withdrawal, their "terrible disintegrated opposition", the child of opposition: it might sound, excerpted thus, almost like a problem in physics were not the idea of opposition Lawrence's means of ingress to such psychological/emotional depths. The method of polarity, as it were, clears the path of possible complications and distractions. The prose reaches out to social, religious and historical circumstances (the male depopulation of remote Italian villages, village Catholic morality, the growing impact of a money-based economy) but invariably withdraws, returning to re-establish an opposition whose character will depend on what facts or area of interest in terms of which it next seeks to define itself. In this way the prose continues to hover between mere suggestive fantasy and complete objective adequacy.

Lawrence's distinct advantage here is most evident when compared to Cyriax's attempts to generalise about the relation of the village men and women. Her unfittedness for the task of rendering anything but the surface of life - and even then a very selective one - is obvious:

On the whole I respected the men of Campià much more than the women. They were patient and treated their wives well. They were more developed mentally and morally, more responsible and much more interesting. It is perhaps sad to reflect - at least for a woman - that this was the case, for both sexes had the same educational opportunities until the men left for military service, which made an important change in their lives. I was a little disappointed in the women; perhaps because during a short visit to France I had been much more favourably impressed by French women of the lower classes than by French men, and had formed the idea that this was a characteristic of the Latin races. But no such

thing. In Campià the men easily took the first place, they had all the good looks too, and were handsomer than the women, who, although strong and well-built, had plain faces.

Some of the younger women had ideas about gentility and would not work in the fields, much to their detriment, for they paid for it with bad health. It was the more to be regretted, as there were so many lighter tasks within their strength, and the men all had more than enough to do.

Many women would do unfair things, such as sell olives behind their husband's back. The husband would bring olives home and put them in the room upstairs, and whilst he was away, his wife would go up and take a few pounds and sell them secretly in town and keep the money. 18

"[B]ut she could never write", Lawrence quipped - in 1915 - in the letter to Mrs Clayton about revising the dance scene in which Cyriax appears (CL, 371). Conventional valuations and turns of phrase - "developed mentally and morally", "the same educational opportunities", "the more to be regretted" - create the kind of distance Thomas may have preferred but, in her case, they obscure and tame her subject. She cannot maintain the intimacy with her subject matter that Lawrence does. Though well-meaning and sympathetic, and though able, through dint of longer experience, to capture the ring of the peasants' speech, and though more interested than Lawrence in the quaintness of many aspects of the peasants' lives, Cyriax simply is not as "open" to her subject as Lawrence. She cannot apprehend it with the same fulness or "work" with it on the page with the same ease.

Intellectually too- for it's not just a matter of sensitivity - she is much less enterprising than Lawrence. When dealing with Marco she can only see his sluggishness as a calculated naughtiness - although she can give plenty of examples that reinforce her view. Lawrence's description is more generous and much less dependent on observation alone. His kind of disinterestedness thrives on its very lack of "distance" from its subject:

He was strong and full of animal life, but always aimless, as though his wits scarcely controlled him. But he loved his mother with a fundamental, generous, undistinguishing love. Only he always forgot what he was going to do. He was much more sensitive than Maria, more shy and reluctant. But his shyness, his sensitiveness only made him more aimless and awkward, a tiresome clown, slack and uncontrolled, witless. (TWI, 93)

And Lawrence can assay an explanation of this aimlessness - Marco's being a child born of opposition (already quoted) - because he has been able to "close" on the subject of Marco's parents.

With an eye for the revealing incident (Cyriax seeks at best the typical), Lawrence describes the two boys', Giovanni's and Marco's, reactions to the extravagant efforts of the insolent priest to chop the tree down.

In the doorway Maria was encouraging [the priest] rather jeeringly, whilst she winked at me. Marco was stifling his hysterical amusement in his mother's apron, and prancing with glee. Paolo and Giovanni stood by the fallen tree, very grave and unmoved, inscrutable, abstract.

(TWI, 98)

Marco is not "witless" here; indeed he is closer to the scheming little monster Cyriax describes. Thus there is a problem with Lawrence's account of Marco: his enterprising analysis of the psychological origins of Marco's directionlessness fails to account for or even be reconcilable with his familiarly boyish behaviour. The air of profundity and authority which informs Lawrence's analysis turns out to be, to an extent, merely an air.

Similarly Lawrence's attempt to extend his notion of Paolo's "aristocratic" temperament:

his fulfilment was in a fine, subtle, exquisite relationship, not of manners, but subtle inter-appreciation. He worshipped a finer understanding and a subtler tact. (TWI, 96)

Yet this Paolo sits "in a kind of vacancy" (TWI, 100); he is supposed hardly to register his being in America; he is naively trustful. Despite his "subtle intelligence in feeling", "the mind", we are told, "was unintelligent" (TWI, 93). The distinction perhaps survives but, upon reflection, only just. Lawrence needs both aspects in Paolo to provide opposites for two aspects of Maria: her obtuse democratic belief in equality on the one hand and her worldly wisdom on the other. Savina and Riccardo Capelli felt that their father was simply old-fashioned:

And it was she who got the business started at San Gaudenzio. Then he was happy. First he'd grumble a little then he would be happy. 19

How little room there is for this kind of perspective in Lawrence's view of the marriage! His polarities explain too fully, too finally, too unequivocally. Similarly, Lawrence's taking Paolo as a representative of the old static peasant life entails the view that Paolo's respect for the Signoria was a typical one. However, Cyriax assures us that it was nothing of the kind. She details many cases of peasant resentment of, and hypocritical abasement before, the Signoria. Although Cyriax does not record any examples of Paolo displaying such resentment, she attributes this to his general "slowness".

No doubt, with more evidence, this kind of "common sense" objection to Lawrence's interpretations might be multiplied. But another kind of objection also arises when one is acquainted with the facts of Maria's childhood. She was left an orphan when very young. She then lived with an aunt and uncle who were extremely poor, after which time, at about the age of eight, she went into domestic service.<sup>20</sup> If Lawrence wished to generalise about the changing Italian condition ("The stability is gone. Paolo is a ghost, Maria is the living body." TWI, 101), then surely it would have been better to choose an Italian who had not suffered Maria's disadvantages. Had Lawrence acknowledged the facts

of her upbringing, a rather more familiar explanation for her avarice could have presented itself.

If it's just this level of thought that Lawrence's formulations bypass, then perhaps he has not done so with complete impunity. Even though the kinds of thought seem to be coming from different sources altogether, it's not possible simply to dismiss one and accept the other. Both obtrude without being reconcilable. Again we arrive at the Lawrence paradox.

## II

### "THE DANCE" AND "IL DURO"

In an article published in Italian in 1933 Carlo Linati, one of the earliest Italian commentators on Lawrence, singles out from Twilight, as a passage of special merit, the descriptions of the dance. Linati is not an especially interesting critic and his study of "Lawrence e l'Italia" is only introductory. Nevertheless, Linati rightly applauds parts of Twilight where Lawrence's originality is most manifest: his intuiting of the unspoken reason why the Italian men go to America; his chapter "The Dance": "un capitolo veramente bello è quello consacrato alla sensazione di un ballo gardesano."<sup>21</sup> ("A very beautiful chapter is the one devoted to the sensations of a Garda dance.") Linati, however, wishes to register a mild objection:

Un po' smanioso del problema del sesso e indotto talvolta a implicare pure noi in queste sue preoccupazioni.

(A little obsessive about the problem of sex, he is even induced sometimes to implicate us<sup>22</sup> [Italians] in these preoccupations of his.)

Linati's response - that thought distorted by the personal must be suspect - was, perhaps, automatic; certainly the critic fails to ask himself whether this personal presence

is at the root of the "strano e interessante punto di vista dal quale egli ci vedeva e giudicava" ("strange and interesting point of view from which he sees and judges us") which Linati so admires.<sup>23</sup>

There is, in any case, a change, I would argue, in the level of Lawrence's perceptible "participation" in the prose of "The Dance" from that of "San Gaudenzio".<sup>24</sup> Witness the first dance passage. (Too long to quote: it's on pages 104-05.) It must surely be the classic rendering of sexual rhythms in a dance, a kind of literary "Bolero" (I mean Ravel's) in its assured rhythmic beat, its handling of climaxing physical emotion and its crashing to a finish. Lawrence is drawing upon his earlier evocations of sexually influenced dancing in the revised Prussian Officer story, "The White Stocking" (July 1914), and the dance in The Rainbow just prior to the great stackyard scene (page 318), which in its present form dates from the April-May 1915 TS revision of the novel.<sup>25</sup> This reads:

They were both absorbed into a profound silence, into a deep, fluid underwater energy that gave them unlimited strength. All the dancers were moving intertwined in the flux of music. Shadowy couples passed and repassed before the fire, the dancing feet danced slowly by into the darkness. It was a vision of the depths of the underworld, under the great flood.  
(R, 318)

The Twilight passage is, I contend, superior to its Rainbow counterpart which lacks the timing of the prose rhythms that, in Twilight, enact the rhythms of the dance. Partly this is a result of a change in the controlling metaphor: from one of underwater currents in the Rainbow dance to the rhythms of sexual intercourse in Twilight. The plunge to subconscious depths is too immediate and total in The Rainbow; the Twilight passage shows a blending of conscious will and intellectual drive. Moreover, the Rainbow passage tends to lose touch with the experience it is rendering. This is always a danger with Lawrence's virtuoso

articulations of the sub-conscious; The Crown's loss of touch with any sharable reality, such as England's condition in 1915, is a related shortcoming. Having a more definite subject to focus upon - the Italy of his memory - proved a great steadying force for Lawrence.

In the Twilight dance passage the Italianness, defined in earlier chapters in terms of its opposition to Northern qualities, is given a phallic rendering by means of that participatory kind of prose I have already analysed in various passages. The multiple mid-sentence caesuras, frequently ungrammatical yet joined in an implied co-ordinative manner, the exploitation of alliterative and assonantal effects, together with verbal repetitions and variations give the unmistakable impression of a narrator's registering, living-out, the rhythms of the dance. Here, too, a new move: Lawrence deliberately withholds commas in "and to implicate other strange inter-rhythmic dance into the women" (at first one thinks "dance" is a misprint for "dances") to give the unusual use of the adjectives their full force of meaning (TWI, 104).

This intimacy with his subject goes with a greater insistence in the pursuit of his concerns. Two terms offered in the last page of the chapter ("vague Northern nerve" and "proprio selvatico") acknowledge the polarity towards which Lawrence has been energetically pushing the chapter. The free transfer of meaning on the first page - "a peasant from the wilds of the mountain" to "he talked ... like a hawk indoors", to "the wild men from above" - speaks of a subjective coherence. The association of the idea of wildness crosses boundaries and transgresses standards that more impersonal thought would normally uphold. It also speaks of an experimental, almost poetic urge. Lawrence wants to see how widely his apprehending of this quality can be applied: first, literally to the scenery, then figuratively to the men, and then literally to them. The literalising of metaphor is typical of Lawrence's subjective art. We are accustomed to it by now so that the large resources of meaning it has been used to help

create can now be invoked.

Thus we find that these "wild" men have bare throats - just as the men in the theatre, lounging in unreserved abandon, did. Their spirit could be, as the play proceeded, simple and clear because not twisted in fighting with their women. Similarly, the wood-cutters and peasants can "dance with strange intentness, particularly if they have for partner an English Signora" (TWI, 104): they can be their unencumbered selves in the dance. They can behave with an animal self-possession and dexterity. Again the art form provides Lawrence's most fruitful focus. In the dance the men are "clarified" for us as they approach their (usually underlying) extreme of being. The tiger of "The Lemon Gardens", we remember, "cannot see, except with the light from within itself, by the light of its own desire." (TWI, 44) The dancers have a smile "so finely sensual that the conscious eyes could scarcely look at it." (TWI, 105) In the dance they represent the Italianness that has nothing to do with the conscious and polite:

The woodcutter .... is quite a savage ....  
He will dance with the blonde signora. But he  
never speaks. He is like some violent natural  
phenomenon rather than a person. The woman  
begins to wilt a little in his possession.  
"E bello - il ballo?" he asked at length,  
one direct, flashing question.  
"Si - molto bello," cries the woman, glad  
to have speech again. (TWI, 106)

"Glad to have speech again", the "savage" woodcutter: Lawrence finds a direct access to essential opposites while still keeping the dance itself in focus. The result is a remorseless clarity: "He is like a god, a strange natural phenomenon, most intimate and compelling, wonderful. But he is not a human being." (TWI, 106-07)

The emerging polarity assumes the mediating role between reader and subject that naturalistic conventions about normality and everyday life normally provide. This life becomes, in the persons of the English signoras,

merely a hedging of bets, a cushion of safety. It is, as it were, re-written in terms of the North-South polarity. Only in this context could "bestial singing" (TWI, 107) be accepted as a term of approbation. Giovanni's eyes "glitter with a kind of yellow light of laughter" (TWI, 108). Yellow eyes? Yellow laughter? No, it is not absurd for it is the tiger's eyes Lawrence is implicitly referring to. Marco for his part, when the obscene song is being sung, "capers in the doorway like a faun" (TWI, 108). Again the comparison is not accidental: the next chapter is about an Italian faun-figure, Il Duro. The wood-cutter in "The Dance" hovers, symbolically, "on the edge of the darkness" (TWI, 107).

There is little that is accidental in Lawrence's descriptions: the polarity informs everything he sees. Even the social dimension ( the educated and well-to-do young men up from Gargnano for the dance) is defeated when the young men resolve back into their ineradicable "Italianness":

They had insisted on staying the night. They had eaten eight eggs each and much bread at one o'clock in the morning. Then they had gone to sleep, lying on the floor in the sitting-room.  
(TWI, 109)

Even "the educated Ettore, a perfect and calculated voluptuary" (TWI, 107; this quality refers us back to the Austrian crucifixes), is one of their number. Only Maria is exempt. "San Gaudenzio" has defined her differently. She is a "modern". "John" is to develop this placement.

Cyriax describes a dance, quite possibly the same one.<sup>26</sup> She speaks from a point of view nearer the everyday and tries, as it were, to keep her balance in terms of it. While, for instance, she may then be able to pay more attention to the peasants' politeness than Lawrence does, her understanding of her own feelings towards the peasant men is curiously timid, despite her excitement, when one has Lawrence's version to compare it with:

I danced with many partners, and several times with the same ones. I had expected that Gheco would have asked me for one of the first dances, for he knew me and the others didn't. But he was too modest to take an advantage like that. However, we danced several times together later in the evening. I also had the wooden-legged man for a partner and he danced amazingly well. His black eyes were limpid like a well in the woods - they were most extraordinary eyes.

At the end of a dance my partner would shake hands with me, saying, "Thank you," then, still keeping my hand, would lead me to my chair, and say thank you again, adding, "excuse me." The excuse was for dancing badly and for any fault in manners that might have been made.

My fears were all gone. I was as keen on the whole thing as they were. Dim was yesterday, dimmer still to-morrow. Forgotten were heavy loads and empty larders. As far as they were concerned, the whole world was enclosed in those four walls. Nothing mattered whilst they danced.

At the bottom of my heart I was actually a little afraid of these peasants, whose thoughts and habits were remote and incomprehensible to me. 27

Although Lawrence may be accused of distorting reality, wrenching it into a personally conceived shape, he has a much fuller and more immediate access into Cyriax's kind of fear than she does herself. He works here, as I've commented he does elsewhere in Twilight, at levels of understanding denied to the writer working in a more conventional and "acceptable" way.

Lawrence's advantage may be seen in "Il Duro" as well, but not, I think, to the same extent. The chapter is not as thought out as "San Gaudenzio". Really the term ought to be "thought into", for that is what so distinguishes Lawrence's treatment of Paolo and Maria and what, in the blockage of the process in relation to Il Duro, diminishes the value of this chapter. Although Lawrence is attracted to Il Duro because of his apparent self-completion, the subjective response fails, in this case, to trigger off the psychological exploration we've by now come to expect.

Lawrence admits he is baffled. (Which accounts, I suppose, for the four dots in the first line of page 115.) There is, for example, the conversation about Il Duro's not having married - which issues in nothing more than:

He looked at me steadily, finally. And I could see it was impossible for us to understand each other, or for me to understand him. I could not understand the strange white gleam of his eyes, where it came from. (TWI, 114)

The conversation has been an unpropitious mixture of the ingenuous on Lawrence's part and the inscrutable on Il Duro's. Il Duro, like some of the Pritschertal crucifixes, is only half-assimilated into Lawrence's patterns of thought. Nor does repetition (of the stoniness idea) open any doors for Lawrence; even if it registers his shaping up to the task of articulation it gets no further ("I can only repeat, something stone-like" TWI, 113).

Il Duro has something of the same interest for Lawrence as the Leechgatherer had for Wordsworth. Both figures exist as both object in themselves and subjective analogue of the writer's needs and concerns. The Leechgatherer embodies the resolution and independence Wordsworth feels he lacks; Il Duro embodies an extreme self-enclosure to which Lawrence is naturally drawn. However, Lawrence's Leechgatherer fails to answer to the writer's deep and inquiring interests into extreme states of being that have characterised Twilight.

Lawrence's opening description of Il Duro had, however, suggested another line of entry other than via the man's self-completion:

Only one man came into the house. He was very handsome, beautiful rather, a man of thirty-two or -three, with a clear golden skin, and perfectly turned face, something godlike. But the expression was strange. His hair was jet black and fine and smooth, glossy as a bird's wing, his brows were beautifully drawn, calm above his grey eyes, that had long dark lashes.



"His eyes, however, had a sinister light in them, a pale, slightly repelling gleam, very much like a god's pale-gleaming eyes": Il Duro in later years.

His eyes, however, had a sinister light in them, a pale, slightly repelling gleam, very much like a god's pale-gleaming eyes, with the same vivid pallor. And all his face had the slightly malignant, suffering look of a satyr. Yet he was very beautiful. (TWI, 111)

From Annable to Mellors Lawrence showed a continuing interest in the ministers of Pan: there are, for instance, his criticism, in a letter, of James Stephens' Pan in Stephen's "The Crock of Gold" (CL, 250); his own short story of the twenties, "The Overtone"; his animadversions on Casanova (CL, 662). Early in 1915 he read Forster's Celestial Omnibus which contains a number of stories about fauns.<sup>28</sup> Yet it is hard to believe that Lawrence would have had much sympathy for Forster's solution of the problem that they both faced: how to present the inherently improbable, even ludicrous, goat-man.

Forster pays much more heed than Lawrence to this anticipated audience reaction. "Other Kingdom" is perhaps the most successful of the stories in the Celestial Omnibus volume. There is a deftly created allegory of the opposition of pagan, primitive natural life with the artificiality and the suppression of the natural in modern life. As in some of the other stories, the narrator in "Other Kingdom" is firmly part of the latter system. As his assumptions are gradually undercut by the story so the way is cleared for our giving credence to Miss Beaumont's transmigration of being into leaf and tree. Because the story reads like a fable this supernatural element (there is also the terrific storm that Other Kingdom Copse directs "intentionally" against the house) reads well: it's a matter of lightly placed suggestion. By keeping us guessing, dropping subtle hints, not allowing us to depend on the narrator (he is priggish, self-interested and guileful), Forster prepares us to follow the supernatural suggestions of Miss Beaumont's pagan dance. Forster elicits our assent to these suggestions as an intellectual possibility. The implicit satire against modern life is not insisted upon:

"Oh, I am so happy!" she cried. "I think I've everything I want in all the world. Oh dear, those last few days indoors! But oh, I am so happy now!" She had changed her brown dress for the old flowing green one, and she began to do her skirt dance in the open meadow, lit by sudden gleams of the sunshine. It was really a beautiful sight, and Mr. Worters did not correct her, glad perhaps that she should recover her spirits, even if she lost her tone. Her feet scarcely moved, but her body so swayed and her dress spread so gloriously around her, that we were transported with joy. She danced to the song of a bird that sang passionately in Other Kingdom, and the river held back its waves to watch her (one might have supposed), and the winds lay spell-bound in their cavern, and the great clouds spell-bound in the sky. She danced away from our society and our life, back, back, through the centuries till houses and fences fell and the earth lay wild to the sun. Her garment was as foliage upon her, the strength of her limbs as boughs, her throat the smooth upper branch that salutes the morning or glistens to the rain. 29

Forster's female faun is a somewhat literary creation. She lacks any real vitality: the sensuous imagery may be applied liberally but her sensuousity is a rather thin and precious affair.

