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ERRATA.

p. 474

Between lines 8 and 9, insert: "1-77 in Lawrence's corrected hand, and 78-82 in 'B's hand,"

Line 28: for "not finishing a fair copy of" read "leaving off her fair copy at"

D. H. Lawrence

Readers and Audience

1904 - 1919

D. H. LAWRENCE

READERS AND AUDIENCE

1904 - 1919

Thesis submitted for the degree of Ph.D.
in the University of Kent at Canterbury

By T. J. Worthen
(B.A. Cantab., M.A. Kent)

F134 471

"One wouldn't write at all if one hadn't, though perhaps subconsciously, the presupposition of a reader. You can despise your public as much as you like, but to deny it is absurd ... You write because you know instinctively that any kind of human experience is the common property of humanity."

(Derrick Hamilton in Neutral Ground)

"I cannot think of altering anything. Why shd. I? I do not write for the public. You are my public and I hope to convert you."

(G. M. Hopkins to R. Bridges)

"One writes, even at this moment, to some mysterious presence in the air. If that presence were not there, and one thought of even a single solitary reader, the paper would remain for ever blank."

(D. H. Lawrence,
Introduction to E. McDonald's 1925 Bibliography)

"I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought."

(J. Keats to F. Brawne)

"You don't write for anybody; you rather write from a deep moral sense - for the race, as it were."

(- remark to Kyle Crichton in 1925)
D. H. Lawrence.

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Preface

This thesis is constructed on the hypothesis that, firstly, the relationship between D. H. Lawrence and his readers is an important (and often misunderstood) part of our knowledge of his background, his environment and his early writing career; and, secondly, that such a relation - in a more impersonal sense - had a considerable influence on the ways that his writing changed and matured, and especially on his major works of fiction.

These hypotheses are examined in four ways.

Firstly, the early period of Lawrence's creativity is studied in chapters two and three, and the influence of people who can be called the "intimate readers" examined. Elementary but previously unattempted distinctions are drawn between the different people who read and perhaps influenced his work, both in his Eastwood circle and later in London. These chapters are concerned with the people who were not only shown unpublished work in ms. and whose opinion was asked, but those whom at various times Lawrence suggested his work was 'for'.

In chapters three and four, the thesis examines Lawrence's relationship with those people in established literary and social positions who helped and advised him. Again, vital but often ignored distinctions are drawn between their relative importance to Lawrence. The thesis further charts his development during these years towards a career as a fully professional writer, and draws attention to the increasing value he himself set upon his role as a writer for a particular audience.

The fifth chapter analyses Lawrence's involvement with politics, and examines the other ways he adopted in 1914 and 1915 of approaching his audience more directly than his creative writing ordinarily could. It tries to establish his reasons for concentrating upon social issues,

and suggests that his involvement with social concerns to some extent affected his writing, both fictional and philosophic.

The sixth chapter studies Lawrence's relationship with his writing and with his audience after the turning point of the Rainbow prosecution, and comments in detail on both the form and genre of his work; it also draws conclusions about the significance his 'philosophical work' assumed during the war. The chapter ends with a statement of the position Lawrence felt he had reached in 1919, comments on his sense of creative isolation, and links the direction and interests of his writing with that sense of isolation. It attempts to establish the real nature of the break he felt had occurred between his writing and his audience.

A concluding chapter develops the study of that relation in a literary critical argument, and concludes that such a relation can and should be the subject of critical concern. As a test case, it studies the relationship between writer and reader in Lady Chatterley's Lover.

The length and detail of this study are designed to produce, firstly, a coherent picture of Lawrence's literary relations; secondly to demonstrate the kind of contact with advisers and friends he both needed and established; thirdly, to indicate over a period of years the changes that contact and that need underwent. The point throughout has been to situate his most important work in the context of the people who were a circle round him, who his work was for, who read it because he wanted them to, who were an audience for it, or who belonged to its wider public.

Acknowledgements

I am indebted for advice and help to the following people and institutions: acknowledgements for particular debts will be found in the text. Miss Helen Corke, James Boulton, Ian Gregor, Mark Kinkead-Weekes, George

Lazarus, H. T. Moore, Mark Schorer and Morris Shapira; the libraries of the Universities of California, Kent, Nottingham and Texas; the British Museum library; the library of King's School, Canterbury; the Berg Collection, New York Public Library.

A Note on References

References are here of three kinds.

- 1) Run-on references in the text to a number of repeatedly used works. These are in lower-case form to distract the reader as little as possible, and consist of a symbol, in some cases a volume number (in small Roman numerals) and a page number (in Arabic numerals). A list of the symbolic abbreviations (with the full titles of the works referred to) will be found on p. x below. The works are also listed in the Book List, with their abbreviations.
 - 2) References at the foot of the page to other books, particular details and other pages. Books referred to in this way are given with short titles on subsequent occasions. All such works are included in the Book List.
 - 3) References at the foot of the page to the Additional Notes at the back of the thesis: these Notes mainly provide justification for particular points, and are used to present necessary supporting scholarship in a way that does not interfere with the narrative of the text.
-

List of Abbreviations

- corke H. Corke, D. H. Lawrence: The Croydon Years, (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1965)
- cp i The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, ed. W. Roberts and V. de S. Pinto, 2nd Edn., Vol. 1, (London, Heinemann, 1967)
- cp ii Idem, Vol. 2
- damon S. F. Damon, Amy Lowell: A Chronicle, (Boston, Houghton, 1935)
- et E. T. ((Jessie Chambers)), D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record, (London, Cape, 1935)
- frieda Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence, ed. E. W. Tedlock, (London, Heinemann, 1961)
- hassall C. Hassall, Edward Marsh, (London, Longmans, 1959)
- kbm i Letters from D. H. Lawrence to S. S. Koteliensky, British Museum, Additional Ms. 48966
- kbm ii Idem, Additional Ms. 48967
- lbr D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell, ed. H. T. Moore, (New York, Gotham Book Mart, 1948)
- lh The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed. A. Huxley, (London, Heinemann, 1932)
- lil Lawrence in Love, ed. J. T. Boulton, (Nottingham, University Press, 1968)
- lm i The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed. H. T. Moore, Vol. 1, (London, Heinemann, 1962)
- lm ii Idem, Vol. 2
- ms.1479 Ms.1479, wrE 317, Nottingham University Mss. Collection
- nehls i D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed. E. Nehls, Vol. 1, (Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1957)
- nehls ii Idem, Vol. 2, (Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1958)
- nehls iii Idem, Vol. 3, (Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1959)
- phx i D. H. Lawrence, Phoenix, ed. E. W. McDonald, (London, Heinemann, 1936)
- phx ii D. H. Lawrence, Phoenix II, ed. H. T. Moore and W. Roberts, (London, Heinemann, 1967)
- sp C. Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage, 2nd Edn., (London, Secker, 1932)
- wr W. Roberts, A Bibliography of D. H. Lawrence, (London, Hart-Davis, 1963) ((Note: the section letters and numbers used in this book are in each case added to the abbreviation wr; for example, wrA 1, wrE 307.))

Chapter One

Introduction: Lawrence's Approach to an Audience

Firstly, we must explain the term "approach" as it is used throughout this thesis to describe the nature of the link between the author and his reader. We are not here concerned with Lawrence's feelings towards the reading public, or to its critical organs in newspapers and periodicals. As with a great many creative artists, the thought of the wider public very rarely entered Lawrence's mind without a reaction of blankness or distaste. We are concerned with his intimates and with the circle round him; and by "approach" we mean the steps taken (or not taken) by the artist to ensure that they really read as either he, or the work itself, demanded. He commented to Miss Helen Corke in 1909 or 1910 that "one wouldn't write at all if one hadn't, though perhaps subconsciously, the presupposition of a reader. You can despise your public as much as you like, but to deny it is absurd ..." ¹ The very act of putting an experience into the form of a poem or story "presupposes a reader"; the form it is given is the author's way of making it accessible, even if he does not realise it, with as much truth to the original conception or experience as possible. This, we can call the author's approach; it must not be confused with intention, which is always incalculable.

As illustrations of passages where an understanding of the author's approach is helpful, there here follow four extracts from novels written at different stages of Lawrence's career, each representing the first major appearance of a protagonist. Analysis of them should advance a theory about the relation of a writer to his audience to a practical level of critical interest.

(a) George Saxton in The White Peacock

He dropped on the sofa and began to read a novel. I wanted to go, but his mother insisted on my staying.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "Emily will be so glad if you stay - and father will, I'm sure. Sit down, now."

1. Helen Corke, Neutral Ground, (London, A. Barker, 1933), p.262.

I sat down on a rush chair by the long window that looked out into the yard. As he was reading, and as it took all his mother's powers to watch the potatoes boil and the meat roast, I was left to my thoughts. George, indifferent to all claims, continued to read. It was very annoying to watch him pulling his brown moustache, and reading indolently while the dog rubbed against his leggings and against the knee of his old riding-breeches. He would not even be at the trouble to play with Trip's ears, he was so content with his novel and his moustache. Round and round twirled his thick fingers, and the muscles of his bare arm moved slightly under the red-brown skin.¹

(b) Will Brangwen in The Rainbow

He appeared at the Marsh one Sunday morning: a rather long, thin youth with a bright face and a curious self-possession among his shyness, a native awareness of what other people might be, since he was himself.

When Anna came downstairs in her Sunday clothes, ready for Church, he rose and greeted her conventionally, shaking hands. His manners were better than hers. She flushed. She noticed now that he had a black fledge on his upper lip, a black, finely-shapen line marking his wide mouth. It rather repelled her. It reminded her of the thin, fine fur of his hair. She was aware of something strange in him.

His voice had rather high upper notes, and very resonant middle notes. It was queer. She wondered why he did it. But he sat very naturally in the Marsh living-room. He had some uncouthness, some natural self-possession of the Brangwens, that made him at home there.²

(c) Richard Somers in Kangaroo

Somers sighed and shivered and went into the house. It was chilly. Why had he come? Why, oh why? What was he looking for? Reflecting a moment, he imagined he knew what he had come for. But he wished he had not come to Australia, for all that.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The White Peacock, (London, Heinemann, 1911), p.6.
2. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, (London, Penguin Books, 1949), p.98.

He was a man with an income of four hundred a year, and a writer of poems and essays. In Europe, he had made up his mind that everything was done for, played out, finished, and he must go to a new country: The newest country: young Australia! Now he had tried Western Australia, and had looked at Adelaide and Melbourne. And the vast, uninhabited land frightened him. It seemed so hoary and lost, so unapproachable. The sky was pure, crystal pure and blue, of a lovely pale blue colour: the air was wonderful, new and unbreathed: and there were great distances. But the bush, the grey, charred bush. It scared him. As a poet, he felt himself entitled to all sorts of emotions and sensations which an ordinary man would have repudiated. Therefore he let himself feel all sorts of things about the bush. It was so phantom-like, so ghostly, with its tall pale trees and many dead trees, like corpses, partly charred by bush fires: and then the foliage so dark, like grey-green iron. And then it was so deathly still. Even the few birds seemed to be swamped in silence. Waiting, waiting - the bush seemed to be hoarily waiting. And he could not penetrate into its secret. He couldn't get at it. Nobody could get at it. What was it waiting for? ¹

(d) Connie Chatterley in Lady Chatterley's Lover

Constance, his wife, was a ruddy, country-looking girl with soft brown hair and sturdy body, and slow movements, full of unusual energy. She had big, wondering eyes, and a soft mild voice, and seemed just to have come from her native village. It was not so at all. Her father was the once well-known R. A., old Sir Malcolm Reid. Her mother had been one of the cultivated Fabians in the palmy, rather pre-Raphaelite days. Between artists and cultured socialists, Constance and her sister had had what might be called an aesthetically unconventional upbringing. They had been taken to Paris and Florence and Rome to breathe in art, and they had been taken also in the other direction, to the Hague and Berlin, to great socialist conventions, where the speakers spoke in every civilised tongue, and no one was abashed. ²

1. D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo, (London, Secker, 1923), pp.8-9.
2. D. H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, (London, Heinemann, 1961), p.48.

The differences between the passages are best accounted for by, firstly, examining the effect of the description on us; secondly by trying to establish why it affects us as it does; and thirdly by concentrating, not on the apparent intention of the passage, but on the details of the narrator's art - this choice of words in this manner.

Briefly: The White Peacock passage perhaps strikes us as uncertain in tone, for all its simplicity. We get a first insight into George's physical indolence, and may indeed make an imaginative leap to his spiritual condition; but the writing is not designed to ensure that we do. George's physicality is conveyed by, in part, the adjectival continuous: the thick fingers, red-brown skin, bare arm, brown moustache; but the details tend to emerge as more significant than the whole they might have built up. The same applies to the passage in general: the sense of a multitude of details hanging in a void is very strong.

Further, unlike the Rainbow passage, where Anna's reaction is important as Anna's in that situation, Cyril in The White Peacock only acts as an observer's eye; and, what is more, his reactions are laid down as indications for the reader of how to feel. "It was very annoying to watch him pulling his brown moustache and reading indolently ..." No reader would have thought of being annoyed if he hadn't been told to be. Since Cyril says that he is annoyed, we realise in our turn that we are being alerted to something interesting. As narrator, in fact, Cyril hangs in the same void as the superabundant details. We don't know how to take him - a common reaction to the self-conscious; we don't know if his prompting of our attention is irritating or genuinely significant; and at moments such as that in the passage above, he seems only a convenient spy for the author, not a character in any sense. (When Cyril has to act as a character elsewhere in the book, the inconsistency

is startling.) Cyril's function as observer and narrator is, in fact, more than anything else what alienates us from the action of such a passage as this, because all our experience of the narrated passages is filtered through him. In so far as he is Lawrence's agent for presenting The White Peacock, he actually stultifies Lawrence's approach to his readers (as do almost all of Lawrence's other first-person narrators.¹) Only the fully dramatised passages in the novel are free from the hindrance of this faltering, sensitive, bodiless narrator. Most of the time, we are only allowed to see what amounts to Lawrence's own private world, and to experience it in terms of the author's imposition on us. This, we suggest, is one of the major flaws of The White Peacock, and it is insufficient to put it down to simply Lawrence's immaturity; this kind of authorial imposition on his book's readers is a revelation of the kind of approach he needed to overcome. The critical point is, however, established: we need to be aware of the problem in some such terms as "imposition" and "approach" if we are to make much headway.

The extract from The Rainbow is remarkable, after that from The White Peacock, for its entire absence of irrelevancies and authorial intrusion; the local vividness is here uncluttered by detail. And the passage's design on us does not impose the author on us as well; indeed, its design on us is only visible in the response it naturally elicits. The facts of Will's strangeness and attractiveness to Anna, and his curious self-possession (also seen partly in terms of its effect on her) are the point of it; but the authorial approach can only be detected at second-hand, through our sense of so much being achieved so economically and not through anything we can actually observe. Lawrence himself seems entirely absent from the passage, although it is only his authorial control that allows us such an impression; as readers we are trusted, left alone to be drawn into the

1. The unnamed narrators of 'A Fragment of Stained Glass,' 'Wintry Peacock' and 'None of That,' Morier in 'Glad Ghosts' and Bradley in 'Rawdon's Roof.'

birth of the relationship between Anna and Will. And it is very hard to talk about the author's "approach" in such a passage as that above, though (as seen later) that is not always true of The Rainbow.¹

The Kangaroo passage represents a complete volte-face. Somers, as character, is barely presented; Somers is a mind, a voice, a pair of ears, an insight into experience: an authorial agent. Australia is not created as the Marsh Farm, or even the particular Sunday morning in the second extract are created; we are told things about it, we experience it with extreme vividness for a moment; then, not Somers, but Lawrence, passes on. For a moment Somers is, himself, objectively presented: a man of four hundred a year. The next moment he is only important as a vehicle for our own potential questioning of experience, or for what Lawrence wants to tell us. The effect is sometimes exhilarating, but the very fluidity of the experience is exhausting as we move from pure experience to authorial insight and back again. And even the exhilaration can begin to fade; in only the short passage quoted here, Lawrence does tend to tail off into conventional rhetorical questions, which we can only relate to him as author since we have no fixed ground in the book. Strictly speaking, the vividness of the experience is all the approach Lawrence makes to us as readers; when he directs our attention explicitly we may react against it as we probably do in The White Peacock, although in the case of Kangaroo we will also be aware of the casualness of his imposition. We can take it or leave it, the book seems to say; there is almost no relationship established between writer and reader because Lawrence is strictly avoiding it and is letting "this gramophone of a novel"² - as he calls it - play on at us,

1. See below, pp.271-272 & 276-286.

2. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p.314.

around us, away from us. All we have to do is switch off if we get bored; and the book implies that it won't matter very much if we do. The piece is a classic of Lawrence's determination not to approach us; and, again, we won't get very far as critics unless we recognize that.

The passage from Lady Chatterley's Lover is more enigmatic. It develops rather as that from The Rainbow does, but it shows, oddly, some of The White Peacock's inconsequential quality and some of Kangaroo's casualness. The impression of Connie is not very vivid - "slow movements, full of unusual energy" is, for instance, not very telling; there are a lot of details, but the astringent tone is more dry than acid, and a curious clumsiness has invaded the prose which removes it a world away from the casual raciness of Kangaroo. The description of conventional artiness and socialism is awkwardly manoeuvred; the slangy tone is liable not to set us right in our valuations, but instead to remind us of an author asserting his opinions. For there is no real catch at our responses (as there is, for instance, in a similarly plain passage at the beginning of Middlemarch describing Celia and Doroth¹ea); mainly, a slightly tired assertiveness. As a result we are left with very little to which to respond. We see Lawrence confident in himself, but unable to approach us with much certainty of success, and unsure of our response.

It is this kind of thing in Lawrence which has provided the impetus for this study. Rather as Robert Garis has shown in The Dickens Theatre, a concentration upon an author's attitude to his audience, and upon his manipulation of it, is enormously helpful in the case of some authors (among whom we can place Lawrence) to understand what precisely they are doing. His analyses of George Eliot and, of course, Dickens, make the point: to feel that Dickens

1. G. Eliot, Middlemarch, (Edinburgh, Blackwood, 1875), pp.1-2.

is so frequently "totally conscious of his audience,"¹ and to respond to his "insistent rhetoric,"² is to read him as he needs to be read and to have the right openness to him.

The change, in Lawrence's case, from The White Peacock to Lady Chatterley's Lover, charts the change in his use of the novel between 1910 and 1928, for one thing; but above all, it should emphasize the importance in his case of being aware of the relationship between author and audience. The changes in Lawrence's writing habits, both in his novels and in his other works, can in fact be usefully discussed in terms of it.

The thesis below, however, although occasionally using such analysis of particular passages to establish the sense of such a change, is not primarily a literary critical work; it attempts to map the change through the first decade of Lawrence's writing to a whole assessment of Lawrence's success and failure with his audience. It is, for instance, in terms of "approach to an audience" that much of the philosophical work can best be studied; the same is true of Lawrence's involvement with politics in 1915, and of a very great deal of his literary activity during the war. By dealing with these, a broader and (it is hoped) more accurate perspective of Lawrence's desire to influence people by his writing can be established than by a sequence of analyses like those above. It is always our intention here to present a coherent picture of Lawrence's writing activities; and if, as a result, the thesis is sometimes as concerned with literary biography as with literary criticism, this is because the relationship of writer to audience, especially from 1914 on, really is the context in which the particular analyses are best understood. Such a relationship, in fact, was an essential modifier of his work: that is our contention.

1. R. Garis, The Dickens Theatre, (London, Oxford University Press, 1965), p.65.

2. Idem, p.68.

The study of Lawrence's early intimate readers, and of his literary circles, is an important part of the whole picture; and if we sometimes offer the appearance of biography, it is because Lawrence was influenced by more than isolated exchanges.

The thesis tends to fall into two halves, 1904-1913 and 1914-1920; the first mainly concerned with the people around Lawrence, and the second mainly with Lawrence himself. This does not imply that the "intimate readers" discussed in chapters 2 and 3 did not exist after 1913. Lists of them could be drawn up and their relationship to Lawrence's work described. That is actually done on occasions.¹ What matter most, however, are the reasons why Lawrence's friends and circle read his work in mss.; and that is why the later "intimate readers" are rarely as important as the earlier. These reasons go better in a sustained narrative (as in chapters 5 and 6) than in sections on individuals (as in chapters 2, 3 and 4), because it is upon Lawrence's relationship with such individuals and with a wider audience that we must concentrate, and not so much on their reaction to his work.

1. See below, pp. 376, 377-378, 405, 413.

Chapter Two

Home and Nottingham

1902 - 1908

(i) The Eastwood Circle, 1902-1908

The convenient word "circle" can mean several things. It can refer to a barely definable ambient environment or to the contact of a group of people; in the case of a writer, it may mean "audience". What it must not do in the case of D. H. Lawrence is suggest a movement that centred on him. The various people with whom his literary career began in his home town, whether we refer to his circle of friends comprising the Pagans, or to the Fabian Socialist and feminist circle around W. E. Hopkin, provided in both cases an environment, not an admiring circle where Lawrence was any leading light in literary discussion. And each time we consider one of these circles, it is in terms of one or two people in them that they are important; Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows, Alice Dax, Blanche Jennings are the names standing out when all ideas of Pagans and Socialists have faded. We find that, in early life, Lawrence's literary activities involved a special kind of audience, a special contact between author and reader, to which any understanding of his circle is really irrelevant. But we need to consider these environments if we are to understand Lawrence's role - and that of his writing - inside them.

The Pagans made up an actual, self styled "circle" to which Lawrence belonged as much as anybody did. Its members were Alan and Jessie Chambers, (May Chambers was really a different generation), Gertrude and Frances Cooper - Lawrence's neighbours in Lynncroft Road; Alice Hall, Kitty Holderness, Ada and Bert Lawrence, George Neville and - perhaps - Richard Pogmore and Louie Burrows. They were all, at one time or another (except Alan Chambers) pupil teachers; as a group they walked and talked together, they went to Chapel in each others' company, and it seems clear that they were responsible for a good deal of each others' intellectual development.

Sons and Lovers contains passages suggesting what their earlier outings were like;¹ passages of The White Peacock give an idea of their social style - at the party for Lettie's coming of age, for instance, and in their discussions.² This intellectual tone attracted the attention

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, (London, Duckworth, 1913), pp. 165-9.

2. Lawrence, The White Peacock, pp. 43-44, 129-133, 171-187, 243-246.

of several of the book's early reviewers:

In what milieu does the author live? are these people, who seem so real, pure puppets of his imagination, or do they really discuss Ibsen and Aubrey Beardsley in farmhouses in the Trent Valley?¹

A good deal of the conversation is quite banal, despite its suggestion of advanced culture; for when such names as Ibsen, Gorki, Schopenhauer, Maupassant, Claussen, Debussy, and others startle the stillness of the woodland, as they frequently do, we have a feeling that it is not the characters but the author who is uttering them.²

But the reviewer for the Manchester Guardian, Allan Monkhouse, understood the real reason for the oddity of these conversations: some of the characters struck him as "a family party talking, not too good-mannerly, a kind of shorthand or coterie slang which leaves the reader out in the cold."³ In such passages Lawrence reproduces what we may assume to be the style of the Pagans: bright, in-group, with artistic and philosophic overtones; the style, for instance, which led Lawrence to invite Louie Burrows to visit the Haggs in the Christmas holidays of 1907 because "we" - Ada, Alan, Jessie and Lawrence

propose having a discussion among ourselves on the ultimate questions of philosophy raised in the education class - a discussion of a 'Universal Consciousness' for instance - the matter with which we left off last Wednesday. (lil 7)

The earnestness at which the reviewers scoffed was genuine enough. Again, an account of a week at the end of July 1908 shows what the Pagans' group life was like, which is something practically undocumented in Jessie Chambers' memoir. Involved in this episode appear to be Alan ("George") and Jessie ("Emily"), Louie Burrows, George Neville ("something like Leslie") and Alice Hall ("Gall").

1. Anon., The Morning Post, 9 February 1911, p.2.

2. Anon., The Times Literary Supplement, 26 January 1911, p.35.

3. A.M. ((Allan Monkhouse)), The Manchester Guardian, 8 February 1911, p.5.

Today - Bank Holiday ((3rd August)), we are having a picnic at Beauvale Abbey - not far away ... Tomorrow we shall be in the fields again, pulling and finishing the stacks; Louie, Emily and George will be there ... we will have some fun; Wednesday we shall walk to Codnor castle - we shall be out all day, returning to the Hags (a farm, the home of my friends) - where, in the low parlour, I shall read Verlaine to the girls (in French - the nut-brown eyes of Louie will laugh and scold me;¹ the soft dark eyes of Emily will look at me, pensive, doubtful - not quite sure what I mean) - and perhaps I'll read Whitman; we shall walk arm in arm through the woods home in the moonlight. Thursday we have a party at home, when we sing; we learn then our songs, our Schumann, Giordani, Schubert and the song classics; we shall play bridge and be jolly. Friday is left for packing, and for escorting Louie to the station; Saturday we go to Flamboro. A good week, eh? (lm i 24-25)

Certainly, as Lawrence said in the same letter to Blanche Jennings,

We are not conventional. Our set is a bit astonishing. Mr Dax is quite shocked when he goes out with us - Mrs Dax also. (lm i 26)

But what is lacking in all reminiscences of members of the group, and both in Lawrence's own letters and suggestions of the group in his novels, is any discussion of "Pagan" writing. As a group, they probably thought of Lawrence as a potential writer; W. E. Hopkin recalled an occasion probably nearer 1905 than 1908, when a Pagan walk was in progress:

... we came across an old Farmhouse with moss-grown tiles near a brook ... Lawrence looked at it for a few seconds, and then said, "That house is brooding over its past." In the next field we sat down to rest and Lawrence, with half-closed eyes, told us what incidents the old house was recalling. One of the girls exclaimed, "Why don't you write stories, Bert?" (nehls i 24)

By the winter of 1907, probably a number of people knew that he was writing, to judge by the "many inquirers" May Holbrook mentioned in her account of the controversy over "A Prelude to a Happy Christmas" in 1907 (nehls iii 609).

1. c.f. Lawrence to Louie Burrows, 10th July 1908: "I want to read some Verlaine to you - fun! I shall see your eyes swing round." (lil 10)

But apart from Lawrence's discussion of his Education Course essays with Louie Burrows, there is no record of members of the group discussing writing; this fact is conspicuous by its absence, and by the presence of documentary evidence of the group's interest in music, art and poetry. And still odder is the fact that, by his own confession, Lawrence began to write poetry in 1904; and the nucleus of the Pagans was forming as early as 1903. Further, no record survives of Lawrence discussing his own work with any of the group except Jessie Chambers, let alone of his actually reading any of it to them. If we look further, however, that is not after all surprising. George Neville, one of Lawrence's closest men friends, recalls going to the Haggs in search of Lawrence at a date that must be around 1905:

I would usually find Lawrence and the "Princess" ((Jessie Chambers)) with their heads close together and the crumpled papers spread out in front of them; but the papers soon disappeared with my arrival.

The explanation of that is to be found in the fact that the "Princess" was the only one of all the "Pagans" who did anything at all to encourage Lawrence in his writings. (nehls i 46)

Helen Corke independently confirmed this: "She was the only member of his environment who fed the literary appetite in him at all."¹ May Holbrook's account of the admirers of Lawrence's painting points the difference still more precisely:

There is one more memory of that kitchen: the table littered with water-colours and autograph albums, and Bert in his shirt-sleeves painting furiously, surrounded by an admiring group of half a dozen girls and one boy ... Each of us wanted a painting done for every one in the group, and Bert ran his fingers through his hair excitedly ... Bert was the centre of the gay crowd, and we took it for granted that he liked to do us such favours.

(nehls iii 597)

George Neville sums it up: "We were enthusiastic on the subject of his sketches and paintings, but we all realised the danger of a literary career for him" (nehls i 46). Even if they realised it, they were never in a position to advise or encourage Lawrence over it - although, 1. H. Corke & M. Muggeridge, The Dreaming Woman, BBC 2 TV, 22 June 1968.

as May Chambers remembered about 1906,

it was soon apparent that Bert's thoughts had turned to writing, as well as reading, books ... (nehls iii 600)

Yet "the actual fact was not mentioned," although "the signs were many" (ibid).

All this must make us distinguish between an intellectual or friendly environment in which Lawrence grew up, and the response of two or three individuals to whom alone he showed his earliest writing. So far as his writing was concerned, we see the "circle" reduced to the encouragement of Jessie Chambers. And this was the case from the time he began, in 1904, at least to the time he went to Nottingham University in the autumn of 1906; and probably well into 1907 too.

Lack of evidence makes certainty about his literary relations at the University impossible. He continued to show his mss. to Jessie Chambers; he submitted a poem to the college magazine; he may have discussed some writing with Louie Burrows - she was close enough to him to discuss his university essays and for him to comment on hers.¹ But college provided Lawrence with no congenial environment for literary companionship - only for creative work. He made few friendships there, and apparently none which involved his writing; he always gave the impression that he lived a rather solitary existence at college, his social life remaining centred on Eastwood: at college he was "at first quite happy, then utterly bored" (phx ii 300). In 1908 he told Blanche Jennings that

I was bored until college became a disease. It was imperative that I should do something, so I began to write a novel ... College gave me nothing, even nothing to do - I had a damnable time there, bitter so deep with disappointment ... (lm i 8)

And he "used to write bits and poems & patches of The White Peacock during lectures ..." (phx ii 300) But he "wrote for her ((Jessie

1. For further details of these, see below, pp.23, 42 and 60 respectively.

Chambers)) - still without any idea of becoming a literary man at all" (phx ii 301). This confirms that Lawrence was never involved in a literary circle at college - as James Joyce was, for instance - and that Jessie Chambers remained the important focus of his writing life.

But it is clear that as his novel, Laetitia 'A'¹ grew, it was by its very nature a different proposition from the poetry, or even short stories, Lawrence had written up to then; it did not exist simply as an interest of Lawrence and Jessie Chambers, and Lawrence wanted other people to see it and to criticise it. After the completion of Laetitia 'B' in the early summer of 1908, at least three people apart from Jessie saw it; and at least another three were to see Nethermere. This points the issue: until roughly 1908, Lawrence's writings were distinctly private in character; his friends, the people in his circle, knew what he was doing, but they never saw what he wrote. William Hopkin remembered how, probably near or in 1906, Lawrence

startled me by suddenly leaning across and exclaiming, "Willie, I am going to be an author." I said, "Are you, Bert? Well, if you think you have a gift for writing, go ahead. You must be prepared to have your manuscripts returned a few times, but if you have talent some publisher will discover it." His face flushed slightly as he replied, "I have genius! I know I have." I treated it as the pardonable conceit of a clever youth who knew he was clever, and told him I wished him the success he hoped for. (nehls i 70-71)

But, despite the confession, Lawrence never took the next step and showed Hopkin the work he reckoned would prove his genius. We have seen how May Chambers knew Lawrence was writing, although she never saw anything; Mrs Chambers, Jessie and May's mother, who had been Lawrence's particular confidante for a number of years, did not discover that he was writing Laetitia 'A' for more than a year after he had begun it (nehls iii 601).

1. In this thesis, the early versions of The White Peacock will be referred to as follows:

1st version (1906-1907)	<u>Laetitia 'A'</u>
2nd version (1907-1908)	<u>Laetitia 'B'</u>
3rd version (Spring 1909)	<u>Nethermere</u>
4th version (Spring 1910)	<u>The White Peacock</u>

The only exceptions to this rule before 1908 were, apparently, Lawrence's mother, Jessie Chambers, and possibly Louie Burrows at college. As these three (perhaps only two) constituted Lawrence's first audience, we should understand what their relation was to his work and how they constituted a unique audience, in the sense that they were to Lawrence what no other readers ever were. In the first place, Jessie read his work over his shoulder, as he wrote; only Frieda Lawrence ever did that again. Secondly, Lawrence's requirements of his audience in these very early years were different from any need he evinced later. He demanded advice and criticism, in part, because he was uncertain of his own measure. Laetitia 'A' and 'B', in particular, had to be worked over time and again in consultation with his intimates; and though he wrote the novel when one period of particular intimacy with Jessie was ending, she was probably closer to it than anyone else. In the third place, his readers' function as critical audience was doubled by their closeness to Lawrence himself; and the fact that sometimes he wrote for them was not to be repeated at any later stage of his life, even with Frieda.

(ii) Lawrence's First Readers: Mrs Lawrence and Jessie Chambers

What we know about Lawrence's early readers - those people who saw and perhaps commented on his mss. - has survived fortuitously, and incompletely. We know a lot, for instance, about the opinions of Blanche Jennings, and how Lawrence reacted to them. But before the discovery of his letters to her in 1959, there was nothing even to suggest her existence in connection with him. It could never have been known that both she and Alice Dax saw the ms. of Laetitia 'B', for example; and obviously, other even more significant information could still either come to light, or remain permanently hidden. Equally by chance, we know far less of Helen Corke's opinions of Nethermere (as by then it was) in the matter of the detailed criticism she gave Lawrence about it than we do of Blanche Jennings': yet the relative importance of the two women's criticism is almost certainly in inverse proportion to our documentary evidence of it.

This study of the first readers has, therefore, to proceed on the understanding that its source material is (perhaps misleadingly) incomplete, and as a result, has to direct its attention not on to a broad exposition of (say) "Response to Lawrence in the Early Years" - but to the kind of reading his friends gave him, and to the importance to him of those criticisms of which we do know. A careful handling of the evidence as it stands should give us a clue to the questions: "Why did Lawrence show his mss. to people? What did he expect from them? What (in the case of those we know about) did he get from them?" We should then see general tendencies that allow us to become acquainted with what cannot be known for certain.

For instance: central to a study of these first readers is the extent to which Mrs Lawrence read her son's work. Yet in this matter, where one might have thought certainty assured, the evidence conflicts and we cannot (on the face of it) say for certain whether she did read

much of Lawrence's work. William Hopkin said, in 1949, about a period when he and his wife saw a lot of Lawrence:

I have mentioned the profound influence his mother had on his whole life. She dominated every side of it, and her one desire was to see him become a great writer ... When he was writing The White Peacock, he and his mother criticised it together, and he re-wrote parts of it until it satisfied them. (nehls i 72)

Hopkin certainly knew the young Lawrence very well. But Lawrence's 'Autobiographical Sketch' of 1928 is explicit on the subject of his mother and his writing:

... His own family strictly "natural" looked on such performance as writing as "affectation." Therefore wrote in secret¹ at home. Mother came upon a chapter of White Peacock - read it quizzically, & was amused. "But my boy, how do you know it was like that? You don't know —" She thought one ought to know - and she hoped her son, who was "clever," might one day be a professor or a clergyman or perhaps even a little Mr Gladstone. That would have been rising in the world ... Miriam read all his writings - she alone. His mother, whom he loved best on earth, he never spoke to, about his writing. It would have been a kind of "showing-off" or affectation. (phx ii 300-301)

Evidence from another source confirms that Mrs Lawrence read some, at least, of his first novel: Jessie Chambers wrote of Laetitia 'A':

I think Lawrence despised the story from the bottom of his heart, for he immediately started to re-write it. He must have shown it to his mother because when we were on Holiday at Robin Hood's Bay ((August 1907)) I asked her what she thought of it, and she replied, in a pained voice:

'To think that my son should have written such a story,' referring presumably to Letty's situation. (et 117)

(In this version, Lettie had been seduced and abandoned by Leslie (et 116)). Lawrence himself reported the same reaction in a letter to Blanche Jennings of May 1908: "Laetitia, of whom my mother will say nothing except 'I wish you had written on another line'..." (lm i 8)

1. Confirmed, incidentally, by Jessie Chambers: during his college career, 1906-8, Lawrence "passed all his writings on to me, secretly" (et 81).