Herbert Asquith's description of Lawrence - who had stayed <sup>in lodgings near</sup> his place in Broadstairs in 1913 - is relying on the same tradition. He refers to Lawrence's

light natural grace, [his being] swift and sometimes sudden in movement. There was a quality in him which seemed closely akin to the sights and voices of Nature and he sometimes called to mind the idea of a faun, receptive and alert to every sound of the fields and woods; there was something spritelike, electric, elemental, in the spirit which moved in this slight sensitive form and in the aura which seemed to hang about it. (Nehls I, 201)

Lawrence, in the creation of his satyr, does not need the element of the fabulous to buoy up his prose; nor is it a matter of careful and elaborate suggestion. Unlike Miss

Beaumont, Il Duro is created in language that is tactile, physical, of the earth. He is altogether a more robust creation - and it's largely because Lawrence is willing, as it were, to expose himself more to his creation than Forster is. He takes more risks in his subjective art (the term seems applicable again):

All the morning and the afternoon he was among the vines, crouching before them, cutting them back with his sharp, bright knife, amazingly swift and sure, like a god. It filled me with a sort of panic to see him crouched flexibly, like some strange animal god, doubled on his haunches, before the young vines, and swiftly, vividly, without thought, cut, cut, cut at the young budding shoots, which fell unheeded on to the earth. (TWI, 115)

The faun's nature is registered in the pulse of the prose rather than swirled sensuously before us as in Forster.

Nevertheless, there is, I sense, too considerable a jump from this to a more purely heroic placement of Il Duro. The language (it seems to me at least) becomes inflated:

He was a creature in intimate communion with the sensible world, knowing purely by touch the limey mess he mixed amongst, knowing as if by relation between that soft matter and the matter of himself.

Then again he strode over the earth, a gleaming piece of earth himself, moving to the young vines ....

It was like God grafting the life of man upon the body of the earth, intimately conjuring with his own flesh. (TWI, 115)

The reason that I see this passage as failing to "carry off" its inflatedness (Lawrence makes it work elsewhere in Twilight) is the relative prosaicness of the context from which it springs: Lawrence generates no imaginative opposition that could balance and "contain" the inflation. Only on the last page, belatedly, does Lawrence introduce -



Faustino (Il Dũro) Magri with his family c. 1928.

"So he could not marry. It was not for him.  
He belonged to the god Pan, to the absolute  
of the senses." (TWI, 116)

and then in abstract terms - an opposite for Il Duro's determination not to get married:

It is in the spirit that marriage takes place  
 .... In the body I am conjoined with the woman.  
 But in the spirit my conjunction with her creates  
 a third thing, an absolute, a Word, which is  
 neither me nor her, nor of me nor of her, but  
 which is absolute. (TWI, 116)

Problems of style aside there is a further difficulty. When I met Il Duro's daughter in 1979 she informed me that her father was married in 1913 or 1914 - before Twilight was published.<sup>30</sup> Thus Lawrence's certainty as to Il Duro's unmarriageability (it's seen as a consequence of his jewel-like self-completion) was in fact misplaced. Frederick Owen claims that the fact that Lawrence (judging by the chapter) met Il Duro only three times and only once to talk to confidentially was not a significant limitation to his understanding of the man; that the "meeting has to be assessed qualitatively not quantitatively".<sup>31</sup> Lawrence's quickness of apprehension is legendary but nevertheless there must come a point when quality is affected by quantity. Lawrence's placement of Il Duro in "the absolute of the senses" camp (TWI, 116) clearly has not accounted for enough of Il Duro's character. Nor was he to know that Il Duro's "miraculous" vine-grafting went for nothing that particular year. Cyriax describes a terrible hail-storm that devastated the region's grape crop.

While Lawrence's phrasing does not allow any room for such factual objections as these it does, however, brilliantly prognosticate -if indirectly - other information about Il Duro's character that I received. He was described to me as a Don Giovanni; his extra-marital sexual exploits (up until, I was told, the age of 85!) are part of male folklore in Villa. He kept a "little black book" with the names of his conquests in it. Owen met him in 1971 when Il Duro was in his late eighties. Although Owen lacked Italian, communication of sorts was possible:

We chuckled at our common linguistic struggles, and he reached over and felt the muscles of my arm . . . .

"Si," resumed Il Duro, patting his chest, "ham old. No longer have fun. You are strong."

Then he twisted round and brushed my wife's arm with his hand: "Your wife is also strong." 32

We're closer to the sordid here.

The emotional imperviousness of the man is but lightly veiled: it's there in his deep set, light-coloured eyes which look out hauntingly at one from the photograph. Il Duro's daughter told me he was a strict, authoritarian father, and never confidential (see Appendix Four); her mother, she said, suffered because of Il Duro's womanising. Il Duro may have married - at least officially - but it's hard to believe, given this information, that he was ever really married - "in the spirit" (TWI, 116), as Lawrence puts it.

### III

#### "JOHN", "ITALIANS IN EXILE", "THE RETURN JOURNEY"

John is one of the generation, spiritually speaking, that, in the Twilight framework, succeeds the old generation of Paolo, Il Duro and the Spinner. In "San Gaudenzio" Lawrence had written:

The old order, the order of Paolo and of Pietro di Paoli, the aristocratic order of the supreme God, God the Father, the Lord, was passing away from the beautiful little territory. The household no longer receives its food, oil and wine and maize, from out of the earth in the motion of fate. The earth is annulled, and money takes its place. The landowner, who is the lieutenant of God and Fate, like Abraham, he, too, is annulled. There is now the order of the rich, which supersedes the order of the Signoria.

It is passing away from Italy as it has

passed from England. The peasant is passing away, the workman is taking his place. The stability is gone. Paolo is a ghost, Maria is the living body. And the new order means sorrow for the Italian more even than it has meant for us. But he will have the new order. (TWI, 101)

This view of the Garda peasantry had been formulated only during Lawrence's stay, the following year, at Fiascherino. In a letter to May Chambers Holbrook of 22 February, 1914 he wrote:

Here almost every man has spent his time in America .... They will not stay any longer in Italy to be peasants without money .... They work and slave, they make a living, and save a little. But in ten years of America they can save as much as in a hundred years of Italy. And the men can't settle any more. They seem to have a nostalgia of restlessness. Italy is a country on the change, and suffering it acutely. Fifty years ago, almost every man was a peasant. In one generation it has all changed. So that now the conditions are strange, there is a queer lethargy among the women, and a queer, sad, gnawing restlessness among the man[sic.] .... There is no religion to speak of. Catholicism is in disrepute .... It is a queer country. When I think how practically seven men out of ten emigrate from the villages round about, go for seven years at least - then the stability of the world seems gone. (CL, 265-66)

Henry James' anecdote, in Italian Hours, about how, in 1877, he came across a relic of an ancient peasant practice, the wayside sanctuary - burning kerosene, the "essence of Pennsylvania", in its votive lamp - finely captures the irony of the times.<sup>33</sup> But of course Lawrence would have found such a response inadequate forty years later: the human disruption by 1913 was unmistakable.

Many other commentators were aware of the same problem. The number of Italian emigrants had increased from 108,000 during 1876 to 872,000 in 1913, the year in which "John" returned to America.<sup>34</sup> Cyriax reports the figures for Muslone (her Campià):

There were already twelve men from the village in America and seven more went out the autumn after the hailstorm. So that altogether twenty-four men had been, or still were, in the States. Six of these had made the journey twice. This was quite a large number when it is remembered that Campià had barely two hundred inhabitants, including children. 35

Sidney Churchill gives an account of the causes and effects:

Many of these peasants have become small landed proprietors; some have even supplanted their landlords as property owners on a vaster scale .. ..The greater extension of railways all over Italy; military service, calling the young men away from their mountain fastnesses to the great centres, where they are brought into contact with other conditions of life; the creation of industries and factories which attract young women to the towns and away from the soil; and, above all, the prosperity resulting from very extensive emigration, are rapidly bringing about a complete change in the condition of the masses in Italy. The most inaccessible places are visited by the emigration agent, and when one villager has gone abroad and prospered he sends for a brother or other relation, and soon all the able-bodied disappear. From abroad come funds to buy land and houses, or to build, and with affluence comes the desire to cast off the old ways and habits and to put on the garb of the well-to-do of modern times. 36

Facts such as these might prompt one to adopt Owen's approach. He assumes that Lawrence possessed a view rather like Leavis's about the "sanctions and promptings of an organic culture". Owen comments:

it is the horrific form of change which [Lawrence] objects to. It is headlong and ill-advised. It extracts all the purpose out of one way of life, without offering a richer alternative. 37

I don't believe, however, that one can argue that Lawrence demonstrates a firm enough sense of what an "organic"



"the cold, desolate, shabby village":  
Gardola di Tignale

culture is to justify such a claim. There is so much in Italian village life that is still "queer" to him in 1914. In 1913 he must have been even more cut off from much of Garda peasant-life because he did not understand the dialect. (It is greatly different from Italian and is still spoken in the area in preference to Italian.) Although Lawrence's letter appears to give promise of a view of the kind Owen describes, Twilight does not really fulfil the promise. It might be thought that Lawrence's establishing of the term "aristocratic" to account for Paolo's oppositeness to his wife does as much. But Paolo's "aristocratic" nature is seen primarily in terms of his changelessness of both personality and physiognomy, his completedness: the term is not co-extensive with "organic culture".

Therefore in "John" Lawrence cannot really expect, when referring to the disintegration of "the old life" (TWI, 126<sup>1</sup>), to evoke a full and complete sense of what has been lost in terms of which John's irresistible attraction to America could be seen as tragic. Tragic it never is. Pathos and confusion are, instead, the upshot of a sensitive and compassionate rendering of John's invidious position.

The chapter is perched uneasily between the mountain-side and the Swiss chapters. Lawrence is rather more relaxed after "Il Duro" ("Besides Il Duro, we found another Italian who could speak English, this time quite well", TWI, 117), reflecting an unwillingness, perhaps, to attempt again to build too much on too slight an acquaintance. Although three distancing devices are employed (Lawrence and Frieda on the inglenook "stage", the colonel on his balcony, the conversation on the mountain lawn), Lawrence does not use them as bases for meditative excursions of the Tiger/Lamb kind. There is a recourse, also rather pointless, to the weak humour and irony more typical of the 1913 sketches than of 1915 (the "execrable" music; John's blowing "himself red in the face", TWI, 119). And there is a rather limp contrasting of the cold, desolate, shabby village with the mindless Italian sentiment that automatically warms to John's baby son and to the tale of suffering of the colonel.

But the contrast has no issue, except in Lawrence's unwillingness to consider it further. ("It was all, somehow, grey and hopeless and acrid, unendurable", TWI, 120). We are nearly in the mood of "Italians in Exile". It might well be that the interruption of Lawrence's concentration after "San Gaudenzio" / "The Dance" (where he halted to complete The Crown for publication) was detrimental to Twilight. Cross-references from earlier chapters continue to inform the later chapters but the thinking is less original and challenging, less exploratory; Lawrence is more willing to admit defeat.

In any case, this chapter is curiously unco-ordinated. Although John undergoes some kind of welling-up and then purging of his latent Italianness in the fight, we're not shown what his relationship is to the Italian propensities, canvassed in this chapter, for sentimentality and child worship. Similarly, it's not clear why John's "flower-like ... soul" (TWI, 123) and his childish dependence on his father matters in America's attraction for him. Lawrence is content, instead, to record the paradoxes. The saddest paradox is, of course, John's feeling obliged to return to America when he is not in need of the money. John is the exception that proves Lawrence's rule.

In the early version of "Spirit of Place" (1918) Lawrence was to develop the idea of migration being attributable to the breakdown of Italy's "polar potentiality" with Northern Europe; the "new" polarity, he holds, is between Europe and America. Waves of attraction, deeper and stronger than the individual consciousness, are at work. In Twilight, however, the case is only budding:

There \ <sup>was</sup> a strange, almost frightening destiny upon him, which seemed to take him away, always away from home, from the past, to that great, raw America. He seemed scarcely like a person with individual choice, more like a creature under the influence of fate which was disintegrating the old life and precipitating him, a fragment inconclusive, into the new chaos.

(TWI, 125-26)

Unfortunately, this direction of thought gets insufficient development to inform the other elements of the chapter, to "structure" it in a way with which we have become familiar in earlier chapters. As a result the prose is apt, sometimes, to sound dangerously like the merely clever, more like Fitzgerald (who, though, finds a use for cleverness) than Lawrence:

What were wife and child to him? - they were the last steps of the past. His father was the continent behind him; his wife and child the foreshore of the past; but his face was set outwards, away from it all - whither, neither he nor anybody knew, but he called it America.  
(TWI, 126)

It's true that America's magnetic attraction for John picks up Lawrence's earlier observation about John's lack of a coherent purpose, his "random excursions into the world" (TWI, 122). But that, as an interpretation of John's failure to finish his schooling, may be unfairly loading the case. As I recount in Appendix Four, this failure could equally be attributed to his laziness. And despite John's supposedly fateful attraction to America he in fact returned after the War, living in Italy for the rest of his life. Part of the problem would have been, simply, that for a chapter devoted to the fate and personality of a single individual (as for "Il Duro") Lawrence had simply too little to work on. It could be, as I argue in Appendix Four, that Lawrence's memory was especially defective in the case of this chapter and as he "pushed" it, probing for significance, very little fell into place, so that he was forced to fabricate situations and facts (John's being married, his very name, his building the funicular.)

These factual objections are, in this case as I explain in the appendix, uncertain but it would seem that here, more than in any of the other chapters, factual objections could least well be explained away: Lawrence neither launches confidently and convincingly away from the particular into realms that shoot the problem through with a different light nor adequately reconciles the

paradoxes of an individual's situation that he could not fully remember.

"John" seems to hover between two styles of "personal" travel book art: one (uniquely Lawrence's own) of intensely engaged personal enquiry; the other dependent on the accidents and vagaries of personal impression. Lawrence seems, in part, to be moving away from the former without being willing fully to accept the implications for his art of the latter. Yet it was towards the latter that Lawrence's second period of composition of Twilight, separated from the first ("Crucifix" to "San Gaudenzio" - "The Dance") by his final revision of the six Crown papers for publication in The Signature, was moving.

One notices the emergence in the second period of composition of a personal tone that is closer to the conventional travel-book presence of the traveller/author. Partly this is because the Swiss chapters are more overtly travel essays than any in Twilight. ("The Crucifix Across the Mountains" depends to an extent on geography but very little on the sense of a journey.) They came to depend more on the logic of travel than on one that is superimposed - and "the logic of travel" includes such trivial things as chance happenings, one's route, the people one meets, and whether one's boots are chafing one's toes. The upshot is that Lawrence courts (and in "The Return Journey" implicitly submits to) the danger of having general interpretative positions referred back to his mere moods of the moment. If this is detrimental to the intellectual reach and scope of the essays, the prose, nevertheless, has its felicities - felicities that point forward to the art of Sea and Sardinia.<sup>39</sup>

The walk Lawrence recounts in the Swiss chapters is based on his return to Italy for the 1913-1914 winter. He travelled without Frieda from Irschenhausen where they had spent a few weeks in the Jaffes' house. Lawrence departed on 18 September, 1913, going via Constance, Schaffhausen, Eglisau, ("The Golden Stag": page 130, night of 19 September),

Zurich, Langnau-Gattikon (the Italians practising the play, 20 September), Arth or Goldau ("a detestable brutal inn": page 154, 21 September), Lucerne, Flüelen ("a good German inn", where he meets the Englishman, page 154, 22 September), Andermatt, Göschenen, Hospental (the dear landlady: page 162, 23 September), Ticino valley, Bellinzona 24 September, Lugano 25 September, Como 26 September, arriving Milan 27 September where he met Frieda.<sup>40</sup> The second last paragraph of "Italians in Exile" - the "internal evidence" - seems to place the writing of the chapter some time after Lawrence's stay in Fiascherino: "the paper they gave me ... lay in my drawer for months, in Italy .... Even now I cannot really consider them in thought." (TWI, 147) It is likely, given that there is no other mention in the letters of Lawrence's writing the Swiss chapters, that Lawrence turned to them first in October 1915. While I'm not confident that one could argue from stylistic considerations that "Italians in Exile" could not have been written before that time, the passages about disintegration in "The Return Journey" have obviously been influenced, in language and idea, by The Crown, suggesting a late 1915 dating.

The narrator plays a more prominent role in the Swiss chapters than in the foregoing ones. He has to function as a kind of picaresque hero. But more than this - and here a development of that note of ingenuousness in his conversation with Il Duro about why he would return to America - we find the narrator proposing ideas and impressions only to have them undermined. So the "Germany of fairy tales and minstrels and craftsmen" (TWI, 129) gives way to the ugly Schaffhausen Falls; amidst the medieval architecture and the "fine covered bridge" (TWI, 130) of (the unnamed) Eglisau, we find "Bettler, Lumpen, und Taugenichtse" ("Beggars, rascals, and good-for-nothings", TWI, 132). The narrator, whom it "pleased to take upon [him]self a sort of romantic, wandering character" (TWI, 132) is upstaged by the arrival of the Swiss cavalry, who "came thundering romantically through the dark cavern of the roofed-in bridge" (TWI, 133). This reversal is itself undermined when the narrator finds

the riders to be "more like a party of common men riding out in some business of their own than like an army." (TWI, 133) This travel essay seems to be acquiring a basically different character and movement from its predecessors.

This new pattern of the prose could, with the art of the earlier chapters in mind, be seen as merely a reflection of Lawrence's failure to find a revealing focus for his attention. After all, he has not had the time, when travelling, to stop and ponder or to make any intimate personal connections with the people in whose company he finds himself. Yet it's as if Lawrence is trying to have it both ways: to develop a new direction for his travel art but at the same time to adopt the authoritative tone of his earlier meditations:

There is something very dead about this country. I remember I picked apples from the grass by the roadside, and some were very sweet. But for the rest, there was mile after mile of dead, uninspired country - uninspired, so neutral and ordinary that it was almost destructive.

They <sup>could</sup> only give me boiled ham; so I ate boiled ham and drank beer, and tried to digest the utter cold materialism of Switzerland. (TWI, 134 and 135)

The juxtaposition of palatal likes and dislikes with the state of the national spirit is extraordinary if only that it is (apparently) unconscious. I have commented in relation to the lakeside chapters that Lawrence bares the subjective base from which his ideas spring. This habit is unchanged here. Only, the conditions of a fruitful "subjective" confrontation with his subject are lacking. If Dickens, in his introduction to Book II of Little Dorrit, and James, in his pages on Switzerland in Italian Hours, had had related reactions that does not guarantee Lawrence's impressions the status of ideas, however assertively they are proposed:

One gets this feeling always in Switzerland, except high up: this feeling of average, of utter soulless ordinariness, something intolerable. Mile after mile, to Zurich, it was just the same. It was just the same in the tram-car going into Zurich; it was just the same in the town, in the shops, in the restaurant. All was the utmost level of ordinariness and well-being, but so ordinary that it was like a blight. All the picturesqueness of the town is nothing, it is like a most ordinary, average, usual person in an old costume. The place was soul-killing.  
(TWI, 134)

But the conclusion is too sudden: we soon find it is not the end of the story. Just as his earlier expressions had been undermined by contrary evidence so Lawrence now finds an oasis of warmth and interest in the place where he least expected it: "a tiny, pathetic magicland [the Italians' play-reading] far away from the barrenness of Switzerland." (TWI, 139)

There is an openness to the experience that now enters the prose that one can only call sensuous. The contrast with what was little more than a closure or refusal of perception about Switzerland's sterility is as welcome as it complete:

Quick, vivid, and sharp, the little Giuseppino was always central. But he seemed almost invisible. When I think back, I can scarcely see him, I can only see the others, the lamplight on their faces and on their full gesticulating limbs. I can see the Maddalena, rather coarse and hard and repellent, declaiming her words in a loud, half-cynical voice, falling on the breast of the Alfredo, who was soft and sensuous, more like a female, flushing, with his mouth getting wet, his eyes moist, as he was roused. I can see the Alberto, slow, laboured, yet with a kind of pristine simplicity in all his movements, that touched his fat commonplaceness with beauty. Then there were the two other men, shy, inflammable, unintelligent, with their sudden Italian rushes of hot feeling. All their faces are distinct in the lamplight, all their bodies are palpable and dramatic. (TWI, 140)

The "drama" that their bodies palpably express reads, however, with the account of Persevali's acting in mind, a little tiredly. Significantly Lawrence does not tell us, or does not remember, what the play was called or was about. There is less real intellectual engagement than in his treatment of Hamlet as the general polarity is posited. Unlike the to and fro of proffered impressions and their overturning that has been the pattern of this chapter, the general placement is offered with authoritative intent.

They loved Italy passionately; but they would not go back. All their blood, all their senses were Italian, needed the Italian sky, the speech, the sensuous life. They could hardly live except through the senses. Their minds were not developed, mentally they were children, lovable, naive, almost fragile children. But sensually they were men: sensually they were accomplished.

Yet a new tiny flower was struggling to open in them, the flower of a new spirit. The substratum of Italy has always been pagan, sensuous, the most potent symbol the sexual symbol. The child is really a non-Christian symbol: it is the symbol of man's triumph of eternal life in procreation. The worship of the Cross never really held good in Italy. The Christianity of Northern Europe has never had any place there.

And now, when Northern Europe is turning back on its own Christianity, denying it all, the Italians are struggling with might and main against the sensuous spirit which still dominates them.

(TWI, 142)

Although the lines of communication to similar ideas elsewhere in Twilight are open, little is added that changes the earlier case or that would extend or widen the lines.

The notable exception is the realisation that the exiled Italians have gone one step further than John:

Suffer as they might, and they did suffer, wincing in every nerve and fibre from the cold material insentience of the northern countries and of America, still they would endure this for the sake of something else they wanted. (TWI, 143)

But this "something else" Lawrence cannot face here. He had declared that both eternities must be known - which, in Lawrence's terms, is surely what these men, possessed of an Italian sensuousness, are doing in submitting to the disciplines of German-Swiss industrialism. So that the chapter's final gesture - "I shrink involuntarily away. I do not know why this is" (TWI, 147) - , if it reflects Lawrence's violated sensitivity it also registers his unwillingness to test out his general theories against the particular case. The reason is more, I think, one of technique than idea. The kind of subjectivity we see at work in this chapter is one that is moving away from the (different) subjectivity of the lakeside chapters. But it cannot adequately answer, or test, ideas and theories in the same way.

Lawrence only fully accepts the logic of the new disposition of his art in "The Return Journey". The discontinuities of interpretation and first-hand perception are of a different kind in "The Return Journey" from those of "The Lemon Gardens". One could pinpoint the difference by reflecting that when, in "The Lemon Gardens", Lawrence darts away from the Spinner, having generated a polarised placement of her, we do not ask (in the Twilight version) whether a momentary weakness on Lawrence's part compromises the truth and force of that placement. In "The Return Journey" it seems natural to associate Lawrence's hatred for some church elders "in black broadcloth" (TWI, 152), whom he sees on the Sunday morning, with the fact, as he declares immediately thereafter, that his boot was chafing two of his toes. This is a different kind of subjectivity; the writer's reflections and valuations depend very much on his confessed moods—moods that are likely to be all the more influential because of the chapter's lack of a focus, even of the kind achieved in "Italians in Exile".

The achievement of the chapter, as I see it, is Lawrence's willingness to develop the new impulse to which he had been unwilling to give full rein in "Italians

in Exile". That chapter's pattern of reversal of the narrator's expectations offered a way of balancing and controlling his detestation of Switzerland and all things Swiss. Art written out of rage can be major, as Swift demonstrates, but success comes partly from disguising and controlling the rage. "The Return Journey" can be seen in this light; as a deliberate attempt to exploit a mood of alienation and bitterness.

Lawrence is prepared to let his observations and denunciations simply reflect his mood of the moment. Thus we're not surprised to witness contradictory stances: Lawrence enjoys a cosy, confidential and lachrymose sojourn with the old ladies yet finds almost everything else thereafter detestable; although his young Swiss walking companion's tiredness is seen as the upshot of a manly, healthy pursuit he finds the Englishman's tiredness symptomatic of a depraved national condition. No doubt, moreover, Lawrence's horror of the Italian main road, as he walks to Bellinzona, is partly inspired by the disproportionate effect the noise of the towns and the industrial disfigurement of the landscape would inevitably have had on someone who had been walking amidst pristine mountain scenery that same day.<sup>41</sup> Another cause, equally accidental, would no doubt have been the fact that he had just travelled a dozen miles in a train after a hard morning's walk - something that is certainly not calculated to renew the walker's spirits and interest in his surroundings, for his legs would have cooled down to exaggerate his stiffness and tiredness. (I've calculated he walked over thirty miles that day.)

There is a kind of simplicity or unimposingness, as a result, behind Lawrence's apocalyptic comments. We refer them almost immediately back to the mood of the utterer. The "terror of the callous, disintegrating process was too strong in me" (TWI, 172) he writes; the pall of this mood hangs heavily over the last few pages. "It becomes like a madness at last", he had written to Russell in March 1915, "to know one is all the time walking in a pale assembly of an unreal world " (CL, 330). Lawrence's even darker mood

of mid-1915, the mood of The Crown, is being allowed full sway in this essay. Simply, the "unreal world" is now Switzerland: the apocalyptic avalanche (page 159) is possible at any moment. But only for Lawrence: it's difficult to share his strong presentiment of disaster.

Interestingly, this would not have been his mood at the time of the actual walk - as a couple of his letters demonstrate.

I am at present on a steamer on the Lake of Constance going from Überlingen to Constance. I love these old towns with roofs sticking up so high, and tiles all colours - sometimes peacock blue and green. (CL, 227)

I walked all the way from Schaffhausen to Zurich, Lucerne, over the Gotthard to Airolo, Bellinzona, Lugano, Como. It was beautiful - Switzerland too touristy, however - spoilt. (CL, 228)

Almost certainly Lawrence did not, in late 1913, have the language to see what was probably only a nascent frustration with things Swiss as evidence of a national, and generally Northern, collapse. After all, he was happy enough to do another alpine walk through Switzerland the following spring.

Whatever the source of the frustration it becomes for us, as Lawrence gives it full rein, a way - one way - of understanding the scene. Lawrence takes no pains to disguise his bias. It is kept in check only by the "travel logic" of the essay: the need to get on with describing the progress of the journey. Descriptions of this progress it punctuates so that the chapter records a gradual welling up of frustration and impatience - which, importantly, allows Lawrence to take the measure of the "perishingly victorious" Englishman. It is a memorable portrait of bravery and foolishness, a portrait that finally explodes in rage.

He slaved for a year, mechanically, in London, riding in the Tube, working in the office. Then for a fortnight he was let free. So he rushed to

Switzerland, with a tour planned out, and with just enough money to see him through, and to buy presents at Interlaken: bits of edelweiss pottery: I could see him going home with them.

So he arrived, and with amazing, pathetic courage set forth on foot in a strange land, to face strange landlords, with no language but English at his command, and his purse definitely limited. Yet he wanted to go among mountains, to cross a glacier. So he had walked on and on, like one possessed, ever forward. His name might have been Excelsior, indeed.

But then, when he reached his Furka, only to walk along the ridge and to descend on the same side! My God, it was killing to the soul.

He lived at Streatham. Suddenly I hated him. The dogged fool, to keep his nose on the grindstone like that. What was all his courage but the very tip-top of cowardice? What a vile nature - almost Sadish, proud, like the infamous Red Indians, of being able to stand torture.

(TWI, 156-58)

"My God, it was killing to the soul"; "What a vile nature": Lawrence exposes the personal origins of his thought. He does not disguise them into ideas. We sense an honesty and openness that makes us attend to his impressions even if we must finally invoke "subjective" in a limiting sense of eccentric or intriguing.

The art of the final chapters, then, cannot be claimed to be the strength, the major creative achievement, of Twilight in Italy. That is represented by the chapters of the first spate of writing, before he turned aside to rewrite The Crown. One cannot finally ignore, in the last chapters, the ebbing of Lawrence's confidence that his private experience, duly meditated upon, could be shown to be not just linked to, but to declare, the directions of the modern world. He had indicated such an intention in a letter to Gordon Campbell earlier in 1915:

You see we are no longer satisfied to be individual and lyrical - we are growing out of that stage. A man must now needs know himself as his whole people, he must live as the centre

and heart of all humanity, if he is to be free ..  
 ..[E]ach work of art that is true, now, must  
 give expression to the great collective experience,  
 not to the individual ....

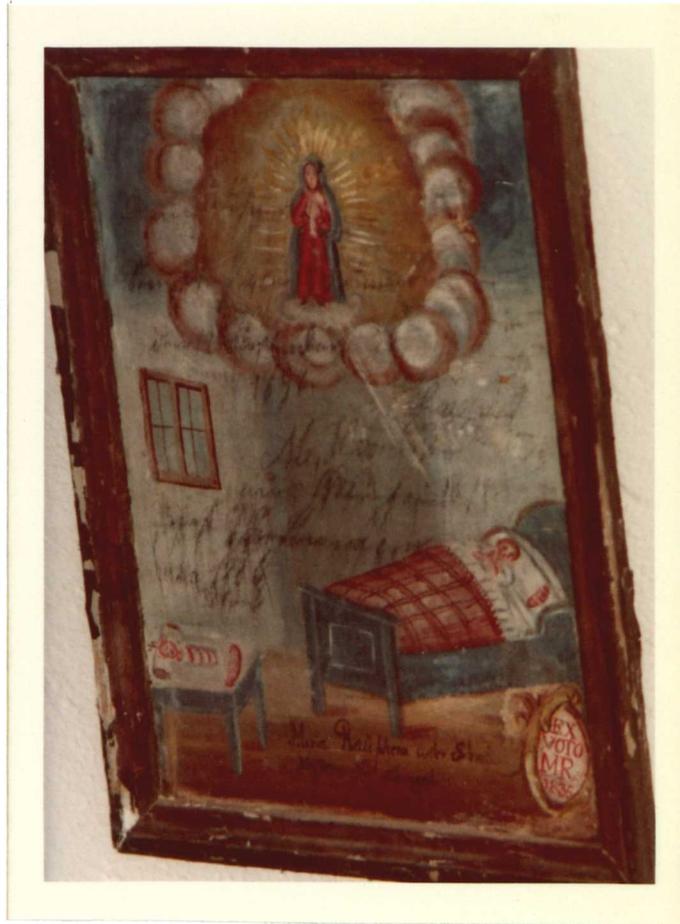
You see it really means something - I wish  
 I could express myself. 42

The first half-dozen chapters of Twilight constitute an important part of Lawrence's endeavours in 1915 to find that "expression", to "know himself as his whole people". The linking of the two in the prose draws upon, as I have discussed, the rhythms of mind and the gestures of a man-in-thought, and it is in the interplay of this figure with the larger ideas themselves that our response is, I believe, centred. However, there is, I have argued, an inescapable problem generated by his intention in Twilight to speak not just for himself but in the largest terms, for his "people", his civilisation. Whereas the coherence of the thought is predominantly a "subjective" one the thought implicitly claims an "objective" validity. The difficulties and contradictions so engendered I have called the Lawrence paradox.

- 1 C. Baron: Aspects of the Life & Thought of DHL 1912 - 1916,  
Ph.D. thesis, Camb., 1971, p.225.
- 2 Bookman, Oct. 1916, p.27, col. 1.
- 3 Calendar (1979) p.35.
- 4 ibid., p.38.
- 5 ibid.
- 6 ibid., p.44.
- 7 The introductory two page florilegium could be of 1913 were it not  
for: "What can be so fiercely gleaming when all is shadowy? It  
is something inhuman and unmitigated between heaven and earth."  
The extremist language is typical of a later Lawrence. Similarities  
between Rainbow & Twilight also indicate a 1915 dating. Both  
Paolo & Will are losing their patriarchal authority (e.g. when  
Will burns his Adam & Eve frieze); both Maria & Anna look to the  
next generation for a release from present conditions of life.
- 8 Dial, 22/3/17, p.237, col.2.
- 9 ibid., p.238, col.1.
- 10 Frederick Owen visited San Gaudenzio in the early 70's. The  
information in his article, "San Gaudenzio Today" (Human World,  
nos. 15-16, 1974, 75-83), is based on his wife's conversation in  
German with Cati Capelli, now dead.
- 11 Cyriax appears, unnamed, along with Frieda as the two Englishwomen  
in "The Dance". It is possible in fact that "The Dance" is a  
re-written "ending" for "San Gaudenzio". "The Dance" is not  
specifically mentioned in the letters. See footnote 19, ch.4  
above & footnote 24, below. I learned of the Cyriax book through  
H.T. Moore's Priest of Love (1976) p.224.
- 12 Cf. A.L. French's "'The Whole Pulse of Social England': WL"  
(CR: XXI, 1979, 57-71) which poses a similar question about the  
claim of WL to depict contemporary social forces.
- 13 We're told it's on the Italian end of the western shore (TWI, 34);  
it's north of Desenzano (TWI, 39). In fact one can pin it down to  
lying north or north-west of the "Island", Isola di Garda (TWI, 34).  
It's not Salò (TWI, 58); it contains the churches of San Francesco  
& San Tommaso; it's more or less opposite Monte Baldo (TWI, 99);  
it has a theatre converted from a church & an annual theatre  
festival. Gargnano could easily have been identified once one  
was in the only possible area: Gardone - Gargnano (the old road went  
no further north than Gargnano). In London it could have been  
done with the 1913 Baedeker for Northern Italy (14th edn., in  
English) which, in describing the towns of the region, refers to  
the Franciscan Monastery in Gargnano (op.cit., p.285; TWI, 58).
- 14 Their source of the chapter was the Italian version, Crepuscolo  
in Italia in DHL: Libri di Viaggio e Pagine di Paese, ed. Piero  
Nardi, trans. by G. de Carlo & E. Vittorini (being Vol. X of Complete  
Works, Mondadori, 1961) pp.89-105. The translation appears to be  
an accurate one.
- 15 See Appendix 3.
- 16 Cyriax, op.cit., pp.11-12 & 102.
- 17 A quaint relic of this was given by the Capelli's refusal to admit  
the "ne'er-do-well" priest's undeniably unpriestly activities.  
See Appendix 3. Peasant respect for the cloth still lingers.
- 18 Cyriax, op.cit., p.165.
- 19 Appendix 3.
- 20 Appendix 3.
- 21 In Pegaso (Florence) 5/4/33, p.391. Linati sent his earlier  
(newspaper) article on DHL to him. L's reply appears in CLII,  
826-27. Cf. L's reply to Aldington's: DHL: An Indiscretion  
(1927) in CLII, 978-79.
- 22 Pegaso, p.390.
- 23 ibid.

- 24 This is perhaps an argument for the view that "The Dance" is a revised version of an original ending to "San Gaudenzio". If L came back to the chapter at a later date this could account for its stylistic differences from the other upland chapters. See footnote 11, above.
- 25 Cf. C.L. Ross: The Composition of The Rainbow (Charlottesville, 1979) p.88ff.
- 26 Her book follows a chronological sequence. The dance appears in Chapter 2 near the beginning of her stay at San Gaudenzio - approximately the period when L & Frieda were there. Moreover she recounts dancing with the one-legged wood-cutter & being disconcerted by him. She is L's bella bionda. Cyriax was the only other Englishwoman there at the time.
- 27 Cyriax, op.cit., pp.22, 23-4 & 19.
- 28 Letter to Forster, ?24/1/15 unpubl. L asks Forster for the book. He comments at some length on it in an unpubl. letter to Forster, 3/2/15. He criticises Forster's tiredness with civilisation & his return to pagan solutions that are no longer appropriate. Forster, L claims, is living "towards the roots" whereas a conception of flowering is needed.
- 29 2nd edn., 1912 (1st publ. 1911) pp.122-23.
- 30 See Appendix 4.
- 31 Owen: Laurentian Places ... M.A. thesis, Uni. Coll. of Swansea, 1977, p.47.
- 32 *ibid.*, p.52.
- 33 1909, pp.113-14.
- 34 Frank Fox: Italy Today (1927) p.207.
- 35 Cyriax, op.cit., p.218.
- 36 In "Peasant Jewellery", Peasant Art in Italy ed. Charles Holme (1913) p.33.
- 37 Owen: Laurentian Places ..., p.290.
- 38 E.g.: "Death has no beauty in Italy" (TWI, 120): we remember that it can have in Austria: the D'Annunzio's son crucifix; John's Tigerish nature when incited by the bullying in America.
- 39 Cf. David Ellis: "Reading L: The Case of Sea & Sardinia", DHLR X, 1977, 52-63.
- 40 For the identification of the towns not named in the Swiss chapters I have drawn on Armin Arnold's "DHL in der Schweiz", Neue Zürcher Zeitung, 21/5/57, No. 1477; on his "In the Footsteps of DHL in Switzerland: Some New Biographical Material", TSSL III, 1961, 184-88; and on Owen's Laurentian Places, pp.71-98. Arnold & Owen disagree about the name of the town where the Italians in Exile live. Arnold claims it is Adliswil; Owen that it is Langnau-Gattikon. I have not done the walk.
- 41 W.M. Conway in his Alps from End to End (1895) reports a similar response, p.290.
- 42 Feb. 1915, publ. in "DHL: Letters to Gordon & Beatrice Campbell", P.L. Irvine & A. Kiley, DHLR VI, 1973, 4-5.

A P P E N D I C E S



"I was looking at a pale blue picture. That was a bedroom, where a woman lay in bed, and a baby lay in a cradle not far away. The bed was blue, and it seemed to be falling out of the picture, so it gave me a feeling of fear and insecurity. Also, as the distance receded, the bedstead got wider, uneasily. The woman lay looking straight at me, from under the huge, blue-striped overbolster. Her pink face was round like a penny doll's, with the same round stare. And the baby, like a pink-faced farthing doll, also stared roundly. 'Maria hat geholfen E.G. - 1777.'"

("A Chapel Among the Mountains": PII, 33)



The altar of Röhrlmoos chapel. Our Lady of Röhrlmoos is the little doll in the glass case. There is a small Christ in Distress to the right.



The new chapel at Röhrlmoos.



The Hay Hut Among the Mountains looking out to the Röhrlmoosalm.

"The hut was as big as a small cottage. It was made of logs laid on top of one another, but they had not been properly notched, so there were stripes of light all round the Egyptian darkness."

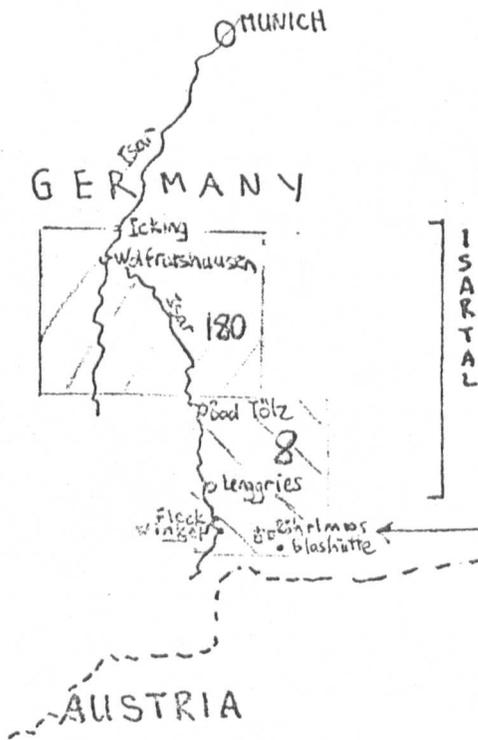
(PII, 38)

## APPENDIX 1

DETAILS OF THE CRUCIFIXES ROUTE

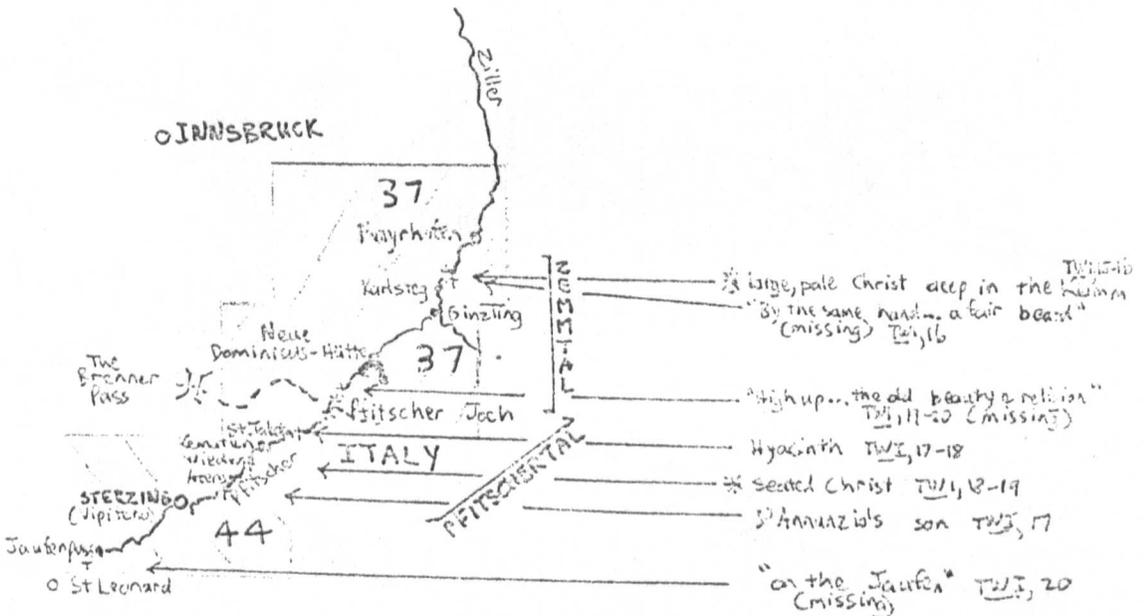
- August 5, 1912 Lawrence and Frieda left Icking\* (Boulton I, 429; Map ref.: Kompass Wanderkarte [hereafter "KW"] Fleischmann, Munich, n.d., No. 108: E/F, 2.3).
- August 5-6 They walked along the Isartal via Bad Tölz and Lenggries. (An intensive search on both sides of the Isar failed, however, to uncover a Bavarian Christ of the type Lawrence describes. Nor could I discover a "little seated Christ" by the Isar.)
- August 7 Turning off east at Winkel or Fleck, in pursuance of a tip they had been given at a Gasthaus ("Chapel", PII, 29), to walk over the mountains along a shortcut to Glashütte they got lost. It started to rain and after a scramble they chanced to find the chapel of Our Lady of Röhrlmoos (PII, 32), spending the night of August 7 in the hay hut at Röhrlmoos. The night could not have been August 6: it would have required a tremendous feat of walking to reach Röhrlmoos by the 6th. (Identification of Röhrlmoos: Owen, "Chapel and Hay Hut", Human World XI, 1973, 39-49; and KW, No. 8: B, 3.2) The present chapel is a replacement of the one Lawrence saw. (See Owen, op.cit.) The ex voto painting of the woman in the blue bed is the only one left/<sup>or those</sup> that Lawrence describes in detail in "Chapel", although there is also a wood-felling ex voto which Lawrence describes in general terms. (See photographs.)