And in the winter of 1910, just before Mrs Lawrence died, Lawrence told May Chambers Holbrook that "She didn't like it. Even disliked it." May Chambers remonstrated: "It can't help but be a source of pride." "'No,' he insisted miserably, 'she doesn't like what I write. Perhaps if it had been romance ... But I couldn't write that'" (nehls iii 618). These quotations suggest that more than a chapter had been seen by Mrs Lawrence: we know the book's proofs were sent on to her in September, though it seems unlikely that she actually read them (lil 53-54). But together, again, they effectively contradict William Hopkin's two statements - that Lawrence's mother wanted him to be a writer, and that they worked at the Laetitias together. Lawrence's 1928 statement is, in fact, reinforced by a number of passing references, mainly in his letters to Blanche Jennings, that his mother was against the idea of his following a literary career. Since the entire correspondence between Lawrence and his mother has disappeared, it is impossible to state this more definitively, or deny that Mrs Lawrence did not talk over other examples of his work with her son. But - relying mainly on the 1928 statement - perhaps the descriptions of Paul working at his painting in Sons and Lovers give some idea of the difference (ignored by William Hopkin) between the roles 'Miriam' (Jessie Chambers) and Mrs Lawrence played in Lawrence's early work.

He was studying for his painting. He loved to sit at home, alone with his mother, at night, working and working. She sewed or read. Then, looking up from his task, he would rest his eyes for a moment on her face, that was bright with living warmth, and he returned gladly to his work.

'I can do my best things when you sit there in your rocking-chair, mother,' he said.

'I'm sure!' she exclaimed, sniffing with mock scepticism. But she felt it was so, and her heart quivered with brightness. For many hours she sat still, slightly conscious of him labouring away, whilst she worked or read her book. And he, with all his soul's intensity directing his pencil, could feel her warmth inside him like strength. They were both very happy so, and both unconscious of it. These times, that meant so much, and which were real living, they almost ignored.

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.¹

Admittedly, this is a situation in a novel - not in Lawrence's life. And even if some relationship to Lawrence's biography is granted, then the purist might affirm that the passage only records a transmuted memory of the time in his life when Lawrence was toying with the idea of painting as a career - around 1903. But since painting is Paul's real "art" in Sons and Lovers, it seems more realistic to see in Paul's relation with his mother and with Miriam some of the truth of the relationship, in respect of his writing, which Lawrence saw between himself, Mrs Lawrence, and Jessie Chambers. His mother provided the security that made the 'out-going' of his work a joy to him, but was not, herself, concerned with it. Jessie Chambers provided a day to day reason why he should strive to write, and better his writing by thinking about what he produced. We must, in fact, conclude that she was an audience for his work as Mrs Lawrence never was: and it is upon her that an audience study has first to centre, pace Mr Hopkin.

The first thing must be to describe what of Lawrence's she read, and when she read it; poems, plays and essays, short stories, and novels. Two facts hold good for all categories. The first is that we can have no doubts at all that she read practically everything that Lawrence wrote between 1904 and 1908, and that between 1908 and 1911 she must have read a very great deal. (Someone who had seen The Saga of Siegmund² by July 1910,³ before Ford Madox Ford⁴ saw it, while

1. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, pp.158-159.

2. The two versions of The Trespasser will be distinguished as follows:
 1st version (April-July 1910) The Saga of Siegmund
 2nd version (Jan.-Feb. 1912) The Trespasser

3. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

4. Ford Madox Ford, (Ford Madox Hueffer until 1919), will be referred to as 'Ford Madox Ford' throughout this thesis.

Lawrence was still in London - the book itself being an intimate matter between Lawrence and Helen Corke - would obviously have had had access to nearly everything.)

The second point is that evidence of what she read, and when she read it, is sparse. At every point where details emerge, our first fact is confirmed. And even when there are no details, we have the insistent reminder in her memoir of the sheer amount she must have read; it duplicates remarks such as the following time and again;¹ this example comes from the summer of 1908.

When his college course was over and the long vacation began he brought so much of his writing to me that I had to set my studies aside for the time being. But his work was of paramount interest ... (et 148)

In this case, for instance, we have to guess what she actually saw; perhaps the college notebooks into which Lawrence copied most of his early poems; some of his early short stories were written about this time (lm i 30); she may have seen his essay 'Art and the Individual', written in the spring of 1908. Assuming that she has her dates correct, she would not have seen the main ms. of Laetitia 'B', which passed between Alice Dax and Blanche Jennings from April to November 1908. But that Jessie saw everything available is clear time after time; her brother J. D. Chambers remembered that, when Lawrence had gone to Croydon in October 1908, "day after day parcels of manuscript came for Miriam to read ..." (nehls i 51) A second example of Lawrence showing her his work mentions a particular ms.; Jessie visited Croydon on November 27th and 28th, 1909, and on the evening of the 27th

... Supper over, he cleared the table and began to show me his writings. There were poems, quite a number I had not seen, and a play that was about his home on a Friday night ... ((?A Collier's Friday Night))

1. For example: et 78, 81, 103, 115-119, 141, 142, 156, 157, 180, 184.

'Let me take it home. I can't read properly here.'
He swept the papers together.

'Now we'll talk,' he said. 'But perhaps you want to go to bed?' It was one o'clock ... (et 166)

The order of events is interesting: work first, talk afterwards. Even at this stage in Lawrence's writing career, when his attachment to Jessie was fluctuating, the impression is most striking of his output being shown to her and studied by her as a matter of course. And in the period 1904-1908, when almost no-one else saw his work, the natural transfer of work from author to audience must have been even more common.

In such a situation, it seems barely necessary to record the evidence of particular items being seen and studied, since this can only give a misleading impression. But we have documentary evidence that she saw fourteen poems.¹ To this we should add the fact that when Jessie Chambers was sent a copy of Love Poems in the spring of 1913, "very few of the pieces were new to me" (et 219). At least one must have been: 'Bei Hennef' had been written after Lawrence and Frieda had gone to Germany. And if it is true that Lawrence wrote "the best of the dialect poems" at Garnett's house in the winter of 1911 (phx i 253) then Jessie would not have seen them; here we may suggest 'Whether or not' - certainly discussed by Garnett at the Cearne, together with 'A Collier's Wife' and 'The Drained Cup,' all in Love Poems. But if Jessie knew most of the thirty poems in the book apart from these, "the poems that Lawrence had written in the thick little college notebook that I knew so well" (et 219), she was obviously acquainted with the bulk of his output, including the 'Helen' poems which Helen Corke never saw.²

Lawrence wrote his play A Collier's Friday Night early on in his college career - "when I was twenty-one, almost before I'd done anything .."³

1. See Additional Note I.

2. See below, p. 127

3. D. H. Lawrence, A Collier's Friday Night, (London, Secker, 1934), p. v.

But Jessie Chambers apparently did not see it until 1909 when she visited Croydon;¹ Lawrence may have been revising it. There is no record of her having seen the other three plays Lawrence wrote before leaving for Germany in 1912.

As to essays, she heard Lawrence read his paper 'Art and the Individual' to an Eastwood group at a time she mistakenly identified as "the spring of 1909" (et 120); it was actually in April 1908. But there is no reference to other essays written in this period, such as "Lessford's Rabbits" or "A Lesson on the Tortoise".

As with his poetry, the surviving evidence about the stories Jessie saw in ms. cannot compare with our certainty that she saw many more, if not every one Lawrence wrote up to 1910 with the exception of 'Goose Fair' (a collaboration with Louie Burrows.) We can be quite certain, however, that she saw three stories.² There is no proof that Jessie Chambers did see the ms. of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A',³ as Ford Madox Ford insisted that she did;⁴ but, as with everything else here, it seems most likely that she did.

Jessie Chambers saw the various versions of The White Peacock from the start; her reading of Lawrence's novels is better documented than any other area of her activity as audience.

It was in the Whitsuntide holiday ((1906)) that he brought the first pages to me. I had been away from home, and returned to find Lawrence waiting uneasily. Out in the fields he gave me the manuscript and asked me if I had any to show him. I shook my head.

1. See above, p.23
2. See Additional Note II.
3. The four versions of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' will be distinguished as follows:
 - 1st version (1908-Dec. 1909) 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A'
 - 2nd version (Mar. 1911-Apr. 1911) 'Odour of Chrysanthemums B'
 - 3rd version (June 1911) 'Odour of Chrysanthemums C'
 - 4th version (June-July 1914) 'Odour of Chrysanthemums'
4. See below, p.83

'We've broken the ice,' he said in a tense voice. (et 103)

We know that she followed Laetitia 'A' through to its completion in the summer of 1907 (et 75, 81, 116-117); and, too, that she saw the writing of Laetitia 'B' in 1907-8 from her descriptions of how it differed from its predecessor and her shock, as Lawrence passed it on to her, at the appearance of Annable (et 81, 117). Nethermere was begun in Croydon in January 1909 (lm i 47) and Lawrence must have sent parts of it at least to her (et 151, 156). She wrote of that first year in Croydon that

Lawrence continued ... to send his writings to me: poems frequently and always the novel which ultimately became The White Peacock. (et 156)

Lawrence revised the book heavily during 1910; and although Helen Corke was more concerned with this final version than anyone else,¹ it is clear that Jessie too saw the ms. right up to its completion: she remembered it being finished "in a rare sunny mood." But it was natural that Helen Corke, being on the spot in Croydon, should play the greater part in the preparation of this final version, and of the proofs in September (corke 51); and that Jessie should have taken a subsidiary role, physically all year and emotionally after the end of their tacit engagement in August.

This slackening of literary contact is more marked in the case of Lawrence's next two novels. The Saga of Siegmund was obviously a matter very much between Lawrence and Helen Corke. For Jessie,

It was something so apart from our lives that Lawrence spoke to me of it very little. The only discussion I remember was about the Doppelgänger. He asked me what I thought of that part of the story. (et 190)

All the same, Helen Corke remembers her having read some of it by the weekend in July 1910 when she visited Lawrence and Miss Corke in London;² since the book was unfinished at the time of her visit, not

1. See below, pp.115-118

2. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

being complete until after the 24th, Lawrence's last Sunday in Croydon that term (lil 52), it is obvious that she was being kept up with the writing. The fact that in this case she confessed a lack of acquaintance with the book should perhaps make us feel how closely she was ordinarily concerned and consulted; as he said to her,

For this I need Helen, but I must always return to you ...
only you must always leave me free. (et 182)

However, she did not even know Lawrence had begun Paul Morel 'A'¹ in October 1910; her memoir notes that he began it, so far as she knew, "during 1911" (et 190), and that she "heard of it through 'Helen'"; the latter, however, knew of Paul Morel 'A', as we can tell by her reference to Lawrence "rewriting" it in the months after Whitsun 1911 (corke 30). And Louie Burrows knew about the novel by the 6th December 1910 (lil 56). But as far as Jessie was concerned,

It was some time after our brief meeting in October ((1911)) that he sent the entire manuscript to me, and asked me to tell him what I thought of it. (et 190)

And she did not like it. This, her longest surviving commentary on the literary merit of one of Lawrence's books, deserves to be reproduced in full.

He had written about two-thirds of the story, and seemed to have come to a standstill. The whole thing was somehow tied up. The characters were locked together in a frustrating bondage, and there seemed no way out. The writing oppressed me with a sense of strain. It was extremely tired writing. I was sure that Lawrence had had to force himself to do it. The spontaneity that I had come to regard as the distinguishing feature of his writing was quite lacking. He was telling the story of his mother's married life, but the telling seemed to

1. The early versions of Sons and Lovers will be distinguished as follows:

1st version	(Oct. 1910 - Feb. 1911)	<u>Paul Morel 'A'</u>
2nd version	(Mar. 1911 - Oct. 1911)	<u>Paul Morel 'B'</u>
3rd version	(Feb. 1912 - Apr. 1912)	<u>Paul Morel 'C'</u>
4th version	(May 1912 - Jun. 1912)	<u>Paul Morel 'D'</u>
5th version	(Sep. 1912 - Nov. 1912)	<u>Sons and Lovers</u>

be at second hand, and lacked the living touch. I could not help feeling that his treatment of the theme was far behind the reality in vividness and dramatic strength. Now and again he seemed to strike a curious, half-apologetic note, bordering on the sentimental ... A non-conformist minister whose sermons the mother helped to compose was the foil to the brutal husband. He gave the boy Paul a box of paints, and the mother's heart glowed with pride as she saw her son's budding power ... It was story-bookish. The elder brother Ernest, whose short career had always seemed to me most moving and dramatic, was not there at all. I was amazed to find there was no mention of him. The character Lawrence called Miriam was in the story, but placed in a bourgeois setting, in the same family from which he later took the Alvina of The Lost Girl. He had placed Miriam in this household as a sort of foundling, and it was there that Paul Morel made her acquaintance. (et 190-191)

She then went on to discuss the treatment of Miriam and the mother, opposing their love for Paul: "... the issue was left quite unresolved. Lawrence had carried the situation to the point of deadlock and stopped there" (et 191).

But it is important at this point to realise that the case of Paul Morel is a special one in the relationship of Lawrence and Jessie Chambers - which is a pity, since it is the only occasion on which we have such insight into her reactions as she read. And in this case we have, too, the actual pages of a chapter of Paul Morel 'C' with her comments in the margins. (These pages, the so-called 'Miriam Papers', are the property of the Humanities Research Center, Texas.)¹ These - Jessie's sole surviving critical comments - are in an important sense not critical. Her judgement is based not on the merit of what she reads, but on the closeness it displays to the actual life lived by Lawrence and herself in the first decade of this century. As she goes on to remark, of even the second version she analyses so well, "As I read the manuscript I had before me all the time a vivid picture of the reality ..." (et 191) She had begun by helping Lawrence, by provoking his escape from the contrived situation into the poignancy

1. Unfortunately these pages have recently been mislaid and it has not been possible to consult them. I have had to rely on Professor Harry T. Moore's description of them.

of actual memory; but ended by finding every departure from that actuality a betrayal. Lawrence asked her for notes about the incidents they had shared, to bolster his memory and help him understand the point of view of the woman who was coming to figure so largely in the book; she did them in the winter of 1911-1912. And Lawrence, writing the third version "at a white heat of concentration" (et 201) in the spring of 1912, "passed the manuscript on to me as he wrote it, a few sheets at a time."

The early pages delighted me. Here was all that spontaneous flow, the seemingly effortless translation of life that filled me with admiration. His descriptions of life were so vivid, so exact, and so concerned with everyday things we had never even noticed before ... I felt that Lawrence was coming into his true kingdom as a creative artist, and an interpreter of the people to whom he belonged. (et 197-198)

But, as it went on, the book was to her a betrayal of what she had experienced. We cannot be satisfied with the explanation of Professor Moore when he says:

She apparently did not realize that, although Lawrence was drawing some of his facts from life, he was after all writing a novel.¹

Jessie Chambers knew it was a novel: but her reaction shows how incapable of reading it she was except in terms of the intimate relationship they had shared, and how little of an "audience" she was when she insisted on being involved with the writing. She demonstrated how the literary relationship partook of that intimacy, and how dependent she was on that intimacy in her response. And she was only prepared to criticise Paul Morel 'C' in that way. This reaction of hers was, in short, extreme, but not untypical of the kind of reading she had always given his work.

But at this point it is best to return to the start of Lawrence's writing career, and describe the terms on which it was possible for her to be an audience for Lawrence at all.

1. H. T. Moore, The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence, 2nd Edn., (London, Allen & Unwin, 1963), p. 75.

(iii) Jessie Chambers As Audience

... I remember the slightly self-conscious Sunday afternoon, when I was nineteen, and I "composed" my first two "poems". One was to "Guelder-Roses", and one to "Champions", and most young ladies would have done better: at least I hope so. But I thought the effusions very nice, and so did Miriam.

(phx i 251)

George Neville recalls that, around 1904, (when Lawrence was indeed nineteen), in "the days that saw the real gathering together of the 'Pagans',"

Lawrence began seriously to apply his mind to sketching, in which branch of the arts he had, as yet, been but a somewhat dilettante dabbler, and I think it was at this time also that he made up his mind that, some day, he would make his name as a writer. Let there be no misunderstanding about that; Lawrence, even in those early days, knew that he had the capacity for literary greatness and had thoroughly made up his mind to achieve it. (nehls i 44)

William Hopkin's memory of Lawrence's statement of his 'genius' has roughly the same effect, and both of them serve to counterbalance such a passage as that in the intended preface to his Collected Poems of 1928. The first poems may have been 'effusions', but, from very early on, Lawrence was serious in his intentions to be a real literary artist. And, indeed, later in that same preface, he distinguishes between his "real poems" and his "compositions". The former came "out of a me whom I didn't know and didn't want to know ..." But "there they were. I never read them again." And, be they real or composition, "I gave them to Miriam, and she loved them, or seemed to" (phx i 251). The act of creation was inseparable, at this stage, from giving its product to Jessie Chambers. This was inevitable. For the past few years, Jessie and Lawrence had been educating each other through books; they had read together, talked endlessly, discussed all they were noticing about writers and how they wrote. In such a context, to show Jessie what he was writing was the most obvious thing in the world; and it was just as natural that the giving should entail discussion, for its improvement and development, of Lawrence's ability.

For example; there survives a ms., almost certainly sent to Jessie Chambers,¹ with ten pages of poems in a fair copy, and a note in Lawrence's hand opposite one stanza of 'Discipline':

	The flower of forgiveness is plucked from off the offender's plot
Had I better	To wither on the bosom of the merciful: so many
put this verse	seeds the less,
fourth?	So much more room for riot! The great God spareth not, He waters our faces with tears, our young fruits fills with bitterness. ²

This kind of request must have often been made, and although this one comes from early 1909, it must be similar in form to those made much earlier.

But it is important to get these two things distinct; a natural contact between them, on the one hand, with such discussion as the above note represents; and on the other hand, a kind of literary ambition in Lawrence that had to recognize an inspiration perhaps inherently alien to any such pleasant intimacy and discussion. The poems, once written, went straight to Jessie; but it seems plain, from Lawrence's later remarks, and from hints here and there in Jessie's memoir, that Lawrence felt it impossible that his most distinctive work would get the attention he felt necessary to do it justice. In spite of the way she encouraged him, Lawrence remembered Jessie as one who could not see his faults, in the first place, and even more disastrously, could not see what he really was capable of achieving. In 1928 he attempted to describe what went wrong between them:

She encouraged my demon. But alas, it was me, not he, whom she loved. So for her too it was a catastrophe. My demon is not easily loved: whereas the ordinary me is. So poor Miriam

1. See Additional Note III.

2. E. W. Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts, (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1948), p. 80.

was let down. Yet in a sense, she let down my demon,
till he howled ... (phx i 252)

It is not altogether easy to see what this means, except in terms of the difference conceived between his everyday relationship with Jessie Chambers (in which she might well love him), and the extra-personal contact which he felt his best poetry should have established. She took such poetry to be personal, above everything else, and it is true that these earliest poems were, in Lawrence's words, "either subjective, or Miriam poems." "Save for Miriam, I perhaps should have destroyed them all" (phx i 252). They really were 'for' Jessie insofar as they were anything more than realised extensions of his own living. 'Miriam poems' indeed, they tended, (as we can see from those which survive) to be about what was between them. Yet the best of them could not be reduced, Lawrence felt, to the category of personal, intimate poems; the best achieved a statement independent of the two particular lives which surrounded and provoked them. In so doing, they evaded the question of who they were 'for' altogether; an experience which their author described in 1928 as one which made him feel

... haunted by something, and a little guilty about it, as if it were an abnormality. Then the haunting would get the better of me, and the ghost would appear, in the shape of a usually rather incoherent poem. Nearly always I shunned the apparition once it had appeared. From the first, I was a little afraid of my real poems - not my "compositions", but the poems that had the ghost in them. (phx i 251)

Here is visible the germ of Lawrence's difficulty in having Jessie Chambers as sole audience. She encouraged him to write as he admitted no-one else could have done, but she was incapable of distinguishing between the impersonality of the poetry, and the sometimes desperate interplay of personalities in the reality. Lawrence's writing subjectively about 'them', or himself, was good if it were 'real' in the sense of truthful - if it presented a valid picture of their own lives. She must have appreciated his work in

part as an objective confirmation of the relationship they shared; his showing it to her was for her the ideal confirmation of the poetry's links with the life. The blockage we can detect here dominated her own attempts to write; of 1907, she remarked that

I was unable to write. I could not detach myself from the strange impasse of our relationship to look objectively at the world around me. I could only apprehend from within, and I seemed to live in a sort of subjective trance, watching things develop. (et 145)

But the novel Lawrence began in 1906, and the other prose writings he began on after that date, had inevitably some different relation to their intimacy. The novel still contained some of the shared life - Jessie Chambers recalled the first months of its writing:

What fascinated me about his writing was the way he would weave incidents from our daily life into it. Mother was looking in the wood for the nest of a hen that was laying away, and came across an old kettle containing a nest and a bright-eyed robin sitting on her eggs. We showed it to Lawrence, who seemed moved at the sight. Soon after it appeared in the writing, described with an amazing exactness and intensity of observation. (et 104)

"What fascinated me" is revealing. But apart from the continuation of shared life in such passages, the novel was conceived at a distance from their relationship. This had two effects. In the first place, Cyril and Emily - whom Lawrence saw as drawn from himself and Jessie - are minor characters. A dominant relation of his adult life occupied a minor role for the only time in his major novels. This fact is perhaps responsible for the adoption of a vastly literary scale for the book's main material. Lawrence went back into generalised romantic feeling for the flimsy flirtatiousness of Lettie and the rough-hewn aspirations of George. Jessie found Laetitia 'A' even more literary:

The novel, apart from its setting, seemed to me storybookish and unreal ... He immediately began to re-write it. In the second writing the story was radically altered, and the characters became more like flesh and blood. (et 116-117)

The extent to which the characters had still not managed to cut themselves free from their literary origin as late as 1910, after two more versions, is some indication of what they must have been like in 1907, and of the gulf Lawrence was initially placing between them and himself. What one might call the "Miriam problem" was still hardly formulated in 1910, when the final version of the novel was completed; Emily is simply a strong-natured woman, more Emily Brontë than Miriam Leivers, with none of the problems for Cyril that Miriam was to have for Paul Morel.

The second effect must have been that Lawrence was, after all, able to go on showing his work to Jessie Chambers. She remembered, of a period that must be around 1905-1906:

Lawrence was constantly bringing his writing to me, and I always had to tell him what I thought of it. He would ask whether the characters had developed, and whether the conversation was natural ... He always declared he did his writing for me ... "Every bit I do is for you," he said. Whenever I've done a fresh bit I think to myself: 'What will she say to this?'" And of his poetry he said, "All my poetry belongs to you." (et 115-116)

She had to continue to be his immediate audience: and in that sense the work was 'hers' - but one need not conclude that Lawrence was still writing simply for her, as the earliest poetry had been written. He felt now, as he had felt of his 'demon-inspired' poems then, that she could not appreciate his work for what it was. A year later he was writing to Blanche Jennings:

Only one girl, who is in love with me, and whom I do not love ... cares much for my writing; but she is valueless because she approves too much; - valueless as a critic, I mean. (lm i 9)

This is reminiscent of Paul Morel's letter to Miriam:

"I must thank you for your sympathy with my painting and drawing. Many a sketch is dedicated to you. I do look forward to your criticisms, which, to my shame and

glory, are always grand appreciations. It is a lovely joke, that. Au revoir!"¹

Lawrence bringing his writing to Jessie Chambers can never have been quite such a simple matter as she herself made it out. He did need encouragement. She was very close to him. But he also wanted criticism - and, more than criticism, the lively sense that someone was reading his work caring for it, not just for him in it, which a critical person might bring. He could never quite get this from Jessie Chambers; as he said to William Hopkin in later life, to marry her would have been

"... a fatal step. I should have had too easy a life, nearly everything my own way, and my genius would have been destroyed."
(nehls i 71)

Jessie may have "roused him to critical and creative consciousness" (phx i 300), but we can gather what their actual literary contact may have been like from a scene in Lawrence's early play, A Collier's Friday Night. In the light of everything we know about the relationship of Jessie and Lawrence, Ernest bears so strong a resemblance to the latter and Maggie to the former that one passage in particular may be used to illuminate their literary relationship. In Act II, Scene 2, Ernest tells Maggie that he's been writing poems; she asks for the notebook, and reads it.

ERNEST: Well, do you like them?
MAGGIE (nodding several times, does not reply for a second):
Yes, I do.
ERNEST: They're not up to much, though.
MAGGIE (softly): Why not?
ERNEST (slightly crestfallen at her readiness to accept him again): Well, are they?
MAGGIE (nodding again): Yes, they are! What makes you say they're not? I think they're splendid.
ERNEST (smiling, gratified, but not thinking the same himself):
Which do you like best?
MAGGIE (softly and thoughtfully): I don't know. I think this is so lovely, this about the almond tree.

1. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 252.

ERNEST (smiling): And you under it.¹ (She laughs up at him a moment, splendidly.) But that's not the best.
 MAGGIE (looking at him expectantly): No?
 ERNEST: That one, "A Life History", is the best.²
 MAGGIE (wondering): Yes?
 ERNEST (smiling): It is. It means more. Look how full of significance it is, when you think of it. The profs. would make a great long essay out of the idea. Then the rhythm is finer: it's more complicated.
 MAGGIE (seizing the word to vindicate herself when no vindication is required): Yes, it is more complicated: it is more complicated in every way. You see, I didn't understand it at first. It is best. Yes, it is. (She reads it again.)³

Two things stand out strongly here: Ernest feeling "slightly crest-fallen at her readiness to accept him again", and Maggie "seizing the word to vindicate herself when no vindication is required". Ernest is pleased, "gratified", by her enthusiasm; but she sees in the poems only what he tells her is there; and Lawrence represents her as wholly led by Ernest's own convictions. She, on the other hand, has consciously to struggle to keep up with Ernest. Whether this was actually the case between Lawrence and Jessie is irrelevant; Ernest's impulse to show Maggie his work, his need to be reassured by her about it, the fact that her appreciation and commentary are based on her liking for him and on what he shows he thinks about it - all these things weigh heavily in what we know about the literary intimacy between Lawrence and Jessie; and the play confirms, graphically, what Lawrence himself felt was both inevitable, necessary, and unhelpful, about Jessie's assistance.

Again, her "grand appreciations" may have encouraged the poet. But criticism was more important to a long drawn out work like a novel: and it was not, apparently, until 1909, when he showed the ms. to Ford

1. Cf. cp i 58, 'Letter From Town: The Almond-Tree'. The notebook version, referred to in the play, is ms. 1479/43.

2. No poem with this title, actual or deleted, appears in ms. 1479.

3. The Complete Plays of D. H. Lawrence, (London, Heinemann, 1965), pp. 497 - 498.

Madox Ford, that it began to get really the kind of attention he felt it needed. But, in the meantime, he showed it to people (as he had not done his early poems) in the hope that they might help him get it clearer, more natural in its dialogue and construction. It would seem that only with Sons and Lovers, when she felt her relationship with Lawrence directly involved, would Jessie criticise as sharply as she could; and then, not centring her criticism on the naturalness of what Lawrence had achieved, but on the closeness to the actuality she remembered, and to the life she had wanted to share.

So we have to take all her reminiscence about the literary relationship with Lawrence with the care one would normally only extend to a partial account of a personal relationship. She gives an incomparable account of what Lawrence must have been like when he first began to write Laetitia 'A':

From now on he brought some pages almost every time he came up. He would pass them to me in secret and wait restlessly until we were out in the fields and he could begin to talk about his writing ...

'I'm afraid it will be a mosaic. My time's so broken up. In the morning when I should love to sit down to it I have to go to school. And when you've done the day's teaching all your brightness has gone. By the time I get back to the writing I'm another man. I don't see how there can be any continuity about it. It will have to be a mosaic, a mosaic of moods.' (et 103-104)

Such a view, only she could ever have given. But we must not imagine that Lawrence's writing was as centred on her as she inevitably implies. First college, then Croydon, set them further apart. We would not guess from her account that the ms. of Laetitia 'B' was not seen by her between April 1908 (very soon after it was finished) and December of that year, since it was in the hands of others. It was not her task, of course, to give an account of Lawrence's relations with others: her book was "a personal record". But neither would we imagine, from her account, that Lawrence handing her the pages of Paul Morel 'C' in the early spring of 1912 was doing anything different

fundamentally from giving her the ms. of Laetitia 'A' in 1906. She, indeed, correlates the two: Paul Morel 'C' was sent to her "a few sheets at a time just as he had done with The White Peacock" (et 197). "He asked for my opinion" - but by this time, Lawrence was trying to grapple with the truth and failure of Paul's relation with Miriam, as in the previous version (with Miriam, a foundling, brought up in a middle-class home), he had not. And "comment seemed futile - not merely futile, but impossible ... He left off coming to see me and sent the manuscript by post" (et 201).

Jessie Chambers suggested that he did so because he was ashamed of what he was doing. But obviously Lawrence was no longer asking her to read it as he had done. Her criticisms, sharp enough this time, were irrelevant once they had provoked him to tell the story autobiographically, as they had done the previous winter. She was no longer his natural audience, by 1912: Edward Garnett was proving the kind of reader Lawrence needed, with a foot in publishing as well as a keen critical sense. And, by the spring of 1912, Lawrence had abandoned teaching in England: though he was to try for a lectureship in Germany, obviously a future career as a writer was nearer than it had ever been: the literary partnership with Jessie Chambers was, more than anything else, outgrown. It would seem that he showed her the ms. of Paul Morel 'C' not because she was an audience or critic, but precisely for the old, outworn reason that she was an interested party. We can see the same spirit in his decision to send her the proofs of the final version from Germany as late as March 1913: "I think you ought to see it before it's published" (lm i 190).

Two things in particular hurt her about these final versions. There was, on the one hand, the fact that she could not feel

he had represented in any degree faithfully the nature and quality of our desperate search for a right relationship. I was hurt beyond all expression. I didn't know how to bear it. (et 203)

But more telling than that, and more hurtful than Lawrence "handing his mother the laurels of victory," was the fact that his novel gave

a recognizable picture of our friendship which yet left out completely the years of devotion to the development of his genius - devotion that had been pure joy ...((it)) seemed to me like presenting Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. (et 203)

This is the outstanding criticism her memoir makes of his treatment of their relationship; the one that goes over and above her almost cynical acceptance of what she saw as his submission to his mother. That was inevitable, she says; but this other failure to understand her loyalty was gratuitous. Lawrence's book, of course, is not about the fostering of genius; Paul's painting needs no "devotion" from Miriam to develop. But Jessie Chambers insisted that the relationship contained this element, and that to betray it betrayed the whole truth of the relationship.

This takes us to the heart of the problem of Jessie Chambers as audience. Lawrence perhaps needed her to begin to write at all; without her he would not have gone on as he did, nor would he have been launched as she contrived to launch him in 1909. She provided a chopping-block for his theories and art. Yet he had to get beyond her, just as he felt he had to get beyond her as a possible wife. The "devotion" she describes was, on the one hand, the encouragement he certainly needed; on the other, it reminds us of his 1928 comment: "it was me, not he (('the demon')) whom she loved." Her remarks to Helen Corke about some of Lawrence's poems printed in the October 1910 English Review show how she was liable to read his work:

He talks to me so distinctly from that printed page that it is with an effort only I can restrain myself from answering him: the effort to restrain gives me a rending sensation ... (corke 23)

For all the emotional complications of her current relationship with Lawrence - he had broken off their tacit engagement in August -
this

response is typical of the relation with his work we have so far analysed; her devotion to him, to the person, is uppermost.

She could not help Lawrence in the things with which, as time went on, he began most vitally to need help; she could not distinguish the 'demon', could not put her finger on the pulse of his important work as both Ford (to some extent) and Garnett (to a much greater degree) were able to do. For all her reading of his mss., what she called her "devotion" to his genius was directed at least as much to him personally as to his work. Lawrence felt in later life, for instance, that his development as a writer during The White Peacock had had to be his own work, not hers:

I had been tussling away for four years, getting out "The White Peacock" in inchoate bits, from the underground of my unconsciousness. I must have written most of it five or six times ... I would dash at it, do a bit, show it to the girl; she always admired it; then realise afterwards it wasn't what I wanted, and have another dash. (phx ii 593)

The fact that "she always admired it" must have been encouraging. But it was as much as Lawrence could generally expect from Jessie Chambers as a critic. He himself suggested that, as long as he wrote for her, he wrote

... without any idea of becoming a literary man at all - looked on himself just as a school-teacher - & mostly hated school-teaching. (phx ii 301)

It was as if writing for Jessie Chambers actually prolonged his adolescence, maintained a closer relationship between them than would otherwise have been possible, and delayed any serious consideration of what he wanted to do with his writing; she created a safe environment for his work which only at times did he want to escape. Her criticisms of Paul Morel 'C' show Jessie denouncing Lawrence for taking away from the affair of Paul and Miriam what, in the case of Lawrence and herself, had held it together: the

intimate literary relationship. As she asked herself,

What else but the devotion to a common cause had held us together against his mother's repeated assaults? (et 203)

But, discovering a power in himself that she could not understand, Lawrence wanted a different approach to 'being an author' than his relationship with her could provide. He would perhaps have liked to be more mundane about the business of supporting himself by writing - Jessie tended to elevate the matter to what was, in the last resort, an irrelevant level of intimacy; and by 1909 she belonged to another world, a different partnership, a different application to literature. She went on seeing his work, but the sense in which she was the audience she wanted to be had dwindled; and when she was not an audience in the old sense, she was still not a critic - only, in the case of Sons and Lovers, an interested party.

(iv) Outside the Home Circle: Alice Dax, Blanche Jennings and Louie Burrows

Jessie Chambers has to remain at the centre of any study of Lawrence's early relations with an audience. But although Lawrence's work between 1904 and 1909 never became the property of any group of people, but passed simply to an individual here or there, a number of people began to see it and comment on it after 1907. That year, in the first place, marks both Lawrence's first attempt to get into print and his first success at doing so. During his first year at college he had thought of writing for the Nottingham University students' magazine Gong, but "saw a number in the library," he told Louie Burrows, "& thought it a very mediocre publication. I do not think I shall try to be admitted as a contributor" (lil 3). All the same, at some later date in his college career he submitted a version of the poem later called 'Study': it was rejected (cp ii 851).

But in the autumn of 1907 he was spurred by Jessie and Alan Chambers to enter for the Nottinghamshire Guardian Christmas competition. The rules called for a story on any of three subjects; Lawrence wrote three stories, one for each subject, "just for fun, & because Alan and J asked me why I didn't, & so put me upon doing it to show I could (lil 6). He had to find two people to submit his second and third stories for him, and asked Louie Burrows to send in 'The White Stocking' for the category 'An Amusing Adventure', trusting her to rewrite it "in your style" (lil 6). Jessie Chambers submitted the third story, that for 'An Enjoyable Christmas'; Lawrence sent in 'A Legend' for the last category, thinking perhaps it had the most chance of winning: "I am pretty nearly certain that the Amusing will not be accepted, though the Legend may" (lil 7). But the story he wrote for Jessie Chambers to submit, 'A Prelude to a Happy Christmas', won the competition, perhaps revised by her in the same way as 'The White

Stocking' was revised "according to your taste" by Louie. Jessie Chambers referred to it as "a sentimental little story" (et 113) and indeed it is; it was the only one of the three stories that he did not rescue for later revision. In 1925 he felt relieved that it had "gone to glory in the absolute sense" (lm ii 799).

The question here, however, is not the merit of 'A Prelude to a Happy Christmas', but Lawrence's attitude towards publication. Was he at this date starting to write for publication? It seems unlikely. The stories in question were, according to Jessie's later recollection, "a plan for raising a little money" - the prize was 3 guineas (et 113). Lawrence's account to Louie Burrows makes them sound written at the provocation of Jessie and Alan - as if the latter had remarked 'call yourself an author? Could you manage this?' They "put me upon doing it to show I could" (lil 6). The point was that it was "just for fun" (ibid). These ideas, coupled with Lawrence's failure to follow up the success in any way, can make us certain that the incident was isolated in time and significance. It foreshadowed no change of attitude. Similarly, the poem submitted to Gong was one of a number of poems actually written at college, and the text in ms. 1479 suggests that Lawrence may have thought it suitable because it commented on the life of a student; he had written better poems than this by 1907.

Tears and dreams for them, but for me
Nothing but books - the exams are near -
Or wooing a crystal instead of a dear
Girl; making friends of the brainy dust
Of ancient swotters long since dead.
Don't I wish I was only a bust

All head. (ms. 1479/9)

The submission both of the poem and of the competition stories makes it plain that they don't count as first "attempts to publish": they did not stem from any feeling on Lawrence's part that he had some-

thing important to say, or that he wanted people to listen. They were more ordinary events than that, as one would perhaps expect. They show Lawrence treating publication of his work as a hit-or-miss business, and leaving matters there. In short, they did not involve that approach to an audience which we here intend to document and explain.