\*Master sketch map of the route appears on the following page with indication of sections covered in detail by "Kompass Wanderkarte" maps. Detailed sections of these follow.



\* Bavarian peasant Christ TWI, 10-13  
 Little Seated Christ TWI, 14

"Chapel of Hay-Hat Across the Mountains" (Prolix ii)



\* large, pale Christ deep in the TWI 15-16  
 "by the same name... a fair beard"  
 (missing) TWI, 16

"High up... the old beauty & religion"  
TWI, 17-20 (missing)

Hyacinth TWI, 17-18

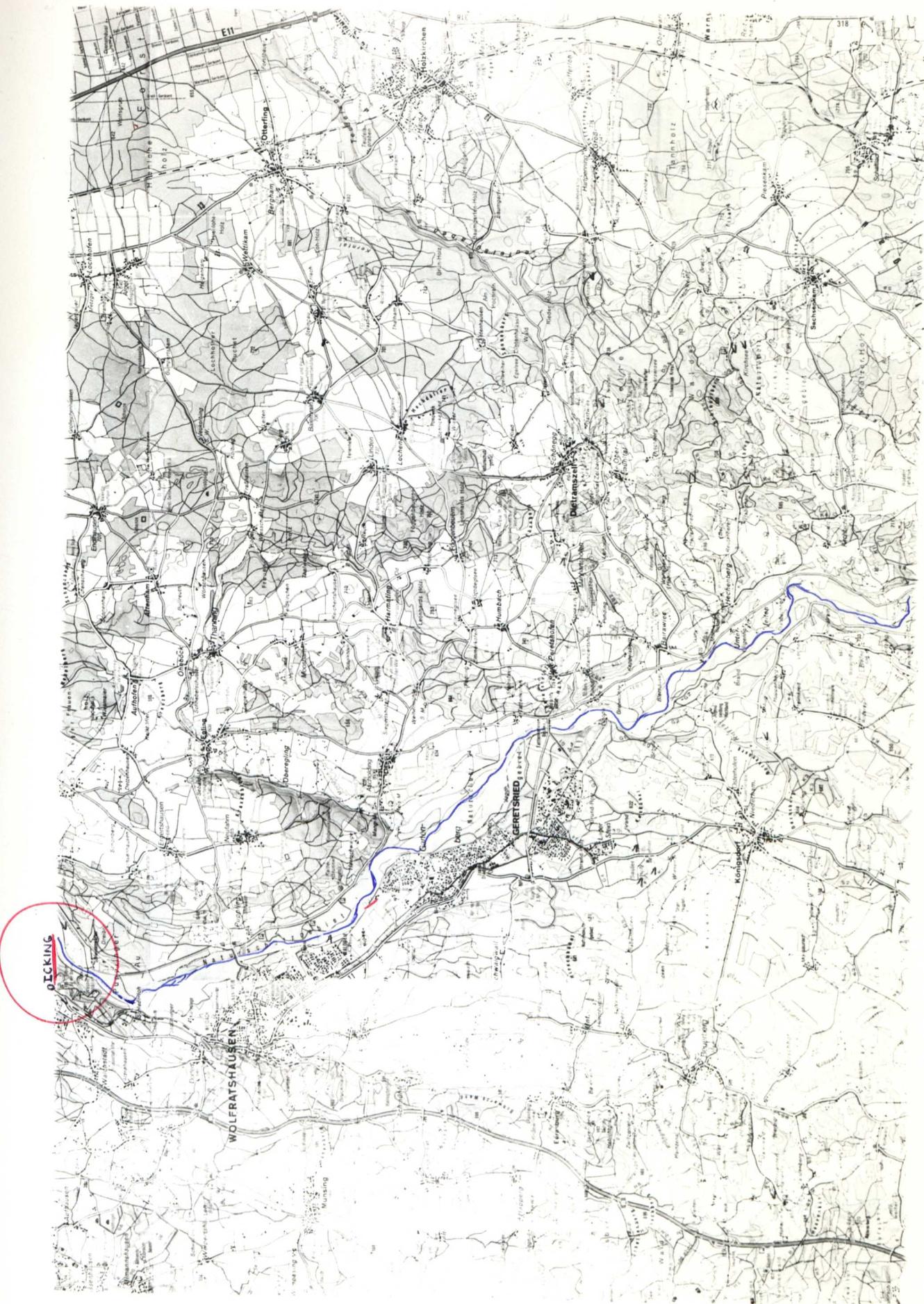
\* Seated Christ TWI, 18-19

St. Annaz's son TWI, 17

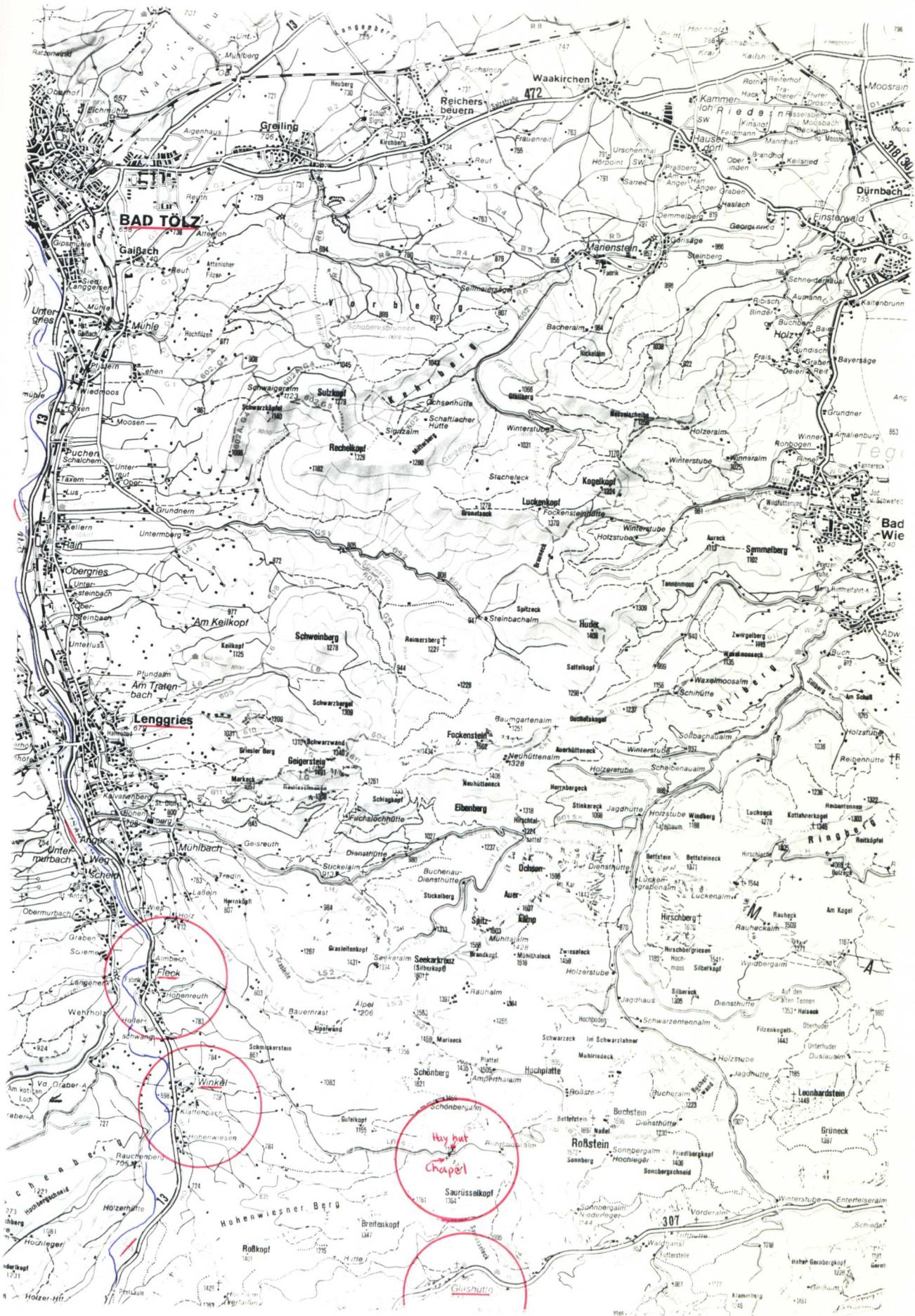
"on the Jauern" TWI, 20  
 (missing)

o MERAN

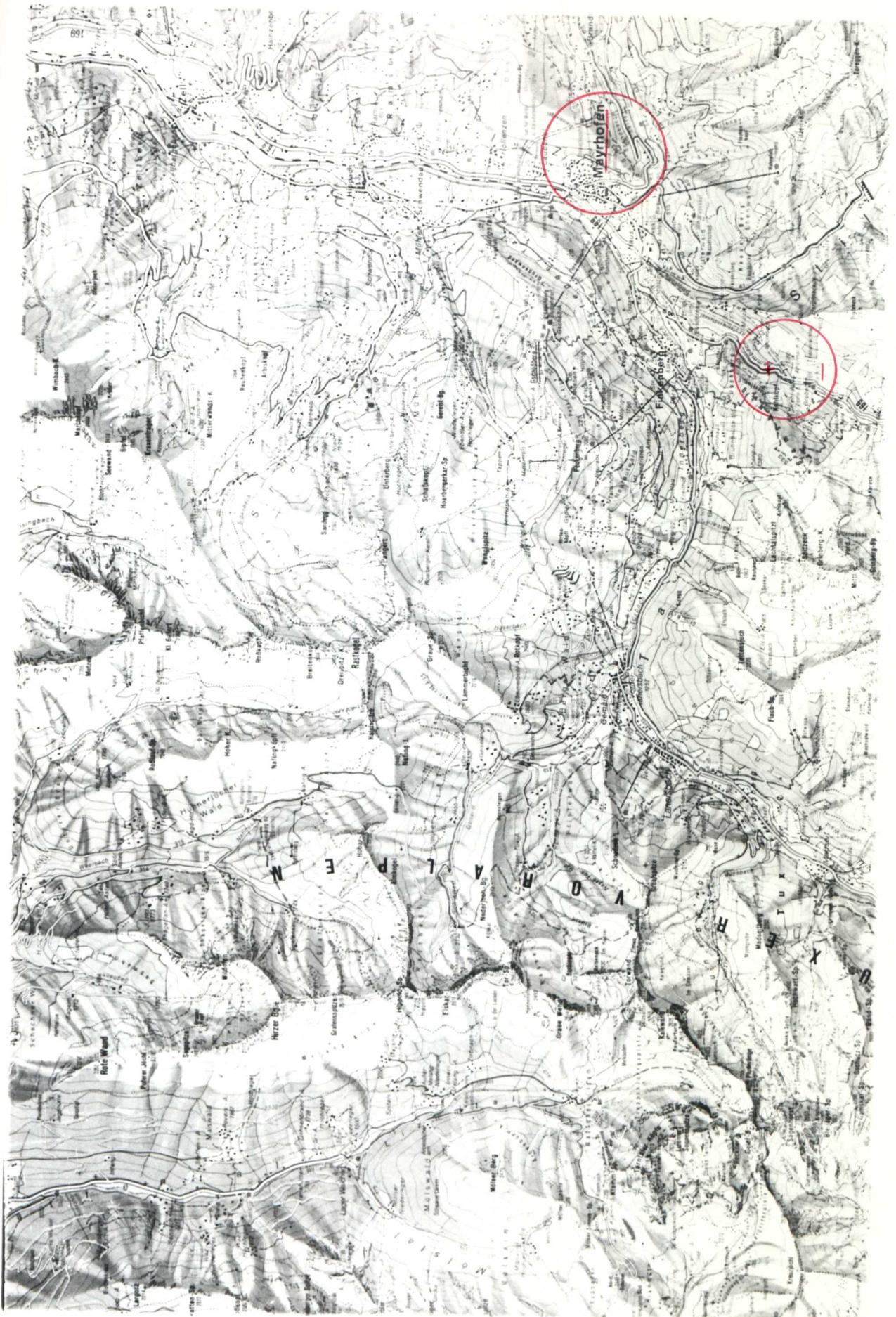
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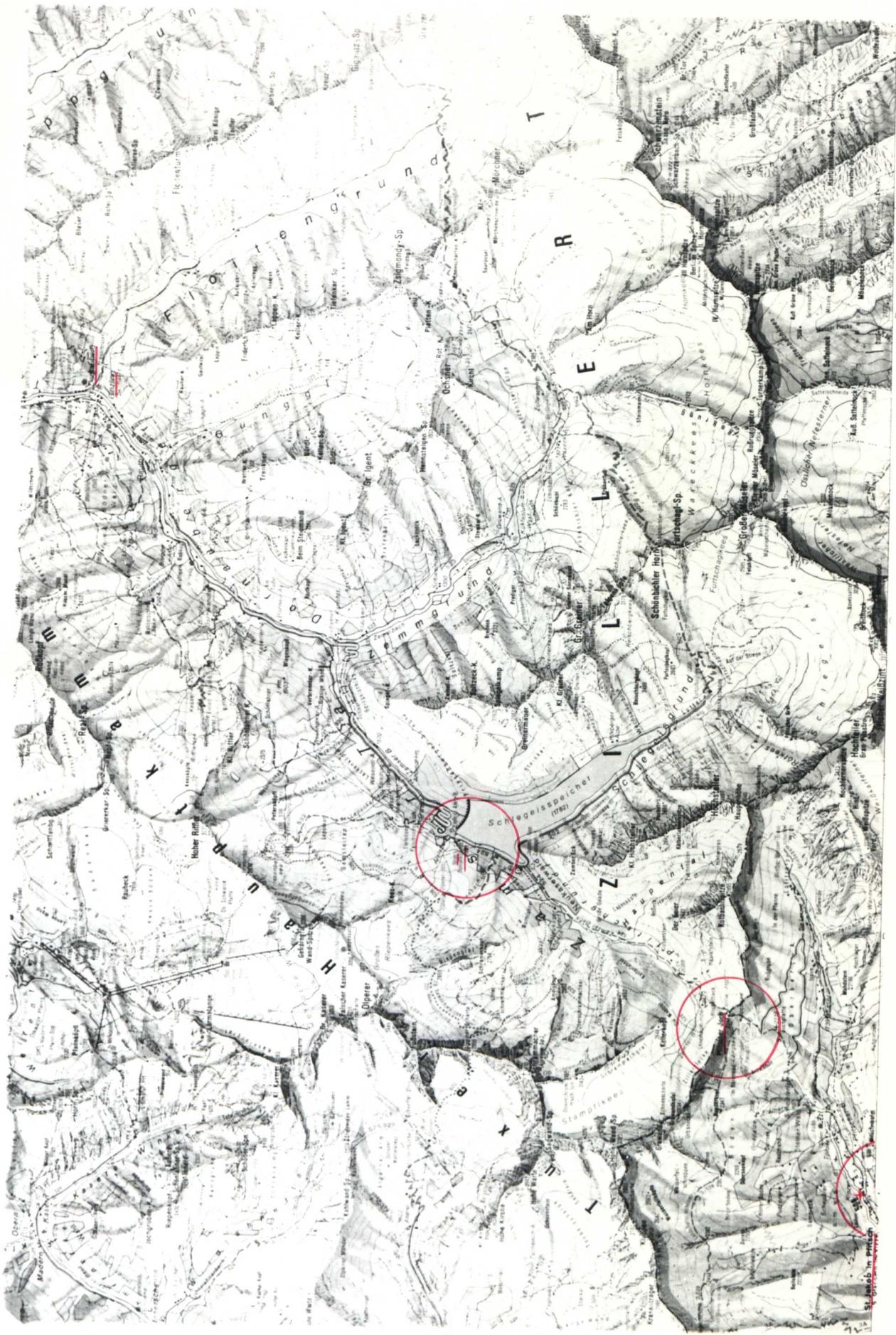
Detail of KW, 180



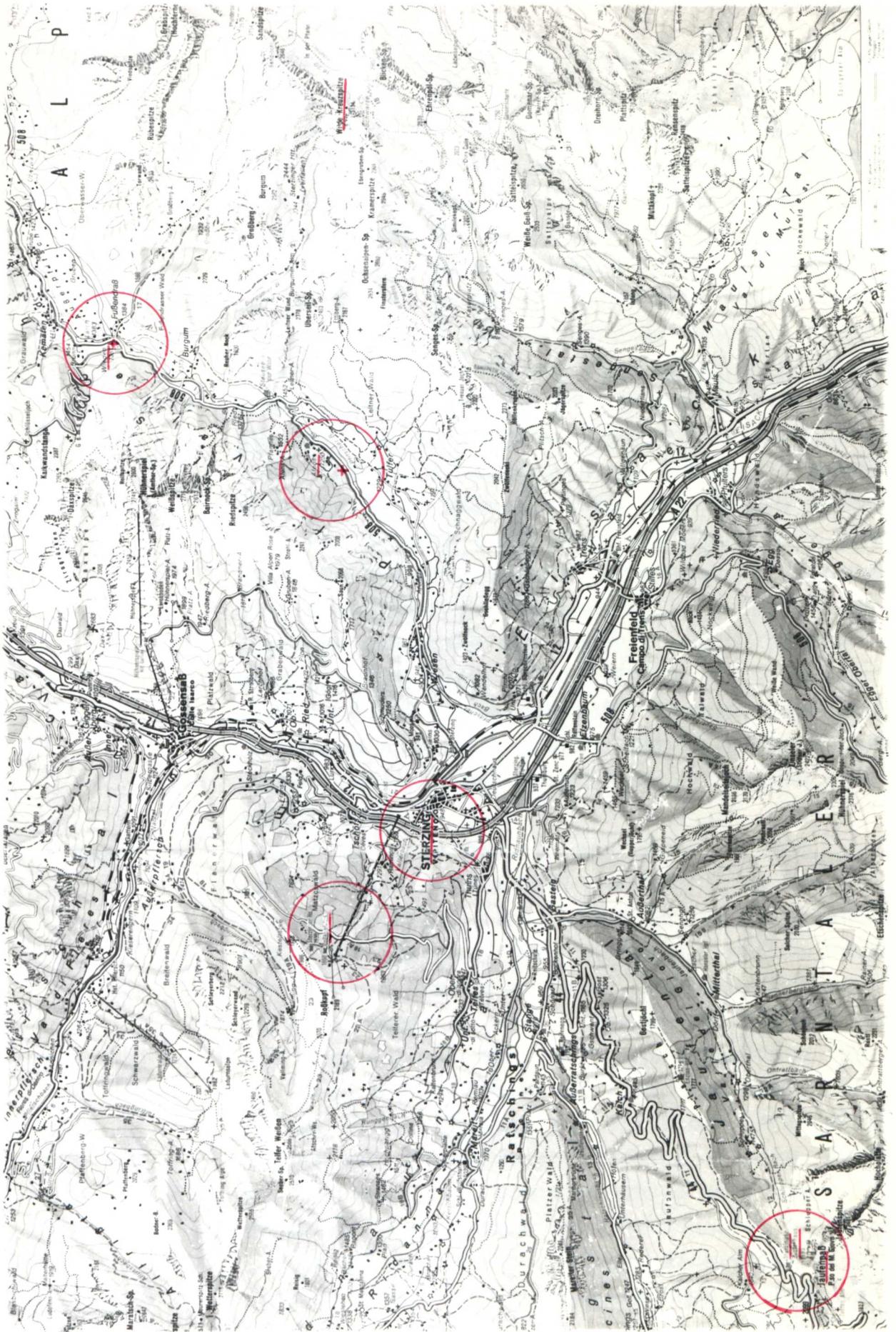
Detail of KW, 8



Detail of KW, 37



Detail of KW, 37



Detail of KW, 44

- August 8 Lawrence and Frieda met the farmer's wife at Röhrlmoosalm down the hill from the hay hut and then walked to Glashütte ("Hay Hut", PII, 42; KW, 8: B, 3.4), spending some time in "the cottage of a hunter" (Boulton I, 432: Letter 479) before leaving Glashütte on the same day (Boulton I, 432: Letter 480). They proceeded along the Achentäl and Zillertal to Mayrhofen (perhaps not on foot: "We walked from the Isarthal down here - or at least, quite a long way ..."; Boulton I, 441)
- August 10 Arrived Mayrhofen (Boulton I, 433: Letter 481; KW, 37: D/E, 2). Lawrence's address - Mayrhofen 138 - refers, I learnt, to an old postal classification. The house at that old address replaced one, the present owner told me, owned by a hunter who also had a farmhouse in the nearby Stilluptal with a mountain stream rushing by outside - as Lawrence describes the house in which he was staying (Boulton I, 441). There is no stream next to (old) Mayrhofen 138. Perhaps Lawrence only used this as a postal address. The biographical record needs further clarification at this point.
- August 27 Joined by David Garnett and Harold Hobson, Lawrence and Frieda left Mayrhofen for Italy via the Zemtäl. They slept the first night in a hay hut again. (This is not the one on which the Hay Hut sketch is based, as David Garnett assumed: Nehls I, 178.) The second night (Aug. 28) they reached the (old) Dominicushütte (KW, 37: B/C, 3.5) - now gone: a dam has been built on the spot. Boulton I, 443; letter 488: this letter was written the following morning, August 29. To walk from Dominicushütte over the Pfitscher Joch, along the Pfitschertal to Sterzing in one day would require most determined effort: it's at least 8 hours. Given that Lawrence's



The new Karlsteg bridge. To the right was situated the small Christ. The large Zemtäl Christ is situated about 150 yards down from the bridge.

party appeared to be in no hurry, having taken a leisurely two days to walk from Mayrhofen to Dominicushütte, it is likely that they arrived in Sterzing on Aug. 30, the date of the first letter from Sterzing (Letter 489, Boulton I, 443). Lawrence would have encountered the Zemmatal crucifix (the large, pale Christ deep in the Klamm: KW, 37: D, 2.4) on the 27th. The Klamm (lit. "ravine") is the Dornauberg-Klamm commended in Baedeker's Eastern Alps (1911, 12th edn.) p.242 as "a profound ravine, enclosed by lofty, pine-clad rocks, between which the Zemmach is precipitated in numerous cascades". The Zemmatal crucifix in the photograph is exactly in the position Lawrence describes: "The road runs under the rock and the trees, half-way up the one side of the pass ..." (TWI, 15). It is situated about 150 yards before the Karlsteg bridge. (Built in 1955, of stone, replacing the wooden Karlsteg referred to in Baedeker, p.242. As this is the only bridge before Ginzling, this must be the one where Lawrence saw the small Christ with a fair beard, TWI, 16.) The small crucifix is no longer there. However, the innkeeper of the Karlsteg Gasthaus, a little further on, told me there used to be a little one on the right bank beside the old bridge. A man in his fifties, he told me that the large crucifix had been there as long as he could remember and he thought before that. It has recently been repainted. But the most convincing proof to the walker that he has found the "right" crucifix (this goes for most of the ones Lawrence mentions) is that they are so very striking, so unmistakable. There is no doubt they are professional products. (The Bavarian crucifix may have been an exception.) I could find no old memento moris in the Zemmatal. After the Klamm crucifix there are no crucifixes



A small metallic crucifix near the Pfitscher Joch on the Austrian side: "The crucifix itself is a small thing under the pointed hood, the barb of the arrow. The snow blows under the tiny shed, upon the little, exposed Christ. All round is the solid whiteness of snow ... where the path crosses the high, extreme ridge of the pass." (TWI, 20)

till Ginzling and, once beyond this populated area, none thereafter till the Pfitscher Joch where there is a small metallic one in poor condition. (See photograph. This is the position - "where the path crosses the high extreme ridge of the pass"-of the first of the two mountain Christs, TWI, 20.) It's unlikely, in any case, that any wooden crucifixes would survive many winters above the Dominicusshütte because of the severity of the weather. The Pfitscher Joch is passable only three months of the year. As the Zemtäl is virtually unpopulated above Ginzling and as crucifixes tend to be placed by the road near the farmhouse of their owners (although some are placed near the site of mountain accidents in commemoration), it is likely Lawrence had his geography confused when he wrote in Twilight: "[t]he tendency of the crucifix, as it nears the ridge to the south, is to become weak and sentimental." (p.17) Moreover, although he states that he has only seen "vulgar or sensational crucifixes" (TWI, 18) south of the ridge, he himself has placed the D'Annunzio's son crucifix in that region (TWI, 17). For these reasons the placement of the Hyacinth crucifix north of the ridge (TWI, 17) is not to be trusted. Lawrence indicates there are more than one: "Others again are beautiful as elegies." (TWI, 17) Indeed, there are two such, just to the east of St. Jakob, that stand unmistakably apart in artistry and feeling from other "weak and sentimental" (TWI, 17) examples. I was unable to establish whether the crucifixes were there in 1912 as the families in question were out. A letter (in German) to one of the owners - Heinrich Hofer, 73 St. Jakob in Pfitsch, Bz, Italy - brought no reply. Apparently there have been offers to buy the Christs: which have



The chapel at Wieden (middle ground, to the left) looking up the Pfitschertal.



To the left of the altar in the chapel at Wieden. Note the evidence of fire on the St. Sebastian, the ex voto wall plaques and the ex voto painting with the Christ in Distress, in heaven, above the presumably lost or ailing cow: "Ex voto 1771".

caused offence. The crucifixes look very old; they are cracking. But they were delicately and sensitively carved, obviously by the same hand.

August 29 Lawrence presumably spent the night of August 29 somewhere in the Pfitschertal: St. Jakob would be likely - especially given Garnett's comments (Nehls I, 179) . He would have seen the Hyacinth crucifixes before entering St. Jakob.

August 30 The shocking, seated Christ in the chapel at Wieden he would have seen the next day (KW, 44: F/G, 1.5). There is another seated Christ in a small chapel at Platz just west of St. Jakob. (See photograph.) It came, I learnt, from a very old wooden chapel which was replaced by the present one about 1930. Most of the private chapels (there are many) were made of wood; their plaster-on-slatted-wood replacements are in serious decay and are not being replaced as the wayside crucifixes still are. The chapel at Wieden fits Lawrence's description much better. It is "a very big, important shrine by the roadside .... built in the baroque manner" (TWI, 18). It is, indeed, the only chapel near St. Jakob that fits this description and that possesses a seated Christ. The chapel seats about thirty people. It is rectangular with an apse housing the altar, itself framed by an arch. The imitation marble altar repeats the arch in shape. The altar suffered a fire in 1969 which, I was told, mysteriously started and stopped of its own accord, the chapel being locked at the time. The Christ was little damaged. The chapel is an old one. One ex voto painting in the chapel depicts the altar Christus in heaven with a chain dangling down to just above a cow (presumably in thanks for the recovery of the cow) with the legend "Ex Voto 1771". In any case, the Christ is

so obscenely shocking one knows one has found Lawrence's Christ. It has a new red cape and the hair has recently been painted but the painting otherwise is not recent, and given that it has been protected from the elements, it may well be as Lawrence saw it in 1912.

Several hundred yards below the inn at Afens, further towards Sterzing, is situated what I believe is the D'Annunzio's son crucifix. (KW, 44; E/F, 1.8). It appears to be quite old: it is splitting in many places and has little paint left on it. It is life-size. Its remarkable sensuosity, "very elegant, combed and brushed" (TWI, 17), clearly separates it from other attempts to achieve a similar feeling observable in a number of crucifixes in and around Sterzing. The effect is usually one of languor or lifelessness, or a vague, characterless femininity. A further, general, argument for the identification of this crucifix is that it is more likely in the Pfitschertal, than in any of the other valleys Lawrence traversed, that the Christs he saw would have been preserved. The sheer number and variety of crucifixes and the unusually many family chapels in this lightly populated and isolated valley manifest the natives' active religious devotion to the Christ figure - at least, that is, until recently. The modern interest in "ethnic art" that has stripped Bavaria of many of its crucifixes and ex voto paintings is only just reaching the Pfitschertal. Lawrence scholars would do well not to accelerate the process--by not publishing exact locations of the crucifixes.

- Night of Sterzing (Letters 489 and 490, Boulton I, 443-  
 Aug. 30: 44)
- August 31: Perhaps a visit to Sprechenstein Castle (Postcard  
 view of it, Letter 490).

September 1 To Rosskopfhütte WNW of Sterzing (KW, 44: D,1.8) Letter 491 (Boulton I, 444-45) is a postcard with a view of the Wildekreuzspitze (a very high mountain east of Sterzing) from the Rosskopfhütte. Letter 493, written on Lawrence's return the next day to Sterzing, reads: "last night again we slept in a hut 2000 - some odd hundred metres high" (Boulton I, 445). The postcard states the huts to be at 2191m.

September 2 Returning to Sterzing, Lawrence and Frieda then set out for Meran via the Jaufenpass, staying in the Jaufenhaus that night (KW, 44: C, 2.6) and writing letter 492. The "scramble here" must refer to the postcard's view of part of the then new Jaufen road on the Passeier/St. Leonhard descent. Therefore it can be seen that Letters 492 and 493 are in reverse chronological order. Lawrence and Frieda's walk to the Jaufenhaus probably took them via the Jaufental which ends in an extremely steep and fatiguing climb: "a wild place, worse than Pfitscher Joch ... the night rolling up filthy and black from out of a Hell of a gulf below us" (Letter 496, Boulton I, 450). The alternative (and easier) route on the modern road does not fit this description. In the Jaufental - which has less arable land than the Pfitschertal and whose road also comes to a dead end - there are a good many crucifixes. The Christs are mostly small, more or less naturalistic, but with limbs, body and facial features so entirely characterless that they do not contribute to the overall effect intended by the graceful inclination of the head on to the right shoulder. Near the head of the valley, just below Obertal, there are two small, old-looking "peasant Christs" where there is little attempt at naturalism. One has a very long trunk and a head much too big for the body. But

whether these attempts signify "the desire to convey a religious truth" (TWI, 20) or whether they are simply primitive in their attempt to achieve a naturalistic Christ is a moot point.

September 3 In any case, the fallen Christ described by Lawrence was apparently situated on the descent to St. Leonhard and so seen by Lawrence the next morning (Sept. 3): "on the Jaufen .... I was ... descending through the cold morning air" (MS, 5). It is no longer there.

Night of Sept. 3 Lawrence and Frieda reached Bozen (Bolzano): "beautiful but beastly, and slept in a room over a pig sty." (Boulton I, 450)

Night of Sept. 4 Travelled to Trient (Trento): "We could only afford a very cheap hotel" (Frieda: Nehls I, 180; Letter 496, Boulton I, 450)

September 5 Travelled by train from Trient to Riva on Lake Garda (Letter 494, Boulton I, 447 dated 5 Sept. see Boulton I, 455 for description of officials at Trient station). On Sept. 5 he sent 3 travel articles to de la Mare for forwarding to the Westminster Gazette (Boulton I, 447). This presumably included the Chapel and Hay Hut sketches (probably completed at Mayrhofen, though perhaps begun at Glashütte) but not, I think, "Christs in the Tirol". (However, it is not otherwise mentioned in the letters of the period.) The first paragraph indicates that the sketch was written at Lake Garda and that he had been there a little while: "these painted shrines on the Lake Garda are not the same." (MS of "Christs", HRC, Texas, p.1) The MS also makes reference to "the 'Chocolate Soldiers', and the Austrian official uniform" (MS, 5), an idea which also crops up in letters of Sept. 15 (Boulton I, 452) and Sept. 17 (Boulton I, 455). These pieces of evidence suggest a mid-September dating for the "Christs" MS. It was published in Westminster

Gazette, March 22, 1913. Lawrence's correction of the proofs could have been completed any time in the November 1912 - Feb. 1913 period. (This is taking the "French Sons of Germany" sketch as a model: submitted 16 May 1912; received proofs 3 July 1912; publ. 3 and 10 Aug. 1912. See Boulton I, 405, 422.)

September 18 Moved to Villa Igèa, Villa di Gargnano, Lake Garda.

## APPENDIX 2

### FACT AND FICTION: LAWRENCE'S "THE SPINNER AND THE MONKS", "THE LEMON GARDENS" AND "THE THEATRE"

D.H. Lawrence spent his first winter out of England (1912-13) at Villa, Gargnano, on the shores of Lake Garda in northern Italy. It was a fateful choice: Italy was to have a profound effect on his understanding of modern life. Aligned in his thinking with the "flesh", the "blood" and "God the Father", Italy was to serve as much a symbolic as a literal function in his "philosophy". Yet, when he wrote some travel sketches in 1913 about life on the Garda (substantially revised for the 1916 publication of Twilight in Italy), he purported to be writing about a real place and time - not just a symbolic one - and his readers came to his work expecting as much. It may be that they were wrong to expect that, but that is a literary critical problem that can't really be settled until a more straightforward and obvious question is answered: how much did Lawrence know about that real place and time? How much respect did he pay to what facts he did know? What, in short, are the facts behind the fiction?

Although Lawrence wished to treat of Italian life on the Garda at its deepest levels, he shows very little sign of having availed himself of one obvious source of knowledge of that life: the history of the area. He tells us a little about the Franciscans and their connection with the lemon growing, but the political and social history of Gargnano does not enter his diagnosis at all. For instance, he does not relate to his account the fierce campanilismo, or local pride, evidenced in Gargnano's determined efforts in the Middle Ages to gain the status and semi-independence of a comune (which, after some feudal bestowing and re-bestowing of the area, and the consequent disputes and battles, it achieved). And he is as little interested in



"Living at Villa he would continually have been teased by the sight of the majolica-tiled pointed roof of the steeple peeping over the wall behind his back door."

the subsequent history of the town. From 1426 to 1797 it was part of the Republic of Venice; in the eighteenth century it suffered from the occupation and transit of troops in the wars of Spanish succession. Later the area was the arena for French-German battles as part of Napoleon's campaigns. It came under French dominion till the Congress of Vienna, when it was given to Austria-Hungary (till 1848). Later there were Austrian-Italian disputes for possession of the area. In 1859 Austria finally left Gargnano, only to bombard it in 1866 after Garibaldi's activities had led to Austrian retaliation, and a war between the Austrian and Italian flotillas had broken out on the lake. Lawrence must have seen the Austrian shells that were still sticking out of some buildings in Gargnano in 1913. But whether they made him curious, or whether he developed that curiosity, we see no sign of it in his writing. Thus one normal, recognised avenue to understanding an area or people Lawrence chose not to take.

Moreover, he chose to ignore or alter some of the facts that were easily available and that he must have known. The churches that Lawrence describes in "The Spinner and the Monks", San Francesco and San Tommaso, are not, in fact, perched above and below the same village, as he indicates. Lawrence wants to create a kind of universal polarity between "Churches of the Eagle" and "Churches of the Dove" from the suggestive positioning of San Tommaso, with its high steeple towering over the village, and San Francesco sheltering down below. But the facts have been twisted to fit the scheme. San Francesco is in Gargnano; and in relation to Gargnano, if one were to follow Lawrence's scheme, the "Church of the Eagle" would be San Martino. San Tommaso overlooks Villa, not Gargnano (although Villa is one frazione of the comune of Gargnano, itself the seat of the municipal chambers).

Presumably Lawrence chose San Tommaso only because he lived in Villa, in the Villa Igèa, and not in Gargnano. San Martino was at the far end of Gargnano. Living at Villa he would continually have been teased by the sight of the

majolica-tiled pointed roof of the steeple peeping over the wall behind his back door and the steeple itself over the houses clustering around the marina at Villa.

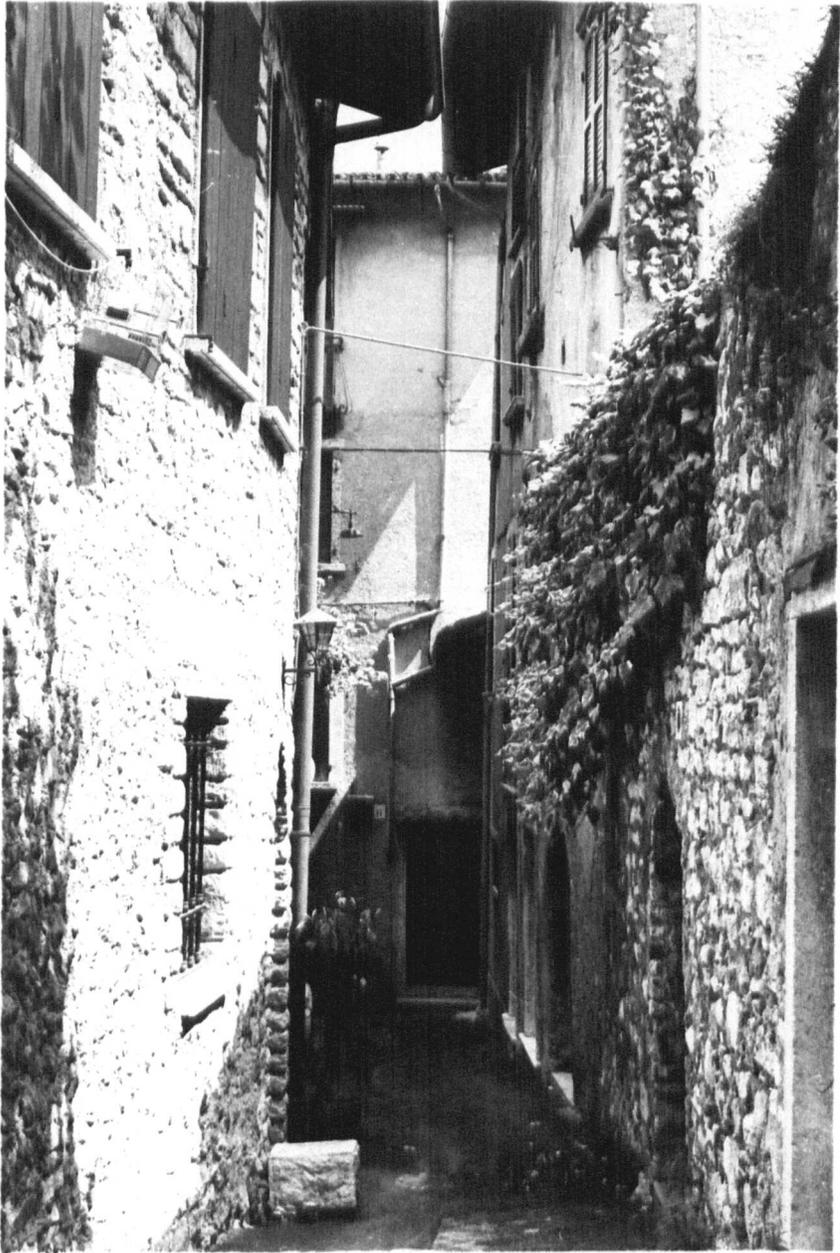
San Martino was just too far away; it's as simple as that. It's a rather more interesting church than San Tommaso. It's of nineteenth century construction and was paid for by the local benefactor, Feltrinelli. (His name is everywhere in Gargnano; Lawrence does not mention him). It's oval in shape, with a lantern and then an apse at the far end to provide room for a choir and an altar. At the near end of the oval there is a double pediment, the first roofing a loggia, the second enclosing a vestibule. It's of rough hewn stone outside. So it's of quite striking appearance, and with its air of a Roman pantheon and its subdued interior decoration it strikes one as an impressive, very tasteful structure.

However, Lawrence was notoriously uninterested in tastefulness. He was not at all the tourist-esthete. In San Tommaso there is, in fact, a sixteenth century fresco of some merit, a baroque chapel and a Byzantine-style mosaic over the altar (not, of course, period: the church is of the eighteenth century; the fresco was taken from the original fourteenth century church that the present church was built on to.) The majolica roof of the steeple of San Tommaso acted as a kind of beacon, an old Franciscan monk told me, for the twenty-year caravan of wayfarers travelling, in the years after 1545, to the Council of Trent beyond the northern end of the lake. Just down the road there is a quite fine early eighteenth century mansion with ornamental gardens: the Palazzo Bettoni, according to the guide book, the most impressive palazzo on the whole lake. Yet Lawrence does not mention it. And I could go on in this way proliferating examples: Gargnano is not Florence but it's by no means destitute of artistic, architectural and historical interest.

But the point is made. Lawrence is the last person to give us this kind of information or to be impressed by it. When he wrote his travel book on the Etruscans he was, for



"Even at the very last turning of the stairs it remains uncertain how one is going to arrive."



"the streets of Villa that Lawrence says frustrated his attempts to reach the church can only be said to be 'labyrinthine' in a picturesque sense"

instance , much more interested in their rude household pots than their Greekified objets d'art. Thus it's the the assault on the senses of San Tommaso's darkness and spicy smell that Lawrence records.