More important to that inquiry is Lawrence's new habit of occasionally submitting his mss. to someone other than Jessie Chambers - for the more serious Lawrence became about his performance as a writer, the less did the intimacy between Jessie and himself as reader and writer seem satisfactory.¹

Before his accession to the Croydon circle, and after the main impact of Jessie Chambers - who saw much less of Lawrence during his time at college - another particular environment had an effect on Lawrence; the socially progressive circle that gathered round the home of W. A. Hopkin in Eastwood, where Lawrence probably met both Alice Dax and Blanche Jennings. Mrs Hopkin and Mrs Dax worked for the women's cause; after suffragette meetings in Nottingham, visiting speakers would sometimes stay with the Hopkins - both Mrs Pankhurst and Annie Kenneid did - and

discussions went on into the far night, intense, but friendly and a bit gay. Meetings were held in our small town and there was much enthusiasm, many fights, and some really productive effort ... (nehls i 135)

William Hopkin was a Fabian socialist, and drew other famous people to his house:

Philip Snowdon, Ramsey MacDonald, Charlotte Despard, Beatrice and Sydney Webb,² and others of the then

1. See above, pp. 31-33

2. See Additional Note IV.

'forward' group visited us frequently, and these Lawrence met. He was a silent listener or an almost violent leader of the conversation. (nehls i 135)

On April 12th 1908, Lawrence read his paper 'Art and the Individual' at the Hopkins' house - probably at the meeting Blanche Jennings attended. This meeting at the Hopkins' is the only one Jessie Chambers records in her memoir. It is obvious that the discussion was centred on socialism - Lawrence's paper begins:

These Thursday night meetings are for discussing social problems with a view to advancing a more perfect social state and to fitting ourselves to be perfect citizens - communists - what not. Is that it? (phx ii 221)

Socialism was something in which, at this time of her life, Jessie Chambers had no interest. As late as November 1909, when she accompanied Lawrence to lunch at Violet Hunt's, the following exchange took place: Ford Madox Ford

... unpinned a paper and showed me an announcement of a Suffragette meeting.

'I suppose you're very interested in that,' he said.

'Oh, yes, I've a very enthusiastic friend¹ who tells me all about it,' I replied. Then a little later he said:

'You're a sort of Socialist, I suppose?'

Not a single political idea had crossed my mind in those days; but I liked the pleasant ambiguity of his definition and decided there and then that it described me exactly. (et 170)

Lawrence, however, attended socialist meetings both in Eastwood and in Croydon for a number of years - though by 1910 he was writing to William Hopkin that he seemed

to have lost touch altogether with the old "progressive" clique: in Croydon the socialists are so stupid, and the Fabians so flat. (lm i 63)

1. Perhaps Louie Burrows: see lil xii.

It is possible that he met Alice Dax (wife of an Eastwood pharmacist) at the Hopkins; apart from the formal meetings, the Hopkins' daughter Enid recalled that

Our house was 'open' every Sunday evening when many village people drifted in and there was more talk, music, food, more discussions ... (nehls i 135)

Most of our evidence about Lawrence's relationships with Alice Dax is at second hand: a sentence here, a phrase there, mostly in the letters to Blanche Jennings. (The exception is a letter Mrs Dax wrote to Frieda Lawrence about the Lawrence she knew in 1912 - frieda 245-248.) From the letters to Blanche Jennings alone, we can only be certain that she saw one of Lawrence's mss. - Laetitia 'B'. But if, like Professor Mark Schorer,¹ we take her to be the woman mentioned by Harry T. Moore as the "married woman in Eastwood who initiated Lawrence into sex,"² then it is clear that she must have seen poems too; this woman was overheard saying to William Hopkin's wife:

Sallie, I gave Bert sex. I had to. He was over at our house struggling with a poem he couldn't finish, so I took him upstairs and gave₃ him sex. He came downstairs and finished the poem.

For all the unintentional and bathetic humour of this - and our slight uncertainty as to whom it should be attributed - at least it shows how Lawrence's literary activity was growing beyond the scope of Jessie Chambers, who hardly refers to this Eastwood circle or to any readers of Lawrence's work before he went to Croydon apart from herself and his mother.

As to why Lawrence showed Laetitia 'B' to Mrs Dax: in April 1908

1. M. Schorer, D. H. Lawrence, (New York, Dell, 1968), p.11.
2. H. T. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, 2nd. Edn., (London, Penguin Books, 1960), p.131.
3. Ibid.

he had written to Blanche Jennings that he had deliberately kept it from her -

It is remarkable how sensitive I am on her score. You know, or will know - or perhaps you will never discover it - my fondness for playing with the 'fine shades,' for suggesting rather than telling, for juggling with small feelings rather than dashing in large ones - this Mrs Dax would at one time entirely have scorned, and even now I am not sure of her. (lm i 5)

He was unsure, that is, of her capacity to register the emotionally undramatic nature of much of the book; which to him seemed more realistic in its probing of his own sensibility than in anything it achieved in describing human nature at large. Jessie Chambers recalled his saying of this, the second version of the novel:

Everything that I am now, all of me, so far, is in that. I think a man puts everything he is into a book - a real book. (et 82)

This suggests the closeness of his involvement with it; but he was not sure that Mrs Dax (or, for that matter, anyone) would appreciate it. He suspected she would object to what struck her as its dilletantism, and seems to have intended to send the ms. to Blanche Jennings instead.

It is necessary at this point to describe the manner of his correspondence with Blanche Jennings (from which stems most of our knowledge of his writing activities during 1908 and 1909), and to state some reservations about the use of the material in this study. Miss Jennings was older than Lawrence, and his tone from the start exhibits a kind of clever facetiousness that few of his contemporaries - or people like the Hopkins - would perhaps have stood for. It is, for instance, hard to imagine that any of the largely missing correspondence with Jessie Chambers was ever so wilfully 'butterfly' in tone. The letters to Blanche Jennings are full of a youthful showing-off, a wordy fluttering with literature and gossip, that is sometimes attractive

because it is genuinely spirited, but often self-consciously mannered and impenetrable. Blanche Jennings frequently brought out this dashing, lively flutter in his letters to her; and the frequent pose of cultivated cynicism or bravado infects his comments on, for instance, Laetitia 'B', to a degree that prevents them being informative in any simple sense. On the occasion, for example, of Mrs Dax taking to her bed in preparation for the birth of a child, she asked for Laetitia 'B', thus forestalling Blanche Jennings' sight of it. Lawrence told the latter Mrs Dax's criticisms:

Mrs Dax, having read the first four chapters (little ones), says that though the first two are good enough, the other pair is very bad, which I can quite believe, and which makes it plain that I must read the damned stuff, and once more write out afresh great pieces of it ... (lm i 8)

Later in the same letter it turns out that Mrs Dax said "scarcely anything" about the book, "not being very interested" (ibid). Later letters give a few fragments of what she said; she complained that the English was "flawed" and the style loose (lm i 12 & 33); she questioned the reality of the characters (lm i 14), found the book "too full of moods" (lm i 19), and the Annable passages "coarse" (lm i 25). There appears a kind of posturing in Lawrence's remark that, again, he has got to read "the damned stuff"; the incident sounds retold mainly for the pose of the telling. On the other hand, this first letter, in conjunction with the later ones, gives a reasonably clear impression of what Mrs Dax actually said. Our difficulty becomes a matter of handling this slippery material with sufficient care, not stressing things because Lawrence's literary leanings or desires to be striking are stressing them.

As it is, Lawrence could be sharper with himself and his book than he ever showed that Mrs Dax could be; he warned Blanche Jennings against it as:

... all about love - and rhapsodies on Spring scattered here and there - heroines galore - no plot - nine-tenths adjectives - every colour in the spectrum descanted upon - a poem or two - scraps of Latin and French - altogether a sloppy, spicy mess ... (lm i 5)

In the amused self-abnegations, there is clearly an element of annoyance with himself - continually we have to distinguish the actual from the mannered. But Mrs Dax's criticisms never seemed to have touched or contributed to Lawrence's sense of the book's faults.

It is doubtful, that is, whether her criticisms did in fact help him improve his book. He affected great carelessness about Laetitia 'B' - as in that derogatory description. But in these letters to Blanche Jennings, there runs an odd feeling of (at any rate, artistic) isolation that is more than maudlin or posed, though it is often expressed in treacherously stilted English. For all his sparkle, Lawrence was seriously involved in his book; and, complaining of the "exhausted home earth, to which we will not, even cannot, confide what is precious to us" (lm i 8), he simultaneously acted out his feelings, and set his reader on a direct line to them. He explained to Miss Jennings that

because you are a cold stranger, and not my mother or my bosom friend, I will come to you for sympathy with that sore, that sickness of mine which is called Laetitia, of which my mother will say nothing except 'I wish you had written on another line' - of whom Mrs Dax says scarcely anything, not being very interested. (lm i 8)

The feeling behind the remark is cold and explicit. Mrs Dax had assured Lawrence that she loved him, and we know his mother's feeling. Lawrence knew what distressed him, and immediately pitched it in his most literary key:

I cannot cure myself of the most woeful of youth's follies - thinking that those who care about us will care for the things that mean much to us. Only one girl, who is in love with me, and whom I do not love ... cares deeply for my writing ... (lm i 9)

It was with some trepidation that Lawrence offered Laetitia 'B' to Miss Jennings in the first place, and when he did, he kept their dialogue about it on an artificial level. He wanted her to read it, quite simply, as much as to provide him with criticisms of it. Mrs Dax gave him some of the latter, but not the confidence that she had found it worth the reading. Lawrence was partly ashamed of it - "I shrink from the thought of anyone's reading that work" (lm i 9); but Mrs Dax's failure to read with sympathy hurt him.

Mrs Dax has had it a fortnight, and says 'I have not had time to read your papers - I'll read them in bed' - meantime I have taken her a vol. of Ibsen - she has read it - she has read another book - and I took her yesterday another big green book. Of course she thinks I don't care many damns about Laetitia (I don't know sometimes myself whether I do) - but as a matter of fact my mind is sore, and it waits for the ointment of somebody's sincere criticism. (lm i 9)

A little over a week later, Lawrence was writing to Miss Jennings that "Mrs Dax will never read her ((Laetitia 'B')), and will never cease to pretend that she will" (lm i 11). But she did; and he wrote to Blanche Jennings in June that, because Mrs Dax

expressed her opinion in some half-dozen laughing lines of amused scoffing, I am inclined to repent having asked you to inflict yourself with the mass. I doubt whether Mrs Dax will ever say much more to me about the stuff - she is not impressed, or ill-impressed; see then how execrable it must be. (lm i 14)

Behind the gay manner there is the fact that Mrs Dax's off-handed, unfeeling criticism was quite unhelpful. She found, for instance, that the book was "unreal":

Nevertheless there is ... a good deal that Mrs Dax never sees, for she only cares about whether such people could really exist, and live like other folk in the midst of neighbours, chapels and mothers-in-law; whereas I don't care a damn whether they live or don't - there are some rather fine scenes and effects. (lm i 14)

What would Jessie Chambers, or Lawrence being serious with her, have made of that? This is cocktail-party talk. Yet behind the manner lies the fact that Mrs Dax gave Lawrence neither the genuine criticism which he knew the book really needed, nor the assurance that it was worth caring about, nor the feeling that people at large would ever make anything of his work.

The key to what Lawrence wanted comes in his first letter to Blanche Jennings. She was older than Lawrence, perhaps more experienced in a worldly way, if more easily shocked and offended, and not so intellectual by half, we may guess. He wrote in April 1908:

If you would be so good, you would make a really good judge of it on the emotional side, I believe. I would not ask you to criticise it so much as a work of art ((-)) by that, I mean applying to it the tests of artistic principles, and such-like jargon - don't smile too soon, my head is not very swelled, I assure you; - but I would like you to tell me frankly whether it is bright, entertaining, convincing - or the reverse ... don't be afraid of my feelings. (lm i 5)

This sounds half like a request, de haut en bas, from a consciously intelligent young man. But, too, it seems that he did want her as a reader, even as a less strenuous one than Jessie Chambers obviously was; for the first time he was going outside the latter's world with his creative work. It was that fact, perhaps, that mattered to him, and provoked such a free play of literary flirtatiousness as the letters exhibit.

Laetitia 'B' went to Miss Jennings some time in July 1908, and by the 30th of the month she was sending back her comments.

Your remarks on Laetitia are exceedingly just. If you think it worth the trouble, I will write the thing again, and stop up the mouth of Cyril - I will kick him out - I hate the fellow. I will give Lettie a few rough shakings; I will keep Alice all the way through ... The sheep worrying incident is real - actual ...

Thanks very much for the notes. They will be valuable. I wish there had been more of them. You will be sick of it if you have to read it again; but tell me, please, everything you can think of.

Have you anything to say on the Annable part? ... shall I introduce more characters? Shall I leave out lots of incidents? I will leave out Cyril, the fool. (lm i 25)

Remembering Catherine Carswell's comment -

In small ways Lawrence could often be ... "a bit false". He could not bear being unpleasant to anybody's face ... (sp 44)

we can see his comments to Miss Jennings veering from the formally grateful - "they will be valuable. I wish there had been more of them" - to the off-handed and uncommunicative: "if you think it worth the trouble, I will write the thing again, and stop up the mouth of Cyril." He re-wrote it again once in full, and altered it again extensively before it was published; Cyril stayed throughout. "I hate the fellow" is as much as to say "this idle, fanciful character - rather like the letter I'm writing you - can be tossed aside with the greatest ease." The value of his comments is infected by the detached and would-be cultivated boredom of his tone. Miss Jennings's comments, unlike those of Mrs Dax, were the product of patient and careful reading, such as Lawrence apparently wanted. Yet it seems clear that he was disappointed; not just with them, perhaps, but with the level of dialogue possible between Miss Jennings and himself. She was kind and patient, sending him more notes on her opinions; he wrote back in September:

The Father episode is not unnecessary - there is a point; there are heaps of points; I told you there would be, but you have not bothered to find them; quite rightly too. I will re-write sometime; and your suggestions will be valuable. (lm i 27)

The tone of boredom has here reached a pitch which effectively stifles further communication on the subject; and there was indeed a cooling off in literary relations between them, with a corresponding increase

of chat and gossip, after the late summer of 1908. She never saw anything more of his fiction. In the same letter as he disagreed about the 'Father episode', he suggested: "Let us shut up now forever about Laetitia; don't send her to me until I go away, unless she lumbers you too much" (lm i 28). He undoubtedly found Blanche Jennings in some ways a most agreeable correspondent, to be frivolous with and artistic in a gentle way, and he obviously wanted to impress. But when his correspondence became, for once, seriously critical of her, in May 1909, she left off writing to him; and he did not hear from her again until November 1909, when she must have written to congratulate him on his appearance in the English Review - causing him to wonder: "I have no idea wherein I insulted you ... I am sorry" (lm i 57). The fact that their correspondence could cease so easily for so long is a measure of the lack of attachment they felt it had represented.

We have to ask: what did Lawrence expect from her? If anything set the tone of the dialogue, it was his first letter to her of April 1908; and the manner it established recurred. He very much wanted, obviously, to impress her with his literary sparkle. To show her his novel involved more, however, than simply reinforcing his epistolary brightness with proof of actual ability. For a time, at least, she was the only source (apart from the continued and now strained accessibility of Jessie Chambers) of response to his writing; and we have seen the importance to him of such a response. But she was a person he only met once, whose taste and ability to respond were unlike his own; she did not like poetry, for example, and he did not show her any till January 1909; the idea of Jessie Chambers "not liking poetry" is impossible. He felt that, in the end, Blanche Jennings was bored by Laetitia 'B'; we may guess that she would never have agreed, but must distinguish between faint-hearted boredom - which is not what Lawrence meant - and a boredom resultant from lack of acuteness in reaction:

You will not mind my referring to it again. With a true womanly wit, you fell out with details that didn't matter. Tell me where you differ from me in the above opinions, please - if you are not bored. (lm i 36)

She had read the book and was in some position to judge it, but we cannot assume that their discussion of it broke down simply because of Lawrence's tone. There is a strong suggestion that he saw no point in going further with her impressions after October 1908; and the subject of the novel did not again come up between them, except in passing. In September he sent her his essay 'Art and the Individual', which she had heard in April on the only occasion they met: "I'm glad you like it," he wrote in October. But the matter was not discussed further, except to record the opinions of her friend 'J', who found the essay superficial and dilettante. He sent her four poems in January - not, however, for criticism: "you do not like poetry ... " (lm i 25) He sent them because he had just written them, and to illustrate some of his ideas about art:

... perhaps you will appreciate the few verses I send you in the light of what I say. I want to write live things, if crude and half-formed, rather than beautiful dying decadent things with sad odours.¹ (lm i 48)

Lawrence called Blanche Jennings one of the "non-sentimental, practical, battling people ... it is a position you have taken" (lm i 6). To start with, he wanted a free, open-handed literary contact with this common-sensical, unintellectual mind, and Laetitia 'B' was a natural part of that contact. In spite of all the cleverness he was at pains to exhibit, we can see his natural leanings towards a kind of genuine literary relationship with her that in practice never came to anything. He liked to pour himself out to her, to bring her within the scope of his interests; but in the case of Laetitia 'B' he found himself unable to transcend his own flippancy when confronted with a response to the book that, although well-meaning, was also unsatisfying. If Jessie Chambers had been the audience of his immediate

1. See Additional Note V.

past, evincing the intimate contact and immediacy of response which he needed in order to write at all, then people like Blanche Jennings had to supply a wider, looser view of life and art; less dedicated, giving freer rein to his own sense of delight in words and literary chatter; who could, perhaps, offer a less personal, more worldly reading to his book.

But it would be wrong to assume that the reading of his work was the only important part of his contact with Blanche Jennings. She gave him a liberty to chatter and clown which a growing freedom from the restraint and seriousness of his adolescence demanded. And the breakdown of correspondence between them was perfectly natural; in Croydon and away from home Lawrence began to find as ready an audience for literary interchange as she could ever be; and without a steadier contact with her - as over his writing - the relationship itself was unlikely to survive. His friendship with her, as it is documented in the letters, is one example of what we may assume happened in other, undocumented cases; underlining a change from adolescent Eastwood and Nottingham, marking the first occasions on which he opened his work to a wider public, and dogged by a flippant literariness natural when the circle in which he moved offered no more stable a route to literary advance. Blanche Jennings was not an effective critic of Lawrence's work, but her contact with him seems a natural symptom of a period between Eastwood and Croydon when he was cutting free of the old but had not discovered the new.

During 1908 came Lawrence's first attempt to get literary attention from outside his immediate world; our only record of it comes from Jessie Chambers.

Lawrence and I first talked about the publication of his work, so far as I remember, on a cold evening in the spring of 1908, when he had been bringing his writings to me for two years. It was nearly the end of his last term in college and there was the sense of an impending break and a new point of departure. He was in one of his still, indrawn moods ...

He was telling me in a quiet and deliberately unexpressive voice that he had sent some of his work to an author, whose weekly article in the Daily News we often read and discussed, asking him if he would give his opinion as to its merit. I had not heard of this before and I cannot be sure whether the work in question was a story or an essay, but I am inclined to think it was the latter. Some weeks or even months had passed since he sent it, and now he was telling me that the author's wife had returned the manuscript, saying that her husband regretted his inability to give an opinion, owing to pressure of work.

'So evidently,' said Lawrence, 'his wife acts as his amanuensis.'

I recognised only too well the chagrin that lay behind his casual words. I murmured something sympathetic and Lawrence continued in the same flat voice:

'I've tried, and been turned down, and I shall try no more. And I don't care if I never have a line published,' he concluded in a tone of finality. I said nothing, knowing it was futile to argue with him in his present mood. But I began to wonder what would become of him if he should fail to get a hearing.

We never referred to the incident again. (et 155-156)

In the Daily News for the winter and spring of 1908, the only weekly column Jessie and Lawrence could have followed was that signed 'R.A.S.J.' This was Rolfe Arnold Scott-James, then literary editor of the newspaper; it must have been he who first saw Lawrence's work outside the Eastwood circle - or had a chance of seeing it. We cannot tell what Lawrence sent unless it was his essay 'Art and the Individual,' the only essay we know which dates from this period. If he sent a short story, we know that 'A Prelude,' 'Legend,' 'The White Stocking' and 'The Vicar's Garden' were in existence; and 'A Sick Collier' and 'The Christening' had also perhaps been drafted. But except to say that Lawrence did not send any of Laetitia 'B', there can be no certainty in this matter; and nothing is forthcoming from his own books, or from the memories of his contemporaries, to show either what he sent, or that Scott-James realised in later life who had been turned away. Lawrence met Scott-James in 1911 during a weekend at Edward Garnett's house, but contact was never renewed.

In 1908, however, the episode obviously left Lawrence feeling raw; and it would have been in this mood that he discovered Blanche Jennings' good sense, and followed her up as a potential reader. Jessie Chambers found him stubborn in his refusals to try to get into print - as when, in the winter of 1908-1909, noticing the obvious readiness of the English Review editor to print the work of new talent, she pressed Lawrence to send something; "but he refused absolutely: 'I don't care what becomes of it ... I'm not anxious to get into print'" (et 157). But in October 1908 he had asked Blanche Jennings what he could do with his essay 'Art and the Individual'; and, too,

Where should I send short stories such as I write? not to any magazine I know of - can you advise me. I will take to writing whimsically and frivolously, if I can - if I could but write as I behave! There, I've had twenty years experience in dishing up my strong-flavoured feelings in a nice smooth milk sauce with a sprinkle of nutmeg or cinnamon; but I've only had a few months of experience in making melted butter to be served with my writing. (lm i 30)

Behind the attempted cynicism is Lawrence's real and natural doubt about his future prospects. He could not, in 1908, rely on anything but teaching to earn the income he needed for himself and his home; but even at this date he seems sometime to have considered teaching as a stop-gap between college (where he had written extensively for the first time) and a writing career. To publish at all was, however, to test the strength of that dream; hence, perhaps, some of the reluctance Jessie Chambers discovered in the winter of 1908-1909, and the strong reaction she had experienced the previous spring. Lawrence could spin fantasies to Blanche Jennings in the summer of 1908:

Do you know what I shall do when I am out of college? I shall write drivelling short-stories and the like for money. I am learning quite diligently to play the fool

consistently, so that at last I may hire myself out as a jester, a motley to tap fools on the head fairly smartly with a grotesque stick - like Shaw does. (lm i 12)

But this was only a humorous reaction to the facility he reckoned he might possess. He had not, in fact, published a thing. But - what prospects were there for him to write and publish without feeling this pull to the facile, and the denial of the 'demon' (to return to his earlier term) ? He was determined not to be turned down again; he would rather not submit at all, for the time being. Hence the importance in this audience study of the early "public" in a friend here and there.

As it turned out, the dilemma was solved by Jessie Chambers sending some of his poems to the English Review in 1909.¹ The next chapter will concern itself with the London literary circles to which Lawrence gained access as a result; but at this point Lawrence's final home friend, Louie Burrows, must be introduced.

While at college, Lawrence developed a relationship of reader and writer with the latter. By examining what she saw in the manner adopted for Jessie Chambers, and with some of the same reservations, we find that she saw five of Lawrence's original poems, eleven of his translations, and four poems of indeterminate status, in the years 1910 and 1911;² and six of his short stories, four of them in 1911.³ She saw the proofs of The White Peacock as Lawrence sent them to Leicester during September 1910 for his mother to read (lil 54); she had apparently not seen any ms. versions before that. She saw the first 200 pages of Paul Morel 'B' in May 1911 (lil 109-110), and possibly still more of it before that version tailed off, two

1. See below, pp. 83-85

2. See Additional Note VI.

3. See Additional Note VII.

thirds done, sometime in the late summer. She would not have seen it after the ms. went to Jessie Chambers in October (et 190). She knew about the writing of The Saga of Siegmund in 1910 (lil 52) but almost certainly saw nothing of it at that stage; Lawrence was not then in the habit of showing her his unfinished work, and The Saga tended, anyway, to be a private affair between Helen Corke and Lawrence. But Louie stayed in Croydon over Christmas 1911 when Lawrence was ill; he began to revise the ms. while she was still there (on 30th December), and may have shown it to her then. Against this we must set the fact that he never told of its progress in any of his extant letters to her during the next month - it was just mentioned as "work" he was doing - which seems unlikely if she had been at all interested or involved at the end of December. That is the extent of our knowledge.

Louie had been one of the Pagans since 1903, when they were mostly student teachers at Ilkeston. In 1910, Lawrence remarked that she had been "my girl in Coll - though there have been changes since."¹ The first ten letters of Lawrence in Love give us an idea of what Louie meant to Lawrence during their two years at Nottingham University. To start with, Louie did not see either of the Laetitiias at any stage, as (for instance) Alice Dax and Blanche Jennings did in 1908; and apart from the short story of Lawrence's she rewrote for the 1907 Christmas competition, she probably saw no stories either. About poems we have no evidence; it seems probable that she did not see much, if anything at all. Two things stand out from the surviving correspondence of 1906 to 1908, however; firstly, some evidence of the two exchanging essays and discussing them; secondly, the fact of Louie's own writing. They did not exchange essays in order to improve their performance at college; better writing, as such, was the real point. Louie was "a would be aspirant after literature" (lil 2), Lawrence insisted upon compression and freshness and terseness in his (and her) compositions; his insistence

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p.141.

only spanned three extant letters, and perhaps we can connect the waning of his enthusiasm with his general disappointment with college. But his assumption that literature was a matter of particular concern to them both is interesting, and leads naturally to a discussion of their own attempts to write properly; he compared Louie's writing with Jessie's, finding that "you are brighter than Jessie, more readable, but you are not so powerful" (lil 2). He knew the style of both girls from their correspondence, apparently: "I have read nearly all your letters to J, so I do not judge only from this composition" (lil 1). And he was obviously very much concerned with improving his own work: "Write me your opinions & criticisms - your advice if you like - I shall like it ... I like people to criticise me - even Madame" (lil 3). This was perhaps the first time that Lawrence went to someone other than Jessie Chambers for criticism of his writing. But, on the other hand, we must see in this exchange of notes and criticism between Louie and Lawrence the ordinary pattern of college education. "I want to see your attempt," Lawrence writes to her about their weekly essay. He gets it; "I am going to quiz your essay," he tells her. Apparently, she does the same for his, though we have no record either of her comments or of his reactions to them. In this exchange of essays, and in this pattern, there is no real departure from the established pattern of Jessie Chambers being the sole audience for Lawrence's creative writing.

But we do see the process of self-education in these letters; what we may assume to be the group's concern with good writing appears, as later does its concern with "the ultimate questions of philosophy" in discussions carried over from the education classes at Nottingham (lil 7). We can see how Lawrence's disappointment with his college career would have been the greater because he knew, along with people like Louie and Jessie, how far people like those in the Eastwood circle could educate themselves without a formal higher education.

Of his writing while at Nottingham - the period he later mentioned as useful for the leisure it gave him to work at the Laetitias (et 81) - Louie apparently heard little more. She went on writing herself, as Lawrence's remarks about the 1907 Christmas competition show; she was one who loved "to romance," and "as you sit writing your newest novel, years hence," she was to think of their abortive attempt to win with 'her' story, 'The White Stocking.' But she herself saw little of Lawrence's work, we may assume, if we can transfer to 1906-1908 the attitude she had to Lawrence's work during 1911, the year of their engagement; and if we take seriously two remarks of Jessie Chambers. The latter asserted, firstly, that Lawrence showed her his work "secretly" (et 81) because it was not something he wanted generally talked about; and secondly she felt that between herself and Louie there was a difference in kind. Lawrence told Jessie, perhaps in 1907, that he could marry Louie "from a purely physical standpoint."

'But I don't understand,' I said. 'If you are going to marry X., what do you want to keep on with me for?'

'Because I cannot do without you,' he replied with intensity. 'The writing, all that side of me, belongs to you. Without you I can't go on.' (et 140)

So far as Jessie was concerned, it was she alone who had Lawrence's writing entrusted to her; Lawrence's attraction to Louie was, to her mind, wholly physical. She described his attempt to outline an existence where he would be married to a Louie-figure, but still coming to Jessie for intellectual stimulus.

'Do you think X. would let us? Would any wife?' I asked him.

'But it takes nothing from her. She has the the other side,' he pleaded. (et 143)

It seems quite likely that in such discussions Lawrence was trying to make up to Jessie for the fact that he wouldn't marry her - insisting

upon her place in a life that was almost bound to exclude her. But even if that were so, if we trust Jessie's memory then the sharp distinction between herself and Louie in Lawrence's eyes is made plain. During his college days, although he and Jessie were physically separated and Lawrence's interests inevitably diverged from hers, she remained at the centre of his writing life. And Louie was not.

Lawrence kept in touch with Louie after college, during his year in Croydon; they kept up a good deal of correspondence, and even when she moved to Quorn they continued to meet. But certain facts are significant. A list of friends who saw at least parts of Laetitia 'B' and Nethermere between 1908 and 1910 would have to include Jessie, Agnes Mason, Agnes Holt, Blanche Jennings, Alice Dax, Helen Corke and Arthur McLeod. Louie never saw any of the novel until Lawrence began sending its proofs to Leicester for his mother to read in September 1910. He mentioned the book only once in a letter to her, on 28th February 1909; she must have written asking about his work.

What do I write. I continue that old work of mine.
Sometime, I hope, it will be finished. I have to do
it over and over again, to make it decent. Some time,
surely, it will be of some value - and then you shall
read it too. (lil 30)

There was obviously no question of it going to her as it had gone to Blanche Jennings or Alice Dax - because a request to see what the bright young man was doing was too flattering to be ignored. But nor did Lawrence offer it for her criticism as he did to Arthur McLeod or to Jessie, friends whom he had no desire to impress. Louie could see it when it was finished; this tells us a good deal about her relationship with his writing.

However, a "writing interest" was kept up between them in the shape of Louie's own work. She had given him one of her short stories to criticise when he visited her on his way back from London in October 1908; he wrote a fairly detailed criticism of it during the week before he took up his post in Croydon, and attacked it from the standpoint of an expert on the short story.

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-quickenning; give as little explanation as possible ... make some parts swifter ... avoid bits of romantic sentimentality like Crewsaders & too much Wishing Well. (lil 19)

But "send it me again when you have re-written it; I am interested" (lil 19). In November he asked what she was writing - "Are you too used up to do any now?" (lil 24) - but it was not until June 1909 that he saw any more of it. She must have written telling him that she was writing short stories again.

I can't do 'em myself. Send me them, please, & I'll see if I can put a bit of surface on them & publish them for you. We'll collaborate, shall we? - I'm sure we should do well ... I'll send em to the publisher some time or other in your name. (lil 38)

It is interesting how the idea of publishing comes straight to his mind - but we must not forget that Nethermere was at that time nearing completion, albeit slowly. During July the plan developed; Lawrence redrafted two of Louie's stories, contact was established with the London and Provincial Press Agency, a fee of 5/- submitted - and "we will go whacks in the profits - when they come ..." (lil 39) And then Lawrence went on holiday to Shanklin.

While he was there he heard from Jessie Chambers that Ford Madox

Ford had written asking to see Lawrence; he liked those of Lawrence's poems Jessie had sent him. The English Review was a different kind of proposition from the London and Provincial Press Agency; the idea of collaborating on another person's short stories must have seemed small beer when he was going to be published in his own right. Louie did not hear the news until September, but in August the Press Agency proved awkward, and Lawrence suggested sending the stories "direct to the mags now" - ironical, in view of the developments as yet kept from Louie. In fact, the publishing of Louie's stories got rather lost in the whirl of the new life opening in Croydon and London that September.

I have been very busy this week ... I have never even written for the story from those people ... Before I do anything with the Puppy tale, I want to write it out again, and I don't know when I shall have time to do that. (lil 43)

And although he hinted that the English Review might be a profitable place for them both to publish - "no more thieving agencies for us" - Louie's stories only ever got to the magazine in the shape of Lawrence's version of her 'Goose Fair.' The others were apparently not sent to it. It must have been a blow to Louie that at the very moment when she (and Lawrence) seemed to be starting seriously on the business of publication, Lawrence should have been carried away on this faster and stronger current and effectively left her and her stories behind. This is made particularly clear by his suggestion in early November that she submit 'Goose Fair' to the Nottinghamshire Guardian Christmas competition; from one who had just been published in the English Review, that must have come a little de haut en bas.

The genesis of the 'Goose Fair' we now have is uncertain; Louie wrote it in its first version (sent to Lawrence in July 1909); Lawrence went over it and sent it to the Agency - and eventually back to Louie - in a considerably rewritten form. That much we can tell from his remarks

of early November 1909: "do you recognise the people? - a glorified Lois Mee ... & a glorified (?) Taylor?" (lil 45) The two major characters must have been considerably altered. And Louie had scruples about sending the story to the Nottinghamshire Guardian as her own work. After Lawrence's initial suggestion that she should, she replied that perhaps he should be the one to submit it - which suggests that she felt it was so much changed that she could no longer claim it as her own. Lawrence, on the other hand, continued to insist that the final version was a joint work; in September 1909 he referred to it as "your, my, story" (lil 43), and in November remarked "you can legally claim that the tale is as much your child as mine" (lil 46). In March 1910 he divided in two what he was paid for its appearance in the English Review, and sent the money to Louie as "the first-fruits of your literary tree" (lil 50).

We can tell from a letter of January 1910 how sure Lawrence was that Louie's talent was different from his own. He suggested that another of Louie's stories - 'The Chimney Sweeper' - needed more setting, more characterization, more presence - though "I should offer it to the Guardian." Her talent was "quaint" but "superficial." But "accept it as such - & make the best of it - then you'll do things very likely as good as W. W. Jacobs" (lil 49). This looks less like priggishness than good judgement; Lawrence's literary ambitions and achievements were moving faster than Louie's, his analysis of her writing's weaknesses was much sharper and more helpful than it had been, and he was much more knowledgeable about publishing than previously. His readiness to advise Louie about writing and publishing compares interestingly with his vagueness to Blanche Jennings 15 months before (lm i 30). The important thing to establish is the suddenness and relative completeness of Lawrence's assumption into literary affairs; his letters to Louie provide a very fair index of it, and make her own ambitions (so far as we can distinguish

them) look smaller, more provincial, less assured than his. This was the period Jessie Chambers remembered as provoking Lawrence to aim at "2,000 a year!" (et 168) He was being read, published and applauded; Louie was writing stories and teaching in Leicestershire. It is hard to imagine what would have happened if, in 1908, Lawrence had taken the teaching post in Stockport; but the difference in the hopes and ambitions he was enjoying in London by the end of 1909, and those she can ever have had, is enormous. By comparing the way these two writers of stories went, the success Lawrence had is seen in its proper perspective - as, for instance, Jessie Chambers tries to make us see it in her memoir: "There was a glamour about those days, even something of a glitter" (et 179).

For most of 1910 Lawrence wrote to Louie far less than he had done in 1909; she saw no more of his writing (apart from that appearing in the English Review) until September 1910, when she began to see the proofs of The White Peacock sent to Leicester. "I am glad you like the proofs," he told her; "it is comforting" (lil 54). He was worried about the last third of the book; "You will not, I am afraid, care for ((it)): tell me whether you do" (ibid). These enquiries sound conventional, and would of course have elicited replies too late to alter the text of the book. In December 1910, however, the transformation occurred; Lawrence and Louie became engaged on the 3rd; but as the events of 1911 properly belong to a later point in this thesis, the rest of Lawrence's relationship will not be described until a later chapter.¹

The early part of their contact belongs very much to 'Home and Nottingham,' even when Lawrence was first in Croydon; Louie's friendship spans the gap in time between Lawrence the Midlands amateur, and Lawrence the London writer. But right up to the end of 1910, she really only knew the former; as we have seen, she was left standing by Lawrence's sudden leap into success in September 1909. And the glamour of London which

1. See below, Chapter 3, section (iv).

reached her in part through his letters at the end of 1909 and the beginning of 1910 sounds something exciting but distant; Lawrence's "let me hear your news" often means a conscious step down from the excitement and involvement he has been describing.