I went into the church. It was very dark, and impregnated with centuries of incense. It affected me like the lair of some enormous creature. My senses were roused, they sprang awake in the hot, spiced darkness. My skin was expectant, as if it expected some contact, some embrace. (Penguin, 1976, p.27)

There is no doubt that the church is very dark inside - it hardly registers on a light meter - and, oddly enough, I got some interesting testimony as to the smell. I had a guide that day, Daniele, who, about ten years ago, used to be an altar boy at San Tommaso. The church door was locked when we arrived so he took me around the back to the sacristy where a window was open. He wanted me to smell the anointing oil lingering in the air there.

The platform in front of San Tommaso where Lawrence found his spinner is no longer cobbled and the stone parapet where she hung her "big, blue-checked cloth" is gone, but the surprise Lawrence got in suddenly coming across the platform is still very real. Even at the very last turning of the stairs it remains uncertain how one is going to arrive at the church. (In the photo the railing on the top right hand side marks the edge of the platform.) However, the streets of Villa that Lawrence says frustrated his attempts to reach the church can only be said to be "labyrinthine" in a picturesque sense: San Tommaso is only moderately difficult to find.

Unfortunately, there was no spinner waiting to unsettle me with her self-enclosure. Even the steps Lawrence dashed up to get away from her had been inconsiderately covered in dirt to make a ramp for some builders restoring the Franciscan monastery just above the church. The gorge behind San Tommaso that Lawrence scrambled down into is every bit as precipitous as he describes, but the "neutral"

monks he saw are almost all gone. The monastery is being converted for the use of nuns; for a long while it's been a convalescent home for old monks. The monastery was built in 1906 and extended in 1926 (more Feltrinelli contributions).

The church of San Francesco (Lawrence's "Church of the Dove") housed the original Franciscan monastery. It dates back to the thirteenth century, built, the old monk told me, in honour of St. Francis's coming to Isola di Garda near Salò to spend his last days. Lawrence's description of this church is accurate: it does not advertise itself. But it's not, as Lawrence adds, the chief church of the village: San Martino is the parish church.

Franciscan monks returning from China are said to have introduced the special lemon culture that they had seen practised in China, and indeed there are carvings of lemons on the capitals of the pillars of the San Francesco cloisters. In quite recent times the production of the small, perfumed, thin-skinned lemons in the lemon houses - hastily constructed, at the approach of winter, of wood on permanent stone pillars - has been totally discontinued. However, because the Italian Government forbids the destruction of "national monuments" of almost any kind (which includes the lemon pillars and, incidentally, the exterior of houses) the Gargnano-Villa area still looks much as it must have done during Lawrence's time there. But now the disused pillars present a weird sight, standing, as Lawrence says, like fantastic ruins of old temples descending the hills.

Lawrence's version of the economics of lemon growing is accurate. There had, as he says, been a change in the style of lemon cultivation: the lemon trees were now grafted onto a bitter orange stock. This had proved necessary because of a devastating citrus tree disease in the late 1850's. In that decade 62 million lemons had been consigned; in the 1880's the figure dropped to 22 millions, and only the biggest landowners survived. (U. Perini: Gargnano Nella Storia e Nell'Arte (1974) p. 175). Moreover, the lemons gradually became uncompetitive in price and so

production of them has, in this century, dwindled and, in the last fifteen years, altogether stopped. (Some lemons, however, are still grown in the conventional way.) The accompanying economic depression has continued, inevitably leaving its marks. In Villa, for instance, one sees only the old and the very young. The rest have had to move away to find work.

In his chapter "The Lemon Gardens" Lawrence links this economic decline to a more general spiritual stagnation in Italy, exemplified in his landlord Signor di Paoli: "The signore is a gentleman, and the last, shrivelled representative of his race." (p.39) The signore's lusting after "the mineral coal and the machines" of England is taken as a sign of Italy's having reached a dead-end, having now to subdue and control the flesh and the earth rather than merely expressing them, living them out:

He did not know these mechanisms, their great, human-contrived, inhuman power, and he wanted to know them .... He wanted to know the joy of man who has got the earth in his grip, bound it up with railways, burrowed it with iron fingers. (p.60)

However, had Lawrence inquired a little more closely into the family's fortunes he may well have found complicating factors that would have clouded his clear-cut interpretation. The di Paoli's house (where, in the story, Lawrence, with the honour of the mechanised and industrialised North in his hands, goes to fix the new-fangled door spring) was in fact built in 1851, just prior to the onset of the citrus tree disease. The house must have been, as Lawrence says, "a splendid place". Until recently the extensive gardens were beautifully maintained and it was the only house in Villa with central heating. This was the product of a family at the height of its prosperity, not the last desperate efforts of an inexorably doomed one. One can explain that "doom" in straightforward economic terms (and by the fact that Signor di Paoli was without heirs). One does not have to resort to the Tiger and the Lamb. (I could find nobody who remembered the di Paolis but I did learn that

no di Paolis had lived in the house for very many years. It's now divided into flats.)

The theatre Lawrence describes in the following chapter is still there in Gargnano, below San Martino in fact: so Lawrence had quite a run on the night he describes, hurrying through the rain so as not to miss the Hamlet production. There had been moves going back to the eighteenth century to secure permission to turn the church into a theatre. This was finally granted in the following century and the theatre, converted as Lawrence describes, rapidly became a centre, famous in the region, for visiting dramatic troupes. Drama festivals, like the one Lawrence describes, became regular events.

Although Lawrence is marvellously alert to the unself-conscious ease of an Italian lower-class audience ("Loose and abandoned, they lounge and talk, or they watch with wistful absorption the play that is going on." p.64), I wonder whether that touch of condescension that creeps into his response to the acting performances was in fact justified. (He says he had to force himself not to laugh.) We can never know for sure, of course, but Enrico Persevalli's troupe was, after all, a professional one and its repertoire was ambitious: in one festival an English classic (Hamlet), a Norwegian (Ibsen's Ghosts), a D'Annunzio play (he lived some way down the lake) and a modern piece.

Gargnano has continued to be something of an artistic centre for the region. I noticed that there was an international guitar festival in Gargnano earlier this year. And the University of Milan has one of its departments (for foreign students) situated in what was formerly the palazzo of the Feltrinelli family. (This, incidentally, was the headquarters of Mussolini's secretariat for his puppet "Republic of Salò" from 1943 to 1945.) The theatre, however, is closed now. Its most recent function has been as a cinema - the "Cinema Riki" - but it went bankrupt not long ago.

However, Lawrence's interpretation does not really stand or fall on the level of his artistic taste: Lawrence

is interested in Enrico Persevali's acting style for what it reveals about (what he sees as) the national malaise. Lawrence moves, almost always, from what he sees in actual fact to what he can make this fact disclose on a more general, "metaphysical" level. So he does not hesitate, under the pressure of this overriding intention, to interpret the Italian dilemma (in "The Theatre") in terms of English history: of Henry VIII, the execution of Charles I, and Cromwell.

But his prose continually reverts to "facts" or to actual observation. As important in this chapter as the dramatic performance is his having seen drunken men being led home by their wives on Sundays. (Lawrence sees this as an example of female dominion which the men try to escape by going to America.) Well, it's still the habit of especially the old men on Sundays to play cards and drink most of the day, moving on after a couple of hours on a pre-arranged and regular plan from one spot to another. Till about 10 p.m. when, drunk, they go home for their dinner long since cold, to be berated or beaten by their irate wives. Or so, according to my guide Daniele. The man Il Duro (of a later chapter) was, incidentally, always one of the company of drinkers at Villa till he died five years ago.

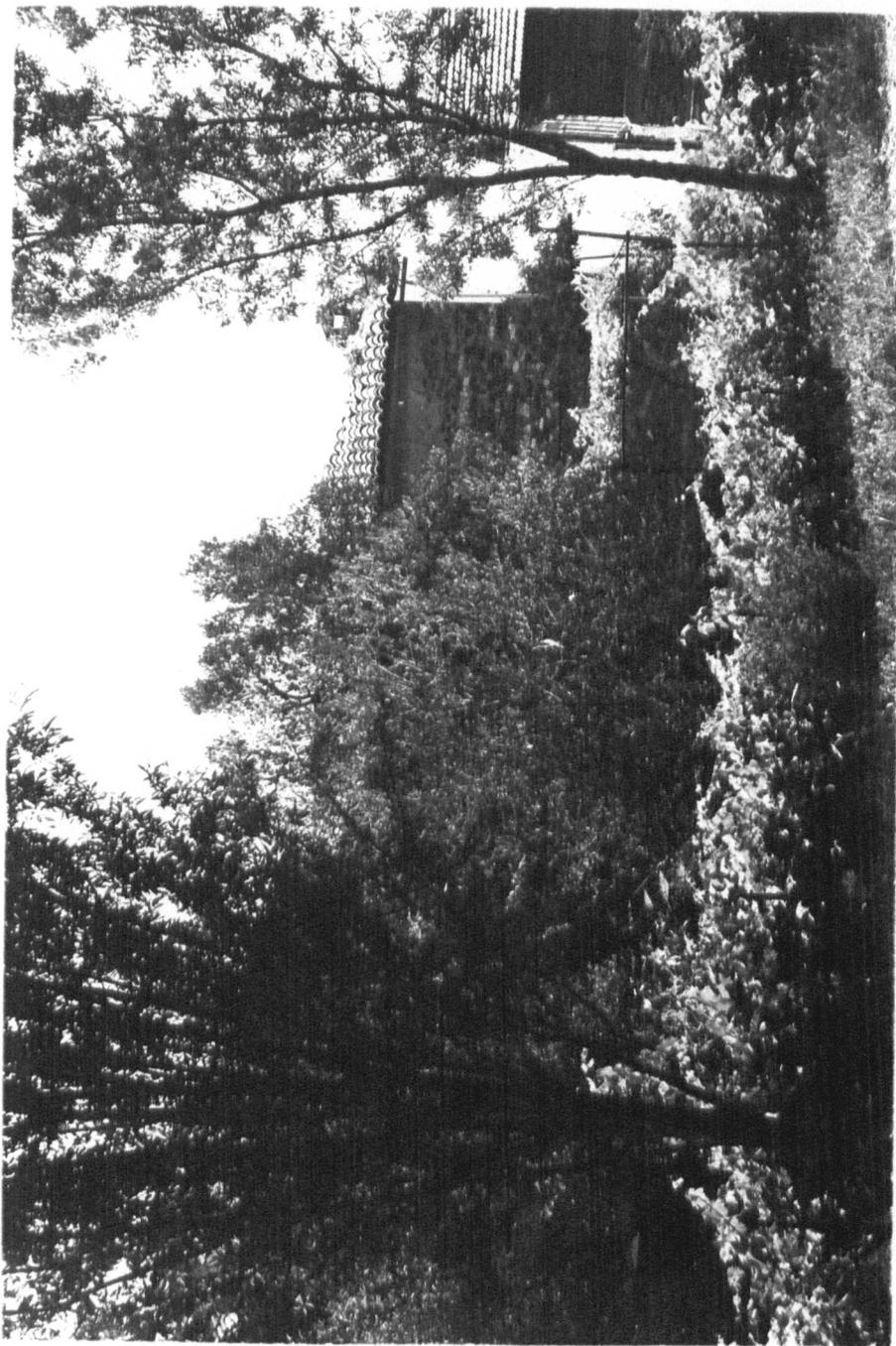
A favourite sport amongst the Sunday drinkers is, I was told, to play the occasional practical joke on one of their number. One joke is especially well remembered. One old man, when drunk, would know his house by slapping the wall, saying, "wall, wall, wall, door!", "wall, wall, wall, door!". The third door was his. One Sunday his friends bricked it up and of course he could not find it. There were other tales, of course, but the point of all this in relation to Lawrence is that he chooses to take and develop only the most sombre and profound implications of this behaviour. Despite the merits of this approach there are, as I found, other ways as well.

Lawrence buttresses his account of Italian male-female hostility with his description of young courting couples: the awkward and unenthusiastic youth "walks for an hour with

his sweetheart, at a little distance from her, on the public highway" on Sunday afternoon. "There is very little flirting" (Twilight, p.64). From what I could see things have changed considerably, but even in Lawrence's day there must have been more going on than met Lawrence's eye. Antonia Cyriax lived at nearby San Gaudenzio at the same time Lawrence did (after his time at the Villa Igèa) but for many months longer. And she saw a good deal of clandestine courting which she describes in her Among Italian Peasants (1919). (Not that having made simply more observations of this than Lawrence made her understanding of Italian male-female relations deeper or more satisfying than Lawrence's: on the contrary.)

If one wanted information about peasant life one would find Cyriax to be the more trustworthy (though, as I found, not entirely so), but then one does not read travel books just for information. However, we do usually expect them to be describing a real journey or place, somewhere to which, given the will and the wherewithal, we could also go. We expect that a travel writer will not arrogate to himself the full licence to depict life as he wishes that a novelist can. Lawrence at least challenges that expectation.

1979



San Gaudenzio from the road looking towards  
the lake.

### APPENDIX 3

"MY FATHER NEVER BLASPHEMED, NEVER":  
FACT AND FICTION IN THE SAN GAUDENZIO  
CHAPTERS OF LAWRENCE'S "TWILIGHT IN ITALY".  
AN INTERVIEW

The San Gaudenzio that Lawrence devotes a chapter to in Twilight in Italy is there on the map. (In the dialect it's pronounced "San Gordenzio".) The farm San Gaudenzio, together with the cemetery and little seventeenth century chapel, make up the località of the same name. It stands isolated on a bluff a thousand feet above Lake Garda in northern Italy on the winding road from Gargnano to Muslone (Lawrence's "Mugiano"). Lawrence and Frieda lived there in early April 1913 after their stay in Villa near Gargnano. The chapter in Twilight that describes the Capellis (called the "Fiori") who live at San Gaudenzio is arguably the finest chapter of the book. It was probably written in 1915 when Lawrence was also revising the book's previously published first four chapters for book publication. (I date the chapter thus because, unlike them, it shows no obvious evidence of revision or interpolation of overt philosophy, yet clearly is "mature Lawrence", and because there is no manuscript evidence to the contrary.) So the question of the accuracy of his interpretation is raised by the simple possibility of Lawrence's having misremembered various facts about the family he describes. But it's raised much more imperatively by Maria and Paolo Capelli's son and daughter who still live in Gargnano and with whom I recorded the interview given below. Moreover, there is a further, little known, source of information on this subject. Antonia Cyriax, an Englishwoman who was staying at San Gaudenzio at the same time as Lawrence (but for a longer period), wrote an entire book on San Gaudenzio (that she calls "San Lorenzo") and the area above it: her Among Italian Peasants published in 1919.

Savina and Riccardo Capelli, my interviewees, were

most insistent that Lawrence had got their father wrong, worse, that he had slandered him. Savina, though a woman of eighty-four, is still full of energy in both mind and body; she was bustling about the room, talking rapidly, determined, in the case in hand, that justice be done. Almost immediately upon my entering their flat, Savina launched into a rapid-fire tirade against Lawrence's misrepresentation of her father.

Savina does not appear in "San Gaudenzio" for she was away in Rome at the time working in a relative's store. Riccardo appears as the boy Marco:

He was strong and full of animal life, but always aimless, as though his wits scarcely controlled him. But he loved his mother with a fundamental, generous, undistinguishing love. Only he always forgot what he was going to do. He was much more sensitive than Maria, more shy and reluctant. But his shyness, his sensitiveness only made him more aimless and awkward, a tiresome clown, slack and uncontrolled, witless.

(Twilight, Penguin, 1976, p.93)

Tony Cyriax believed Riccardo's sluggishness to be<sup>a</sup> calculated laziness that he shared with other village boys. Maria beat him mercilessly, she reports, but to no effect. She writes that Riccardo tried to take advantage of their relationship (he ran messages for her), attempting to extort various rewards out of her for doing her messages correctly, or deliberately forgetting what she had ordered when she refused to reward him. And, she claims, he spitefully bullied her daughter Georgina. The idle hours he spent down in Gargnano (when supposedly buying provisions) she believed he spent listening to "men's talk" in the bars and on the quay, imbibing lewd notions well before his time.

Lawrence's description is more generous and less dependent on observation of outward manners, more intuitive. (This difference between the two writers is a consistent one.) Cyriax had more opportunity than Lawrence to get to know Riccardo and she tries to balance her irritation with the lad with a good deal of reported behaviour. Lawrence,

on the other hand, attempts immediately to penetrate deeper. He has an instinctive trust of his ability, both psychologically and linguistically, to do so. I can only go by my own impressions of Riccardo as an old man.

His son, who now runs San Gaudenzio (no longer an inn), confided that Riccardo was known for his laziness. And I thought I could see this in the man I met. He is, as an old man, personable, genial rather than charming — one feels at ease with him — slow in his movements and in his thought, yet well-aged and healthy. My mention of Georgina Cyriax brought a broad and well-disposed smile to his lips — which seemed to me entirely in character. People change, but nevertheless I find it difficult to square Cyriax's description of him with the benign old man I met.

He was happy to go along, to an extent, with his elder sister's condemnation of Lawrence, but then he seemed to feel an instinctive reluctance needlessly to stir up waters that could be calmer. He evidently had no wish to be caught up in his sister's current of emotion. Yet he thought his father had been maligned, and, in the terms in which he saw this, I tend to agree. It meant a lot to him that Lawrence had portrayed Paolo as getting into foul tempers and uttering the worst blasphemies. He remembered his father as a much calmer-tempered man, fairly devout, who never uttered blasphemies on the Madonna, who was on good terms with his wife and who made a good father.

I placed less credence, however, in Savina's efforts to paint a rosy picture of life at San Gaudenzio. In Riccardo's attempt to moderate Savina's version I believed I saw an authentic urge on his part to get the truth into mind. Riccardo was slowly turning his memories over and, although his abiding geniality no doubt dulled their edges (and caused him once or twice to want to provide an answer, and do so, even when he could not really remember), I got the impression that he kept little back. Savina was more guarded, even a little cunning, sometimes anticipating my questions, rushing in with her (sometimes defensive) answers.

On the question of blaspheming it's perhaps useful to

compare Lawrence's and Cyriax's version. Here is Lawrence:

Paolo, conservative as he was, believing that a priest must be a priest of God, yet very rarely went to church. And he used the religious oaths that Maria hated, even Porca-Maria. He always used oaths, either Bacchus or God or Mary or the Sacrament. Maria was always offended. Yet it was she who, in her soul, jeered at the Church and at religion. She wanted the human society as the absolute, without religious abstractions. So Paolo's oaths enraged her, because of their profanity, she said. But it was really because of their subscribing to another superhuman order. (Twilight, p.97)

[Maria] had the habit of treating [Paolo] as if he was a fool. She was quicker than he was, and his slowness irritated her. He was a refined, thoughtful man, perhaps too lenient of others' feelings to be quite just. I never heard him speak ill of any one or swear, unless occasion demanded. [Maria] was quite different. She was impulsive and easily shouted, and when in a fury her tongue would get the upper hand and her words became foul and unreasonable. But that did not happen often and the coarseness that was always there lay hidden.

(Among Italian Peasants. pp.11-12)

The weight of opinion would appear to be against Lawrence in this matter; it's three fairly similar versions against his one. But when it came to the priest - both Cyriax and Lawrence were intrigued by his unsacerdotal qualities - Savina and Riccardo would have nothing said against him. I couldn't be sure why this was. Riccardo's grandson at San Gaudenzio had mentioned, when he had come across the priest's grave at the little San Gaudenzio cemetery, something about the priest's son. I pulled him up short and asked him had I heard aright. Did he say "the priest's son"? He said yes; it was well known.

Both Lawrence and Cyriax record much to the detriment of the priest. Cyriax says that his behaviour was so flagrantly unpriestly that the villagers at Muslone had once petitioned their bishop, unsuccessfully, to have him

removed. Lawrence describes him as looking like "an old ne'er-do-well in priests' black" (p.97), pushing his way into the business that day on hand, insisting that he would show Paolo how to chop the tree down, calling insolently for more wine that he would not pay for. According to Cyriax:

He was not a man I respected. On the few occasions that I had conversed with him, he disgusted me with his vulgarity. His words always had a double meaning, and his insinuations were unpriestly. (p. 49)

Despite this sort of behaviour the priest nevertheless maintained, according to Cyriax (p. 55), remarkable power over the villagers. Perhaps it was this that made Riccardo and Savina so ready to defend him.

The interview follows. I present it translated but virtually unedited. The questions were partly suggested by the conversation we had before we recorded the interview. This family table of dates might assist the reader:

Parents: Maria and Paolo Capelli (surname "Flori" in Twilight) died 4 June, 1939 and 30 July, 1932 respectively.

Children in order of birth:

Savina, born 22 April, 1895.

Giacomo ("Giovanni"), born 1 October, 1897; died 1963.

Riccardo ("Marco"), born 21 April, 1900.

Giuseppina ("Felicina"), born 3 April, 1907.

(Q= Question; R & S = Riccardo and Savina answering together; R = Riccardo answering alone; S = Savina alone.)

Q: Did your father, Paolo, blaspheme?

R & S: No, no; never.

Q: Saying "Porca Maria" ...?

R & S: Never, never.

R: "Porca l'oca" he did, but

S: That's all.

- Q: Did Paolo go to church regularly?
- R & S: Yes, yes.
- Q: Every Sunday?
- R & S: To mass, yes. Always, always.
- S: He'd go, fair weather or foul; always in winter and snow to mass.
- Q: And used Paolo sometimes to get angry with Maria?
- R: No, no; never.
- S: And for that I'm furious with Lawrence because he said that they fought. However they didn't. He changed the names. He changed everything. Nothing of the truth.
- Q: Maria and Paolo didn't fight terribly then?
- R: No, no; "combatto", no.
- S: No, no; always they were in accord.
- R & S: Good, good, good. They loved each other.
- Q: There were dances at San Gaudenzio? [Cyriax says they were always held at the inn in Muslone, not at San Gaudenzio.]
- R: Yes.
- Q: Why?
- R & S: There were dances.
- R: The priest danced; even the priest danced on Sunday.
- R & S: We danced for amusement, to enjoy ourselves.
- Q: For birthdays?
- R: Yes, for birthdays also ... of my father and mother. Musicians always came, and lots of people.
- S: Lots of people came for amusement. All the people of Gargnano and also of Muslone came because San Gaudenzio is a good place. It was a jolly place. And our mother made food for everybody and ... and we enjoyed ourselves.
- Q: There were dances also in Muslone?
- R & S: Yes, yes.
- Q: Where in Muslone?
- R: It was called "La Marget"; steps up to it.
- S: In the inn there was a big room for dancing.
- Q: On the left before the church? [as described by Cyriax.]

- R & S: Right in ... the village. On the left, through an arch and up the stairs.
- Q: Where are Paolo and Maria buried?
- R & S: Here in Gargnano, in Gargnano cemetery.
- Q: When did they die?
- S: My father died in 1932; 30 July, 1932; my mother 4 June, 1939.
- Q: Where was your mother born?
- R: At Sirmione, on Lake Garda.
- S: And Papa on the other hand, at Muslone.
- Q: Describe, please, your mother as a girl, her circumstances.
- R: As a little girl she made nets for catching fish; she made nets.
- S: Because she had no father or mother.
- R: She was with her aunt and uncle, I believe. They lived from hand to mouth .... All kinds of nets for fishing.
- S: And when she was seven or nine she went into service in a Jewish household where she was happy; she always ate fairly well. [They had told me before that the aunt and uncle were extremely poor: eating "fairly well" was a change for Maria.]
- R: Also in Venice for quite a while. As a maid she was excellent.
- S: Then she was supposed to leave to act as the baby sister [sic. She said these last two words in English; she meant "baby sitter"] for an American lady who wanted her. She came to Muslone to visit her relatives but instead she immediately got married and remained here. (Laughter)
- Q: Please describe the priest of Muslone. [No answer] What was his name?
- R & S: Odorici, Odorici Domenico. [Odorici is the surname.]
- R: He was very fond of his drink.
- S: But he was a very sincere man and he worked on the land.
- R: Yes.
- S: He was drowned. He was sitting on the shore of

the lake here at Gargnano. He had drunk a lot. He fell into the lake and died. [Paolo, they had told me before, met a similar fate but through a stitch brought on by indigestion. He drowned in the shallow water, also at Gargnano.]

Q: The priest was a good worker?

R & S: He was good; yes, yes, yes. He'd carry firewood on his back.

R: He had a passion for hunting.

Q: And also for wine?

R & S: (Laughter)

S: All this gossip, is it going into print?

Q: Did the farmers like the priest?

R & S: Yes, yes because he worked.

R: To some extent he acted as a doctor.

S: And then he was very charitable.

R: He ate badly, but he gave to others; he was good-hearted.

Q: Your brother Giacomo went to America? [as Lawrence indicates]

R: No, no; he was supposed to go to Australia but then there was the war and after the war he was no longer able to go.

S: He got married.

Q: Where did he live?

S: Always at San Gaudenzio. After 1953 he went with his family to Carezzano and died there in 1963. He always worked the land with his sons.

Q: Do you remember Il Düro, Fausti Düro?

R: Fausti, yes, yes. Fausti Düro. He died a year ago at 91. [I met Il Duro's daughter who told me he died, in fact, five years ago at 92.]

Q: Describe him please.

R: He was jovial and he loved to dance, to enjoy himself. And he played the mandolin.

S: With Lawrence he was very friendly, you see. Very friendly. He came to San Gaudenzio and they chatted a lot together.

- R: Yes, but he, Il Dūro, spoke English with Lawrence.
- Q: Sometimes, by changing the facts, making a subjective interpretation, a writer can see life more truly. Was this so with Lawrence? Did he help you to understand your parents better, to see them in a new light? [They had difficulty understanding the question although I'd phrased it correctly in Italian so I repeated it, rephrasing it.]
- R: No, because the descriptions are not right, because he says my father was a drunkard, a blasphemer, whereas he was nothing of the kind.
- S: Perhaps when he would say "Porca Madoca" Lawrence understood something else .... You know.
- R: Ah, maybe....
- Q: Is it true that your mother was interested in the future, in a new life, and that Paolo was content to be a poor farmer?
- S: Yes, yes. Mama had a lot of ambitions and wanted things but he didn't want to spend money .... Mama was more decisive.
- R: Mama was more courageous.
- S: And it was she who got the business started at San Gaudenzio. Then he was happy. First he'd grumble a little then he would be happy.
- Q: Was Maria interested in money-making? Did she love money?
- S: No, no.
- R: Yes. Yes. She liked to have as much as was necessary. <sup>She</sup> ~~was~~ right. She wanted it inasmuch as she needed it.
- S: Just so. Not as Lawrence suggests. She wasn't avaricious. She was interested in money inasmuch as she needed it.
- Q: In the chapter "San Gaudenzio" Lawrence describes a time when he and Frieda were going to throw away some old and dry white bread but, Riccardo, your mother told Lawrence not to throw it away but to give it to you instead. Do you remember this happening?

- R: I don't remember well now because it's seventy years ago .... It's a likely story.
- Q: Life at that time was very poor?
- R: It was poor, poor.
- S: Everybody, everybody had to work. But Mama, in summer, sent us all off to the hayloft to sleep so she could let the rooms to people and make some money for the housekeeping.
- Q: Did Maria wish to leave San Gaudenzio for ever with all the family?
- S: Yes, she wanted to go to America. Papa didn't want her to go because he said it would kill her if she went to America. America is not made for women.
- R: He was attached to San Gaudenzio.
- S: When he was in America she would have liked to go out there with us but he didn't want her to.
- Q: Was Maria beautiful?
- S: Yes.
- Q: The other farmers
- S: Courted her? I don't think so. [I had been going to ask, "thought her beautiful too?", as I'd been told this elsewhere.] She was very serious and severe.
- R: She was a carabiniere [policeman]. [I laughed.]
- S: It's no joke.
- Q: And your father ...?
- R: He was more timid, calmer. He had a gun on the wall. She had learnt to use a gun, my mother.
- Q: And now I must ask you a delicate question. Did Maria have an affair with Lawrence?
- S: No, no, no; ha! ha!, no. They'd chat together. I didn't believe it.
- Q: The men at Villa believe she did.
- S: No, no. Because they were jealous to see so many people always coming to San Gaudenzio. It was a magnificent place. One ate well.... No, no, she was very serious .... And because Lawrence had a wife [sic].

- Q: When did Paolo go to America?
- R & S: 1902 to 1906. He was there for four and a half years.
- S: And Mama stayed by herself at San Gaudenzio with us three. And there was a man at Muslone who did jobs, one of our relatives.
- Q: When was Giuseppina born?
- R & S: In 1907.
- S: 3 April, 1907. She went to America at 18.
- Q: Lawrence didn't believe that Giuseppina was the actual daughter of Paolo.
- S: No, no. When Papa returned from America she was born then.
- R: He returned in 1906; she was born in 1907.
- S: I was twelve years old. No, Lawrence was fantasising, ha! ha! ha!. Lawrence was a (cackled and dropped into dialect).
- Q: Was Paolo faithful to Maria?
- R & S: Yes, yes.
- S: But not absolutely. Some time back ... (at this point they had a little conference.) But he was very good with the family, gave a good example, very good with everyone.
- Q: The priest had a son, I'm told. It's so, isn't it?
- R: They say so. They say so .... Capelli, no?
- S: We shouldn't be talking about these things.
- Q: Riccardo, you knew Lawrence. What do you remember of him?
- R: I remember that he'd go down to the garden to write his book and then I went to Villa of Gargnano to the Villa Igèa. They weren't staying in San Gaudenzio any more. [This is not borne out by Lawrence's letters. I think Riccardo was getting his times mixed up.] I carried milk to Gargnano and then I'd go there, to the Villa Igèa, to wash up their dishes and they'd give me breakfast.
- S: I wasn't there at the time. I was in Rome with some relatives who had a shop.

- Q: Did you think Lawrence a good man, a gentle man?
- R: [Some hesitation.] Yes, yes; fairly.
- Q: Were Frieda and Lawrence happy together?
- R & S: Yes, yes.
- Q: Did they fight?
- R: No, no. While I was there working I saw that they were happy together.
- Q: Do you know what Lawrence was writing during the time when he was at San Gaudenzio? [No answer.] Do you know whether Lawrence actually wrote the chapter "San Gaudenzio" when he was at San Gaudenzio?
- S: Yes. [She was not there at the time; Riccardo merely accepts her lead.]
- R: Yes, the book of "San Gaudenzio" he wrote.
- Q: Do you know if Lawrence worked on the lemon gardens or did jobs on the farm?
- R: No, no; he didn't.

Although Cyriax frequently returns to the point of Maria's cupidity - for she catches Maria overcharging her time and again - and although Maria had a reputation for it (as an old woman at Muslone told me), Lawrence, rather generously I think, sees it/<sup>as</sup> of little importance in itself. It interests him only as it reveals Maria's participation in the new order: "The earth is annulled, and money takes its place .... The stability is gone. Paolo is a ghost, Maria is the living body." (p.101). The facts, revealed by the interview, of Maria's difficult childhood help account for her strong desire for money and for change.

It could be argued that a more telling "test case" of Lawrence's belief about the changing Italian condition might have been provided by someone without Maria's disadvantaged background. If Lawrence intended, nevertheless, to generalise from this case, it's possible also that a thorough knowledge of the history of the local area may have helped him extend the validity of his speculations. However, Lawrence does not appear to have inquired into the history of Muslone. A pity, because Umberto Perini,

in his history of Gargnano (Gargnano Nella Storia e Nell'Arte, 1974), provides some information apropos of Lawrence's intuiting the terrible battles between Paolo and Maria early in their marriage.

By the early fifteenth century the Muslonese had gained a reputation for a spirit of fierce and warlike independence. As a result, in 1421, when they objected to a feudal transferral of their village (for under their old lord they had gained a measure of liberty), they obliged their new overlord, Matteo Medalli, to come to an agreement guaranteeing them a measure of self-government and requiring him to shelter them from fines and burdens placed on them by higher feudal authorities. They made him sign a formal agreement to the effect in Gargnano on 5 September, 1421. A few years later, however, the Republic of Venice took control of all this part of the lake. The Muslonese resisted the takeover until at least 1448, gaining a reputation, as appears in contemporary official documents, for rebelliousness and for being a "stronghold of ferocious bandits".

The fact that Lawrence does not choose to validate his ideas by some such conventional, "objective" means does not indicate that he had no regard for objective facts: for instance, he gets the ages of the children right; he says he only "believes" Felicina was not Paolo's child. Nevertheless, for Lawrence, facts are suggestive rather than authoritative; he does not allow them to hem him in. Hence the satisfying penetration and psychological depth of his portraiture and the completeness with which he sews together the various threads of the Capelli's lives, connecting them to the directions of the general Italian situation.

However, Lawrence's attitude to the facts is not all gain. One can argue that his more general concerns blind him to a way of looking at the raw material of life that less gifted observers can usefully and validly conclude, and can concur in concluding. Maria's cupidity, seen in light of her disadvantaged background, is perhaps an example but Paolo's "conservatism" is more obviously so.

Lawrence writes:

Paolo was a Conservative. For him the world was established and divine in its establishment. His vision grasped a small circle. A finer nature, a higher understanding, took in a greater circle, comprehended the whole. So that when Paolo was in relation to a man of further vision, he himself was extended towards the whole. Thus he was fulfilled. And his initial assumption was that every signore, every gentleman, was a man of further, purer vision than himself. This assumption was false. But Maria's assumption, that no one had a further vision, no one was more elect than herself, that we are all one flesh and blood and being, was even more false. Paolo was mistaken in actual life, but Maria was ultimately mistaken. (pp.96-7)

The formulation is memorable and satisfyingly inclusive, but could it not be argued that Lawrence is here more influenced by Coleridge than Paolo? Savina and Riccardo seem to think that Paolo was simply old-fashioned, and that this was the reason that he rejected change and that he was reluctant to lay out money to make more. Lawrence leaves this Paolo out of the picture.

In any case I wonder whether Paolo's deep respect for the Signoria was in fact as pure as Lawrence says. Cyriax quotes (p. 196) a peasant song of the Muslonese that she often heard sung that is full of contempt for the Signoria and their (alleged) stealing from the peasants. This must have been a widespread sentiment, a natural enough one, and not reducible merely to self-pity. Was Paolo as absolutely free of it as Lawrence insists or was his uncomplainingness simply the result of a mild and acquiescent temper (as Riccardo and Savina seem to make out)? Lawrence only knew Paolo for about a fortnight, and although his quickness of apprehension and judgement is legendary is it not possible, even likely, that Lawrence has altered the actuality to fit the scheme, perhaps to make his posited opposition of life-modes the more clear-cut and the tension between them the greater?

However that may be, we have interesting testimony that Lawrence was right to follow his intuitions, in the chapter "The Dance", as to the two Englishwomen's reactions to their partners' excitingly sensual dancing. The "Englishwomen" were in fact Frieda and Cyriax. The peasant with the wooden leg is especially vigorous. Here is Lawrence's description:

Every muscle in his body is supple as steel, supple, as strong as thunder, and yet so quick, so delicately swift, it is almost unbearable. As he draws near to the swing, the climax, the ecstasy, he seems to lie in wait, there is a sense of a great strength crouching ready .... He is like a god, a strange natural phenomenon, most intimate and compelling, wonderful.

But he is not a human being. The woman, somewhere shocked in her independent soul, begins to fall away from him. (pp. 106-07)

This is Cyriax's version:.

I also had the wooden legged man for a partner and he danced amazingly well. His black eyes were limpid like a well in the woods - they were most extraordinary eyes.

But at the bottom of my heart I was actually a little afraid of these peasants, whose thoughts and habits were remote and incomprehensible to me. (pp. 22 and 19 respectively)

Here Lawrence's fiction - especially his remarkable "interiorisation" of the dance's effect on the women as it works up to a climax - swallows the tail of fact. But, as I have indicated, this is not always so. Only the travel book opens up the possibility of directly adjudging the adequacy of fiction to fact. But what the relationship ought to be - not only in the travel book - is a question that Lawrence criticism has hardly begun to answer.

"IL DURO" AND "JOHN" IN LAWRENCE'S  
"TWILIGHT IN ITALY"  
THEIR ORIGINALS IDENTIFIED

As a result of some literary detective work in the area around Gargnano on Lake Garda, Italy, where D.H. Lawrence spent the 1912-13 winter and which he describes in Twilight in Italy, I have uncovered some interesting lights on the real life original of the man, Il Duro (to whom Lawrence devotes a chapter in the travel book), and have quite possibly discovered who the original<sup>of</sup> John was. These discoveries will, I hope, enable the reader to reflect, not only in relation to the chapters "Il Duro" and "John", on what relationship to the facts Lawrence was content to allow his writings to have. It is important that we come to an understanding of this relationship so that, instead of merely accepting Lawrence's ideas as omni-competent -- as he so frequently and compellingly offers them -- we may be able to determine the kind of validity they have. But first of all we have to find out the "facts": the travel book is the natural place to start. In the novel the question is altogether too slippery; whatever, for instance, Jessie Chambers was like there's no avoiding the fact that it's Miriam's story we read. Il Duro, on the other hand, really existed; and the chapter about him purports to be an essay about a real man in a real place.

Although the "facts" are only accessible in a travel book they are not, as I found, always easily accessible. Consider the difficulties of searching out the original of John. Lawrence most likely wrote the chapter "John" in September--October 1915 when he was preparing Twilight in Italy for publication. (There is no earlier manuscript in existence.) That is, he was writing a chapter about a man he had met - only three or four times - two and a half years before: which introduces considerable room for error. Lawrence says, in "John", that

We had walked about four or five miles up the lake, getting higher and higher. Then quite suddenly, on the shoulder of a bluff far up, we came on a village, icy cold, and as if forgotten. (Penguin, 1976, p. 117)

Lawrence and Frieda, as we know from a letter he wrote at the time (Huxley: Collected Letters, 1932, p. 106-07), had actually set out, most likely by boat, from Villa (not, as Lawrence implies, San Gaudenzio) intending to walk back. There was an old road - probably only a mule track - from San Gaudenzio up to Muslone (only half a mile away), then through steep hills and valleys, climbing towards Piòvere, the first village of the comune of Tignale. If one accepts the geographical description given in "John", then the village in question is Piòvere. However, in the letter he makes it clear they had gone along the lake to Campione and climbed out of Campione back into the hills behind it, and then proceeded south where they came upon a village where Lawrence saw the Libyan War colonel being serenaded by the enthusiastic village band and the "awfully jolly old sport" of a landlord (Huxley, p.107). Taking this geographical clue, the village in question must be Gardola di Tignale which, indeed, is the only one of the Tignale villages that Lawrence mentions in the letter.

Accordingly, I spoke to a very old woman in Gardola (through an interpreter; she spoke no Italian, only dialect.) My interpreter, the proprietor of the "Locanda Gallo" in Gardola, upon hearing of my quest had stripped off his apron, taken my Italian translation of Twilight in his hand and avidly read the chapter "John" as we walked along to the old woman's rooms, with me, guiding him out of the way of bollards and bicycles. He was amazed and gratified to read the account of his village in the cold months of the year. "Life in Gardola", he said, "is proprio così" (just like this, just as Lawrence writes it), proprio così". However, the old woman, Nina, could remember nobody in Gardola who fitted the list of clues but believed there had been a likely candidate in Oldesio, literally a stone's



A street in Oldèsio

throw over the cliff, but a mile by car. The man in question was a Giovanni Spagnoli whose nephew lives in Oldèsio. However, I soon established that this Giovanni was not "John" for, although an innkeeper, he had never been to America (a central fact in Lawrence's account).

I decided to ask around at Piòvere (as, in the letter, Lawrence refers only to the incident with the colonel taking place at Gardola and not specifically to John.) Again, speaking to very old villagers I came up with a candidate, one Angelo Asti, who went to America twice, once prior to 1913, who had only one son, Antonio, of his first wife whom he had married in 1913. The son later went to live in America. But his father was not an innkeeper and he had definitely not studied in Brescia and Verona. (That, I was told, was the sort of thing they would remember.)

So far I'd come up with no Lybian war colonel either. I was directed in this regard to the butcher, Celeste Tribaldi, of Gardola who in turn directed me to Paolo Poinelli, a man in his nineties, and his daughter, Franca, who in their turn came up, to my surprise, with a very likely candidate for John: one Giacomo Triboldi (in fact, the butcher's uncle). The Poinellis remembered "John" fairly well.

His father was Giovanni Triboldi who ran the Trattoria Castrof (an unusual name in these parts) in Gardola before World War One. The father was large-bodied and fat (Lawrence describes him as "burly", "like Falstaff", p.119); he married a woman from Desenzano. John was born in 1894; he studied at Verona (a rare thing at that time; my informants particularly remembered this). But he was lazy, they said; he did not like studying or working. They could not remember if he played the cornet. He went to America about 1913 - the date which Lawrence assigns to John's departure. They did not know if John had been before then. During the First World War he served in the American navy, rising to the rank of sergeant. He returned from America about 1920 with a French wife and a baby son who soon died. (The baby, called Giovannino, was born 6 October, 1920 and died

5 September, 1921 - dates from his grave at Gardola cemetery.) Husband and wife then separated, she leaving Gardola for good. In later years he too moved, to Desenzano. He spoke good English and called himself "Jack".