For Lawrence's early letters to Louie show (in a detail which wholly corroborates the truth of Jessie Chambers' memoir) Lawrence's development away from the life, people and concerns of his native Eastwood; and the movement away from "the home circle" should, for a successful future partnership in marriage between Lawrence and Louie, have ended wholly outside it. Lawrence's letters of 1910 show "things" developing, The White Peacock finished, the second novel underway, the world opening. But Louie sometimes only heard about these things in part. A letter written to her on 24th July, 1910, is full of inquiries after their mutual college friend Tom Smith, about Louie's prospects of getting her short stories into magazines, about books she should read. There is no mention of the party Lawrence went to on the 23rd with Ford Madox Ford, which another letter written on the 24th - to Grace Crawford - describes in great detail.¹ Lawrence may have thought such purely literary-social gossip of no interest to Louie in mid-1910.

The point is that Louie did not at heart follow Lawrence's progress willingly; she remains for us a picture of what Lawrence might have remained, in Nottinghamshire or Leicestershire, if circumstances had been wholly different; like Lawrence's mother and sister in the summer of 1909, she may have found Lawrence changed and distanced by London and literary society.

In no sense was the early Louie an audience. Literature, her own

1. Sotheby & Co., Catalogue of Nineteenth Century and Modern First Editions, etc., ("Thompson"), 7-8 July 1969, p.143.

or Lawrence's, always seemed to remain primarily an opportunity for emotional indulgence to her; and although writing was the germ of enthusiasm that kept Lawrence and Louie sending letters to each other, Lawrence's own creativity played a far smaller part in their discussions than did her own. Perhaps Jessie was right; Louie was simpler than Lawrence, more direct and more conventional; a part of the world whose ambitions he was superceding. It is fitting to end the chapter on Lawrence's Nottingham background with her; she remained part of that background while Lawrence went on out of it.

(v) Conclusions

The first striking thing about Lawrence's Eastwood circle is the freedom with which he could move between environments as various as those of the home circle, the Haggs farm, the Hopkin's house, Nottingham University College, and the Daxes, and find a congenial environment for talk and discussion in all; and in the case of three of them, readers who were available to him in quite different, but complimentary ways. Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows and Alice Dax may have helped him incidentally to improve his work: but he needed them for a flow of communication, as he wanted conversation and intellectual discussion. Such a society was eager, and on the whole, youthful, where it was not, it was equipped with a vitality beyond the normal, as in the case of the Hopkin home. His writing, however, was not for a circle or society, but enabled him to create an individual flow of contact here and there. From the vantage point of 1927, Mellors tells Connie about his youth and his equivalent of 'Muriel', and there seems a lot of the young Lawrence in him.

I was supposed to be a clever sort of young fellow from Sheffield Grammar School, with a bit of French and German, very much up aloft. She was the romantic sort that hated commonness. She egged me on to poetry and reading: in a way, she made a man of me. I read and thought like a house on fire for her ... a thin, white-faced fellow fuming with all the things I'd read. And about everything I talked to her: but everything. We talked ourselves into Persepolis and Timbuctoo. We were the most literary cultured couple in ten counties. I held forth in rapture to her, positively with rapture. I simply went up in smoke. And she adored me.¹

No matter how close this is to Lawrence's own experience, wryly characterised, the fierce culturing Lawrence here describes relates directly to the potentialities of his Eastwood background; and in that context, the young Lawrence's writing must have fitted naturally and exactly, as part of an onrush of intellectuality and self-expression; and if he could, on Mellors' behalf, be cynical in 1927

1. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, p. 254.

and record only the limitation, in 1907 the ideals and the culture provided the lingua franca of his immediate environment. And his writing was the cream on this tide, the immediate expression of Lawrence's personality - the culmination, for a girl like Jessie Chambers, of his "going up in smoke". In later life, Lawrence despised what he saw as his youthful priggishness; but seen in its time, it appears a richly packed adolescence, beginning early and going on late; a continuation over a number of years of that particular breaking of the bounds of childhood assumption that, for instance, today accompanies school education between 'A' Level and (perhaps) university.

And in Eastwood, Lawrence was lucky to have the potential culture and actual intellectual activity which this outpouring between his seventeenth and his twenty-third year needed to match against itself. "He was a silent listener, or an almost violent leader of the conversation," Enid Hilton remembered of the period 1906-1908 at the Hopkin house. Eastwood provided, if not a whole cultural background, at least an energy and a habit of culture; and as remarked above, a classless freedom for the young intellectual, pupil teacher and student which Lawrence was between 1903 and 1908. In 1927 his description of Mellors is only occupied with what his own early years left out. But what was actually in them is the centre of this chapter: a stimulating environment, an openness, an intellectual frankness: and a natural pouring out of ideas and 'writing' to one or two people, as naturally as Lawrence would have talked to them: the work not shown for criticism, any more than conversation is for criticism, but for intellectual excitement and immediacy of communication. Again, from Lady Chatterley comes a description which twenty years' experience had narrowed Lawrence down to; the passage relating to the experiences of Connie and Hilda in pre-war Germany.

Neither was ever in love with a young man unless he and she were verbally very near: that is, unless they were profoundly interested, TALKING, to one another. The amazing, the profound, the unbelievable thrill there was in passionately

talking to some really clever young man by the hour, resuming day after day for months ... This they had never realised till it happened! The paradisal promise: Thou shalt have men to talk to! - had never been uttered. It was fulfilled before they knew what a promise it was.¹

The 1927 description narrows the focus of moral improvement on to an almost unnatural wholeness of which the 1907 Lawrence had no conception; but, again, whether or no the passage is in any way autobiographical, it illustrates the conditions of an environment very close to that in which Lawrence grew up, and the terms on which it affected him.

The second important thing to emerge from a study of these earliest years is Lawrence's habit of not writing for publication. An attempt to place his writing in the context of his intellectual environment has been made; to write, to show what was written and to discuss it with an intimate, was the natural concomitant of his intellectual and cultural habit, and (as such) there was no need for the writing to go out to any larger audience, since it was altogether suited to the environment in which it was born. Lawrence gives no impression before 1909 of any desire to find an audience beyond that circle of intimates: rather the reverse. The early attempts, if we can use the word - to the Nottinghamshire Guardian, R.A.Scott-James, and the English Review, were either not wholly instigated by Lawrence, or implicitly denied any desire for such an audience; and his refusal early in 1909 to send in work to the English Review did not apparently stem so much from modesty or uncertainty about his work as from reluctance to lift his work out of the confidential environment. Jessie Chambers' repetition of his "all my writing is for you" perfectly illustrates the confidential nature of his writing, if not the actual attribution to herself that she always assumed.

It took the prospect of making a name in the world - or at least

1. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, p. 50.

in a metropolitan literary society - to provoke in Lawrence the taste for publication; and going to Croydon in 1908, to strip away that sense of an environment which until then had itself been sufficient for his performance as a writer.

Chapter Three

Croydon

1908 - 1911

(i) The First Year: Agnes Mason and A. W. McLeod; Agnes Holt

Then, when I was twenty three, I went away from home for the first time, to the south of London ... and school, a whole new world. Then starts the rupture with home, with Miriam, away there in Nottinghamshire ...
(phx i 253)

But Lawrence's first year in Croydon, from October 1908 to July 1909, only started that "rupture", and by no means completed it. His entry into metropolitan literary society did not begin until the following year, with his meeting with Ford Madox Ford on 4th September 1909: and until then, he had had no friends in London to compare with the ones he began to make, such as Ezra Pound or Grace Crawford. During the year 1908-1909, too, he was no more than slightly acquainted with Helen Corke, and so did not know her friends Lil Reynolds and Laura McCartney whom he visited in 1910 and 1911.

During his first year in Croydon, in fact, school almost entirely dominated the scene: that and, in the spring of 1909, re-writing his novel Laetitia 'B'. The circle he kept up tended to be that of the last years in Eastwood; letters to Blanche Jennings, Ada, Mabel Limb (one of the 'Pagans'), May Holbrook and Louie Burrows are all that survive. Agnes Mason recorded for Helen Corke what she saw of Lawrence's isolation during the first few months of teaching, and Miss Corke adapted it for her novel Neutral Ground.

During the first six months ... he was desperately unhappy ... He was avoided by the male members of the staff, a narrow-minded, extremely cautious set. He had failed signally to pass their tests of capacity both for sport and school discipline, so they first extended to him a contemptuous patronage; and later, when they had had some experience of his intellectual fearlessness and power of passionate argument, paid him a grudging respect and kept out of his way.¹

1. Corke, Neutral Ground, p. 193.

Agnes Mason was in a position to know, also being on the staff of Davidson Road School. Towards the end of his first month in Croydon, Lawrence himself wrote to Blanche Jennings that

Here I have found no-one with whom I shall grow intimate. I do not care. My landlady is a splendid woman - my landlord is affable and plays chess worse than I do - what more can I want? (lm i 32)

Louie Burrows heard - rather less nonchalantly - that by 23rd October

I am rapidly getting over my loneliness and despair; soon I'll settle down & be quite happy here. But there don't seem to be many nice folk here. They are all glib, but not frank; polite, but not warm. (lil 21)

There was none of the informal society of Eastwood (lm i 38), and though townspeople "are less individual, less self-opinionated and conceited than country people," they were also "less, far less serious" (lm i 38). By the end of his second week, Lawrence had tried "a literary society conversazione & nearly discovered the North Pole - such poor fools" (lil 21). Comparison with the Eastwood circle obviously worked to Croydon's disadvantage. The keynote of these first months comes in the letter to May Holbrook just quoted - from December 1908:

Truly, there are meetings, and, better, theatres and concerts. But meetings are places where one develops an abnormal tone, which it takes some time to soften down again, and theatres and concerts have not much staying power. The true heart of the world is a book ... (lm i 38)

And Blanche Jennings heard in January that

I don't seem to need ... much food of new ideas, or of too new sensations. My books are enough. (lm i 47)

In March, again, he told her "I do not need the friendship of the folks here" (lm i 50). What mattered to him remained in Eastwood and in the friendships that had grown up there:

I think one never forms friendships like those one forms at home, before twenty. I have no need, no desire, to fold these new people into my heart. But the old folks — ! (lil 30)

However, records survive of three friendships involving discussion in these early days in Croydon. Agnes Mason was a teacher at Davidson Road whom Helen Corke remembers as "always on the lookout" for interesting people;¹ she was

... older than the rest of the staff, a very able, almost over-conscientious teacher. She saw that Lawrence was far from robust and rather "mothered" him. They became very friendly and he had soon persuaded her to try her hand at little stories and sketches and at water-colour painting. (nehls i 90)

The "little sketches" would, presumably, have been like Lawrence's 'Lessford's Rabbits' and 'A Lesson on the Tortoise' (phx ii 18-28), both written during the winter of 1908-1909. But it is impossible to say whether Lawrence actually showed her any such work of his own; or what she, in her turn, made of it; though if he persuaded her to write, it seems likely that he declared his own interest in writing, and perhaps discussed it with her. Our only other knowledge of her association with Lawrence's work comes from the presence of her hand in the White Peacock ms.² When Lawrence was turning Laetitia 'B' into Nethermere during 1909, she made fair copies of a number of heavily corrected pages for him; and, probably in the 1910 revision, she copied out afresh one section of fifty pages a third of the way through the ms.³ Her hand does not appear after p. 330. There is no evidence of her giving advice about the ms. she was helping with, as there is with Helen Corke; and no evidence of her association with any other ms. We may take it that, as a favour to Lawrence, she offered to take from him some of the burden of recopying mss., and helped with the work through 1909 and 1910.

1. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

2. wre 430b, in the possession of G. L. Lazarus, Esq.

3. See Appendix B.

The second Croydon friend was a fellow teacher at Davidson Road, A. W. McLeod, the only one of these Croydon acquaintances with whom Lawrence kept up much correspondence after leaving the district - though he did write on one or two occasions to Agnes Mason during 1912. McLeod saw, at various times, poems, at least one short story, and Nethermere, probably in the spring of 1909. Lawrence wrote in his copy of Love Poems, sent from Germany in 1913,

'Remembering the unhappy days and the happy playtimes at Davidson when I solaced myself with his appreciation of some of these miserable poems.' (nehls i 90)

It seems probable that McLeod saw such poems in the same notebooks which Helen Corke saw in the autumn of 1909 - saw, rather than heard, because Helen Corke recalls Lawrence's reluctance to read his own work out loud; he would rather hand over the notebook.¹

"I first found out he was at work on a novel," McLeod remembered,

when he asked me, if I was going into Croydon, to get him a lot of sermon paper at Boots'.² Sermon paper was a new term to me and I asked whether he was writing theology. Then I heard about The White Peacock and one day got that sermon paper back, no longer blank, with the anxious demand to let him know if it was good.³

Blanche Jennings had accused Lawrence in August 1908 of having no male friends to show the book to; to which he retorted:

Give a man that damned rot Laetitia? I'm not such a fool. I told you most men had only about four strings to their souls; my friends are such. I talk to them about intellectual things, sex matters, and frivolities, never about anything I care deeply for. (lm i 27)

McLeod was in fact the first man to see anything of the novel and the only one (apparently) before Ford; Lawrence's headmaster, for

1. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

2. See Additional Note VIII.

3. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 112.

instance, with whom he talked about books and whom he visited frequently during 1911, recalled that "Lawrence never referred to his literary work" (nehls i 89). George Neville was not accessible while the ms. remained either in Croydon or with Jessie Chambers - nor were the Hopkins. But our information about McLeod does not go beyond the fact that he read some of the ms., probably in early 1909, and was asked for his opinion. The actual opinion, in each case, or its effect on Lawrence, is lost; all we have to go by is a remark made by Lawrence in 1916: "I was so anxious for you to read the bits of ms., so anxious to hear what you had to say" (lm i 495). This sounds very much as if, in their early days, Lawrence was as willing to pass on his mss. to McLeod as he was to Jessie Chambers, and for perhaps the same reasons; he needed an audience for what was not being published, and had no immediate hope of publication. And he needed McLeod's cool judgement, too, which is something he did not get from Jessie; but it seems impossible that the original literary intimacy of Lawrence and Jessie could have been reproduced with McLeod. That was something only the early Nottingham environment and the character of Jessie had made possible.

In April 1911, McLeod read the newly revised version of 'The White Stocking', and - Lawrence told Louie Burrows - "says it's fantastic. Really, it's not up to a great deal" (lil 98). That certainly sounds as if McLeod was in the habit of reading Lawrence's mss. as they appeared. But, again, it is obvious that by 1911, his opinion mattered less; Lawrence was a publishing author, with a novel out and stories appearing in the English Review. McLeod's opinion was, at the most, simply interesting as that of a friend; it does not sound as if his advice would, at this stage, have mattered very much. But then a note about a character we must take to resemble him, MacWhirter in The Trespasser, perhaps explains why McLeod was reluctant either to give his opinion (which explains our difficulty with The White Peacock) or to allow it to be very important.

... he ((MacWhirter)) was very quietly spoken, was humorous and amiable, yet extraordinarily learned. He never, by any

chance, gave himself away, maintaining always an absolute reserve amid his amiability.¹

Besides these two, it is perhaps best to add what we know about Agnes Holt as reader and adviser: her contact with Lawrence on literary affairs probably dated to the winter of 1909, but as it came effectively before Lawrence's break into literary society, it should take its place here. Lawrence told Blanche Jennings on 1st November that

I have got a new girl down here: you know my kind, a girl to whom I gas. She is very nice, and takes me seriously: which is unwisdom. (lm i 57)

But by January, 1910,

... I'm tired of her. Why? - she's so utterly ignorant and old-fashioned, really, though she has been to college and has taught in London some years ... she lapses into sickly sentimentality when it is a question of naked life. (lm i 59-60)

In September and October 1909, however, when Lawrence was getting the ms. of Nethermere into shape for Ford Madox Ford, she made a fair copy of the first seventy-seven pages; her hand does not appear again in the ms.² Presumably the re-writings of Laetitia 'B' Lawrence had begun the previous January had left these pages in a heavily over-written state. Since she left Croydon early in 1910, she played no further part in the production of the White Peacock ms. There is no evidence of her giving advice about what she helped with, and no evidence of her association with any other ms.; though as "a girl to whom I gas" it seems reasonable to imagine that she saw other work Lawrence produced at this period - perhaps 'Goose Fair' and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums 'A''. Although Lawrence painted her a picture as a wedding present in 1911, he probably lost touch with her fairly soon afterwards.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Trespasser, (London, Duckworth, 1912), pp. 273-274.
2. See Appendix B.

These three people apart, Lawrence's first year in Croydon belonged in its deepest attachments to the Nottinghamshire district, though his family found him sufficiently changed during their summer holiday at Shanklin in August 1909 to comment unfavourably upon the fact:

... his sister ((Ada)) and mother were not pleased with him. He was changing, they said, and breaking away from the old things, and they hated him to be different from what he used to be ... (et 159)

But Jessie Chambers recalls Lawrence feeling that he "had to change and leave the old things" (ibid); and September 1909 marks the start of a new focus of life in Croydon. To summarise his position then: he had, apparently, settled securely into the teaching job of which the previous year he had been so unsure. His novel, Nethermere, was for the third time nearing completion. He had at least two notebooks full of poems, and obviously countless drafts of poems, all entirely unpublished. He had a number of short stories, again unpublished, and at least one play on his hands - perhaps three. But, according to Jessie Chambers, he had absolutely refused to send any of his work to the English Review in the spring of 1909, for all Ford's obvious readiness to print the work of the young and unknown. There are several reasons why.

There was perhaps a trace in Lawrence of the attitude his mother took; amateur literature was one thing, but to journalise professionally was not quite respectable; and to publish at all was to display a seriousness of intention that belied the amateur approach - recalling Lawrence's belief that to have talked about his writing with his mother would have seemed "a kind of 'showing off' or affectation." He would have perhaps liked to be a full-blown author straight off; that would have avoided the fumbling and amateurish preliminaries. We know, for instance, how repugnant "being an author" was at first to Lawrence;

Hueffer printed more poems and some stories of mine in the English Review, and people read them and told me so, to my embarrassment and anger. I hated being an author, in people's eyes. Especially as I was a teacher. (phx ii 594)

That was not the whole reason; but it may have contributed to the blocking of his impulse to start getting himself published.

On the other hand, Lawrence felt that his slight attempts to get into print had been turned down, and his embarrassed pride was touched; he showed considerable reluctance to let himself fail again, hence (perhaps) his choice to let Jessie Chambers send in work where he would not; the rejection of work sent in of her volition would hurt him less.

But all these are perhaps only contributing reasons to his last and major objection: his writing did not seem sufficiently beyond him to become in any way public property - at least, that applied to a book like Nethermere, in which so much of his own youth was involved. "I don't care what becomes of it ... I'm not anxious to get into print" (et 157), he would tell Jessie; why should he publish what had had its own audience in Jessie and himself all the years he had been writing? He could not feel neglect if he remained unpublished because this early work was not of the kind that could suffer neglect; it was written and passed on, or it illuminated the writer's own conceptions.

But Jessie Chambers pressed him to publish it - as it turned out, to Lawrence's great good fortune. His first taste of success - the chance of an interview with Ford when he went back to Croydon in September 1909, and the likelihood of his poems being published - was of a kind to satisfy his mother's conditions, as was the publication of The White Peacock a year and a half later. Jessie showed Lawrence Ford's letter:

"You are my luck," he murmured. Then he said with suppressed excitement, "Let me take it to show mother." And I never saw it again. (et 159)

To be successful was permitted; what was disreputable was to try to be 'literary' without any certainty of reputation or success.

(ii) Ford Madox Ford, Ezra Pound and Grace Crawford: the Fringe of Literary Society

Jessie Chambers sent Ford three of Lawrence's poems in June 1909; however, he always insisted she sent him 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' as well, a story which made a deeper impression on him than Lawrence's poems. It is time this confusion were cleared up; new evidence makes that possible.

Firstly, this is Ford's case:

Miss E. T. in her lately published book on the youth of Lawrence ... seems to be under the impression that she sent me as a first instalment only poems by Lawrence. Actually she first asked me if I would care to see anything - and then should it be poetry or prose. And I replied asking her to send both, so that she had sent me three poems about a schoolmaster's life and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums.' I only mention this because I found the poems, afterwards, to be nice enough but not immensely striking. If I had read them first I should certainly have printed them - as indeed I did; but I think the impact of Lawrence's personality would have been much less vivid (nehls i 107)

And he described how, reading the first paragraph of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A,' he was certain of the story's excellence:

I laid it in the basket for accepted manuscripts. My secretary looked up and said:

"You've got another genius?"

I answered: "It's a big one this time," and went upstairs to dress (nehls i 106)

As Ford says, Jessie Chambers only recalled sending poems; her account contains circumstantial dialogue confirming that (et 157-158).

Ford's case has its oddities. He did not publish 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' first, he published the poems he found "not immensely striking"; and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' was not even the first story of Lawrence's the magazine published - 'Goose Fair' appeared in February

1910. If it struck him more, then how is that to be explained? The story only reached the proof stage in March 1910 and only got into the English Review in June 1911.

But in 1948, E. W. Tedlock claimed to have proved Ford's case; he described a ms. of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' not in Lawrence's handwriting - a final, fair copy version - and stated that

Undoubtedly the manuscript described here was copied out by "E.T." that June morning in 1909.¹

Handwriting tests made by an expert proved conclusively that the writing was not Lawrence's. But Tedlock did not bother to check the ms. against surviving examples of Jessie Chambers' handwriting. It would not have fitted: the writing is that of Louie Burrows.² In April 1911, Lawrence sent Louie the heavily corrected proofs of the story - with perhaps some ms. additions - and asked her to do him a fair copy (lil 89-90); the ms. Tedlock describes (wre 284) is undoubtedly the copy she made, copied on the 6½" x 8" Boots' paper Lawrence normally used at this period, and of which he sent her a supply (lil 90). So the ms. does not confirm Ford's case.

We have two pieces of evidence to confirm Jessie Chambers' account. On September 11th, 1909, Lawrence told Louie Burrows that "the editor of the English Review has accepted some of my verses"; and went on to describe how a revision of those poems busied him: "I shall be glad when I have finished: then I may get on with the prose work." This sounds convincingly as if by September 11th Ford had only shown interest in Lawrence's poetry, which a third sentence from the same letter of Lawrence's substantiates:

1. Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p. 33.

2. Established by a comparison of wre 284 with Nottingham University's LaB 223, a letter Louie wrote in the summer of 1911. J. T. Boulton's 'D. H. Lawrence's Odour of Chrysanthemums: An early version,' 1969, Renaissance and Modern Studies, (Nottingham), p.7, agrees.

I never thought of myself blossoming out as a poet -
I had planted my beliefs in my prose. (lil 43)

This clear distinction between the poetry Ford had seen and the prose that Lawrence wanted to show him really, in itself, proves that Jessie Chambers was right. But there is a second piece of evidence.

Lawrence sent Ford two short stories in December 1909 (lil 47): one of them was the story on which he had collaborated with Louie Burrows, 'Goose Fair', and the other he did not name to Louie. 'Goose Fair' appeared in the English Review for February, and on March 9th Lawrence told Louie that another of his stories would appear in May. The first English Review proofs of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' are dated 10th March, so we may assume that this was the story he referred to on the 9th. If Ford ever did see 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A', it would have to have been before the end of January 1910, because after that he did not see what was to appear in the magazine. In the light of the fact that (a) he saw two stories in December and (b) two stories were in print for the English Review by the beginning of March, but would have been decided on by the end of January at latest, it seems very likely that the two stories Ford saw in December were 'Goose Fair' and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A'. This would mean that revision of Nethermere occupied Lawrence during September and October, but after he had sent the ms. to Ford at the end of October he got to work on his other prose works, and did up 'Goose Fair' and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' for the beginning of December: this is consistent with what he said about his prose in September. We cannot finally prove this in the fragmentary state of our evidence; but taken in conjunction with the first piece, the two together demolish Ford's assertion that Jessie Chambers sent him 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A': the ms. came from Lawrence over three months after they had first met, and a month after Ford had read Nethermere.

But to return to Ford's first contact with Lawrence; the latter saw Ford first on 4th September 1909, and with that visit the Croydon

world acquired a new perspective. Their early contact must not be exaggerated. Lawrence told Blanche Jennings on 1st November that he had "been up to see him twice" - so presumably he only saw him once after his initial visit until early November, when visits became more frequent; we can assume that during September and October Lawrence was preparing mss. to show him. We know that Lawrence saw Ford at least twice in November, on the 14th and 28th, on the latter occasion taking Jessie Chambers with him; and it was during November that Ford was reading Nethermere.

It is clear, too, that contact between the two men did not extend beyond September 1910, after their disagreement over The Saga of Siegmund - and Ford's extended visit to Germany, which began that month. In November 1912, Lawrence told Ernest Collings that

Ford Madox Hueffer discovered I was a genius - don't be alarmed, Hueffer would discover anything if he wanted to - published me some verse and a story or two, sent me to William Heinemann with The White Peacock, and left me to paddle my own canoe. (lm i 158)

Nevertheless Ford was, for Lawrence, "the first man I ever met who had a real and true feeling for literature" (phx i 253); and if Lawrence retained some sense of having been abandoned, the long visit to Germany Ford made during 1910 and 1911 at least partly exonerates him. To begin with, at least, Lawrence (and then Jessie Chambers) were impressed by the man's enormous kindness, wishing as he did to help the young author where and when he could. When, for instance, Nethermere was at last finished, at the end of October 1909,

Hueffer asked at once to see the manuscript. He read it immediately, with the greatest cheery sort of kindness and bluff ... (phx ii 593)

And, as Lawrence told Louie Burrows on 20th November,

Hueffer is reading my novel. He says its good, & is going

to get it published for me. He also says I ought to get out a volume of verse ... (lil 46)

It was this kind of pronouncement that must have seemed a revelation to Lawrence and those who knew him. When Ford had read Nethermere, he wrote a letter to Heinemann about it that surprised even Lawrence; it seems correct to say that Ford was personally responsible for getting the book published.

When, again, Violet Hunt was passing through Heinemann's offices, Sydney Pawling (the firm's chief reader) remarked to her: "I'll take your friend's book ..." (nehls i 128) The fact that this kind of contact was possible obviously helped Lawrence enormously, even if one is to ignore Ford's own account of the first introduction of Lawrence's name to literary society at a 'Trench Dinner',

... agreeable affairs, attended by most of the brilliant people in London ... I was set at a round table with Mr Hilaire Belloc, Mr Gilbert Chesterton, Mr Maurice Baring, and Mr H. G. Wells.¹

I remarked to Mr Wells that I had discovered another genius, D. H. Lawrence by name; and, to carry on the good work, Mr Wells exclaimed - to some one at Lady Londonderry's table:

"Hurray, Fordie's discovered another genius! called D. H. Lawrence!"

Before the evening was finished I had had two publishers asking me for the first refusal of D. H. Lawrence's first novel ... (nehls i 107)

The point really is not whether this did, or did not, actually happen: it could have happened, and the literary influence Ford here describes was real.

He put three of Lawrence's poems into the November issue of the English Review, and saw 'Goose Fair' into that for February 1910. As five poems appeared in the issue for April and three more in October, Ford probably recommended Lawrence to Austin Harrison, the editor who

1. The Bodley Head Ford Madox Ford, (London, Bodley Head, 1963), Vol. I, p. 313.

replaced him; and indeed, it was not until Edward Garnett put two poems in the Nation for October 4th, 1911, that Lawrence's work appeared in any periodical except the English Review. By first printing him, and then recommending him, Ford gave Lawrence an incomparable start to his publishing career; that much is obvious.

But when one turns to Ford's reading of Lawrence's mss., and his manner of giving the advice and the encouragement which Lawrence was later to get so substantially from Edward Garnett after the summer of 1911 - then the nature of Ford's relation with Lawrence, and its difference from Garnett's, becomes clear. Ford had contacts in literary London which Garnett did not have, in the first place. The period in which Lawrence got to know him coincided exactly with his most successful years: "Ford's greatest period," David Garnett called it, when he was

an outstanding figure in literary London; he was arrayed in a magnificent fur coat; wore a glossy topper; drove about in hired carriages; and his fresh features, the colour of raw veal, his prominent blue eyes and rabbit teeth smiled patronisingly and benevolently upon all gatherings of literary lions.¹

Edward Jepson recalled that

About 1908 letters seemed to come suddenly to life, and ... once more there was a lively activity of spirit which lasted till the Edwardian Age ended at the outbreak of the Great War.

Mr Wells's "Tono-Bungay" was probably the greatest achievement of the revival; but it was chiefly manifest in the group which gathered round Mr Ford Madox Ford and his English Review.²

The particular brilliance of the circle who would meet in the upstairs flat at 84, Holland Park Avenue is to be explained by the fact that, during the months in which he controlled the English Review (November

1. D. Garnett, The Golden Echo, (London, Chatto & Windus, 1953), pp. 129-130.
2. E. A. Jepson, Memories of an Edwardian, (London, Secker, 1938), p.131.

1908 - January 1910), Ford "could get hold of anybody."¹ He was a freelance journalist and editor, able to take up the work of the young very much as he pleased. He could mix in, and introduce into the pages of the Review, the circles of the slightly bohemian literati: Ezra Pound was at the lunch Lawrence and Jessie Chambers attended in November 1909; Lawrence's acquaintance with Percy Wyndham Lewis, Gilbert Cannan and W. B. Yeats also dated from the winter of that year. Frank MacShane says of Ford that

his real interest was with the young - so much so that, with Lawrence and Pound and Lewis and Cannan, The English Review really became the centre of a revival in English letters ... It inspired new movements among the younger writers and was ultimately responsible for Imagism and Vorticism.²

On the other hand, the English Review was founded on the work of the previous generation - Conrad, Wells, Yeats, Hudson, Galsworthy; the "small compact group of writers" Ezra Pound suggested was necessary to get a magazine off the ground:

The English Review, when it lived, had really three generations - stratified groups with 4 or six in each. But F.M.F.H. was unbusinesslike.³

Lawrence would presumably have found himself in the third stratum - that of the untried aspirants; but unbusinesslike or no, the arrangement was an incomparable (if financially ruinous) foundation for a literary review. For fifteen months the magazine printed both the best of the current establishment and gathered in its wake the current 'new writing' as no periodicals were to do until Blast and Rhythm, or the wartime Egoist. Edward Jepson, indeed, reckoned that the English Review

1. D. Garnett, The Golden Echo, p. 130.
2. F. MacShane, Ford Madox Ford, (London, Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1965), p. 80.
3. The Letters of Ezra Pound, 1907-1941, ed. D. Paige, (London, Dent, 1925), p. 2.

was the rallying point of the revolutionaries: the Futurists, Cubists, and Vorticists; the great pronouncement Blast was founded on it.¹

Again, to be taken up by Ford was, for Lawrence, necessarily an introduction to other writers, as it was to be again when he knew Edward Marsh in 1913, and got to know the Georgians - but as it was not to be with Edward Garnett. This is interesting. Until 1914, there was a circle that met regularly around Garnett, as it had done since 1900, for lunch at the 'Mont Blanc' restaurant in Soho. The small group of habitués had grown up between 1900 and 1910:

Thomas Seccombe, R. A. Scott-James, Stephen Reynolds, Edward Thomas, W. H. Davies, Hilaire Belloc, Muirhead Bone, Ford Hueffer, Perceval Gibbon, occasionally John Galsworthy, and rarely Joseph Conrad ...²

Names to which David Garnett added Norman Douglas, J. D. Beresford and H. M. Tomlinson. But, oddly, Lawrence never met any of them, except Scott-James privately at the Cearne. He knew Garnett as a man and a friend, not as a literary habitué; whereas he did go to Ford's home, Violet Hunt's home, and met their circle, split between Holland Park Avenue and Violet Hunt's home 'South Lodge' in the early days, and concentrated on the latter by 1911: "At Violet Hunt's parties you met ... every intelligent person in Edwardian London worth meeting."³

That remark of Edward Jepson's is reinforced by Lawrence's own experience at the hands of Ford during the winter of 1909. Writing to Jessie Chambers soon after meeting Ford in September 1909, Lawrence told her: "Last night I dined with celebrities, and tonight I am dining with two R.A.'s ..." (et 56) He told Louie Burrows in November that

Last Sunday ((14th)) I went up to lunch with Ford Madox Hueffer, and with Violet Hunt ... Hueffer took me to tea at Ernest Rhy's ((sic)) ... after tea we went to call on H. G. Wells who also lives up at Hampstead ...

1. Jepson, Memories of an Edwardian, p. 149.

2. Letters from W. H. Hudson, ed. E. Garnett, (London, Dent, 1925), p. 2.

3. Jepson, Memories of an Edwardian, p. 149.

I went on Tuesday ((16th)) to Violet Hunts 'at home' at the Reform Club in Adelphi Terrace, on the Embankment. It was very jolly. Elizabeth Martindale & Ellaline Terris and Mary Cholmondeley were there - and Ezra Pound. (lil 46)

Contact with the Rhyses meant both 'swells' - Grace Rhys he remembered as the type of cultivated upper class woman (lm i 176) - and meetings with individuals, like Rachel Annand Taylor, introduced to Lawrence by Ernest Rhys.¹

Pound himself became a closer acquaintance than most. Lawrence probably met him first through Ford or Violet Hunt, and found him

jolly nice: took me to supper at Pagnani's, and afterwards we went down to his room at Kensington ...

This afternoon I am going up to tea with him & we are going out to some friends who will not demand evening dress of us. He knows W. B. Yeats & all the Swells. (lil 46-47)

Lawrence apparently met Pound occasionally until the summer of 1910, dining with him again in December 1909 - "we shall meet a crowd of literary folk" - missing his last train to Croydon and spending the night in Pound's front room in "'sort of armchair convertible to cot'"² on that last occasion; discussing writing with him in the spring and summer, before Pound went back to America for a while.

We can't thank Ford for all these acquaintances; Grace Crawford for instance, shortly to be discussed, came to know Lawrence through Pound in November 1909: perhaps she was one of the friends "who will not demand evening dress of us" Lawrence met with Pound on the 20th. But it is noticeable how his description of the evening with Pound suddenly modulates into a eulogy of Ford; the latter was the first and perhaps most important acquaintance, and the one that Lawrence remembered with real gratitude. Although it was Pound who knew

1. R. Aldington, Portrait of a Genius, But ..., (New York, Collier Books, 1961), p. 91.
2. P. Hutchins, Ezra Pound's Kensington, (London, Faber & Faber, 1965), p. 69.

"all the Swells", still:

Aren't the folks kind to me: it is really wonderful.
Hueffer is splendid: I have met a gentleman indeed in
him, & an artist. (lil 47)

And it was Pound himself who indicated how close the real attachment between Ford and Lawrence was by recalling how, in the London of the English Review, Ford's "more pliant disciples were Flint, Goldring and D. H. Lawrence",¹ and that "Ford ... discovered Lawrence and put him over" (nehls i 553). For all Lawrence's friendship with Pound, and his mixing in a circle of contemporary poets at the Rhyses' on such an evening as that Rhys described in his memoirs, Lawrence appeared as Ford's protégé. Ford

had written to say he had discovered a wonderful new poet in a young country schoolmaster somewhere in the black country, and wished to bring him along ... As the night grew late we tried to get Lawrence to give us one more lyric out of his black book ... But Madox Ford took him under his arm and marched him off murmuring wickedly, "Nunc, nunc dimittis." (nehls i 132)

And Lawrence wrote to Grace Crawford as late as 24th July, 1910, of his embarrassment at being introduced by Ford "as a genius" at a party they attended,² which again sounds as if he were under Ford's arm.

But at least Ford was able to provoke an interest in Lawrence among the people he knew; as Violet Hunt told Jessie Chambers in November 1909,

Mr Hueffer would do all he could for Lawrence, and they would both talk about his novel to their friends ... (et 174)

And in 1909 and 1910, such people as Ford's recommendation would reach were undoubtedly influential in publishing and journalism.