I was not able to get a sense of John from these facts that would significantly confirm or qualify Lawrence's version - with the exception of John's failing his exams. This was readily explained as laziness by the Poinellis - they did not require the more metaphysical explanation Lawrence gives:

He had never conceived of a coherent purposive life. Either one stayed in the village, like a lodged stone, or one made random excursions into the world .... It was all aimless and purposeless.  
(p. 122)

However, there are difficulties with this attribution. Unlike Lawrence's John, Giacomo Triboldi did not construct any funicular. There in fact used to be a funicular which ran from the lake to La Rotunda, half a mile below Gardola and about the same distance from Oldèsio. It was constructed by one Benedetto "Garibaldi" Demonte in about 1910-1911. He lived in Aer, past Gardola, but his father definitely was not an innkeeper, nor could the Poinellis remember him going to America. Giacomo Triboldi - my "John" - could well have used the funicular, however, for bringing up goods for his father's inn. This is one of the facts that Lawrence may have misremembered - or altered - to fit his portrait of the dissatisfied Italian's yearning for the salvation of mechanised America. It does not fit "John's" character to have successfully constructed the funicular, either if he was lazy as the Poinellis said or if he was "aimless and purposeless" as Lawrence describes him.

There is a further significant difficulty with this candidate for John. He was not married when Lawrence says his John was. Lawrence devotes a scene to John's wife's, Nicoletta's, bringing out their son, Oscare, to show the company, causing the characteristically Italian "moment of...

religious submission" (p. 118) to the baby. However, again I think Lawrence may have misremembered: Franca Poinelli pointed out that neither name was used locally until recently. Moreover, the scene's dominant idea is a virtual repetition of similar observations in the earlier chapter, "The Lemon Gardens", when Lawrence and Signor di Paoli come upon the latter's wife nursing a relative's baby. Perhaps Lawrence just thought this note would fill the scene out nicely - it could be as simple as that. Moreover, Lawrence's John is "the young one", "an ingenuous youth" who is still strongly attached to his father. He is "simple and natural ... flower-like in soul" (pp. 119, 120, 123). Lawrence's memories are very possibly of a younger man, an unmarried man.

If these speculations are correct, this still leaves us with the colonel (a "major" in the letter) unaccounted for. Nobody I met in the Tignale region could remember such a colonel who, as Lawrence tells us, soon died: "The colonel, poor devil - we knew him afterwards - is now dead." (p. 120) However, someone who died in or before 1915 is not likely to be remembered any more. (The war memorial tablet at Gardola does not mention the Lybian war; neither could I find the grave of any officer in the Gardola cemetery who had died around 1915.) This "colonel", however, could quite possibly be the Italian officer who described to Lawrence the horrified reaction of Italian troops pinned down under machine-gun fire in the Lybian war, a reaction in contrast to their natural courage in a rush. (I am referring to that chillingly foreboding newspaper article Lawrence wrote for the Manchester Guardian of 18 August, 1914, entitled "With the Guns".)

Finding the original of Il Duro was a much simpler affair, for almost everybody at Villa (the frazione of Gargnano where Lawrence and Frieda lived) remembers him. (He was actually called "Il Düro" or "Fausti Düro"- with the diaeresis in the dialect.) He is almost a legendary figure, in fact - or, more accurately, his sexual powers are legendary. He died five years ago at ninety-two,

although even at eighty-five, I was told, he was seen, one memorable day, setting off on his bicycle in search of the opposite sex.

Lawrence portrayed Il Duro as a satyr; and if it's part of a satyr's nature to be uninhibited in his sexual amours then Lawrence has been proved right. Lawrence attributed <sup>to</sup> Il Duro almost miraculous natural powers in his profession of vine-grafting. For Lawrence, he "was a creature in intimate communion with the sensible world" (p. 115). Lawrence felt that there was a crystal-like completeness about him that he, Lawrence, could not penetrate: "I could not understand the strange white gleam of his eyes, where it came from." (p. 114) Those eyes fascinated Lawrence: their "strange, half-diabolic, half-tortured pale gleam, like a goat's and his mouth ... shut almost ugly, his cheeks stern." (p. 113) They hinted at his self-sufficiency, self-completeness: he did not wish to marry but to live alone. It was this that intrigued Lawrence most of all.

Lawrence met Il Duro in 1913. Ironically, by the time Lawrence wrote the chapter (most likely in September-October 1915) Il Duro was in fact married. I met Il Duro's daughter, Pina Magri. (Il Duro's real name was Faustino Magri; "Il Duro" was his nickname, one that he shared with his brother and which is now his niece's.) The daughter, who runs the bar at Villavetro - a village near Gargnano where Il Duro lived all his life, having been born at Toscolano - , told me that Il Duro married her mother Giulia Tommasi in either 1913 or 1914, perhaps within months of Lawrence's visit. He had four children: Luigi, Fani, Rosa and Pina (the youngest). He was of medium height, of only average strength but always robust, very healthy. For a long while he was the only vine-grafter in the Gargnano - San Gaudenzio region. He later ran a vineyard himself and acted as gardener for many years for an Englishwoman, Mrs Murry Usher, who had bought a villa at Villavetro. He loved dancing and, as an old man at least, story-telling. Indeed, he was something of a

raconteur, his sexual exploits often forming the substance of his tales. And he kept a "little black book" with the names of his women in it, names he used to offer other men of Villa when they happened to be going out of town for a while.

But Il Duro was not just a "jolly old rogue" or "a bit of a lad": the idioms do not quite catch the reality. A bar-tender at Villa described him as a Don Giovanni. The darker side of that traditional figure, his emotional imperviousness, can, I think, be seen in those light-coloured eyes which so compelled Lawrence's attention. They were deep-set eyes. Seen in a photograph taken in about 1928 they do, without doubt, have a haunting quality. They seem at one with the father Pina Magri describes, who was strict and authoritarian with his children, who so often chilled them to silence. "When we were playing music", she recalled, "his return would put an immediate stop to it." He was "molto severo" (very severe), she said, "molto severo". He kept his own confidences even in his own family, and his wife suffered a great deal from his womanising. In some ways, Il Duro is Lawrence's essential and archetypal male: perhaps it's just as well Lawrence does not, after 1915, follow such males into family life. (Aaron is the only exception and he quickly deserts his family.) Lawrence remembers Il Duro "quarrell[ing] violently, yet coldly. There was something terrifying in it." (p. 116) This is very much the father Pina Magri knew.

Lawrence records Il Duro's "cheeks seem[ing] to harden like marble and to become pale" (p. 113) when he recalled his being seriously ill a couple of years before — evidently something inordinately shocking to this self-contained, "natural" man. Pina Magri was at pains to stress an allied, and to her, memorable aspect of her father's behaviour in old age. "He didn't want to die", she told me — not just in the ordinary sense; she meant he would not die. "He strongly resisted it", she said, emphasising her words, "strongly resisted it". Even at ninety he was still vigorous and healthy.

"There was nothing between us except our complete difference" (p. 116) Lawrence wrote of Il Duro, declaring that he could not understand where the gleam in Il Duro's eyes came from. If, in that case, his portrait of Il Duro is largely intuitive he did a remarkable job of understanding-- even though, contrary to Lawrence's expectations, Il Duro got married. For, one can legitimately ask, did he ever really get married, married in the spirit?

1979

## APPENDIX 5

### IDENTIFICATION OF LAWRENCE'S FUTURIST READING

The clues to identification of what Lawrence read are the three Marinetti quotations he gives in the 2 June and 5 June 1914 letters and his little reading list in the former letter. He mentions "a book of their poetry - a very good book too - and a book of pictures" (my underlining). He goes on: "and I read Marinetti's and Paolo Buzzi's manifestations and essays and Soffici's essays on cubism and futurism". (There is only one other letter, also 2 June, to Henry Savage, unpublished in the Texas file, which mentions the Futurists but it does not help with the reading list). At first I thought the list could consist of four books (not five: he puts Marinetti and Buzzi together). However, inspection of the Futurist publications up to June 1914, including Poesia - Marinetti's Futurist journal - held in the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale and in the Biblioteca Marucelliana in Florence revealed that it was Marinetti's practice to preface colleagues' books with his own manifestos or propaganda. So it was likely that the book of poetry also included the "manifestations and essays". Only two books which bring together Buzzi's and Marinetti's name exist: I Poeti Futuristi ("Poesia", Milan, 1912, pp. 428) and Aeroplani; Canti Alati by Buzzi with Marinetti's "Second Futurist Proclamation" ("Poesia", Milan, 1909). However, the latter book contains only Buzzi's poetry: it is not a book of "their" poetry. Nor is it "very fat" (pp. 252) and no essay of Buzzi's appears. The three quotations in any case appear in Marinetti's introductory essay (which includes the "Technical Manifesto of Literature") to the former volume. Buzzi's and Marinetti's names are also linked in Poesia but it ceased publication in 1909, well before the publication of the "Technical Manifesto" (1912).

The common location of the poetry and the Marinetti

and Buzzi writings in the one book suggested that Lawrence meant literally "a book" of poetry and "a book" of pictures — which meant finding a book of reproductions of Futurist paintings and sculptures which contained essays by Soffici on cubism and futurism. The only two possibilities are: Cubismo e Oltre (Florence, Libreria della Voce, 1913, pp. 42) with four, poor quality, black and white photographic reproductions: one of Cézanne's, two of Picasso's and one of Soffici's. The book contains the essays "Il Cubismo" and "Cubismo e Oltre". Now this book was published just at the time when Soffici, a leading Florentine intellectual/art critic, was coming over to the Futurists' camp. Cubismo e Futurismo followed in the wake of this change. (Florence, Libreria della Voce, 1914 2nd edition). This book contains the earlier two essays with a further major section entitled "Futurismo", containing four essays on Futurism, with thirty-two good quality black and white photographic reproductions of predominantly Futurist art. (Among them is Boccioni's "Development of a Bottle in Space" which Lawrence discusses in The Study of Thomas Hardy, <sup>Phoenix</sup> pp. 463-64).

This, seemingly, had to be the book: it is a "book of pictures" and contains the Soffici essays. Yet, on the face of it, it is not a second edition of Cubismo e Oltre; it's a substantially different book. However, the libraries hold no first edition of Cubismo e Futurismo; nor is there any mention of one in the standard reference book: Attilo Pagliaini: Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana: Secondo Supplemento dal 1911 al 1920 (Milan, 1928). Evidently the "second edition" tag was only loosely descriptive, the first edition being Cubismo e Oltre. There was, however, one remaining problem. Cubismo e Futurismo was published in 1914 but it was not evident when in 1914. Both copies

I consulted were stamped thus

11  
3.1914

i.e. 11 March, 1914

or 3 November, 1914. The riddle was resolved when I came across what was evidently the stamp of the same office (on

Cubismo e Oltre)

29  
3.1913

Thus Cubismo e Futurismo

was available in March 1914. It must have been the other  
Futurist book Lawrence read.

## APPENDIX 6

### OTHER POINTS OF EDITORIAL OR BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CONCERN

The following points, minor in themselves but of interest to a future editor of Twilight or to a bibliographer, have emerged in the course of my research.

#### 1. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

##### a. Daughters of the Vicar

Listed as E86 in Lindeth Vasey's Checklist in Sagar's Calendar (1979), the Daughters of the Vicar entry misconstrues the relationship of the early version MSS to one another.

Vasey describes the two holograph manuscripts in the possession of George Lazarus - "a" and "b" - as different early versions. Now "b" happens to be close to the Time and Tide version of "Two Marriages" so that "a" has been assumed to be some (discarded) part of an early version of it. However, this left the sometimes duplicated and uncontinuous numbering of pages unaccounted for.

The first page of "a" (discounting the unexplained page on thicker paper, page 23<sup>\*</sup>) is numbered "34", in ink - so presumably it's Lawrence's numbering. The last page of "b" is numbered "33". However, "a" does not follow in sense from the last page of "b" - which is one reason why the connection between the two manuscripts had never been made. But if one reads the last line of "b" - that is, the deleted last line under "Ah, well" (as the Time and Tide version ends) - the sense of it follows on perfectly if one turns to the first page of "a". Moreover, when one allows for different handling of manuscripts "a" and "b" over the years, the paper can be seen to be identical (with the exception of page 23).

\*This is presumably a page from an earlier version - perhaps the first - which Lawrence forgot to discard after re-writing.

b. "Lemon Gardens" Fragment

The fragment appears under E294.5b in Vasey's Checklist, being part of the entry for "On the Lago di Garda" which lists the 1913 "Italian Studies" material. However, as I have argued in Chapter Four above, the fragment relates to the 1915 revision of the second of the "Italian Studies" that became the third chapter of Twilight in Italy. It would be less confusing, therefore, if the entry were transferred to E411.7 - "Twilight in Italy" - and if the title "On the Lago di Garda" (the form used in Twilight) were changed to "By the Lago di Garda" (the form used in English Review, 1913.)

2. "TWILIGHT IN ITALY" - THE TITLE

The title echoes Nietzsche's Twilight of the Idols and Twilight of the Gods - and Lawrence had read a lot of Nietzsche in his Croydon days. However, it's just as likely that someone at Duckworths came up with the title shortly before publication.

In a letter to Pinker (1 Jan., 1916) Lawrence writes:

Will Duckworths call the book Italian Days? It is by no means a brilliant title, but I should think it will do ....

If Duckworths hate Italian Days - they might like Italian Hours - which is detestable, but for some reason, catchy, I believe.

(CL, 407)

However, Henry James had published his Italian Hours in 1909 - which ruled out that title.

Lawrence refers to the forthcoming book as Italian Days in a letter to Mrs Clayton of 2 February, 1916 (CL, 421); as Italian Studies in a letter of 7 February, 1916 (CL, 423); and as Italian Sketches in a letter of 12 February, 1916 (CL, 426). Thus it would seem that as late as the time Lawrence completed proof corrections in mid-February (CL, 421; and unpublished letter to Pinker, 10 Feb.) he had not hit upon the book's

title.

The first mention of the title Twilight in Italy, appears in a letter of 19 May to Pinker (Huxley, 350). Lawrence writes that Duckworth "expects the Twilight in Italy to be out in a fortnight". This is perhaps a hint that the title did emanate from Duckworths. Lawrence was perhaps grateful to have the issue decided for him. After all, the issue was ultimately a commercial one - as Lawrence had implicitly admitted in the letter to Pinker on 1 January, 1916 (quoted above) where he had taken the trouble to remember and report that "several women said to me: 'I should want to buy a book called Italian Hours.'" (CL, 407)

### 3. "THE SECESSION PICTURES IN MUNICH"

James Boulton refers to this reference in "Christs in the Tirol" (PI, 82) in a footnote to a comment of Lawrence's in a letter of 13 May, 1913 ("I hate Munich art . . .", Boulton I, 548). There was a Secessionist exhibition in Munich, Boulton notes, from March to May 1913. However, this does not help us with the reference in "Christs", which was probably written in mid-September 1912 - in any case, before this Secessionist exhibition. Lawrence's experience of Secessionist art must have been gained during his and Frieda's time at Icking earlier in 1912. From Icking it is only a short <sup>train</sup>/journey to Munich. For Lawrence the interest of Secessionist art is its pointing towards a German (at this stage not English - whose artists are more "comfortable") obsession with suffering, which the crucifixes are seen as also exemplifying.

The Secessionist movement was conceived as a revolt against (a "secession" from) academy art. The Munich Secession group had been formed in 1892 and included artists such as Slevogt, Corinth, and von Uhde whose broader brush strokes, more daring subjects, and less "finished", less naturalistic style represented a break from the academy-influenced concentration on, variously,

historical subject matter, idyllic rustic settings, landscape and domestic realism of Die Münchener Schule. Leibl, von Kaulbach, Lenbach and von Grützner played leading parts in the Munich school.

There were various breakaways from the Secessionist movement, mainly associated with Kandinsky (Die Neue Künstler Vereinigung of 1909; and a breakaway from it, Der Blaue Reiter of 1911). The first Blaue Reiter exhibition (Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, Rousseau) was held in Munich December 1911 - January 1912. The group held another exhibition in 1912 which also included artists of the Berlin movement, Die Brücke, such as Kirchner and Klee.

As the term "Munich Secession" is sometimes used to refer in general to various turn-of-century breakaway movements in Munich, it may be difficult to pin down exactly which artists Lawrence was reacting to. What is necessary is to track down catalogues of all Munich exhibitions between 24 May, 1912 and 4 August, 1912.

In the 1913 letter Lawrence writes:

I hate Munich art. But yet it is free of that beastly, tight, Sunday feeling which is so blighting in England. I like Italy, which takes no thought for the morrow, neither fear nor pride. The English are "good" because they are afraid, and the Münchenerers are "wicked" because they are afraid, and the Italians forget to be afraid, so they're neither good nor wicked, but just natural. (Boulton I, 548-49)

One of von Kaulbach's paintings, "Studium der Deutscher Künstler Neuerer Zeit in Rom" depicts a rustic procession of Italians in joyous abandon, while a group of German artists, eyes transfixed, try to get the scene down on canvas. All the artists' energies, now ablaze, are disciplined in the interests of their art. The irony of the scene - a variation of the traditional contrast of Germany and Italy - would not have been lost on Lawrence. His letter seems to be somewhat in the spirit of von

Kaulbach's painting. This, taken with his finding the Secessionist paintings unsavoury, might seem to place his sympathies more with the traditionalists than with the modernists.

Yet Lawrence's taking of "influence" was always unpredictable, and his dislike of the Secessionists did not prevent his rapidly transforming their significance into an element of his as yet nascent theory of European polarity. The "Christs" MS reads: "Those [paintings] that were meant for joy shrieked joy, and sorrow was dished as a sensation, curiously, subtly spiced." (MS, 1). A line could be traced from "a sensation, curiously, subtly spiced" through "Honour and Arms", Hardy, Ursula and Skrebensky's affair, the Twilight crucifixes of Austria, to Loerke in Women in Love. (Information in this appendix is derived from an exhibition I attended, "Die Münchener Schule", in Munich in August 1979; from the collection at the Lenbachhaus, Munich; and from H.H. Arnason's History of Modern Art, 1969, Part 7.)

4. "A LA GUIDO RENI" ("Christs"; PI, 83) - "IN THE APPROVED GUIDO RENI FASHION" ("The Crucifix", TWI, 17)

Once held in as high esteem as Raphael, this early seventeenth century neo-classical painter plummeted in reputation in the nineteenth century. Ruskin's dismissive remarks about Reni being "devoid alike of art and decency", and his criticising Reni's "marked sensuality and impurity", his lack of proper reverence (Modern Painters, 1905, vol. 2, pp. 147 and 135), possibly influenced Lawrence's attitude. According to Jessie Chambers, Lawrence had read Ruskin - around 1908: DHL: A Personal Record 1965, 107.) Mrs Jenner (whose <sup>late</sup> book, Christian Symbolism, 1910, Lawrence read not till/1914) voiced the conventional attitude: "Domenichino, Guido, the Caracci and their followers show the beginning of the degradation of the angel into a simpering nondescript youth, or a sentimental young angel." (p.75) Reni's mastery of composition and light and shade in the service of an idealizing neo-

classical style made his work too self-conscious and deliberate for many tastes.

Although Reni painted a number of crucifixes, it is likely that Lawrence is alluding to one of Reni's most famous works: his "Head of Christ Crowned with Thorns" in the Louvre. There is a similar, "Ecce Homo", version in the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge, acquired in the nineteenth century. There are a number of Renis in the National Gallery but the only Reni crucifixion in England is in the collection of the Duke of Northumberland, Alnwick Castle.\*

Lawrence would probably have seen, however, reproductions of Reni's "Head of Christ" in the wayside chapels. They are certainly there today. E.H. Gombrich writes:

Many people throughout subsequent centuries have drawn strength and comfort from [Reni's] representation of the Saviour. The feeling it expresses is so strong and so clear that copies of this work can be found in simple wayside shrines and remote farmhouses where people know nothing about "Art".  
(The Story of Art, Phaidon, 12th edn., 1974, p.6)

## 5. OTHER REFERENCES

- a. The comparison of the little seated Christ in the glass case with Walther von der Vogelweide ("Christs", PI, 85).

Lawrence had reviewed Bithell's Minnesong translations for the English Review of January 1912. Von der Vogelweide was, of course, a Minnesinger, and some of his poems also appear in The Oxford Book of German Verse which Lawrence reviewed in the same issue. See also Ursula Hoff: "Meditation in Solitude" (JWCI I, 1937-38, 292-94) for the famous miniature of the poet seated in solitary meditation, with his head resting on his hand, and for a

\* L'Opera Completa di Guido Reni (Cesare Garboli (ed.) Milan, 1971) provides photographs of all Reni's crucifixions.

history of the pose. See especially von der Vogelweide's poem (I quote from Hoff):

Ich saz uf eine steine  
 Und dahte bein mit beine,  
 Daruf sazt ich den ellenbogen.  
 Ich hete in mine hant gesmogen  
 Daz kinne und ein min wange

- b. "'Couvre-toi de gloire, Tartarin — Couvre-toi de flanelle.'" ("Christs", PI, 85; "Crucifix", TWI, 18)  
 From Alphonse Daudet: Tartarin de Tarascon.
- c. "'Kennst du das Land, wo die Citronen blühen?'" (TWI, 168) The famous poem from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister was probably an old favourite of Lawrence's. A translation appears in Richard Garnett's: International Library of Famous Literature (1900, vol. X, p. 4567) of which the Lawrence household possessed a set.

**B I B L I O G R A P H Y**

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