1. E. Pound, Polite Essays, (London, Faber & Faber, 1937), p. 50.
2. Sotheby Catalogue, p. 143, ("Thompson").

The surprising amount of notice taken of The White Peacock when it came out in January 1911¹ reflects the extent to which Lawrence's name had been brought to the attention of his contemporaries. In his 1937 memoir, perhaps not altogether reliably, Ford recalled influencing people to the extent that in 1911

Galsworthy and Masterman and even the solid, stolid Marwood - and of course several ladies - went about for some time with worried faces because Lawrence was writing masterpieces and teaching in a fetid atmosphere ... One had a good deal of anxiety. (nehls i 119)

Apart from his post as advisor to the Century in 1911, his considerable influence at Duckworths, and his say in the reviewing in the Nation, Edward Garnett could not offer Lawrence any further interest or support - certainly none of Ford's calibre. Indeed, what Ford wrote late in his life about his appreciation of Lawrence's genius in 1909, and what he was able to do as a result, seems simply borne out by the facts as we have them, for all our necessary caution in accepting the minutiae of Ford's recollections. As Pound told Edward Nehls in 1954,

Ford (F.M.) discovered Lawrence and put him over ... I don't know whether the importance of this angle has been noted, or if D.H.L. ever made adequate acknowledgment to F. (nehls i 553)

Pound was one of the few people in a position to be absolutely certain of Ford's importance to Lawrence; and he backs up Ford's own claim perfectly. As a result of the introductions and social gatherings - and Ford's promise of influence - Jessie Chambers began at Christmas 1909 to hear of the "new and immensely larger life" which was opening out before Lawrence:

A kind of transfiguration from obscurity and uncertainty had taken place. Thanks to the kind offices of Ford Madox

1. T. J. Worthen, The Reception in England of the Novels of D.H. Lawrence, unpublished M.A. thesis, (University of Kent at Canterbury, 1967), pp. 17-18.

Hueffer his chance of a hearing was assured. And it had all come about so simply, almost entirely without effort. There was a glamour about those days, even something of a glitter. (et 179)

Lawrence's letters to Louie Burrows written in late 1909, as quoted above, exactly embody that sense of "glitter". And the absence of effort had been the result of Ford's patronage; almost entirely, simply, that.

And yet, the social inroads Lawrence found himself making, or his hoped-for advancement into the "£2,000 a year" bracket, "dining with celebrities", did not matter much to him as a writer or even as a hard-pressed schoolteacher. Such things, at their peak before Christmas 1909, gave him a sense of arrival and acceptance as a writer, in the same way as his poems in the November English Review must have done; and they provided the beginning of the certainty that he could one day give up teaching. (But far less than, for instance, Garnett's encouragement and active advice in 1911, did they enable the actual decisions of that winter to be taken.) The fact is that in 1909 and 1910 Lawrence was very much a schoolteacher, with a considerable capacity for being impressed by those he called "the Swells" to Louie Burrows, and limited time and energy for his writing - hence the "insupportably long" sittings which Ford complained Lawrence exacted from him on the occasional Saturday or Sunday he went up to London. The pattern of his spare time, as Helen Corke describes it for 1910, shows how little it actually was centred on London. There was the first spurt of success between October and December 1909. There were occasional visits and meetings in the spring and summer of 1910, but from the late summer of 1910 onwards Lawrence's contact with literary London was only slight. He told Rachel Annand Taylor on 30th September:

I have not been into any literary society - indeed, not in London at all, for months and months. I am not a success, and to be a failure wearies me. (lm i 64)

Here he was slightly exaggerating for effect: we know he had been at a literary party with Ford at the end of July. But the glamour of London had faded; his correspondence with Grace Crawford was almost over, he had apparently quarrelled with Pound, whom he didn't see again, and who in 1913 thought Lawrence "detestable";¹ Ford was in Germany, Lawrence's mother was ill in Leicester and his thoughts returned to the Eastwood world. Whereas the girl he had been almost engaged to before Christmas, 1909 - Agnes Holt - had been from London, the girl to whom he became engaged at Christmas 1910 - Louie Burrows - shared his Nottinghamshire background.

He probably did not see Ford again after July 1910; although the latter said that he and Lawrence talked over the ms. of Sons and Lovers (nehls i 121) this must be a mistake; the book was not begun until October 1910, and was apparently in no presentable form before the spring of 1911; Ford was in Germany from October 1910 until the following summer; and we can be fairly certain that Lawrence did not discuss it with him then. For all practical purposes, they lost contact after the summer of 1910. Ford left Lawrence "to paddle his own canoe" some ten months after their first meeting, and Lawrence went on with the more commonplace life of teaching in Croydon for another year and a half.

Furthermore, it is undeniable that his first brush with literary society left a distasteful impression. Helen Corke noted how the "patronage of the literati hurt Lawrence's pride" (nehls i 142) - alongside which should perhaps go Stephen Crane's remark about Ford:

You are wrong about Hueffer. I admit he is patronising. He patronised his family. He patronises Conrad. He will end up by patronising God Who will have to get used to it and they will be friends ...²

1. The Letters of Ezra Pound, p. 52.

2. MacShane, Ford Madox Ford, p. 87.

As late as December 1913, when Pound thought that Love Poems deserved the Polignac Prize for poetry, and asked Lawrence for three or four copies to give to the committee, Lawrence could comment:

The Hueffer-Pound faction seems inclined to lead me round a little as one of their show-dogs. They seem to have a certain ear in their possession. If they are inclined to speak my name into the ear, I don't care. (lm i 259)

Furthermore, writing ostensibly about 1911, but apparently up-dating events that occurred in the early months of 1910, Helen Corke noted Lawrence's reactions to the circle of the literati:

... he became conscious of the gap between the artist who was a working schoolmaster, and the young artists who, often penniless themselves, yet lived within a charmed circle of influence and wealth. After a London Literary party he would savagely satirise to me its personnel. Just now he met Ezra Pound, who gave him a proof copy of his new book of poems A Lume Spento,¹ and he attended one of those seances where the poems of W. B. Yeats were intoned, to the mystification of a devoted company. Lawrence parodied the performance most unkindly. (nehls i 142)

This is reminiscent of the evening at the Hermitage described by Ernest Rhys (nehls i 129-132), and apparently Lawrence continued to parody the performers. David Garnett remembered from his visit to Lawrence and Frieda in Germany during 1912 that

he had a genius for "taking people off" and could reproduce voice and manner exactly. He told you he had once seen Yeats or Ezra Pound for half an hour in a drawing-room, and straightway Yeats or Pound appeared before you. The slightest affectation of manner or social pretence was seized on mercilessly ... (nehls i 176-177)²

We know that Lawrence saw a good deal of Pound at the end of 1909 and the beginning of 1910; he would have met Yeats, too, in the company of Pound (lil 47), and perhaps also at the Rhyses' either in

1. See Additional Note IX.

2. See also nehls ii 77 and nehls iii 99, 138.

December 1909 or March 1910, both months when we know he went to meet "celebrities" and read his own poetry. The way he described these two occasions to Louie Burrows shows a perceptible change over the four months. On 11th December he wrote:

Next week I am going up to Grace Rhys to meet various poetry people. I am to take some of my unpublished verses to read. I do not look forward to these things much. I shall feel such a fool. (lil 47)

To judge by Rhys's account, he succeeded in showing his discomfort and making others feel it on at least one occasion (nehls i 131). By March the glamour of the unknown had worn off and his lack of social success began to hurt.

Tomorrow night I am going up to the Rhyses to meet some celebrities, & to read some of my own verses. I am not very keen, and not very much interested. I am no society man - it bores me. (lil 50)

And in June 1910, he was writing to Helen Corke:

I wish, from the bottom of my heart, the fates had not stigmatised me 'writer.' It is a sickening business ... I assure you I am not weeping into my register. It is only that the literary world seems a particularly hateful yet powerful one. The literary element, like a disagreeable substratum under a fair country, spreads under every inch of life, sticking to the roots of the growing things. Ugh, that is hateful! I wish I might be delivered ... (lm i 62)

In the nine months since he began to reveal to Jessie Chambers the excitement and promise of his writing life, Lawrence's outlook had obviously soured. Ford had made it possible for him to go on and "be a writer", but the circle in which Lawrence moved had emphasised the fact that he did not want to be a 'writer' in the sense that accompanied so many of the people he met; there was inevitably a certain superficiality about the metropolitan literary world which Lawrence, one foot in a mundane and exhausting life of teaching, was

especially liable to react against. Some of the distress he underwent in the next two years, recorded by Helen Corke and Jessie Chambers, must have stemmed from this uncomfortable position; teaching he came to hate, but he was no longer prepared to accept as an absolute good a life of journalism or literature, both things being cheapened by those he found practising and distorting them. In short, he was no longer by 1910 prepared to be as flippant about a facile writing career as he had been to Blanche Jennings in 1908:

I shall write drivelling short-stories and the like for money. I am learning quite diligently to play the fool consistently, so that at last I may hire myself out as a jester ... (lm i 12)

By the summer of 1910 he had learnt something of the world which seemed the only alternative to a teaching career, and he did not altogether like it. By 1912, he was referring to his dislike for "the conventionalized literary person - people like Rhys ..." (lm i 171) Again - this is the note to which we must constantly return during a discussion of Ford's influence on Lawrence - it was not until he met Edward Garnett that Lawrence received encouragement to write and publish without suffering a revulsion against the 'literary element'. There is nothing to correspond to the distaste of some of the letters he wrote to Louie Burrows in 1910 in those he wrote her after meeting Garnett in September 1911.

We can be more precise still about the 'literary element'. It does not seem that Lawrence reacted against Pound himself, but the combination of attraction and repulsion Lawrence experienced does appear to have extended to the circle of writers and artists to which Pound introduced him, one stage away from Ford's direct influence. Through Pound, for instance, he met Grace Crawford, an American girl studying dancing in London. Lawrence sometimes met Pound at her studio at the end of 1909 or the beginning of 1910, and apparently used the studio as a London base on occasion, to write letters from and meet her friends.

She was the kind of contact impossible before Lawrence's assumption into the fringes of literary society; she was deeply involved with her art and with artists in general, spoke several languages, talked some Italian to Lawrence and discussed contemporary literature with him.¹ Knowing her, along with knowing Pound, Lawrence may have felt what another of Pound's friends, William Carlos Williams, felt in 1910:

... the intense literary atmosphere, which though it was thrilling every minute of it, was fatiguing in the extreme. I don't know how Ezra stood it, it would have killed me in a month. It seemed completely foreign to anything I desired. I was glad to get away.²

With Miss Crawford, however, although we know the atmosphere was sometimes literary, it was probably equally artistic. To speak, though, solely on the literary side: Lawrence showed her something of The Saga of Siegmund in the summer of 1910, perhaps around the time of the party with Ford he described to her on 24th July. She had already seen The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd on its way to Violet Hunt in November 1909; and at Christmas 1909 Lawrence had sent her a card decorated with his poem 'Song' and a hope that it wouldn't offend her. We may guess that she saw other work - perhaps poems - in the course of the year in which they met, but we can be certain of nothing else.

However, if we knew more about Lawrence in London during 1910 and 1911, it seems likely that we should know about several people like Grace Crawford; talented artists, people with whom he began to discuss art and literature in a way novel to his Eastwood or Croydon conceptions. One such person was perhaps the singer Mrs Derwent Wood (wife of the sculptor), who gave Lawrence tickets for her London concert in February 1910.³ Ford had an impression of Lawrence taking up with a new (and in his opinion, bad) set in 1910, and he would perhaps have felt

1. I am indebted for this information to Gerald Lacy Esq.

2. Hutchins, Ezra Pound's Kensington, p. 87.

3. W. Sotheby & Co., Catalogue of Nineteenth Century and Modern First Editions etc., ("Candida"), 11-12 July 1967, p. 122.

Miss Crawford to be a part of such a group, under whose influence Lawrence wrote the first version of The Trespasser:

... much - oh, but much! - more phallic than is the book as it stands and much more moral in the inverted puritanic sense. That last was inevitable in that day, and Lawrence had come under the subterranean-fashionable influences that made for Free Love as a social and moral arcanum. (nehls i 121)

It is unlikely that he was thinking of Pound here - or of Helen Corke - but of those primarily artistic people who began to see Lawrence's mss. during 1910 and 1911, and who were involved in literary discussion with him. Although Lawrence seems to have revolted against this environment from time to time - as to Rachel Annand Taylor at the end of September 1910 - it obviously attracted him as well, as his letters to Grace Crawford make clear. (We can perhaps see here some of the origins of the Pompadour society of Women in Love, both its repulsion and its attractiveness.) The people with whom he began to mix - again to use Grace Crawford as a representative example - were the sign, the embodiment of the artistic prosperity into which Ford Madox Ford had led him in 1909, and the sign of the distance he had travelled since 1908 and Eastwood. It is for this last reason that for our information we have to go outside that circle of friends to whom most of the surviving correspondence is addressed; Lawrence does not seem to have shared with them as much of his new life in London as Jessie Chambers, for example, makes out. The new circle had taken him to the writing of The Saga of Siegmund in 1910, which, apart from this insight into his development that year, is inexplicable in terms of his background or previous literary practice. Miss Crawford's studio world was itself a vivid contrast to his own background; it is here that Helen Corke's remark about the "charmed circle of wealth and influence" which attracted and repelled Lawrence is relevant; for Lawrence must have seen these people, more than Ford or even Pound, as a kind of bohemian aristocracy. Sending Miss Crawford the ms. of The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd, he had contrasted its ruggedness with her own

elegantly-wreathed imaginations of literature ... You have a weakness for spirits - not bottled, but booked. But I shall be very impatient to know what you think.¹

That letter perfectly suggests the ambivalence of his feelings towards a literary-artistic world which he was beginning to experience. But although such a literary circle may have sometimes seemed self-conscious, effete or pretentious, it provided sufficient stimulus and attention to keep Lawrence involved until the winter of 1910; and even if it led to The Saga, Lawrence needed both the stimulus and the attention, although he wanted also to be able to keep them at arms' length. At times when he "hated being an author, in people's eyes" (phx ii 594) it must have been intolerable to mix in the London set, where he had to be an author or nothing. But this study should by now have made clear that more went into his development as a full-time author than patronage from Ford - or even Garnett: the socio-literary mingling of 1910 was something he needed, even if only to know that he did not really want it.

And it is to the same conclusion about the distance in 1910 and 1911 between Lawrence and either of the worlds to which Ford introduced him that we must come in any study of Ford's actual help with Lawrence's writing. Unlike Garnett, Ford seemed unable to provide encouragement that was not patronising; he was unable or unwilling to give Lawrence that sustained advice and, even more important, sense of committed audience, which Garnett managed. As he told Lawrence, one who was "as busy and as public a man as most literary fellows" had not the time or energy to cope with the demands of younger authors:

Hueffer impressed it on me, it couldn't be done; by the time a man was forty, the triviality of minor interests could only command a rare slight attention: ... (lm i 94)

And Lawrence told Garnett in 1912 that "I had begun to believe it." The triviality of minor interests could only command the occasional garden party by the summer of 1910. And as Lawrence told Garnett in 1. Sotheby Catalogue, p. 143, ("Thompson").

February 1912, when he had met Ford again,

... he's rather nicer than he was ... Now, don't you know, he seems quite considerate, even thoughtful for other folk. (lm i 98)

It had perhaps been possible for Ford to be immensely kind without being considerate, in 1909; and this is actually the effect of Ford's own commentary on Lawrence's work, written in 1937; the remarkable and significant thing is the quarter in which he chose to allot his praise.

He had learned a great deal from reading other writers - mostly French - but he had a natural sense of form that was very refreshing to come across ...

I don't - and didn't then - think that my influence was any good to him. His gift for form, in his sort of long book, was such that I could suggest very little to him and the rest of his gift was outside my reach. And, as I have said, he is quite good enough as he is - rich and coloured and startling like a mediaeval manuscript. (nehls i 121)

Ford is, of course, here ignoring everything but Lawrence's novels - "his sort of long book" - but the fact that he insists on the force of the natural genius, probably inherited, for form, can only make us suspect how intent he was in 1909 that his own criteria for excellence should emerge from the young writer. Lawrence was a genius, whether or not he applied that gift; Ford and Violet Hunt had, for instance, to complain to Lawrence in 1912 about A Collier's Friday Night and The Merry-Go-Round that

The plays are very interesting, but again, formless. Form will never be my strong point she ((Miss Hunt)) says, but I needn't be quite so bad. 'But never mind, Ford and I always call you a genius.' I have thanked her for the sarcasm. (lm i 107)

Only, of course, it was not altogether sarcasm, any more than was the conversation with Ford Lawrence recalled in 1928:

And in his queer voice, when we were in an omnibus in London, he shouted in my ear: "It's got every fault that the English novel can have." ... "But," shouted Hueffer in the 'bus, "you've got GENIUS."

This made me want to laugh, it sounded so comical. In the early days they were always telling me I had got genius, as if to console me for not having their own incomparable advantages.

But Hueffer didn't mean that ... (phx ii 593-594)

But in 1937, he probably did mean it, rather more than he did in 1909. All Ford said about 'form' in the later reminiscence can be reduced to 'natural genius': and as Ford remembered it, "the rest was outside my reach." We must face the fact that for all the discrepancies of tone and even meaning between the barely distinguishable events of 1909-1910, and the later documentation, what Ford actually could do for Lawrence (beside take him into literary society and introduce him - and his name - to those who could help him) was probably rather slight. It is as if Ford were as much concerned to establish Lawrence's genius, and his own talent for the discovery of that article, as he was to give him the critical judgement of sensible reading. The latter he gave Lawrence in some degree, but we have only to recall Lawrence's later comments to Edward Garnett and Ernest Collings to see how, from Lawrence's point of view at least, Ford could not in the nature of things have done more; and it is probably right to share Lawrence's opinion, in the light of the evidence here presented. Though natural enough in one as busy editorially and socially as Ford in 1909 and 1910, the attitude towards Lawrence's mss. Ford himself recalled is poles apart from the painstaking attention Lawrence was to receive from Edward Garnett.

Well ... he brought me his manuscripts - those of The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers.¹ And he demanded, imperiously, immensely long sittings over them ...

1. This is unlikely. See above, p. 95.

insupportably long ones. And when I suggested breathing spaces for walks in the park he would say that that wasn't what he had sacrificed his Croydon Saturday or Sunday for. And he held my nose down over this passage or that passage and ordered me to say why I suggested this emendation or that. And sometimes he would accept them and sometimes he wouldn't ... but always with a great deal of natural sense and without parti pris. I mean that he did not stick obstinately to a form of words because it was his form of words, but he required to be convinced before he would make any alteration. (nehls i 121)

From this it is hard to tell upon what their discussion of changes in the mss. centred, if it wasn't on the particulars of the writing; an omission here, a contraction there; a re-phrasing, an emendation. This concern for propriety in expression was something for which Ford was renowned, as Pound recalled:

'Every literaryism, every book word, fritters away a scrap of the reader's patience, a scrap of his sense of your sincerity ... ' It should be realised that Ford Madox Ford had been hammering this point of view into me from the time I first met him (1908 or 1909) and that I owe him anything I don't owe myself for having saved me from the academic influences then raging in London ...¹

Any amount of good criticism, chiefly in form of attacks on dead languages, dialects of books, dialects of Lionel Johnson, etc., recd. from F. Madox Hueffer.²

That was the point Ford stressed when Mrs Masterman³ sent him some of her poetry:

That is what is the matter with all the verse of today; it is too much practised in temples and too little in motor-buses ... LITERARY! LITERARY! Now that is the last thing that verse should ever be, for the moment a medium becomes literary it is remote from the life of the people, it is dulled, languishing, moribund and at last dead ...

Yes, remember that when next you sit down to write. And sit down to write, metaphorically speaking, in a

1. The Letters of Ezra Pound, p. 91.
2. The Letters of Ezra Pound, p. 245.
3. Wife of the politician C. G. F. Masterman.

railway waiting room, or in a wet street, or in your kitchen ... where something real is doing and let your language be that of the more serious witnesses in Blue Books ... The poet ought ... to write his own mind in the language of his day.¹

We have to be careful when discussing Ford's own criticisms of Lawrence: for the primary text, Ford's pages on 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', are his recollections from 1937 of feelings he experienced in 1909. But the opening paragraph, to which he describes his reactions, was virtually unaltered from the 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' he actually saw right through to the published version he quotes from, and we need not doubt that the attention he actually gave this passage in 1937 fairly closely corresponds to that which he gave Lawrence's mss. in the winter of 1909.

"The small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston," and at once you know that this fellow with the power of observation is going to write of what ever he writes about from the inside. The "Number 4" shows that ... "With seven full wagons ..." The "seven" is good. The ordinary careless writer would say "some small wagons." This man knows what he wants. He sees the scene of his story exactly. He has an authoritative mind ...

There has been practically nothing of the tiresome thing called descriptive nature, of which the English writer is as a rule so lugubriously lavish ... Nor, since the engine is small, with trucks on a dud line, will the story be one of the Kipling-engineering type, with gleaming rails, and gadgets, and the smell of oil warmed by the bearings, and all the other tiresomenesses. ... Because this man knows. He knows how to open a story with a sentence of the right cadence for holding the attention. He knows how to construct a paragraph. He knows the life he is writing about in a landscape just sufficiently constructed with a casual word here and there. You can trust him for the rest. (nehls i 108-109)

And yet - there is something very surprising in all this. Although we can now establish that Ford saw 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A'

1. MacShane, Ford Madox Ford, p. 97.

in December 1909, not in September as he insisted in 1937,¹ the amount of Lawrence's prose he ever saw cannot have been great. He saw 'Goose Fair' before it went into the English Review for February 1910 (lil 47) - and the penultimate, unrevised version of The White Peacock. He saw The Saga of Siegmund during the late summer of 1910 - probably during August (lil 52, 54). And - as is not the case with our knowledge of what Jessie Chambers read - we have there probably the complete corpus of Lawrence's works as he knew them and commented on them. (Of the three plays Lawrence sent him, two never reached him and the other was handed on to Granville Barker who returned it "with a 'read it with interest but afraid I don't want it' note" (lil 130). We can't tell whether Ford ever read it.) Ford must have seen a proportionately larger number of poems in ms.; but we don't find letters from Lawrence about the work he is having to do to get things ready for Ford, as we do find when Garnett appears.

But does quantity matter? Could Ford not have been an invaluable critic just of what Lawrence did show him?

In the total absence of any surviving correspondence between the two men, we cannot afford to be dogmatic about either the details of their acquaintance or the amount of work Lawrence showed Ford; yet the overall pattern of their literary relationship is almost as clear as it is for the undocumented parts of Jessie Chambers' life. In this situation we can certainly afford to be concerned with quality, not quantity; and in the light of some surviving ms. pages (wrE 407b), Lawrence's letters and Helen Corke's memoirs, Ford's judgement on The Saga appears desperately inadequate and unhelpful. Helen Corke gives an idea of the book to which he objected:

... the sun sinks into the sea through cloud-bars of infinitely varied colour and tone. Of such contrasts Lawrence was intensely aware, and they provided him

1. See above, pp. 83-85.

with the inspiration for some grandly symbolic passages which were written into the original manuscript of The Trespasser, but deleted two years later, when it came under the disapproving eye of the middle-aged, disillusioned critic Ford Madox Hueffer,¹ who preferred the serenities of canonised art to the insecurity and unpredictableness of life. (nehls i 97)

Of course, we cannot tell the extent to which Ford objected to the book's language and symbolism, but either failed to record the fact himself or to impress Lawrence with it. Yet the fact that the latter was unimpressed with any such objection is sufficient reason to doubt whether it ever arose. Ford's remark when he heard that Lawrence intended to suppress the book - "You are quite right not to publish that book - it would damage your reputation perhaps permanently" (lm i 88) seems to support the idea that it was a general effect of eroticism against which Ford was warning Lawrence, and to which Lawrence paid most heed - telling Martin Secker in June 1911 that his second novel

is written, but I will not publish it, because it is erotic: in spite of which Mr Heinemann would take it. But I am afraid for my tender reputation. (lm i 79)

And when he questioned Garnett about Ford's remarks, again he seemed to regard the 'erotic' objection as the major one:

Is Hueffer's opinion worth anything, do you think?
Is the book so erotic? I don't want to be talked about in an Ann Veronica fashion. (lm i 89)

Ann Veronica had been a cause célèbre in the early months of 1911, being banned by a number of lending libraries and eliciting stern comments from Church leaders. In the light of these remarks of Lawrence, we can assume that Ford's main objections to the book were twofold: it was erotic; it was too unfocussed a novel to be a work of art, but (again) it failed to fall into a category for

1. See Additional Note X.

good-but-inartistic novels - those instructive of social change or situation. It is this implicit categorization in Ford's criticisms that is surprising from a man so dedicated to proper writing; criticism of The Saga could begin at a more elementary but equally important level as any on which Ford chose to operate, but his assured dismissal of it as "bad art" and erotic forbade it to his canons.

For outside the areas of art as Ford described them in The Critical Attitude, he also affirmed that there was room for the novelist "as scientific observer":

His business is to lay before the reader the results, not of his moral theories, not of his socially constructed ideas, not even of his generous impulses nor even of his imagination, but simply the results of his observations in life ... The author knowing that his business was not to excite the emotions, which is an achievement very transitory in its effects, but to arouse conviction, which is a thing leaving very lasting impressions ... ¹

That was not good art; it was barely art at all. But to Ford's mind it was an open field for the novelist in 20th century England; and both Bennett and Wells had made significant contributions to its literature:

Each seems, as it were, to voice the people in a manner far more effective, because far more from the inside, than that of Mr Galsworthy when he is dealing with the poor.²

Novelists like Conrad, Moore and James belonged to the higher category; those like Wells, Bennett and Kipling tended towards the novel of social statement. Ford was, of course, careful to remove from this category all temptation to be novelettish: emotions, personal feelings, social hope, were equally to be excluded as similarly

1. F. M. Hueffer, The Critical Attitude, (London, Duckworth, 1911), pp. 97, 99.

2. Idem, p. 104.

irrelevant.

When Ford was confronted with a novel like The Saga of Siegmund his instinct was to put it in the scientific category: but its emotions were the most striking thing about it. But, qua work of art, it was erotic and about lower middle classes and provincial: straight back to the novel of social statement. No wonder that for Ford it was a bastard creation; part success, part disaster. He saw in it little of the real strength of either school of novelists; he saw some posturing, some genius, some eroticism; a great deal of what was, to him, unfocussed and ill-conceived art. And what obviously made matters worse was Lawrence's type-casting as a novelist of the scientific school; in The Saga he was ignoring the very road Ford had tried to set him on. When they first met, Ford had tried to map out the younger man's career:

I suppose that, intent on exploring the lives of artisans, I was inclined to prescribe to him a course of workingman novels, the idea of which he found oppressive. (nehls i 118)

What had actually struck Ford about a story like 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', in his own account of it, was the fact that "this man knows the life he is writing about ... "

You are going to learn how what we used to call "the other half" - though we might as well have said the other ninety-nine hundredths - lives ... It is to be remembered that, in the early decades of this century, we enormously wanted authentic projections of the life which hitherto had gone quite unvoiced ... the class of the artisan, the industrialist, and the unskilled labourer was completely unvoiced and unknown. (nehls i 109)

The White Peacock, while not so straightforwardly working-class as the early short stories Ford saw, offered a glimpse of working life; in the words of Violet Hunt's review of it for the Daily Chronicle,

- a study in oddity all by itself:

It is into the hands of the persons that Mr D. H. Lawrence describes that the power, passing from the hands of statesmen, has descended, and it is because Mr Lawrence shadows the lives and aspirations of these people with such remarkable vividness that The White Peacock, in our eyes, seems such an important work ... Let the politician understand that here he will find the voter limned for him, the great body of voters who, swaying irresistibly now in one direction, now in another, mysteriously decides the fates of governments.¹

At its crudest, this was where Ford's plan for a career of social studies would have taken Lawrence; and if we understand this, the patronage of Ford, Violet Hunt and the English Review circle is at once easier to understand. Lawrence was a different kind of being, we have to remember, who ought to do those things for which the social order had oddly fitted him: limn the voter ... This settled conception of what kind of writer Lawrence was and ought to be necessarily blinded people like Ford and Miss Hunt to his actual desire to develop and change as a novelist. Ford himself, in 1938, gave another account of Lawrence's decline and fall; one in which a primitive Lawrence was corrupted by metropolitan sophistication.

When Lawrence first came across this writer, and notably in his earliest short stories to be submitted to the writer's editorial censures, his work and indeed his temperament were as, let us call it, "uncoloured" as that of Gissing or Hale White. His later developments, which occurred during the writing of Sons and Lovers, were injected, as it were, into him by contact with the consciously socio-moralist group of writers that at the time existed in London.²

This helps to explain Ford's reaction against the moralism of Lawrence's work after the initial 'innocence'; as social recreator,

1. Anon., The Daily Chronicle, 10 February 1911, p. 6.

2. F. M. Ford, The March of Literature, (London, Allen & Unwin, 1947), p. 720.

Lawrence had no right to think about or predict or control the movement of his characters; he should simply present them. Ford seemed unable to grasp that Lawrence's moral intensity might come from inside him rather than from sophisticated metropolitans; and obviously considered Lawrence's primitive state best:

... he had a natural sense of form that was very refreshing to come across - and that was perhaps his most singular characteristic. His father was obviously not a dancing master and minor craftsman for nothing ... I could suggest very little to him ... (nehls i 121)

The moment Lawrence started trying (however crudely) to be a novelist, Ford parted company with him as one who had simply mistaken his proper path. And in this context, it appears that patronage was more complicating and restricting an affair than it has earlier seemed; when Lawrence chose to go a different way, Ford was perfectly prepared to drop him, let him "paddle his own canoe"; his protectiveness towards the limner of artisans would find doubly unnecessary any developments or interests not originally budgeted for. There can be no doubt that this explains Ford's often repeated ascription of 'genius' to Lawrence - he wanted Lawrence to be a natural genius whom he, Ford, could set on the right road to social reportage. Again, a development towards the erotic - what was the point of that in the limner of artisans? Ford could explain it, however:

... it is better to regard Lawrence's own preoccupation with sex and its manifestations with the same composure. As a mother-suppressed child in a Non-conformist household he was shut off from the contemplation of all natural processes to such an extent that, when he grew to have control of himself, he was full of perfectly natural curiosities and, since he happened to be a writer, it was in the writing of speculations that he took his fling. (nehls i 118)

Ford's language here indicates that he had no conception of any concern with sex in Lawrence that couldn't be explained away as a

natural "fling". For all his desperate over-writing, Lawrence had made a more genuine effort to grapple with the presentation of a relationship in The Saga than he had done in The White Peacock. Ford, not wishing to see a development in which he did not believe, found these attempts both feeble (which they sometimes are) and above all pointless. Over The Saga they parted; with Ford's conception of Lawrence's 'genius', this was inevitable.

(iii) Helen Corke, 1909-1911

Ford gave Lawrence all he could have given him. But what he could give was limited by a particular conception of art, by a certainty about the kind of writer Lawrence was born to be, and by the demands made upon him at the time when Lawrence knew him. Earlier in the decade, or later, it is possible that he would have had more time for Lawrence. But, earlier or later, he would not have had the prestige and influence which he was in fact able to use on Lawrence's behalf. So if the nature of their contact was shallow, at least Lawrence was fortunate to be in a position to have it at all. It gave him the start in publishing which he hardly realised he needed until he had it. It gave a temporary lift to his belief in himself as a writer (which was, however, half-stultified by his reaction against a literary world.) Most of all, it put him, in 1909 and 1910, in contact with a receptive and prestigious hearer to replace the parting links between him and his Eastwood circle. To the end of his life, Lawrence appreciated what Ford did for him: the 'Autobiographical sketch' of his earlier career places Ford as the man who above all others had cared and helped. And in 1928 he wrote "Hueffer & Garnett launched D.H. into the literary world" (phx ii 301). But before Garnett's place in Lawrence's developing relation with an audience is described, Helen Corke must be brought into the Croydon picture; for it was upon her that the bread-and-butter business of the discussion of Lawrence's mss. devolved in the second and third years of his stay in Croydon.

Lawrence met Helen Corke during his first winter in Croydon (1908-1909), and saw her in the spring and summer, briefly, in the company of Agnes Mason; but he was only on distant terms with her until his return to the town in September 1909. At the same time as his rapport with Ford was developing during the winter term of 1909, he began to see her more often:

During the autumn of 1909 Lawrence was a frequent visitor at my home ... Sometimes he would ask me to read a poem of his

own, written, in the college notebook he kept always in his pocket.¹

On another occasion she described that first stage of literary contact in more detail:

... the young man suddenly brings a book from his pocket with 'Listen! will you hear this?' Half a dozen lines from a poem. 'What do you think of it - shall we go on?' Or he may hand me without speaking a small, thick notebook, and indicate a written poem on the open page. There is always something arresting about these manuscript poems ... I am aroused to discussion; even, after the two ((Lawrence and Agnes Mason)) have departed, to reflect on what has been said. (corke 3)

That gives us the clue to this first stage; Helen Corke was still in considerable distress, following the suicide of her lover after their summer holiday together, and Lawrence was obviously doing what he could to stimulate her interest in a world she was tempted to ignore.

I am at first aware of his unobtrusive sympathy, then of a tentative endeavour to reawaken my interest in literature and art ... (corke 3-4)

His own poems were a way to capture her attention, as she admits in the previous extract - "I am aroused to discussion; even ... to reflect on what has been said." She was at this stage rather a friend he could help, and who might or might not like his work, than the kind of audience Jessie Chambers had been. But for the first time, apparently, since the days of Eastwood and Jessie Chambers, Lawrence established a habit of communal reading and discussion. This began in the winter of 1909 with German lessons, went on to German lyric verse, included English lyrics, extended to drama (particularly Greek tragedy) and ended up as a free discussion of all the literature that came their way. By the spring of 1910

Whatever the weather, he would arrive about 7 p.m. three evenings a week. Our talk and reading went on, with just

1. Helen Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him', Renaissance and Modern Studies, 1960, p. 8.

a break for coffee, until nearly eleven.¹

All this came about, apparently, before the actual discussion of Lawrence's own work was in any way a habit for them; before February 1910, Miss Corke probably only saw the poems in the Nottingham University notebook, ms.1479, and in the notebook in the possession of W. E. Clarke.² During the winter of 1909, Lawrence was

a new friend of pronounced individuality, who with persistent but mistaken kindness was trying to persuade me that life was still worth living. (corke 19)

In December 1909, the ms. of Nethermere had gone to Heinemann with Ford's letter about it, and was quickly accepted; by the end of January 1910, the ms. was back in Lawrence's hands for final revision and correction (lil 49). It was at this stage that Helen Corke really entered the field of Lawrence's literary activity. On February 26th she was shown the ms. and asked to help: at various times during her life she has recalled the incident, with some differences of emphasis: it seems best to give here all four accounts, the first three from memoirs, and the last from her novel Neutral Ground, with different particulars but undeniably the same background. Lawrence, she wrote, asked her

"Would I read the marked passages and make suggestions, would I delete anything prolix? He hated prolixity."³

"Will I read the manuscript and make suggestions, especially marking passages showing prolixity?" (corke 6)

"Will I look through it with an eye for split infinitives and obscurities of phrase?" (corke 50)

"I wish you⁴ would look over a short story I've been writing this week! will you? And cut it down ruthlessly if it has an unnecessary sentence. I loathe prolixity, and I'm always afraid of indulging in it unaware."⁵

1. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him', p. 8.
2. I am indebted for this information to Miss Corke herself.
3. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him', p. 9.
4. "I" = Derrick Hamilton (= D. H. Lawrence); "You" = Ellis Brooke (= Helen Corke).
5. Corke, Neutral Ground, p. 262.

For all the minor discrepancies, it is clear that Lawrence wanted two kinds of help. Firstly, mainly grammatical. In the surviving ms. there are a number of corrections in her hand of a kind which, for instance, Ford would almost certainly not have bothered to make. Two examples from the ms. are as follows.

The sound of the old piano startled me, it was so unaccustomed.
(Original text, p. 17)

The unaccustomed sound of the old piano startled me.
(Text after correction)

and

She turned away in such scorn as a woman feels who finds her religion has been a trumpery tale.
(Original text, p. 86)

She turned away with the scorn of a woman who finds her religion has been a trumpery tale.
(Text after correction)

On a simple grammatical level, there are such corrections as an "opposite direction to" becoming an "opposite direction from" on p. 23; and three mis-tensed "are"s become "were"s on p. 638. Instances of this type of correction are spaced much as one would expect, sometimes a batch together, sometimes pages without any correction at all. An occasional correction in Miss Corke's hand seems to destroy the simplicity of what is deleted, as on p. 678: "he vanished from her sight" becomes "he passed out of her vision". But, in spotting mistakes (as on p. 562, where the original name of the Saxton family, Worthington, had slipped in and needed correction), and in the straightforward removal of the clumsy and incorrect, and in inking over Lawrence's pencil corrections, Miss Corke applied herself effectively to the ms.

The other kind of help she gave is less definable; "suggestions", she called them in her second account of the incident; these must have come up in her comments on her first reading of the ms., and in the

spring's discussions:

During many evenings he and I sat in my mother's little green sitting-room, discussing points of the revision. (corke 19)

The last 230 pages of the final manuscript can in fact be dated to a period after Easter 1910,¹ showing how extensive this last revision was, and how far into the summer it went. But of the nature of Miss Corke's contribution we cannot be sure; indeed, our knowledge of the kind of revision the ms. underwent is almost non-existent. Jessie Chambers was not much concerned with the book at this stage, with the ms. far away from her in Croydon, but shows she knew something of its final working over:

The early months of the year were spent in the final revision of The White Peacock, which was finished in a rare sunny mood. Asking me to help him find a title, ... Lawrence wrote: 'I have always believed it was the woman who paid the price in life. But I've made a discovery. It's the man who pays, not the woman.' (et 180-181)

Since the entitling of the book probably did not occur until the final version was completed, and we can tell from a letter to Helen Corke that the search for one was occupying Lawrence (and Miss Corke) at the beginning of June 1910, we can date the final revision of the ms. to between February and May of that year. But neither Miss Chambers' memoir nor Lawrence's letters tell us what was changed. On the other hand, Helen Corke's memoirs are extensive, and her memory good: and nothing she has published, or can now remember, suggests that her contribution to this final version of The White Peacock added much to what Ford Madox Ford would already have said to Lawrence both before and after the ms. went to Heinemann in December 1909. It has already been recorded how Ford toiled over "insupportably long sittings" with Nethermere; and since Lawrence only "sent up" the ms. to him at the beginning of November, and as it went to Heinemann halfway through December, it seems likely that at least some of their working over the

1. See below, p. 120.

book occurred after the book came back from the publisher for its final revision in 1910. Admittedly the problem is delicately poised over an almost bottomless gulf of absence of facts. All we can say is that, firstly, Helen Corke discussed Nethermere with Lawrence, but left no record of the detail of their discussion; secondly, that she had some influence on the final shape of the book, but again has left no record of what it might have been; thirdly that she never had, admittedly, Jessie Chambers' desperately close recollections of her intimacy with Lawrence's writing life, because her own personality and relationship were different from Jessie's; but at least she left no trace of any influence so strong or any intimacy so telling as that which constantly reappears in Jessie Chambers' memoir. From purely external evidence, it seems that Lawrence would never have chosen to say to her, as he did to Blanche Jennings about the same book in 1908, "you would make a really good judge of it on the emotional side"; and there is the fact that he was explicitly prepared to use her school-mistressy rather than her artistic judgement when he asked her for help in February 1910. It is probably fair to say that the clearing house of ideas they established counted for more in their relationship than any criticism which Lawrence was able to use.

But this is rather the point. Neither with Ford, nor with Helen Corke, was Lawrence able to get on the terms of critical intimacy that he was quick to establish with Edward Garnett, for instance, where the exchange between author and reader took on a new dimension. Helen Corke and Ford were for Lawrence people interested enough to read his work, and people with whom he could discuss it, working out his own ideas.

Even though, that is, Helen Corke was a person he could write for. With her reading of the ms. of Nethermere in February 1910

We enter a stage of mutual co-operation which brings us together more frequently ...Hitherto Lawrence has been content to minister to my needs, and I to accept his ministrations. This day sees his first request of me, his first demand on my activity. (corke 6)

She called the co-operation 'mutual' because some time in the spring of 1910 Lawrence had asked to see, and had been shown, both the 'Freshwater Diary' which Miss Corke had kept about the events of the previous summer, and the still-growing 'letter' to her dead lover.

D.H.L. sees me put away a writing pad when he enters and presently asks what I am writing. It is only the long letter which there seems no need to end. I have finished a brief diary of the Island experience. He asks if he may see a scrap of my work. There is, I tell him, no 'work' ... I give him the Freshwater diary. There is a new urgency in his voice when he returns it. "What are you going to do with these prose-poems?" he asks. I reply, nothing. They are written; it is enough. (corke 7)

Neutral Ground here apparently takes up the incident in detail:

"I only write for myself," said Ellis.

"That's not true! You may imagine it is, but it's not ... One wouldn't write at all if one hadn't, though perhaps subconsciously, the presupposition of a reader. You can despise your public as much as you like, but to deny it is absurd ... you write because you know instinctively that any kind of human experience is the common property of humanity."

Ellis, roused sufficiently to desire that Derrick Hamilton should be convinced of error, gave him her record of the five days ...¹

Helen Corke must have given Lawrence her diary some time during the first three months of 1910. As late as the Easter holidays, 24th March - 3rd April, Lawrence had apparently no intention of writing a novel round it; Jessie Chambers recalled him planning his next novel on quite a different theme (et 181). But some time in April he went to Helen Corke, she remembered,

with the request that he take the diary and expand its theme ... He will bring me the work as it grows; nothing shall stand with which I am not in agreement. It will be a finished study, based upon my fertile suggestions. He is very eager. (corke 7)

1. Corke, Neutral Ground, p. 263.

That makes the plan to write the new novel wholly Lawrence's; but he certainly conveyed to Jessie Chambers the sense of a duty to Helen Corke being unavoidably thrust on him:

... he wrote, apparently very much disturbed, saying that he found he had to write the story of Siegmund ... It was in front of him and he had to do it ... Lawrence implored me not to attempt to hold him. He told me most impressively the story of the Shirt of Nessus. Something of that kind, he said, something fatal, perhaps, might happen if I insisted on holding him. (et 181-182)

The novel was written "in feverish haste between the Whitsuntide and Midsummer of 1910" (et 181). Helen Corke recalled that

For 'Nethermere' and for the book Lawrence was basing upon my memoirs, we lived during the next four months.¹

Indeed, Nethermere and The Saga of Siegmund overlapped. Lawrence was making a fair copy of passages about three-quarters of the way through the former simultaneously with starting the latter, and on two occasions he slipped into writing 'Siegmund' where he intended 'Leslie' in the fair copy ms. This would not have occurred before he entered the world of the Saga, and proves that considerable passages of The White Peacock were still arriving at their final form in the early summer of 1910; the two instances occur on pages 626 and 633 respectively of the final ms., in the middle of a long passage in Lawrence's own hand which begins on p. 570 and ends only with the end of the ms. on p. 802.

Because of the book's origin, and the proximity of Helen Corke herself, The Saga of Siegmund was obviously a specialised kind of production. For Lawrence, the opportunity given by the diary for a highly symbolic and imaginative novel, the actuality of which was in a way guaranteed by the presence of the diary and the guiding hand

1. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him', p. 9.

of Miss Corke herself, was apparently irresistible. No matter how high the flights into a kind of prose poem, his protestation could always be that the book was real. But this rope between the flight and the solid earth was, of its very nature, only apparent to the parties concerned. The artist's voice was pitched in such a way that only Miss Corke was in a proper position to appreciate it.

However, for the first time Lawrence sensed he was writing something destined for publication. (Ford had been pressing him to make headway while he could.) The book was, besides a prose poem, a novel which required the same attention as The White Peacock. Who better to help than Helen Corke herself?

One evening this spring D.H.L. brings me the first chapters of "The Sage of Siegmund", saying that there is the beginning of a work of art that must be a saga since it cannot be a symphony. He asks me to scrutinise it in detail, as I have done the manuscript of Nethermere. (corke 8)

But, for Helen Corke, the book was inevitably her own experience captured and unleashed in a new form; and Lawrence was a privileged friend, not an author.

I refuse; my part in this book is that of guide. David must see and feel very clearly what he has to write. He must know H.B.M. as I know him. (ibid)

If the part Helen Corke played in Nethermere is obscure, her part in the first version of The Saga of Siegmund is equally complicated. Here she is, on the one side, standing apart completely from the book, insisting that if Lawrence does not know the characters, she cannot help him. On the other side, there is Lawrence's promise: "He will bring me the work as it grows; nothing shall stand with which I am not in agreement" (corke 7). And the events of 1912, when Lawrence wrote the second version, imply that she felt considerably (and most naturally) possessive towards the book. She turned sarcastic; she must have accused him of wanting to falsify it. "Why should

I want to?" he asked her.

Why are you so sarky? I tell you again I am not altering the substance of the Saga, so that, in spite of my present tone, you will not find it perverted from what of original truth it had. I recast the paragraphs and attend to the style. As soon as I can, I will send you the Ms., so that you may satisfy yourself.

But, as you remember saying yourself, the Saga is a work of fiction on a frame of actual experience. It is my presentation, and therefore necessarily false sometimes to your view. The necessity is not that our two views should coincide, but that the work should be a work of art.

(lm i 97-98)

What she called "mutual co-operation" would rather seem to have been a tour de force for Lawrence in getting inside the skin of two other human beings, and an exercise in the kind of prose poem she had in mind. After supplying the 'Freshwater Diary' and the letter, she set herself to wait for the finished chapters; her guidance in such a situation must, she, have been a matter of hints of "no - it wasn't like that" or "yes - that's it," concentrating on fairly intangible moods, forcing herself to allow Lawrence his psychological development, and her control of the exercise really only consisting in the right of veto. Her responsibility for what went into the book lay far less in her control of its production - which she always insisted had to be a matter of Lawrence's combination of tact and complete submer-sion in the two figures provided for him - than in her original raw materials, and her insistence initially that Lawrence feel the same quality of the experience as she did. He seems to have taken over lumps of her diary wholesale, relying on it for conversations and a sequence of events, but always altering its tendency to write swooning sensation where he wanted significant mood. We know that a lot of his symbolical and evocative description existed in the original diary; but Lawrence apparently wanted the book to keep the diary's quality of a poignant evocation of an event totally past but emotionally lasting. Miss Corke was unusually annoyed when much of what she considered the

importance of that evocation was deleted from the book after Garnett had seen it and Lawrence had determined to revise it.¹ We can perhaps guess at the deletions by comparing an episode in the diary with its counterpart in the (revised) novel. First, the diary:

At sunset the curtains of the mist catch fire, and flaming masses flying from cliff to cliff uncover a still sky of mottled gold. There is a light that satisfies; they see it in whose souls it has been born; greatly blessed, but greatly cursed are they, for they must needs know also the blackest shadows.

The glory is transient. When the fog thickens again we go to our cottage ...²

Second, the novel:

As the sun set, the fog dispersed a little. Breaking masses of mist went flying from cliff to cliff, and far away beyond the cliffs the western sky stood dimmed with gold. The lovers wandered aimlessly over the golf-links ...³

But, of course, Lawrence's pruning of the book at the beginning of 1912 meant that, in his own words, it was "my presentation, and therefore necessarily false sometimes to your view" (lm i 97) - which he would probably not have said in April 1910. The Saga of Siegmund, as he saw its possibilities in 1910, offered a chance to do something psychological-moral, something grand, something aspiring to the condition of masterpiece, in the highly dramatised manner which had sometimes affected The White Peacock but which was mostly a new departure for the Saga. The language and presentation became a declaration of literary and moral emancipation, affirming Lawrence's attachment to the idea of art-as-masterpiece, to the literary-artistic ideal, as he saw it from the fringes of the metropolitan literary world in 1910. Violet Hunt noted of him in 1909-1910:

1. See above, pp. 106-107.

2. Corke, Neutral Ground, pp.227-228.

3. Lawrence, The Trespasser, p.31.

He was more conversant with decadant poetry than I or the editor ((Ford)), and that is saying a good deal, in face, I think he had studied it too deeply. (nehls i 127)

That acquaintance went back to his pre-student days in Eastwood, but was reinforced during his time in Croydon both by the reading Jessie Chambers recorded - Doughty, Shelley, Swinburne, Verlaine, Baudelaire (et 121) - and by his moving in a circle with people like Mrs Derwent Wood and Grace Crawford in it, with a consequent immersion in theories of music, dance and art, and the amalgamation of forms. As he told Helen Corke of the Saga; "it shall be a poem as it can't be a symphony, this story."¹ His concentration upon his second novel was enormous, Miss Corke recalls: he was trying to capture the experience and enshrine its importance, all at one remove from the reality with which Miss Corke was in fragments supplying him. And he was also subordinating his voice to the 'music' she wanted. It is perhaps no wonder that the book is a dead-end in Lawrence's oeuvre. The White Peacock had attempted to follow a line from Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss, and had been distinctively English; its liberties of lush description and self-conscious narration found their counterparts in Richard Jeffries and George Borrow. The Saga of Siegmund, on the other hand, attempted to be emancipated, modern, poetic in a resonant rather than a lyrical or pastoral way, evoking a sense of tragedy like that Lawrence had recently been observing in the Greeks. The use of Wagner in The Trespasser, to take one example, is thoroughly sophisticated and intellectual, employing not the caught or the imagined, but the magnificent gesture, to get its resonant effect.

But although it represented a new departure in Lawrence's work, the book in its first version had as secure a venue as

1. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

anything he had ever written, being quite explicitly for Helen Corke; to hand on its manuscript to her as it was written was the natural outcome of the writing. It was as securely addressed to her as Laetitia 'A' had been to Jessie Chambers. But, on this occasion, there were other elements in the situation. A book had been written for the first time in Lawrence's life with a fairly safe chance of being accepted by a publisher. And Lawrence had a friend and critic in Ford, to whom the first half of the book went when it was finished, probably at the end of July 1910.

And then one day he brought me half the ms. of
The Trespassers ((sic)) - and that was the end ...
(nehls i 121)

We have already discussed Ford's severe criticisms of the book.¹ And yet the incident shows how getting the book into print had become the natural consequence of writing it; for all his dislike of it, Ford took it to Heinemann when it was complete, Lawrence having agreed to let the firm publish it when he saw them about The White Peacock at the end of May (lm i 62). And in July, he was writing to Louie Burrows that

I have finished another book - nearly - but what the world will say to it I do not know. However, things will, I think, begin to develop now. How slow literature is. (lil 52)

The book he refers to here is certainly meant for publication.

In this situation - a book 'for' Helen Corke, and the same book destined for a publisher from the moment of conception - the preposition 'for' must be re-examined, as well as the nature of the will to publish. In the first place, they are not necessarily contradictory. But it has already been made clear, in the section on Ford, how Lawrence slipped into publication without much effort

1. See above, p. 107.

on his own part. He was not out to capture a reading public; he mainly conformed to the advice and practice of the circle he had entered, publishing whatever Ford was prepared to accept or patronize, taking the promise of success Ford offered with the hope that he might be able to lift himself out of an unwanted future in teaching.

On the other hand, the chance to write Helen Corke's book had been attractive because of the nature of the task rather than because Lawrence wanted to keep himself in front of a public with a second novel. The Saga of Siegmund was, in a sense, a private thing between Lawrence and her, and for her to see it as he wrote it was not only natural but necessary; Lawrence would still have conceived the encompassing of her experience of the previous summer as part of his therapy for the hurt it had inflicted on her. And although he promised the book to Heinemann when he saw the publisher in May, when perhaps one half of it was finished, and it went to them in September, the idea of publishing it was actually far less attractive than it had been in the case of the first novel. Helen Corke remembers that "we agreed that it should be put aside for five years,"¹ apparently because of the nature of the book they had ended up with rather than because of Ford's strictures or Heinemann's reluctance. Lawrence told the latter in October that

... if the whole is not to your taste, I shall not mind, for I am not in the least anxious to publish that book. I am content to let it lie for a few years. Of course, you have only the rapid work of three months ... I am not anxious to publish it, and if you are of like mind we can let the thing stay, and I will give you - with no intermediary this time - my third novel, Paul Morel. (lm i 66)

His desire to escape from his arrangement to give Heinemann his novels is obvious; and we must attribute this in part to the special

1. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him,' p.9.

nature of the book under discussion.

But we must not assume that his relationship with Helen Corke meant that she was a sufficient audience for his books in the sense that Jessie Chambers had been in 1906. The Saga of Siegmund was built around an event in Helen Corke's life which she felt - and still feels - to have been a wholly personal tragedy; and although she wanted the book written, in the same way as she needed to write out her own version of the same events in her 'Freshwater Diary,' in 1910 she felt extremely reluctant to let it be published. And Lawrence obviously accepted her right to feel that. So we can say that this book was indeed for her, especially for her; but that Lawrence's ordinary output was of a different kind, and should make us see the Saga affair in perspective.

A simple piece of evidence establishes this. Helen Corke, by her own admission, saw two rambling, diffuse and unexceptional poems early in 1910 - 'Red' and 'A Love Passage' (cp ii 889-890 & 876-877) - because they were both written from the standpoint of Helena in the Saga, and Lawrence was presumably trying out his understanding of the fictional Helena on the real Helen. But the important series of 'Helen' poems - 'The Appeal' (cp i 86), 'Return' (cp i 85), 'Release' (cp i 117-118), and so on, which were about Helen Corke in the same way as the 'Miriam' poems were about Jessie Chambers, or 'The Hands of the Betrothed' (cp i 127-129) about Louie Burrows, in all three cases attempts to pin down the nature of the relationship and its tensions - these poems, Helen Corke never saw.

These poems were a mild surprise to me when I read them many years after; I I wasn't acquainted with them at the time; only perhaps one or - one or - no, I - I think - I can't be sure I read any of them in manuscript. ¹

1. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

Lawrence's efforts to understand Helen Corke, that is, were not from the inside of an intimate relationship as the 'Miriam' poems were; they were not part of a mutual exploration on the part of Lawrence and Helen Corke, and they were not shared property. The novel was the exception, not the rule, and our conclusions about it must not extend to our understanding of the whole relationship.

It is, in fact, hard to escape the conclusion that Helen Corke was gradually brushed aside from Lawrence's creative life after the two consecutive climaxes of The White Peacock and The Saga of Siegmund. She did not see the 'Helen' poems he went on to write; although she saw 'A Fly in the Ointment' in June or July 1910, Lawrence apparently showed it her to give her some idea of Jessie Chambers, shortly to visit them both in London for the first time; and the poem 'Coldness in Love' on which they collaborated in October, (Miss Corke doing the first version and Lawrence re-writing it to fit more precisely the experience they had both shared), was the exception in months otherwise empty of such contact. Paul Morel 'A', for instance, begun in October that year, and restarted as Paul Morel 'B' in March 1911, "gave him little satisfaction. He did not bring me the writing."¹ And although, in the remainder of 1910 and through 1911, "we continued our Saturday rambles,"

now our talks were generally arguments on philosophical and moral questions, concerning which we differed fundamentally.²

After working on the proofs of The White Peacock in September 1910, she apparently saw no more of his work before publication. 1911 was the year of disappointment for Lawrence:

In that year, for me everything collapsed, save

1. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him,' p.12.

2. Ibid.

the mystery of death, and the haunting of death in life. I was twenty five, and from the death of my mother, the world began to dissolve around me, beautiful, iridescent, but passing away substanceless. (phx i 253)

Helen Corke saw less of him, but enough to observe how the reception of The White Peacock (published in January) was affecting him; he was visibly

disappointed by the reception ... The book brought him, indeed, to the notice of the London literati, but it did not achieve any striking success. The patronage of the literati made him wince.¹

"I did think it would have given me a start," he said to me disconsolately, as we picked April prim-roses in Farleigh woods. It had, but there was no immediate public recognition of a new genius. (corke 28)

Again, in 1911 Paul Morel 'B' developed into an inward tussle, described by Jessie Chambers:

The whole thing was somehow tied up. The characters were locked together in a frustrating bondage, and there seemed no way out. (et 190)

Jessie saw it in November 1911, when Lawrence sent it to her; it was to her that he turned, although their alienation had been almost complete since Lawrence's engagement the previous Christmas. Something else that separated him from Helen Corke's interest in his writing was the interest Edward Garnett took from August 1911 onwards; with Garnett to attend to the everyday literary affairs, and Jessie to help with the novel which was occupied with Lawrence's own young life,² obviously

1. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him,' p.9.

2. Since Paul Morel 'B' was promised to Heinemann, and Garnett was a reader for the firm of Duckworth, there seems to have been no question of his seeing the whole ms. until Heinemann rejected it (as Paul Morel 'D') in June 1912.

Helen Corke had little part to play.

She was no audience as Jessie had been. The Saga of Siegmund went straight to her, as 'Red' and 'A Love Passage' did. But the subsequent history of the novel shows the extent to which Lawrence repossessed it. She did not in theory object to his revising it for publication in the winter of 1911-1912, when (after his illness) he had left teaching, and needed to publish to live; "he now had some prospect of literary success," she remembers, and Neutral Ground has "Derrick Hamilton" ('D. H.') declaring he only took up teaching "in order to support my mother ... I can make enough by literature to keep myself."¹ Consequently,

Before he went to Bournemouth ((6th January 1912)) he asked me to sanction the publication of the Saga ... he would try to make a living by writing.²

Helen Corke: I gave my consent.

M. Muggeridge: Reluctantly or readily?

Helen Corke: Readily, because I knew he must have some means: he had no means at all.³

And The Trespasser proved extremely useful. But she hated the way he actually revised it, and disliked the tone Lawrence adopted to her in the early months of 1912.⁴ However, Lawrence made the book his (and Garnett's) own in this revision, and felt he had cut himself off from the singularity of its creation.

I have ... done the first chapter - heaps, heaps better. There was room for improvement, by Jove! I was so young - almost pathetically young - two years ago. (lm i 91)

1. Corke, Neutral Ground, p.294.

2. Corke, 'D. H. Lawrence as I saw him,' p.13.

3. BBC 2, The Dreaming Woman.

4. See above, p. 122.

Again, Helen Corke had been a great help with the final stages of The White Peacock; but the nature of her help there has already been seen and was less that of a committed reader than that of an efficient colleague. During the course of her friendship with Lawrence, a certain number of poems and stories passed between them; but the majority, we may believe, came at that stage when Lawrence was trying to reawaken her interest in life. But the first third was overshadowed (for Lawrence) by his contact with Ford; the death of his mother and the engagement with Louie Burrows re-located his centre of interest in the Midlands for a good deal of 1910 and 1911; and for the last quarter of the time he knew Helen Corke, his friendship with Edward Garnett and a real break into publishing were the most important events of his literary world. The heart of his creativity went in a direction other than hers, when it had the chance. She was mostly important to Lawrence for her willingness to discuss abstract issues, and for her - perhaps schoolmistressy, none the less valuable - help over details. As Lawrence wrote to Garnett at the beginning of 1913, when the latter was editing Sons and Lovers for him:

Why can't I do these things? - I can't. I could do hack work, to a certain amount. But apply my creative self where it doesn't want to be applied, makes me feel I should burst or go cracked ... I must go on producing, producing, and the stuff must come more and more to shape every year. But trim and garnish my stuff I cannot - it must go. (lm i 175-176)

Helen Corke was uncomfortably situated at a point in Lawrence's career when, because the way to a general acceptance of his work was apparently clearing, his need of a fellow human-being to go closely along with him in his literary exploration was much less acute than his need for professional advice, although he continued to stick to the form of his previous attachments to Jessie Chambers, Louie

Burrows, and Blanche Jennings. While Helen Corke had more time for Lawrence and his writing than Ford, or indeed anyone since Jessie Chambers' heyday, and was indeed able to help him both in specific things and in a general conception like that of The Saga of Siegmund, her natural eagerness and intellectual gifts did not, for Lawrence, make up for her tendency to the literary and her obvious amateurishness. The point comes down to the fact that she was not, could not be, Edward Garnett; and poised over an uncertain future and an uneasy present, Lawrence needed professional assistance or the kind of intensely personal help Jessie Chambers was still able to give to Paul Morel 'C'. Helen Corke's friendliness was not enough, and her particular experience only affected The Saga of Siegmund. By the middle of 1911, Ford was a year behind Lawrence - Ford, who "left me to paddle my own canoe. I very nearly wrecked it and did for myself" (lm i 158). But "Edward Garnett, like a good angel, fished me out" (ibid). It was unfortunate for Helen Corke's friendship with Lawrence that she could not meet the demand Lawrence would perhaps have liked to place on her. But, unable to trust her with himself and his writings, he inevitably left her increasingly out of his literary affairs. She could not encourage him to believe that, after his disappointment over The White Peacock and the apparent dead end of the Saga, he was able to go further in his writing career. And she could not give him the intelligent professional sympathy and advice which Garnett could offer from the start. It was not that she let him down; but she could not meet his needs.

(iv) Louie Burrows in 1911

To take up the details of Lawrence's relationship with Louie Burrows postponed from Chapter 1, section (iv): with his engagement to Louie in December 1910, Lawrence's interests (which had been growing further away from hers throughout the year 1910) were immediately restored to her. And she found him being more open to her about his writing than he had ever been. On December 6th he began sending her some translations from Fritz Krenkow's books of Arabic songs, and she received more of these on the 15th.¹ They were specifically for Louie - "I never bother to make a copy of the beloved translations" (lil 65) - and seemed to have grown from the emotional turmoil Lawrence underwent at the death of his mother. But, along with so much of what he said and wrote to her, he was conscious of Louie's response to them as careful and restrained, even slightly disapproving. He sent them as examples of some of the things he was feeling, whereas she was mainly worried about his working at them unnecessarily and tiring himself. "They never take me ten minutes - so don't talk about my working at them" (lil 64). Their different responses to these small pieces of writing are indicative of a much wider split in attitude and sympathy. In the second half of December she made a remark which he interpreted as disapproving of the translations; accordingly, he sent "No translations, since I'm at school - & since they are shocking" (lil 69). She had taken them to represent Lawrence's own view of life, and had obviously disliked it. "The translation was translation. Should I have been so pathetic?" (lil 62) The trouble was that she sometimes expected the wrong thing from him; she wanted more conventional love letters, not fragments of Lawrence's deeper feelings transmuted through translations from the Arabic. "I'd better take 'Nouvelle Heloïse' down & copy" (lil 62), he remarked. The creative writing she would

1. For a complete list, see Additional Note VI, sections (b) and (c).

have liked to see, too, would be conventionally moral and sensible. "Do you wish I would write in the 'Be good, sweet maid & let who will be clever' - style? I will try, to please you, one day" (lil 69).

Another difficulty was that his writing brought in almost nothing - and what he and Louie needed above all was a secure income to get married on. "Literature is disgustingly slow," he remarked in December 1910, when The White Peacock seemed to have been hanging fire for months. And he felt that, even when it was published, "I shall not be any nearer having money - unless, indeed, the notices bring me a fair amount of magazine work" (lil 69). Although Lawrence was paid £50 for the novel (phx i 232), the money had to pay the expenses of his mother's illness and funeral (phx ii 301). And after that he could not "save £5 a year without descending to petty carefulness" - and "we have both agreed that we cannot marry unless I have £100 in cash & £120 a year income."

When shall we marry then? We trust to luck and literature. I have worked hard enough at that damned mill to obtain a reward so insignificant in cash. (lil 79)

Lawrence seemed to have relied on The White Peacock to help his chances, reckoning that the book deserved success, even if success only consisted in "a little individual name in the literary world" (lil 74). His letters to Louie of February 1911 do not survive, so we cannot tell what he thought of most of the book's reviews; but Helen Corke said he was "discouraged by the poor reception accorded his first novel" (nehls i 142).¹ And by March he seemed to have given up the idea that the book might turn luck his way.

Oh, if only I were just a private individual, with not any bartering with the public, how glad I should be. I wish all this toil of writing were put away, & we were

1. See above, p.129.

perfectly untroubled & unanxious, in a quiet country school. (lil 83)

In the first week of April, Louie saw a revised 'Fragment of Stained Glass' and transcribed 'Odour of Chrysanthemums B' in its revised form from the English Review proof sheets of the previous year - the kind of copying job Agnes Mason and Agnes Holt had done for Lawrence in 1909. At this point we have our first incontrovertible evidence of her influence upon his work - though the extent of that influence is so small as to reinforce our conception of her vitally different role from Jessie Chambers or even Helen Corke. Professor Boulton has described what she did:

Either deliberately or accidentally she introduced some minor alterations which presumably received Lawrence's approval since they remain in the published text ... For example, she substituted 'vaguely' for 'weirdly' ...; possibly confused by the heavily revised copy she omitted one sentence which Lawrence had not deleted, and retained another which he had crossed out ...¹

In the first place, her influence was very small indeed - and, as Professor Boulton points out, may often have been the result of a failure to understand what Lawrence wanted rather than any demonstration of her own critical initiative. In the second, Professor Boulton's conclusion is slightly misleading: he points out that the text of the transcript Louie made was only adjusted slightly before being printed in the English Review - Lawrence made some small corrections to the fair copy, and presumably some others to the new set of proofs he received in the summer of 1911 - and concludes that

Lawrence read the copy ((Louie's fair transcript)) with critical attention, accepting virtually all Louie's scribal changes.²

1. 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', ed. J. T. Boulton, Renaissance and Modern Studies, 1969, p. 7.
2. Idem, p. 8.

He need not have accepted them as changes, or have "approved" of them: since the 'foul papers' remained with Louie for the rest of her life, Lawrence had no chance of comparing the copy she made with the original she copied from - and presumably accepted the differences as matters of fact, unaware of the small changes made, rather than as Louie's contribution. In short, Louie's influence was not something Lawrence need have been aware of: and everything else we know about his feelings towards her literary practice suggests that it was not, then or ever, important to him or to his work. The same week as she copied 'Odour of Chrysanthemums B', he again commented on her attitude to his work:

If only you were here, I should be so likeable for you tonight. You wouldn't find any fault with me - because the artist is sunk, & I'm aimiable ((sic)). (lil 95)

This was the fatal dichotomy. In the early letters Lawrence is continually apologising for being lively, racy, morbid, vivacious, ironical - most of these at Louie's expense - and declaring either that he will change, or that he is totally different from Louie and cannot.

Your pleasure, which you enjoy, in the thought of me, is nothing to me. What I want I want and quarter measures are nothing to me. I am a nuisance & a trouble to everybody. Always I am cursing myself, but it doesn't alter me what I am. (lil 84)

Forgive me for being disagreeable. I'll mend - how many times do I say that - but I'll mend, surely. (lil 86)

We know that Louie was proud of Lawrence as a writer; Jessie Chambers recalled, bitterly, that when The White Peacock was published,

... someone told me that his fiancée was handing it round to her acquaintances as the work of the clever young author to whom she was engaged. (et 189)

But Louie's letters to Lawrence (so far as we can deduce their contents from his replies) insisted on work rather than genius; her attitude to the artist in Lawrence seems to have been at the opposite pole from Jessie's. And in return Lawrence did not involve her in his literary affairs - he told her that he was seeing Garnett or Austin Harrison, but she normally only heard about the quantities he wrote, not of its importance to him. And he tended to show her only finished products; he never discussed his work with her as he had needed to five years earlier with Jessie. And, finally, he knew she wasn't ever going to be close to his inmost feelings or beliefs:

Don't sark me by telling me I said I didn't expect much of you. I expect everything - life almost: but not - & I never know whether to say unfortunately or happily - a companion in my philosophy ... (lil 92)

He defined for her a division in himself between the man she was preparing to marry, and the writer; and because he felt he could achieve nothing except a personal intimacy with her, explicitly cut himself off as a writer from her; and told her about the "hard, cruel if need be, me that is the writer" which troubled the "human who belongs to you" (lil 73). And he simultaneously insisted upon that same impersonality in the writer-self as, years before, Jessie Chambers had failed to acknowledge. But where Jessie had failed to comprehend the necessary impersonality of the artist, connecting Lawrence's work wholly with the man she loved, in 1911 Lawrence denied Louie access to that very part of him he had criticised Jessie for not understanding. In fact he told Louie to try,

when I disappoint you and may grieve you, to think that it is the impersonal part of me - which belongs to nobody, not even to myself - the writer in me, which is for the moment ruling ... Remember I love you and am your husband: but that a part of me is exempt from these things, from everything: the impersonal, artistic side.
(lil 73)

Not until he met Frieda Weekley did he find a woman who did not seem intolerably separate from the writer in him. This episode with Louie sharpens our sense of the utterly different intimacy she enjoyed with him from that Jessie Chambers and Lawrence had come to know; far from Jessie being "warned off" the writer, Lawrence had been frustrated by her failure to get nearer to him.

But in such a context with Louie, her attitude to his writing was inevitably as restricted as his towards her. "I'm glad you like the story" (lil 93), was typically his only comment on her reaction to his work. And in April 1911 he told her that he was busy "with these silly short stories" (lil 93), as if to guard against her possible reaction by in fact supplying it.

It was only with Paul Morel 'B' that she began to be much involved in his work. She heard of the book first in December 1910, but probably heard nothing more until March 1911, when Lawrence began it again. By April 29th he had done a quarter of it, and sent a chunk of ms. to Louie.

I'm afraid it's very heterogeneous; since I have never read it through, very blemishy. Correct it & collect it, will you, & tell me what you think. (lil 101)

At the end of May he sent her the first 200 pages complete, and on the 31st she wrote that she liked it; all the same, Lawrence felt that he couldn't altogether trust her opinion, rather as he had told Blanche Jennings in 1908 that he couldn't trust Jessie's - "she is valueless because she approves too much" (lm i 9). He told Louie

I'm glad you like Paul, but doubt whether you tell me the 'truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth - so help me God.' (lil 111)

But he wasn't asking for critical opinions from her. In the first

place, with a novel published and some experience of the literary world, what she could offer mattered less than it would have done earlier. Secondly, he must always have suspected that her opinion of his writing would be guided by a very strong sense of the proprieties and decencies of her own middle-class background. Thirdly, the publication of his novel seems to have had a considerable change on his attitude to pre-publication readings of his mss. It appears that Helen Corke saw very little of his writing in 1911,¹ while Jessie Chambers certainly saw nothing before Paul Morel 'B' late in the autumn - and this wasn't because Louie had assumed the functions of the others; Lawrence simply kept his work more to himself. His gradual production of the Paul Morel versions was only in response to the terms of his promise to Heinemann: he had to get another novel done, in default of The Saga of Siegmund. In fact, this restraint over his work - probably exaggerated in Louie's case, anyway - emerged strikingly in his refusal to let her see his poem mss. (probably the same books Helen Corke saw in 1909-1910.) She probably wrote, asking, towards the end of May. Lawrence eventually replied:

Again, I have not answered the question concerning the verses. If you will allow me, I will not give them to you. They are all very well dancing up and down the pages of my little note book, shut safely in the cupboard - but wandering, even as speech from me to you, as yet, 'no,' permit me to say. (lil 109)

Of course, some of these poems were 'about' Helen Corke, and Jessie Chambers - and knowing Louie's reaction to a letter Jessie sent Lawrence in January 1911 - "how strange of you to be angry with J. for writing" (lil 81) - Lawrence probably had some reason for keeping his poems private; there was no point in antagonising Louie. But the refusal, coupled with his attitude to her reading almost any other of his works, reveals the change he had undergone by the middle of 1911, and the very nature of their intimacy. For all that they shared, a good deal had to

1. See above, pp. 128-130.

remain permanently private to each because the other could not tolerate or understand it. We have seen Lawrence regretting his private 'philosophy'. Louie could not share Lawrence's feelings about sex or passion either; he wrote to her in September about the "conflict of unaccomplished passion" they so easily fell into; after a weekend in Quorn at the end of October, he found

I've now got to digest a great lot of unsatisfied love in my veins. It is very damnable, to have slowly to drink back again into oneself all the lava & fire of a passionate eruption ... All this, you see, is very indelicate & immodest & all that ... and I always want to subscribe to your code of manners, towards you - I know I fail sadly. (lil 146)

Louie must always have insisted on a code that conformed to the social norm; and it is hard to escape the implication that her standards for both behaviour and literature were grounded on the extent to which they were socially acceptable. And it was in this context that Lawrence showed her his work - or failed to do so. We only have to compare this selective submission of mss. and its accompanying request with the literary intimacy so quickly re-established with Jessie Chambers in early 1912, or with Frieda once the Lawrences were together in Germany; for all his debt to the Burrows family in The Rainbow, for instance, he could establish no creative intimacy with Louie herself.

But during the spring and summer of 1911, Louie apparently tried to keep Lawrence up to the mark with Paul Morel 'B'; the novel was promised to Heinemann, but had fallen behind schedule - and Louie pressed Lawrence to go on with it, sometimes annoyingly.

At your behest I wrote yesterday fourteen pages of Paul Morel, and I sit with the paper before me to continue when this is done ... (lil 102)

I have managed my ten pages of Paul: I'm now on with the 112th. (lil 103)

The 112 pages of Paul are pages such as this on which I write. Am I a newspaper printing machine to turn out a hundred sheets in half an hour? (lil 105)

Damn Paul! Why mustn't I write Old Adams?¹ & New Eves are much wickedder I assure you. (lil 114)

In the summer, too, Lawrence sent her the ms. of 'A Fragment of Stained Glass' before it appeared in the English Review (lil 125), but not that of 'Two Marriages' which he wrote in July - "you can see it as soon as you come to Croydon: it's not worth sending by post" (lil 121). Again, it seems that her opinion didn't matter much to him:

Thank you for your eulogium on the 'Stained Glass' story. It is a bit of a tour de force, which I don't care for - the tale I mean. (lil 126)

But by this time, perhaps only the opinions of those who were concerned in what he was writing - like Jessie Chambers and Paul Morel 'B' in November 1911 - or of those professionally qualified, like Edward Garnett - mattered to him very much. Louie herself was unwittingly concerned in the major change of Lawrence's early writing life; the decision to give up teaching and live by writing: this he could only do after having experienced his own desire to write and publish - which in its turn only came gradually. But for Louie, wanting a husband with a steady income and proper job, the thought of Lawrence giving up an admittedly poorly paid teaching career for an insubstantial and uncertain one as a writer, must have been unpleasant; the more so because, as we have seen - and as Lawrence himself knew - his deepest concerns in writing were not of the first importance to her. His idea of giving up teaching had existed from 1908, before he even began in Croydon; but it first came out for Louie in a letter written shortly after the beginning of the winter term in Croydon, 1911. Lawrence was finding more than ever that his evenings and spare time were not adequate for the writing he both wanted and (with Heinemann waiting for Paul Morel) he needed to do. And doubtless the effect of Edward Garnett, first wanting short stories

1. Not, as J. T. Boulton suggests, 'New Eve and Old Adam' (lil 114); that story was written in 1912. 'The Old Adam' was written at this period, and Lawrence is presumably referring to it.

and then praising Lawrence as a writer to his face, had a lot to do with Lawrence's growing lack of interest in teaching. More than Ford had ever done, Garnett was encouraging him to be a writer. Lawrence wrote to Louie on Friday September 15th:

I can't settle down of an evening nowadays. This week I haven't written a scrap. Should you be cross if I were to - & I don't say I shall - try to get hold of enough literary work, journalism and what not, to keep me going without school. Of course, it's a bit risky, but for myself I don't mind risk - like it. And then, if I get on with literature, I can increase my income, which is a process so slow at ((ms. torn: perhaps 'school as')) to be discreditable. I may try: I'll tell you when ((I)) do: I am really rather, - very - sick of teaching when I want to do something else.

But don't think of this seriously. It is only a small idea. (lil 134-135)

The process of 'journalism' actually began the following week, when Austin Harrison offered Lawrence "a bit of reviewing for the English" (lil 136).

A week after that, there is evidence that Louie wanted to know more from Lawrence's letters about the literary life he was (where possible) leading in London. She offered what Lawrence called "injunctions" about how he should behave towards Garnett and Harrison. Lawrence reacted against this:

Why should Garnett see us flitting ((Lawrence's lodgings were changing when his landlord moved house)), by the way? - and he's not great, & I should certainly tell him myself that he'd have to invite me other days than Tuesdays or Wednesdays, if I were mad on seeing him. But I'll contrive to get an hour off some Wednesday ... what have I got to say to Harrison? at any rate I'll say it. I am sure I listen to you - but what do you want me especially to heed. (lil 137)

He obviously resented Louie's interference in matters which he had to control; she seemed always liable to be taken with success (as Jessie

Chambers' informant suggested), and contacts with Garnett and Harrison seemed to foreshadow it. Early in October, Lawrence told her he was lunching with Garnett -

Now do not be excited, nothing tremendous will happen.
He is merely curious to see what sort of animal I am -
& I'm willing to be seen. Nothing more. (lil 138)

By the beginning of November, he was telling Garnett that he "must" leave school (lm i 85); "as soon as I can" (lm i 85), he told Ada on the 8th, also telling her about the projected meeting with Scott-James at the Cearne the following week. More than most people, Scott-James (editor of the Daily News) would have been in a position to advise Lawrence about journalism. To Louie, however, Lawrence was less explicit and less certain about his plan to leave teaching:

I am really very tired of school - I cannot get on with Paul. I am afraid I shall have to leave - and I am afraid you will be cross with me - and I loathe to plead my cause.
(lil 148)

But neither in this field, nor in that of his most important writing, was Louie in a position to be told very much. Lawrence was isolating her within the attitudes he had decided (perhaps rightly) to be hers. The remarkable events of October and November had been the final standstill of Paul Morel 'B': the October 8th meeting with Jessie Chambers, the despatch of the ms. to her two-thirds complete, her offer to write notes about their young life in Eastwood for it and general criticism of it. Lawrence willingly accepted her offer (et 192-193). Of all this, it was inevitable that Louie should hear nothing; she only heard that the book was being started again on November 3rd, presumably after Jessie's notes for it had begun. Again - these are details - Ada and Garnett heard of plans that Lawrence's much longer letters to Louie either did not or could not mention; and Lawrence was much more honest about his failing health to Garnett than he was to Louie. In this context, Louie's desire to stop worrying over her family and money - "why

can't we live our own lives'" (lil 149) - has an ironic overtone; Lawrence was, more and more, leading his own life apart from her. Once again, the estrangement can be pinpointed in terms of the relationship of reader to writer. Lawrence was showing Louie practically nothing he wrote; he had hardly commented on his work's intensity to her since 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' in the spring. And the place Louie would have had, even one year before, as a critic of Lawrence's developing work, had been professionally filled by Edward Garnett, who could offer support and help, not just advice and intimacy.

On November 20th, Lawrence fell ill with pneumonia. Louie went to Croydon for Christmas, but Lawrence's letters to her before she went made no mention of the fact that Jessie Chambers had gone to Croydon and seen Lawrence before she did. Lawrence went to Bournemouth to convalesce on January 6th, 1912, and (remarkably) told Louie nothing about his revision of The Trespasser - obviously planned as a novel on which, with Helen Corke's permission to use it, he could float a literary career. Lawrence did send Louie a ms. of 'Second Best' on January 17th, but the story was anyway appearing in the February English Review - the sending was only a response to friendly interest. So far as Louie was concerned, too, Lawrence's projected visit to Germany that spring was to gain skills useful for future teaching:

If I get a living knowledge of German & French, then at any time, if necessary, I can go into Secondary teaching.
(lil 161)

He did not go over the subject of writing for a living with her in these last letters, but if (as seems likely) they had discussed it over Christmas, the omission of The Trespasser from mention in Lawrence's correspondence is still more significant. Lawrence left Bournemouth at the beginning of February, and wrote to Louie on the 4th to break off the engagement: "I am afraid we are not well suited" (lil 165).

Considering the kind of literary intimacy Lawrence and a future

wife might have shared, we can only echo that opinion of the engagement: they were not well suited. They did not share the same sense of values, and Lawrence's deepest impulses in writing and human experience found no response in Louie - rather, they encountered a plea for more respectable behaviour. In 1911 it was not for Louie to offer the encouragement and support that Jessie Chambers had given Lawrence six years before - though Frieda Lawrence's experiences with Sons and Lovers in Germany during 1912¹ suggest that it was possible for someone to work at his writing with Lawrence even at this date; but everything points to a failure on Louie's part to recognize the importance of Lawrence's writing, either to him or in itself. A stray fact supports this. In 1933, Louie wrote to H. G. Wells, mentioning her engagement to Lawrence and saying that Wells's new book The Bulpington of Blup² "seemed in many ways to be our story" (nehls i 556). This attribution needs more to explain it than there is room for here, but the fact remains that the 'Lawrence' character in Wells's novel - Theodore Bulpington - is a wordy, dishonest aesthete; and if Louie felt that this character bore any relation to the man to whom she had once been engaged, we may surmise that (in retrospect at least) she found Lawrence's artistic bent distasteful; "brilliant", perhaps, but pretentious and in the last resort hollow.

On the other hand, we can see Lawrence at fault in allowing her to apply irrelevant standards to his work without criticism - only submission. His decision to let her think what she chose about the supposed immorality or decadence of it can only have helped their lives grow apart, and Lawrence ended by trusting neither her judgement nor her deeper feelings. He always felt that she knew little about human emotion; he had told Ada in April 1911 that

When she is older she'll be more understanding. Remember she's seen nothing whatever of the horror of life, and we've

1. See below, pp. 217-218.

2. H. G. Wells, The Bulpington of Blup, (London, Hutchinson, 1933).

been bred up in its presence ... It makes a great difference. (lm i 77-78)

Her own writing, from what we can tell of it from Lawrence's letters to her about it, evinced that kind of innocence - what, in 1908, he had criticised her for: "Avoid bits of romantic sentimentality like Crewsaders & too much Wishing Well" (lil 19). And in October 1909 he was still criticising the same weakness:

... pray, do not write too romantically: write as near to life as possible. You needn't be pessimistic or cynical, but it is always best to be true. (lil 44)

This bent, of course, hardly made her a good critic for Lawrence; the differences between them that he continued to insist on must have made him feel older, wearier and wiser. Occasionally he would begin to write to her in such a vein; then, during the early part of their engagement, would come the retreat, the deference to her view:

You are quite right - in your way - & I never want you to alter. My way is a form of abnormality - damn it. (lil 93)

In the course of 1911 this deference gave way to a colder, less involved tolerance of some of her attitudes; this eventually turned to his irritation with her in October and November, and was finally replaced only by the broken engagement.

Louie spans the gulf between three stages of Lawrence's early writing life. She was drawn into his life as a writer while at Nottingham University; but not, we must believe, as fully as Jessie Chambers had been drawn. She was an unfortunate witness of the change Lawrence underwent between his vague ambitions to write and the actual break into the literary world with Ford and the English Review. Finally, she was again an unlucky witness of the changes of 1911. Lawrence had been a schoolmaster, writing a lot and publishing a little, the criticism of his friends mattering to him and the mainly amateur literary circle

providing his intellectual environment. In 1911, he became more self-possessed about his work, came to rely on the advice of the experienced Garnett, and began the break into a career as a journalist and writer. Louie had been suitable as a friend and literary intimate of the first stage: not of the second. And Lawrence did not carry her with him during his change; rather, he left her further behind.

The episode with Louie, however, must have told Lawrence what he did not want in life; a comfortable or conventional marriage of overt respectability, a life where his wife was not closely concerned with his real concerns. Until 1911, this kind of prospect was always open to him, as Jessie Chambers' memoir makes clear. It was no coincidence that Mrs Lawrence, just before she died, could bear the thought of Lawrence marrying Louie when she still found Jessie out of the question. Louie came from Mrs Lawrence's world,¹ and would doubtless have tried to keep Lawrence in it too. Leaving Louie as he did, Lawrence was putting his Eastwood ambitions behind him; his wife was not, after all, to come from that background, and his ambitions were not to be encompassed by its standards. As a freelance writer he was going to try to live by his writing, and let the importance which it had steadily been assuming take full control of him. The break with Louie was symbolic both of his choice of career, and of his final decision to be a writer who looked out beyond his particular circle to a potential audience beyond it.

1. Helen Corke arrives at the same conclusion (corke 28), perhaps deriving it from Jessie Chambers.

(v) Austin Harrison, 1910-1912

Lawrence first came into contact with Austin Harrison in January 1910, shortly after the latter had been installed by the Monds as editor of the English Review in place of Ford. Harrison must have written to most of the magazine's contributors, hoping that they would continue to submit their work to it; Lawrence continued to do so, his first work under the new regime being a group of poems entitled 'Night Songs' in the issue of April 1910. Lawrence noted to Louie that "we may not as yet have our own way over these things" (lil 50) - Harrison had chosen just the poems Lawrence hoped he wouldn't. But Lawrence wanted the extra money from publishing if he could get it, and the poems went in; though, as he told Louie, "I am rather mad" (ibid). On at least two other occasions the same thing happened; Lawrence would let Harrison have a choice of poems, or stories, and Harrison took those Lawrence thought least good or least suitable. The point is that, during 1911 in particular, Lawrence wanted to appear in the English Review, and didn't mind too much what was printed so long as it got in: this was when he was trying to make and save all the money he could, towards the £100 he and Louie had agreed they needed to get married on. In April 1911 Harrison told Lawrence that he was keeping two poems in hand - 'Sorrow' (cp i 106) and 'A Husband Dead' (cp i 55-57) - for future publication, "which, though I cannot say I like personally, I feel I ought to publish" (lil 95). Harrison's feeling of obligation is interesting; we can assume that it belonged less to Lawrence than to the English Review as an advanced periodical. It is commonly agreed that the magazine went downhill under his editorship; in 1912, Compton Mackenzie recalled, it had sunk "to the bottom of mediocrity."¹ But, at least to start with, Harrison was obviously concerned that it should keep up with the times.

Lawrence had met Harrison for the first time in March 1911, when he

1. C. Mackenzie, Literature in My Time, (London, Rich & Cowan, 1933), p.182.

had called on the editor to discuss (apparently) 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A', which had been submitted to the English Review under Ford, but had been returned with a request for cuts by the Harrison-run magazine in July 1910. Perhaps Lawrence was trying it again on Harrison with some of the alterations he had made since then; but found in 1911 that "I think he wants ((it)) altering a bit" (lil 87). And Lawrence apparently added a great many new changes during the following week, though it is not possible to distinguish these from the ones he had made before seeing Harrison, except when they are firmly linked to requests to Louie to incorporate them in a particular place; Louie was responsible for the fair copy of the story. But this occasion in 1911 is the only one when we can be reasonably certain of a measure of cause and effect between Harrison's comment and Lawrence's revision. When Lawrence remarked to Louie on 2nd April that "the desideratum is to shorten sufficiently the first part" (lil 90), he may have been echoing one of Harrison's points. At the same time Harrison wanted to see some other stories; "I've got a dozen in rough but none done up" (lil 87), Lawrence told Louie; and for a fortnight he revised some of his early work, deciding to re-draft four stories in all: the 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' already mentioned, 'The White Stocking,' 'Legend,' and probably 'The Vicar's Garden.' 'Odour of Chrysanthemums C' appeared in the English Review for June, 'Legend' as 'A Fragment of Stained Glass' in September; the other two did not appear, which perhaps explains why Lawrence was doing Harrison some more stories in August; he must have wanted to keep some in the editor's hands. Two went in on 31st August, possibly 'Second Best' and 'Love among the Haystacks'; again, stories revised from earlier versions, not wholly new work (lil 130-131).

Harrison went to Paris in September; when he came back, he took Lawrence out to dinner

... at the Pall Mall Restaurant - quite swelly. After dinner we went to the Haymarket. Harrison had got seats. 'Bunty

Pulls the Strings' is the play, a delightful comment on Scotch manners of 1845 (circa). The play amused me very much. Harrison is very friendly. He suggests that I do a bit of reviewing for the English. I think I shall. He bids me select from the forthcoming books one I should like to review. (lil 136)

And Harrison also tried to arrange for Lawrence to meet Frank Harris on the 26th September (perhaps as a contact in journalism), but "I'm not keen on being a swell - I'd rather not bother to go" (lil 136). Obviously what drew him to Harrison was not the social glamour which had been one of the attractions of Ford's circle in 1909; it was simply that Harrison was running the only magazine ever to have printed Lawrence's work. Just at this time Lawrence particularly wanted opportunities to do more work for the English Review, and perhaps to publish elsewhere; and Harrison was obviously willing to assist in both ways. As Lawrence recalled in 1928, at this juncture Harrison was "a staunch supporter" (phx ii 301).

After Lawrence's illness in the winter of 1911-1912, and his decision to give up teaching, it was natural that he should again turn to the English Review and Harrison. There was a slight altercation in March 1912, when Edward Garnett sent copies of Lawrence's 'The Soiled Rose' to both Harrison and the American magazine The Forum; Harrison obviously resented the fact that the English Review was only being given the chance to publish the story simultaneously with a magazine of which he disapproved; and he told Lawrence so. Lawrence replied:

Certainly Mr Garnett is no literary agent, and I should be very sorry to think I had lost your favour ... Of course you must consider the interests of the English Review primarily. I don't suppose any other review would publish 'The Soiled Rose.'

(lm i 104)

In the same letter, Harrison must also have complained about the

length of 'Love among the Haystacks'; Lawrence felt sorry "it is so long. I suppose it would not split" (lm i 104-105). But he also took this opportunity to ask Harrison to go on publishing him.

Do you remember you promised to publish some of my verse ... Publish me something when you can, will you. It is a nuisance I should have to come to depend on literature.

Mr Duckworth is publishing a novel directly ... and Mr Heinemann will publish me another novel in the autumn. But give me a little shove until these things come off, will you? (lm i 105)

Harrison, in return, promised to print a poem in the magazine's June number, and 'Love among the Haystacks' was scheduled for July; as Lawrence told Garnett, Harrison felt he was being "a personal benefactor" (lm i 106).

Was it ungrateful of Lawrence, then, to feel that Harrison was being patronising and superior? Lawrence's letter of 28th March had asked several favours of Harrison, and had appealed to his good nature: "give me a little shove until these things come off, will you?" The letter he received in return was, he told Garnett, "cocky"; Harrison offered to publish the story 'The Soiled Rose' or 'Love among the Haystacks,' but not both. And "he wants a definite answer directly" (lm i 106). But Lawrence had, after all, put himself in Harrison's hands. Then, on 4th April, Harrison wrote again, "a sweet and friendly one" (lm i 107). Because of this change, Lawrence felt that "publishing people" (presumably Harrison in particular) "are more sickly than lepers. I am thankful to be out of London" (lm i 107). If Lawrence's reaction appears over-strong, we should remember that he was not reacting against Harrison's genuine kindness, only at Harrison's manner of keeping Lawrence on a string and treating him as a dependent. It had been in something of the same spirit that Lawrence had told Garnett in February (when, back in Eastwood, he felt himself

lucky that he couldn't go to London) that Harrison

- in two lines - wants to meet me on Monday afternoon, and to know what books I want to review. I'm glad I shan't have to go to him, to have the fount of my eloquence corked up. (lm i 99)

With Harrison, Lawrence must have had to adopt a properly restrained manner, and have felt his natural "flow" stopped up. Harrison was apparently shy of Lawrence (or anyone) "coming on," as Lawrence remarked to him in August 1913. Harrison had returned Lawrence's 'Ballad of a Wayward Woman' as unsuitable for the English Review - but

I don't believe you ever read it - sent it back without looking at it, because you felt I was coming on like the Deluge. (lm i 222)

We can also usefully compare Lawrence's dining out and playgoing with Harrison in September 1911 with the weekends he was at the same time spending with Garnett at the Cearne. On one of the latter occasions,

We discussed books most furiously, sitting drinking wine in the ingle nook, cosy & snug in the big, long room. We had a fine time, only he & I. He thinks my work is quite extra ... Garnett rather flatters me. He praises me for my sensuous feeling in my writing.
(lil 142)

The contrast at once puts Lawrence's relationship with Harrison into perspective. In the first place, Harrison's comments on Lawrence's work were put simply from the standpoint of an editor; this was too long, this was unsuitable, that was what was wanted. Garnett's comments came from a genuine interest in Lawrence's work, and in what he was capable of doing; and, to start with, they came without even the chance that the mss. he saw might go to the firm that employed him as a reader. His attention was wholly disinterested.

Secondly, Lawrence found that his work had to be thoroughly respectable if it were to command Harrison's attention; respectable both morally, and in the sense of being ready on time and in proper shape. Preparing to visit London towards the end of April 1912, Lawrence told Garnett his arrangements; he had to see "Walter de la Mare, and Harrison, who want to jaw me, and you who don't want to jaw me" (lm i 107). De la Mare would have wanted to see Lawrence about the volume of poems Heinemann proposed to publish - he had "taken me to task rather sharply for my unbusiness-like reply" (lm i 107) about revising the poems in early March; Harrison presumably wanted to talk about one of Lawrence's stories, and have it shortened or altered. Either way, Lawrence felt the forces of propriety and business sense on the side of Harrison and De la Mare. This became still clearer in August 1912 (by which time Lawrence was in Germany):

I had a letter from Austin Harrison re a story. His is a wishy-washy noodle, God help me. My stories are too 'steaming' for him. I ... asked him to forward to you at the Cearne all the MSS. of mine he doesn't want. (lm i 137)

The trouble was probably over 'Love Among the Haystacks', one of the few of Lawrence's early stories that could be considered "steaming"; this is confirmed both by the original arrangement for Harrison to print it during the summer, and by the finding of the ms. among Garnett's papers at the Cearne in 1930. Since Harrison found the story too strong - that is, morally reprehensible - he rejected it outright - naturally, with the interests of his magazine at heart - but there is a sad contrast here with the original intentions of Ford's English Review, which Ford maintained had been started so that a poem by Thomas Hardy, which every review in London had rejected as immoral, could be printed.

The same problem came up for Lawrence in 1913, when Harrison, knowing Lawrence's financial state, had proposed to publish a pam-

phlet of three of Lawrence's stories, and Lawrence thought of adding 'Once' to them - if, as he said to Garnett, "Harrison would dare print it" (lm i 229). In fact the problem never became pressing, because the idea of the pamphlet was abandoned. But coupled with Lawrence's "wishy-washy noodle", it shows the extent to which he felt Harrison's sense of propriety affected what should have been his proper judgement.

Harrison had been friendly when Lawrence needed friends, and useful when Lawrence needed publishing. Later in the decade, he and the English Review were almost Lawrence's only source of magazine income; he printed four of the 'Reality of Peace' essays and eight of the 'Studies in Classic American Literature' at a time when Lawrence was in desperate need of money. This need not - and in fact does not - mean that Lawrence found him at all helpful as a critic. There is no evidence that he was ever able to help Lawrence with his writing, or ever really attempted to. He was certainly benevolent but, we must believe, patronising in a more superficial way than Ford had been; he seemed to be conscious of the favours he was conferring, as (for instance) hints the start of a letter Lawrence sent him in August 1913:

Dear Harrison: Yes, you are very bountiful to print thirty-four pages of me at a bang - and the twenty-five pounds will be as welcome as sunshine. (lm i 221)

Harrison's consciousness of kindness must modify our feeling that Lawrence was altogether ungrateful for the kindness he received. Harrison had been squeamish in taste, if occasionally forthright in determination to keep the Review up to scratch; on the whole, more an obstacle to get round than a helpful adviser in the early days. Lawrence's letters to and about Harrison sound as if he never much respected him as critic, editor or author: we may discount Harrison's influence as a reader of Lawrence's manuscripts.

Chapter Four

Home and Abroad

1912 - 1915

(i) 'Sons and Lovers' and 'The Sisters':(a) Edward Garnett

Hueffer ... introduced me to Edward Garnett, who, somehow, introduced me to the world. (phx i 253)

Hueffer ... invited the school-teacher to lunch - introduced him to Edward Garnett. (phx ii 301)

In these two reminiscences, the first from 1924 and the second from 1928, Lawrence is clear about what happened. But how it happened is not so obvious. Carolyn Heilbrun explains:

Hueffer had taken some of Lawrence's poems for the English Review, and sent him to Garnett at Heinemann's with The White Peacock.¹

This must be wrong; Garnett left Heinemann's employment in 1901, and in 1909-1911 was reader for the firm of Duckworth. Ford was in Germany between the late summer of 1910 and the end of May 1911; and though letters from him might have brought Garnett and Lawrence together (much as Lawrence's letters from Italy effected a meeting between Garnett and Edward Marsh in 1913), the most likely time for the "introduction" of which Lawrence wrote would either have been between September 1909 and July 1910 - the period of Ford's close friendship with Lawrence; or after Ford's return in 1911. That return coincided with Garnett's acquiring the post of adviser to the American magazine The Century, which wanted short stories from England; Garnett wrote to a number of his friends asking them for contributions (Conrad's reply to his request survives²), and it seems quite likely that Ford put Garnett on to Lawrence as a writer of short stories of which he thought highly - and whose 'Odour of Chrysanthemums C' the English Review had just published. Miss Heilbrun's insistence that Lawrence

1. C. Heilbrun, The Garnett Family, (London, Allen & Unwin, 1961), p.144.

2. J. Conrad, Letters to Edward Garnett 1896-1924, (London, Nonsuch, 1930), pp.245-246.

met Garnett before his first extant letter to him¹ - that written on 25th August 1911 (lm i 79-80) - cannot be supported by any available evidence, and is in fact denied by the completely formal tone of that first letter. Garnett's necessity to find material for The Century was responsible for his getting in touch with Lawrence in August 1911.

Lawrence's reply, from Louie Burrows' address in Quorn where he was staying between 24th and 27th August, mentioned "several short stories" he was prepared to offer The Century; but they were in Croydon, and Garnett would have to wait a week or so for them. Since he was in fact returning to Croydon within three days, he obviously intended to revise them before sending them off. His next letter, from Croydon, exemplifies the business tone:

Dear Sir: I beg to send you the accompanying two stories for your approval on behalf of the Century Co. ... I shall be very glad if you can dispose of a little of me in the Century. Certainly, my work is not in demand. And if, any time, you would give me a word of criticism on my MSS. I should go with surer feet.

I thank you for giving me your consideration.

(lm i 80)

This sounds as if Lawrence had little idea of what Garnett might be able to do for him, and suggests that although Ford may have put Garnett on to Lawrence, Lawrence didn't know much about Garnett.² The latter returned the stories he had been sent with advice about at least one of them; and if we are to discover what kind of advice he may have given, we can turn to the letter Garnett wrote H. E. Bates on a rather similar occasion, fourteen years later. In the twenties, Garnett had access to more openings for periodical

1. Heilbrun, The Garnett Family, p.144.

2. The same applies to Garnett himself; he didn't see The White Peacock until after Lawrence's first week at the Cearne in October (lm i 83), when Lawrence inscribed and sent him a copy.

publication than he had in 1911; but, that apart, the necessity he felt for the young author to get into print, as well as to receive any advice he could himself give, lies behind what he says.

Dear Mr Bates: I have read and thought over your sketches. Several of them I admire much and all of them are interesting.

1. I am sending 'Once' to Mr Middleton Murry and hope that he will take it for The Adelphi. It ought to please him. It is beautifully rendered, the woman's absorption in the baby and the man's absorption in both, and the Bank Holiday travel - all is beautifully felt.

2. 'Encore' is, I think, as good. But the incident of the knife seems to me not convincing. You want to express her fury, to find expression for it. Couldn't you make her think of the knife only, not hide it close to her, etc. That makes a melodramatic touch. I think also that all 'the history' in the first 11 pages is too long - and that this might make it more difficult to place. If you could cut the sketch down to say 12 pages and send it me again, I think we might try The Criterion or some other magazine ...

5. 'The Unbelievers' is a very good idea and has some excellent passages. But you must keep this back and wait till you can use it with more truth to life, later on. The woman isn't true to life, or to a woman's feeling. It is 'romantic' or romanticised. Later on you can re-write it, but not now.¹

Here we have Garnett's distinctive way of commentating; characteristically at its best in picking out the strength and weakness of incidents, with his general commentary rather flat and conventional. All he actually says in favour of Bates's stories is that 'Once' is "beautifully rendered," "beautifully felt," 'The Unbelievers' has "excellent passages." But he gives the impression of being very much more conversant with the merits of '1' and '2' than that (and also more alive to their weaknesses) by lighting, in '1', on the particular things

1. H. E. Bates, Edward Garnett, (London, Max Parrish, 1950), pp.16-17.

that pleased him; and in '2' on the "incident of the knife" and the length of the story. He gives the impression of having a very acute instinct for what is good and, even more so, for what does not fit the mood or the content of a story. He is able to stand back in a way Bates cannot, to observe how such-and-such doesn't do what it is meant to:

... the incident of the knife seems to me not convincing. You want to express her fury, to find expression for it. Couldn't you make her think of the knife only, not hide it close to her, etc. That makes a melodramatic touch.

John Galsworthy once wrote to Garnett that

I have been re-reading your letters of criticism in the bulk and cold blood, and am astonished and humbled at their clear justice. You have too good an eye.¹

This was the "eye" that Lawrence experienced in 1911:

How well I remember the evenings at Garnett's house in Kent, by the log fire. And there I wrote the best of the dialect poems. I remember Garnett disliked the old ending to 'Whether or Not.' Now I see he was right, it was the voice of the commonplace me, not the demon. So I have altered it. (phx i 253-254)

And it does seem to have been Garnett's most notable characteristic as a critic. It accounted for the three main documented disputes he had with authors besides Lawrence: with Galsworthy over The Man of Property, with Arnold Bennett over Anna of the Five Towns, and with Conrad over The Rescue. In each case, he insisted that particular incidents were out of character - Bosinney's suicide, Willie's suicide, the conversations between Lingard and Travers.

1. Letters from John Galsworthy, 1900-1932, ed. E. Garnett, (London, Cape, 1934), p.92.

Once he felt he had put his finger on a weakness, he pressed his point remorselessly in what Conrad referred to as his "peremptory" mood. He told Bennett about Anna of the Five Towns:

I hope you will tear out the last page. I see your intention, but it strikes a jarring note ... I simply advise you: tear out the last page.¹

But Bennett didn't. Galsworthy was, however, persuaded to alter A Man of Property after a fortnight's onslaught from Garnett, who wrote:

I consider Bosinney's suicide an artistic blot of a very grave order, psychologically false, and seriously shaking the illusion of the whole story ... When I read it, I said 'incredible,' 'not in character.'²

This critical method is a cruder version of the particular technique of the publisher's reader; a sharp eye for the significant detail has to distinguish between talent and mediocrity. Inevitably, with the work he had to do as well as that he took upon himself, Garnett read very fast; he had to be able to capture sufficient sense of the book in hand from that hasty reading to give both his employers and his author a fair deal. He developed a knack of lighting on a detail, here or there, to make his point. We can see in his letters to Galsworthy about the Man of Property how uneasy he was with the handling of the Forsytes themselves, though all he did was remark some weaknesses which rewriting should clear up. But when he turned to the detailed point about Bosinney's suicide, his criticisms involved a direct attack on Galsworthy's own attitude to the Forsytes; he suspected Galsworthy himself of harbouring Forsyte cunning and ideology. The suicide

... comes near to the average philistine's conception of 'one of those artist chaps' - 'weak' ... The young

1. E. Garnett to A. Bennett, 26 February 1902; ms. in Kings' School, Canterbury.
2. Letters from John Galsworthy, 1900-1932, p.68.

fresh forces of love and life are on their side
 ((Bosinney and Irene's)) ... to make him commit
 suicide through money is to make money paramount.
 But it isn't! ¹

Even allowing for the fact that suicide was a subject upon which he was peculiarly sensitive - and Bosinney was in a number of respects drawn from Garnett himself - it is hard to understand why this matter of the suicide should have dominated his reactions to the extent it did; until, that is, it occurs to us that what his criticisms of the detailed point insist on is Galsworthy's need to be a more careful artist than he had actually been. Galsworthy confessed that until Garnett made him concentrate on Bosinney over this incident, he had been prepared simply to allow the latter to fill a necessary role in the novel without developing him fully. As a result, the handling of the suicide was actually slapdash, and was representative of more considerable weaknesses of conception than appeared on the surface. In the issue, Garnett fought for his criticism as a thing in itself, but the argument indicated that he was not confronting a wholly serious artist. It was the seriousness of the issue - allowing a character to do something because, as artist, one has not bothered to think it out - that worried Garnett and drove him to be critical, even though the points he raised were relatively minor. He sounds far more concerned than Galsworthy, again, about the novel's conception; though, once more, his criticisms are based on the harsh criticism of details. In such an incident we see his characteristic concerns and method.

And if his skill at picking out the significant detail made him invaluable to the firms for which he worked and to some of the authors whom he helped, then we have also to face the opposite side of the talent: his relish for the adversely critical, his tendency to bully, his occasional inability to grasp the whole of an author's intention

1. Letters from John Galsworthy, 1900-1932, pp.68-69.

or achievement when this or that passage seemed to him so very bad. His contemporaries were liable to think of him as a faded pedagogue, an established and bookish critic who, after his success in the nineties (he discovered Conrad), never recaptured the freshness of his insight, and who became academically dry. Garnett seems to have retaliated by growing to have less patience with anything short of the seriously committed; by 1911, he moved in no brilliant circle, but remained tied to his job as reader for Duckworth and was a professional critic to a degree that earned him the contempt of men like Edward Jepson or, after about 1909, Ford himself. Jepson recalled an encounter with Garnett:

When I told Conrad's chief discoverer and mentor that "Victory" was his proteges best novel, he said coldly, with a very superior sourness,

'There is too much pressure in it.'

... I think that it diminishes his ((Conrad's)) importance that he let himself be imposed on by these priggish bookmen of such limited experience.¹

For his part, Ford was extremely upset at a business dinner when he intended to impress business contacts with the potential of the then planned English Review, by Garnett remarking casually that he, Ford, "couldn't write":

It does not matter before intimates but when it comes to a table full of comparative strangers I really think it is distinctly bad taste ... I am a writer as serious, as conscientious and as earnest as yourself, and if our views of the function of literature do not tally, that is not a reason for the denial of one's right to express one's views.²

Although Garnett apologised and explained, and Ford wrote again in a more friendly way, the two men were never intimate again. In 1911,

1. Jepson, Memories of an Edwardian, p.143.

2. The Letters of Ford Madox Ford, ed. R. M. Ludwig, (Princeton, University Press, 1965), p.30.

Ford published The Simple Life Limited, in which the London critic Mr Parmont figured - a man who

... Years before ... had possessed a remarkable power to boom authors into positions of prominence. His word at that date (('the glorious nineties')) had been accepted vividly by publishers. He had discovered young writers; he had written three, four or even five articles in as many periodicals upon each of their books.¹

But by 1911 "he was left rather high and dry":

No-one any longer took him very seriously; publishers avoided rather than sought for books by the authors whom he applauded ... He saw in everything vulgarity, ostentation, meanness and oppression. And these things obsessed him to such an extent that they formed almost the sole topic of his conversation.²

If Ford chose to see Garnett's values as ostentatiously high-minded, Garnett for his part tended to treat Ford as a dilettante. Although Ford continued to admire Garnett's judgement - Violet Hunt says that he "little regarded" critics, "except perhaps Edward Garnett"³ - he expressed considerable derision of Garnett's literary role, writing to Edward Jepson, for instance, that "Mr Edmund Gosse, Mr Edmund Garnett, Sir Something Robertson Nicholl and Mr John Galsworthy" were "the principal ornaments of the Royal British Academy of Letters, are they not?" In reviews and articles for the next twenty years, the two men continued to snipe at each other, Ford from the standpoint "more or less" of

historic toryism, a sort of Papistry, universities profaner than Cambridge, and sheer empiricism. I hope at least that we shall never be taken as standing for sound doctrine and common sense ...⁴

1. "D. Chaucer", ((F. M. Ford)), The Simple Life Limited, (London, Bodley Head, 1911), p. 65.
2. Idem, p. 66.
3. D. Goldring, The Last Pre-Raphaelite, (London, Macdonald, 1948), p. 169.
4. F. M. Ford, 'Literary Portraits XII', The Outlook, 22 November 1913, 32 : 718.

and looking with what R. A. Scott-James described as "righteous indignation" at Garnett. Garnett, for his part, reviewed Ford in these terms:

In his love of sensational colouring he cannot help distorting and exaggerating as he goes along, since "facts" are simply the colours on his painter's palette to be mixed to get his forced effects and vibrating impressions ... Facts have never worried Mr Ford.¹

To Garnett's mind, Ford was not serious, and the sniping probably was less frequent on Garnett's part because its intention was more damaging. He was not amused by Ford. His seriousness about literature was inevitably part of his bread-and-butter career, where the suspicion of dilettanteism meant failure to express convincingly or solidly. He read Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man for Duckworths in 1915 and was caught in a slight dilemma between the attractive ability of the writing, and what seemed to him the book's commercial impossibility; he had to advise his employer about both characteristics, but the second appeared in a looseness of tone and technique culpable for purely critical reasons. The book

wants going through carefully from start to finish. There are many longueurs. Passages which, though the publisher's reader may find them entertaining, will be tedious to the ordinary man among the reading public. That public will call the book, as it stands at present, realistic, unprepossessing, unattractive. We call it ably written. The picture is 'curious', it arouses interest and attention. But the author must revise it and let us see it again. It is too discursive, formless, unrestrained, and ugly things, ugly words, are too prominent; indeed at times they seem to be shoved in one's face, on purpose, unnecessarily. The point of view will be voted 'a little sordid' ... Unless the author will use restraint and proportion he will not gain readers. His pen and his thoughts seem to have run away with him sometimes.

And at the end of the book there is a complete falling to bits; the pieces of writing and the thoughts are all in

1. E. Garnett, 'Romantic Biography', Nation and Athenaeum, 6 December 1924, (36 : 366).

pieces and they fall like damp, ineffective rockets.

The author shows us he has art, strength and originality, but this Ms. wants time and trouble spent on it, to make it a more finished piece of work, to shape it more carefully as the product of the craftsmanship, mind and imagination of an artist.¹

Ezra Pound commented on the report:

I have read the effusion of Mr Duckworth's reader with no inconsiderable disgust. These vermin crawl over and be-slime our literature with their pulings ... the dungminded dung-bearded, penny a line, please the mediocre-at-all cost doctrine. You English will get no prose till you exterminate this breed.²

Pound indicates how the free artist resented the laboured criticism of the professional critic; and Ford, for instance, would certainly have supported Pound and Joyce in such a case. Garnett was not, however, throwing over his integrity when he committed himself to such a report. He was a good publisher's reader because his private beliefs about the nature and function of good writing would normally correspond with the kind of scrupulosity a publisher demanded. Garnett had no truck with the avant-garde; he belonged to the late nineteenth century in the certainty of his beliefs in art and in life. The authors he mainly championed before the first world war - Conrad, Ford (in the 'nineties), Hudson, Edward Thomas, Lawrence, Frost - were, with the exception of Lawrence himself after about 1913, traditional in manner and in content. Garnett's taste for agricultural, not to say earthy, poeticism (as satirised in The Simple Life Limited), with a corresponding emphasis on Life (also satirised) was characteristically restrained and personal, and alike outside the scope of new movement, like Blast, or old re-heat, like Georgian Poetry. Ford's portrait of him in The Simple Life Limited makes the point that, high-and-dry though he might appear in relation to new movements, and though by 1911

1. The Letters of Ezra Pound, pp. 371-372.

2. Idem, p. 372.

He found it difficult sometimes even to get the daily papers to give him books to review ... his chief source of income for the time being consisted in paragraphs of literary news ... ¹

yet "his acquaintance amongst authors was very considerable, ... he was really liked by them."² To Ford, obviously, Garnett's rectitude was in a way too admirable, and therefore suspicious. Edward Marsh had a similar experience of him; it says a good deal for the utter strangeness to Garnett of a literary coterie like Marsh's that, in 1913, he had to be introduced to Marsh by Lawrence. Marsh found him on first acquaintance

a clumsy, heavy man ... with a slow moving mind but I should think an interesting one - however it didn't fit in very well with mine ... (hassall 251)

After a second meeting, he reported to Rupert Brooke:

I never got much further with Garnett - he is so melancholy and so tentative. I feel there is a sort of drab beauty in his mind and character but that I should have to give more than I have quite handy, to get at it. I admire conscientiousness, which he has, but I love lightness of touch, which he hasn't. His tendency is to like things because he thinks them right, and mine is to think things right because I like them ...! (hassall 282)

He obviously appeared a heavy-weight and conscientious bookman to Marsh; and although we can't align Marsh's self-avowed flippancy with Ford's genuine spiritedness, their reaction to Garnett must have run on similar lines - 'admirable - But ...'

It would seem that we must, therefore, regard the contact Lawrence and Garnett made in the autumn of 1911 as particularly fortuitous; Ford would hardly have recommended Lawrence to sit at Garnett's feet. Neither of Lawrence's first two stories, sent from

1. ((Ford)), The Simple Life Limited, p. 66.

2. Ibid.

Croydon in September, was suitable for The Century: Garnett apparently needed stories of a certain length, and both the first version of 'The Witch à la Mode' and 'The Old Adam' - probably the second story - were too long for single issues, but too short for serialization. And

they aren't suitable to the stupid American taste. I am to write something more objective, more ordinary. (lil 136)

But with his third letter Lawrence sent Garnett 'The Two Marriages' (an early version of 'Daughters of the Vicar') "which I think would easily split up into three" (lm i 80). There appeared at this point one of the first signs that he was writing for publication - 'The Two Marriages' was apparently composed specifically for The Century:

I tried to do something sufficiently emotional and moral, and - oh, American! I'm not a great success. If you think this is really any good for the Century, I will revise it, and have it typed. (lm i 80)

And obviously he was beginning to take Garnett into his confidence, much as Garnett was growing to want to help him. We can see at a glance the difference between "I thank you for giving me your consideration" in the second letter, and "Bear with me if the first part is tedious - there are, I think, good bits later on" in the third. For his part, Garnett wanted to meet Lawrence - "he is merely curious to see what sort of animal I am - & I'm willing to be seen" (lil 138) - and asked him to lunch with him in London, obviously just as he had asked Arnold Bennett in 1902:

If you are in town on Wednesdays, & call in at 3 Henrietta St. at one o'clock (send me a card a day or two beforehand) we can spend an hour together at lunch.¹

Lawrence met Garnett on Wednesday 4th October, was "sorry I must

1. E. Garnett to A. Bennett, 6 March 1902; ms. in King's School, Canterbury.

stick so strictly within the bounds of an hour" (lm i 81), and found (as he told Jessie Chambers that Saturday night)

that Garnett's philosophy was: 'Follow the gleam.'

'That's all very well when a man's middle-aged and static,' Lawrence said with a touch of bitterness. 'But when you're young it's not always easy to know what is the gleam.' (et 187)

But he also conveyed to Jessie "how friendly he was," and to Louie "he's quite sweet" (lil 139); it seems probable that a visit to the Cearne that week-end was only put off because Lawrence was entertaining his brother George in London. At their Wednesday meeting, Garnett had obviously begun to discover the range of Lawrence's writing; on Friday 6th, Lawrence sent him The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd, and the following Wednesday told his sister Ada that

I have worked all night at verse - you don't know what that means ... getting it ready to take to Edward Garnett on Friday. (lm i 81-82).

Garnett was

going to try & get me published a vol of verse, for Spring - and would also get the three plays placed, for publishing - only two of them are missing. (lil 139)

The most obvious block to his help was Lawrence's contract with, and reliance upon, Heinemann. Garnett had neither working time nor energy at this date to devote to the work of someone who was not attached to Duckworth, and upon whom the expense of advice and encouragement in working hours was so much advice simply given away. It is not clear whether, at this stage, Lawrence appreciated that fact. Although Garnett, having had Lawrence's poems left on his hands after the weekend 13th-15th October, was still keen that Duckworth might do a book of them, Lawrence wrote to him on 20th

October (after a visit to Heinemann) that

Heinemann wants to publish the verses. That will be all right, it will save you the bother. He will publish them in spring. Will you send me the batch, at your convenience? Do you want to see the others before Heinemann has them? - I know you are not keen on verse. Then he wants me definitely to promise the next novel - the one that is half done ((Paul Morel 'B')) - for March ... I forgot to ask him about the 'erotic' MSS.... ((The Saga of Siegmund)) (lm i 83)

The "erotic" ms. was, along with Lawrence's three plays, the only extant work not committed to Heinemann, though it had been in the latter's hands for a year. However, Lawrence did not recover it from Heinemann until December, when it went immediately to the Cearne. Nevertheless, simply as a friend, Garnett was going to see some of Lawrence's poems into periodical publication, Lawrence told his sister; and at the beginning of November

Garnett put them in last week's Nation all unknown to me. I am pleased to get a footing in the Nation. It is a sixpenny weekly of very good standing. (lm i 85)

Garnett was a regular contributor of reviews to the Nation, which perhaps explains the influence he could use to get Lawrence's verses published for the first time outside the English Review.

Garnett continued in this dual role of adviser about periodical publication, and actual friend, until Christmas 1911. It seems that it was, in fact, the steady and sensible friendship Garnett could offer, not only his professional advice, that Lawrence was coming to value. There is a freshness in his letters to and about Garnett that had been generally lacking since the beginning of 1911. He had told his sister in March that year:

I find that folks aren't company for me: I am as much alone with the friends here as if I were solitary. But

how one gets used to a lonely life. I'm sure I've no intimate friends here, and I don't want any.

I am sufficient to myself, and prefer to be alone.

(lm i 75)

Home - Eastwood and Ripley, and now Quorn - meant much more to him than Croydon; "I'm glad for the sake of the holiday and of seeing some of my own people" (lm i 75), he wrote before Easter 1911.

Garnett was the first man he had really taken to since he met Ford in September 1909. Lawrence wrote to his sister after his first visit to the Cearne:

I had such a ripping time at Garnett's. The Cearne is a big cottage built in the 15th century style, and you'd think it was a fine old farmhouse. Everything is old, thick blue earthenware, stone jugs for the beer, a great wood fire in the open hearth in the inglenook and all buried in the middle of a wood, hard to find. I like Garnett ever so much. I shall go and stay with him again soon. (lm i 83-84)

Those weekends at the Cearne mattered a great deal; seventeen years later Lawrence discovered "How well I remember the evenings at Garnett's house in Kent, by the log fire" (phx i 253). At these weekends, during visits to London, and in a correspondence that was already heavy, Garnett attended to Lawrence's present work and future prospects. Ford had discovered Lawrence to be a promising young writer, had printed his work, pushed him, helped him along. But Garnett was concerned to promote Lawrence's genius not just as a marvellous talent, but as something Lawrence had to learn to express, and which it was his, Garnett's, simple duty to guide and encourage. If Ford had been patronising, Garnett was genuinely paternalistic:

The discovery of new talent woke in him, at once, that unselfish generosity, expressed by advice and criticism and analysis, all sorts of practical help ... ¹

1. Bates, Edward Garnett, p.85.

It is upon that generosity that we should concentrate, not just on its outward manifestations, numerous though the latter were. Garnett's attitude to Lawrence's work and to Lawrence himself was at all times less self-interested than Ford's had been; he commanded an astonishing fervour for good work to which Lawrence responded at once. Garnett made the young author feel that he was important, and that his work was necessary: we can see that in Lawrence's letter to his sister, quoted above - "I have worked all night at verse ... ready to take to Edward Garnett on Friday" (lm i 81-82). R. A. Scott-James recalled his weekend with Lawrence when he wrote an obituary of Garnett in 1937:

... he and I were week-end guests at the Cearne. We sat by the fire at night feasting on the genial eloquence of our host as he warmed to the theme of Lawrence's genius. "Lawrence's genius, you see," he would begin, and go on to explain just how, with that background, it lent itself to that fearless exposure of body and soul which was the reality of creative art. And Lawrence, at first shyly, but with growing confidence, began to see himself through Garnett's eyes and to relish the role of the distinctive "genius" allotted to him.¹

Scott-James makes Lawrence's response to Garnett sound flattered and conceited; but the passage makes clear the readiness with which Garnett was prepared to open himself to the man of talent - he was not only prepared to discover "genius," he felt it his duty to tell the young author what his genius consisted in, and to demand results. This sounds shockingly superior; in practice, the author found the sheer involvement Garnett evinced in his work more than recompensed him for the superiority of attitude which often accompanied it. And in the demand for results, the author felt his own best interests were being served by a man who could appreciate him. Of his association with Conrad, Garnett was to write: "My part was simple: to appreciate and criticise all that he wrote, and to ask

1. R. A. Scott-James, 'Edward Garnett,' The Spectator, 20 February 1937, p.362.

for more, more."¹ That demand accompanied the most severe criticism, as some of the letters in Bates's book show; it was Garnett's genius always to make the authors who entrusted their work to him feel that most appealing demand on their activity. Lawrence found that Garnett "kept the doors of his soul open": "I feel as if you were father and brother and all my relations to me - except wife" (lm i 182). And though, undeniably, "your sympathies are with your own generation, not with mine. I think it is inevitable" (lm i 182), yet "You are about the only man who is willing to let a new generation come in ..." (ibid)

It was a marvellous coincidence that Garnett should have been able to provide both the actual periodical publishing, and the encouragement that made a literary career seem possible, at a time when Lawrence needed both so badly. During Lawrence's illness of Christmas 1911, Garnett read the ms. of The Saga of Siegmund ("which I have at last extorted from William Heinemann" - lm i 86), and a new development still could begin; Lawrence's immediate response to the convalescence beginning at the turn of the year was to rewrite the book. At this point our first evidence of the nature of Garnett's practical help appears; when Garnett read the book in December, he made some notes on it which have not survived; but he also jotted some comments on the back of some of the surviving leaves of The Saga, and a number of these are preserved both in the Saga ms. and in those pages which are transferred to the Trespasser ms. Some are extremely sketchy, the briefest remarks about the direction the book should be taking; on the back of p.228 of the Saga ms., for instance.

- 226 - and the whole situation clarify
- 227 - unreal
- 228 - Do more delicately 2

1. Heilbrun, The Garnett Family, p.109.
2. Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p.11.

.On the back of p.180 appears a much longer and perhaps more characteristic note:

Pages 170-182

Something is wanted to carry off this passage with the Stranger, i.e. - you must intersect touches to make him very actual. He must not spring quite out of the blue & disappear into it again. It's too much a deus ex machina for your purposes. Make ~~him-a~~ some of his talk ~~trifle~~ more ordinary & natural & slip in the pregnant things at moments.¹

This seems a typical example of the help Garnett could give; he not only detected a weakness, he worked out a way around it. The Doppelgänger chapter of The Saga of Siegmund had caused Lawrence a good deal of trouble before Garnett ever saw it - the amount of interlinear correction in what we know was "the rapid work of three months" (lm i 66) shows that. The original writing on two pages of the chapter is more than half replaced by a wholly new version, not just altered.² We know, too, that this chapter was the only section Lawrence discussed with Jessie Chambers - "he asked me what I thought about that part of the book" (et 189).

The 'Stranger' (unnamed in The Saga of Siegmund) appears from nowhere, makes some incredible - and flagrantly significant - conversation, develops a theory of life which goes home devastatingly to Siegmund, explains away his loquacity and portentousness by saying he drinks too much and was on the razzle the night before, and shows he is perfectly aware of what is wrong between Siegmund and Helena (here Sieglinde) with Siegmund's mind all the time "murmuring 'it is true, it is true.'" ³ He practically tells

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Saga of Siegmund, wrE 407b, the University of California mss. Collection, p.180.

2. Idem, pp.175 and 179.

3. Idem, p.178.

Siegmund that the latter is his 'other half' - "And thou and I, and I and thou?"¹ - fills Siegmund with a sense of doom and disaster, then

suddenly abandoned his extravagant manner, and smiled.

"I'm afraid I was very drunk," he said, "worse than usual. Alas, alack, you look serious. Pardon me, it is time I should go. They will be frowning over the coffee cups. You must wear a hat, it will be very hot ..." ²

He walks off, leaving Siegmund to sigh deeply and go off himself to find Sieglinde.

Garnett's note shows how he developed his understanding of what went wrong here. He originally ended the note: "Make him more ordinary & natural," then perhaps caught sight of the fantastic banality of a page such as that quoted above, and changed his note to "a trifle more ordinary & natural" - for the stranger actually is thoroughly commonplace in what he does and the way he behaves; then Garnett altered that to "Make ~~him-a-trifle~~ some of his talk more ordinary & natural," and added "slip in the pregnant things at moments." These suggestions get to the heart of the weaknesses. Lawrence's attempt to neutralize the Stranger's portentousness by making him banal got nowhere. It is the Stranger's dialogue, not what he does or even means, that is incredible; and the "pregnant things in this first version leap off the page continually. Siegmund smiles "meaningly," the Stranger glances at him "significantly," and then says something "very deep and meaningful." ³ The overt significance is intolerable.

When Lawrence revised the chapter in January 1913, he rewrote

1. Lawrence, The Saga of Siegmund, p.180.
2. Idem, p.182.
3. Idem, pp.172, 173 and 176.

it completely, and did not (as he did elsewhere) simply interleave the better pages of The Saga into the final version.¹ The first obvious difference is that the Stranger's presence, manner and insight are in some measure rationally accounted for. His initial remarks sound, and are meant to sound, odd; Siegmund is rather annoyed that "this stranger ran so quickly to a perturbing intimacy."² The Stranger has a name - Hampson - and in an addition to this second ms., a rather unconvincing link is established between him and Siegmund to help explain their sudden intimacy:

"Why, weren't you one of the first violins at the Savoy fifteen years back?" ... they had known each other, had been fairly intimate, and had since become strangers.³

Some of his talk is simply made more commonplace; a few lines about news and newspapers in The Saga are expanded and made much more trivial and circumstantial in The Trespasser; and a contrast between the significant things and the trivial ones is quickly established.

"Does the Czar sail this way?" he ((Hampson)) asked at last. "I do not know," replied Siegmund, who, troubled by the other's penetrating, intimate gaze, had not expected so trivial a question.⁴

And Hampson's life and personality are filled in: "You know, I'm a tremendously busy man: I earn five hundred a year by hard work."⁵ Hampson is more of a man, less of a portent. Lawrence does not use the 'drunken' explanation in The Trespasser because he doesn't need to; there is less wild flinging about of portentous ideas. And he offers Siegmund a "natural" reaction to Hampson's insights:

1. See Additional Note XI.

2. Lawrence, The Trespasser, p. 104.

3. Idem, p. 105.

4. D. H. Lawrence, The Trespasser, wrE 407a, The University of California Mss. Collection, p. 172.

5. Lawrence, The Trespasser, p. 106.

"You're telling me very plainly what I am and am not," said Siegmund, laughing rather sarcastically. He did not like it.¹

The link between them is, again, less mysterious:

"We're a good deal alike, you see, and have gone the same way. You married, and I didn't, but women have always done as they liked with me."²

The point of the section - the nature of some women, and a man's reaction to it - is offered more as a string of observations than as magical insight, and Lawrence again tries to defuse its dangerously obvious potential by supplying Siegmund with a commonplace reaction to Hampson's analysis of women:

"You're a bit downright, are you not?" asked Siegmund, deprecatingly.³

Hampson's identification of "some women" with Helena herself - "Why will she help to destroy you, when she loves you to such extremity?"⁴ is, exactly as Garnett had suggested, "slipped in" suddenly towards the end.

There had been no reason for the Stranger of the first version to talk as he did, and the credibility of the episode had suffered accordingly; by changing both his reasons for talking and the manner of it, Lawrence fitted in with Garnett's ideas of dialogue, naturalness, ordinariness and "the pregnant moment". But in fact he remained discontented even with this second version, and called particular attention to it in his comments on the book to Garnett:

I hope the thing is knitted firm - I hate those pieces where the stitch is slack and loose. The Stranger piece is probably still too literary - I don't feel at all satisfied. (lm i 94)

1. Lawrence, The Trespasser, p. 107.

2. Ibid.

3. Lawrence, The Trespasser ms., p. 178.

4. Idem, p. 179.

But by February 1912, he wanted the book off his hands and into print; it wasn't anything he wanted to rethink, and (needing money as he did) it was reasonable to change it only as much as was basically necessary, and to leave it there. The Stranger passage remains "literary" because, however well Lawrence succeeded in disguising the Doppelgänger and fitting him into Siegmund's morning, the very conceptions of the encounter and its importance are literary ones, and were not to be used again anywhere in Lawrence's fiction. Within the confines of the conception, Garnett's suggestions were very helpful. But - as with a lot of the book - by early 1912 Lawrence had outgrown the conception of the Stranger of The Saga of Siegmund, and only wanted to patch the episode up sufficiently for it to become publishable.

This book - which Ford had thought "would damage your reputation perhaps permanently" - Garnett apparently liked at first sight, or at least saw a potential in it which Ford had not. His 1916 essay on Lawrence shows that he considered it an advance on The White Peacock: the latter's "over-bold, lush immaturity, a certain sprawling laxity of taste" being less evident in the second book, although

The same intense susceptibility to physical impressions, the same vibrating joy in sensuous feelings were repeated here in a solo on erotic strings. The atmosphere is heavy with the odour of meadow sweet, which is suddenly dissipated by the shock of tragedy. Sigismund's suicide, and the settling down again of his forgetful suburban family into the tame stream of its bourgeois commonplaceness, are painted with inflexible sincerity and great psychological acumen.¹

He was sufficiently impressed to want to offer the book to Duckworth - agreeable news to Lawrence, who was reacting against Heinemann's handling of his affairs: "I shall be glad when I have no more dealings with that firm" (lm i 89). But the real benefit of this re-emergence of The Trespasser, beside Lawrence's chance of getting into print again, and of being supported by it in the literary career he had now decided upon, lay in the change it allowed in Garnett's attitude to his work.

1. E. Garnett, Friday Nights, (London, Cape, 1922), p. 124.

Garnett could now apply himself to Lawrence and his affairs with a clear conscience. Heinemann actually tried to get both book and author back in January 1912, when the firm wrote in praise of the ms; but with the prospect of Garnett and Duckworth before him, Lawrence could afford to be more impatient of Heinemann: his avenues of publication were widening. The firm's treatment of both The Trespasser and the volume of poems piqued him:

... it seems evident to me Heinemann doesn't want the verses very badly. Isn't he a nuisance ... he might let me know what he does want. I wish he'd give them me back. (lm i 93)

They tried to soft-sawder me into not giving the second, love novel which they practically refused, to Duckworth ... to Duckworth it shall go, if I can revise it to my taste. (lm i 95)

And it did go to Duckworth. During January 1912, Lawrence revised it, sent the first "180 or 190" pages to Garnett on 21 January (lm i 94) and took the rest with him when he went down to the Cearne on the 3d February. Garnett took it to Duckworth with (we must assume) his own recommendation; Lawrence heard nothing more of it for the remainder of February, and got a little anxious:

Has Duckworth said anything about The Trespasser? I'm afraid he also will not want to publish me. (lm i 101)

- Heinemann had been reluctant to do so for months. But Garnett apparently dropped a hint of Duckworth's acceptance of the book at the beginning of March, and Duckworth wrote himself shortly afterwards, wanting too "the novel after this I am now doing."

But what will William of Bedford Street ((William Heinemann)) say? I have written putting off Martin Secker. (lm i 102)

Secker had been hankering to publish something of Lawrence's since the previous summer, when Lawrence had told him:

I am very much flattered by your offer to publish a volume of my short stories: to tell the truth, I sit in doubt and wonder because of it ... If these would be any good towards an autumn volume, I should be at the top of happiness. (lm i 78)

Duckworth, Lawrence told Garnett, was "jolly nice"; Lawrence obviously wanted to go on with him, and with Garnett, as far as possible. But Paul Morel 'C' was promised to Heinemann, and for that reason Garnett had never seen it. At the beginning of March 1912 Lawrence asked him whether he would

care to see the Ms. of the colliery novel, when it is finished, before it goes to Wm. H.? I have done two thirds or more.
(lm i 102)

That apart, Lawrence's literary association with Garnett was almost complete, Garnett (with his immense experience of the publishing field) effectively being Lawrence's literary agent. During February, March and April, he was concerned with the acceptance of The Trespasser, advised Lawrence about book reviews for the English Review ("what books do I want to review? For the Lord's sake, tell me") - (lm i 99) - tried to get four sketches about Eastwood miners published, placed 'The Soiled Rose' with the Forum, assisted Lawrence out of a difficulty about putting the same story in the English Review, advised him about placing other stories in the same magazine, and, having read two of Lawrence's plays, assisted in preliminary arrangements for the staging of The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd. Lawrence told him in April:

Why do you take so much trouble for me? - if I am not eternally grateful, I am a swine. (lm i 107)

It is hard to imagine anyone doing more for Lawrence; and at the end of April, Garnett, more than anyone else, was in Lawrence's confidence about the startling growth of the affair with Frieda Weekley; the pair stayed at the Cearne the weekend 27th-29th April at a time when no-one else in England knew about their relationship. And when at the start

of May Lawrence left for Germany (to be out of England for nearly fourteen months), it was natural that his literary affairs should be left in Garnett's hands.

Lawrence's situation had changed enormously in six months. He was in the swim of periodical and book publication as he had never been with Ford, and as previously he had neither need nor inclination to be. The fact that he now needed to support himself - and, after April, Frieda too - by his writing contributed to this dramatic change in his attitude to publication; but we can see in the last months in Croydon that association with Garnett was beginning to implement the change even before Lawrence gave up teaching as a career;¹ and the abandonment of that career cannot itself be held responsible for the changed attitude to publication, although it fitted in most admirably with it.

With The Trespasser published in May, and payment waiting, but no immediate prospect of further returns (Paul Morel 'D' was still in a fragmentary state), money had to be made, and in August 1912 Lawrence told Garnett:

I am going to write six short stories. I must try and make running money. I am going to write Paul Morel over again - it'll take me 3 months. (lm i 137)

But the experience of his first three months abroad showed Lawrence that, with Garnett behind him not just with advice and practical help, but with a knowledge of literary affairs that did not involve a reduction of Lawrence's work to, say, Austin Harrison's literary taste, then Lawrence could support himself respectably. Reference has already been made to the distance between Garnett and the disreputable side of London literary society, and Lawrence never associated him with it; in the circumstances, his re-entry into the business of serious publication could hardly have been more

1. See above, pp. 141-142.

congenial. It seems best to describe his relation with Garnett at this time as a rare sort of trust that did not depend on intimacy - the last he could hardly have with a man so much his senior and whom he saw so little of. But the trust could extend equally to his literary aspirations and to the circumstances of his private life. In May, Lawrence told him that Frieda

sort of clings to the idea of you, as the only man in England who would be a refuge ... I send you her letter. (lm i 125)

And when the possibility of returning to England in February 1913 arose, it was to Garnett and the Cearne that Lawrence and Frieda naturally turned:

Thanks so much for offering us the Cearne. What we should do without you God knows: feed the gloomy cypresses instead of your apple trees, as Frieda suggests. (lm i 186)

For "I suppose the Cearne is after all the nearest place to home that I've got. Rough on you, that."¹

It is necessary to see this sense of isolation for what it was: it becomes increasingly important. Leaving England in May 1912, Lawrence left behind (and, for the future, out of his life) most of the intimacy of the past five years. The Croydon world, with the exception of A. W. McLeod, two letters to Helen Corke and a couple more to Agnes Mason, simply vanished. Jessie Chambers, though "discussed endlessly" by Lawrence and Frieda (lm i 190), was inevitably in and of the past. The Eastwood and family circle knew nothing of his elopement with Frieda for some months, with the exception of Sallie Hopkin, who heard at the beginning of June 1912 - "Don't tell anybody. This is only for the good to know" (lm i 130) - and his sister Ada, who obviously resented the affair

1. Heilbrun, The Garnett Family, p.154.

(lm i 138). A survey of his surviving letters between leaving England in May 1912 and returning again in June 1913 gives a very rough picture of the way his circle had contracted. The number of extant letters to his various correspondents is as follows:

Edward Garnett	34
A. W. McLeod	13
Ernest Collings	7
David Garnett	7
May Chambers Holbrook	5
Louie Burrows	5
Ada Lawrence	4
Sallie Hopkin	4
Will Holbrook	2
Jessie Chambers	2
Helen Corke	2
Else Jaffe	2
Katherine Mansfield	1
Eddie Marsh	1
Ford Madox Ford	1

We must beware of basing precise formulations upon such risky evidence as surviving letters; but the picture of a contracted Eastwood-Ripley circle is a clear enough indication of the severance of roots there. Collings - a new, congenial acquaintance, whom Lawrence did not meet before returning in June 1913 - and McLeod, responsible frequently for supplies of books and simple news - get most letters, with the exception of the two Garnetts, and the remarkable exception of Edward Garnett himself. Carolyn Heilbrun suggests that Garnett

served writers in three capacities: as publisher's reader; as reviewer; as personal friend-critic-mentor. Many he served in all three ways.¹

In Lawrence's case, Miss Heilbrun's first and third categories run inextricably together, the third only barely possible without the dedication of time which the first permitted. But her definitions are strained by what we find they cover, in Lawrence's case; she

1. Heilbrun, The Garnett Family, p.138.

leaves out both the mutual trust of their intercourse (which "mentor" distorts badly, Lawrence never being in such a deferential position to the elder man) and its naturalness. It never involved the intimacy which "personal friend" conveys. It was, significantly, to Arthur McLeod, not to Garnett, that Lawrence wrote "You are the decentest man to me in England" (lm i 164) in December 1912, even while Garnett was working at Sons and Lovers for him - or, perhaps we should say, for Duckworth. To McLeod Lawrence could be jovial, "personally friendly" in the usual sense, addressing him like this:

You are a duffer not to come at Christmas. Harold Hobson is coming - but I'd rather have had you. I believe you'll be too shy to go through the gates of heaven - and you'll be hanging around through eternity. (lm i 165)

The relationship with Garnett never allowed that kind of easy intimacy, even when the two men were closest. Quite apart from the physical distance between them (one in England, the other in Germany and Italy), and a surprisingly limited personal acquaintance during their months together in England before Lawrence left, there was always a level of 'business' between them. We must not lose sight of Garnett's need to fulfill his function as adviser to Duckworth about Lawrence's commercial value.

Again, Garnett was no "mentor," but he could be a severe critic, as when Sons and Lovers had to be ruthlessly cut down before publication, after Lawrence's insistence that "I have patiently and laboriously constructed that novel" (lm i 77):

I sit in sadness and grief after your letter. I daren't say anything. All right, take out what you think necessary - suppose I shall see what you've done when the proofs come, at any rate. I am sorry to have let you in for such a job - but don't scold me too hard, it makes me wither up. (lm i 81)

Garnett's letters to H. E. Bates show just how crushing he could be, when he chose; and he obviously tried to crush Lawrence several times. His sense of mission, his concern for what he believed right in literature, demanded that he should do that, and as such it superseded any feelings of "personal friendship."

But such a debate about Lawrence's failure or success was only possible after the switch from Heinemann to Duckworth as publishers for Paul Morel 'D' in the summer of 1913; from which dates the second stage of Lawrence's relationship with Garnett. The Trespasser had been a relatively simple formulation which Lawrence was glad to get into print, but which in the issue he felt very little for. After his discussion of it with Garnett in December 1911, he did not pursue any more advice about it until the rewriting was complete; and even then he only promised "to wage war on my adjectives" (lm i 107) when going through the proofs in April. As remarked above, Garnett only saw Paul Morel 'C' fleetingly, during the visit to the Cearne Lawrence and Frieda made before eloping, since it was "my Heinemann novel ..." (lm i 109). After correction and revision in Germany during May, it went to Heinemann at the end of the month as Paul Morel 'D'. What happened to it then is slightly obscure. Heinemann held it during June, but on 3rd July Lawrence heard from William Heinemann himself that he would not publish it. Coming as it did on top of worries over Frieda, her children, and Earnest Weekley - "the letters today have nearly sent us both crazy" - the letter from Heinemann ("may his name be used as a curse and an eternal infamy") provoked a violent reaction.

Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the slimy,
the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable
sodding rotters, the flaming sods, the snivelling,
dribbling, dithering palsied pulse-less lot that
make up England today ...

Why, why and why was I born an Englishman! my
cursed, rotten-boned, pappy-hearted countrymen,
why was I sent to them. (lm i 134)

The letter had the postscript: "And Heinemann, I can see, is quite right, as a business man." A letter to McLeod in September remarked that Heinemann refused the book

because he was cross with me for going to Duckworth
- refused it on grounds of its indecency. (lm i 147)

The first reason is Lawrence's own interpretation of events; the second obviously goes back to the July letter, and is confirmed by a remark made in 1924:

William Heinemann said that he thought Sons and Lovers was one of the dirtiest books he had ever read. He refused to publish it. I should not have thought the deceased gentleman's reading had been so circum-spectly narrow. (phx i 233)

The letter to Garnett which Heinemann's refusal provoked is interesting for its first expression of role as writer - "why was I sent to them" - though in this case the role had been stultified by respectability, and Lawrence, though infuriated, sounds as if he were mocking himself in both the outburst and the idea of role. But his sense that there was an impenetrable solidarity of feeling in England (by which the artist as well as the man was confronted) emerges as strongly as the impression of role, and perhaps more significantly. Lawrence must have been subjected to Garnett's lectures on the fact that, as H. E. Bates found after the war, "they don't know ..." Garnett

delivered himself with great ironical glintings and wavings of his free hand. 'They' were generally reviewers ... but they were equally likely to be the public, whom he lamented first because they did not buy a writer's books and then because they bought them, as they bought Galsworthy's, in too large quantities; or they might be simply publishers ... they never knew. ¹

1. Bates, Edward Garnett, pp.44-45.

Faced with Heinemann's refusal to go further with Paul Morel 'D', Lawrence found that

My dear Garnett, at this eleventh hour I love you and understand you a bit. Don't sympathise with me, don't. (lm i 134)

This "second experience of the objectionable" was the beginning of the end of Heinemann for Lawrence, who felt freer than ever to take his work to Garnett and Duckworth. But such an opportunity, welcome as it was, did not efface the memory of the insult Lawrence had suffered.

The peculiar distance from affairs at which he inevitably felt himself through living abroad could not blur the sense of a breakdown between his creative work and the world to which he was beginning, even unconsciously, to address himself. He told Cynthia Asquith in 1915 that "I am English, and my Englishness is my very vision ..." (lm i 371); and though such a strong and purposive sense of kinship with his country's needs was not completely his in 1912, his sense of embarking on his best work helped it to grow.

However, in 1912 he suffered mainly from sheer frustration at Heinemann's prudery, which added yet another dimension to an already frustratingly isolated situation. Even if Heinemann turned down the book, Lawrence knew there was a very good chance Duckworth would take it (as they had taken The Trespasser), and Paul Morel 'D' was forwarded to Garnett in July, with a request from Lawrence that recalls the circumstances of their work on The Trespasser:

I will make what alterations you think advisable. It would be rather nice if you made me a few notes again. I will squash the first part together - it is too long. I am really very much interested to know what you'll say. (lm i 135)

By 22nd July, both novel and notes had arrived back in Germany:

The latter are awfully nice and detailed. What a trojan of energy and conscientiousness you are!

I'm going to slave like a Turk at the novel - see if I won't do you credit. (lm i 135)

But, oddly, there were one or two disturbing forces in this apparently happy working arrangement. Garnett's notes were one thing. His opinion was another, making Lawrence write at most three days after that last letter:

Don't bother about my stuff - it's a fearful shame to worry you - and you always sound so miserable ... You don't think the quality of my work is going down, do you? it isn't. I want to be settling down soon, to have a go at it (Paul Morel)... Don't be cross with me about Secker. (frieda 183-184)

The latter must have been making one of his periodic attempts to get Lawrence on to his list of authors, the last attempt (for the moment) coming in August, when once again Lawrence brought up the matter of the suitability of Paul Morel 'D' for Duckworths. In the hesitating July letter quoted above, he had told Garnett candidly that

I know you don't care much for the Paul Morel novel; that's why I thought you'd perhaps be glad to get rid of it. (frieda 184)

In August, apparently Ford Madox Ford forwarded Secker's request:

Hueffer sends me this. What shall I say? Would it be much use to me if Secker ran me for the rest of time? It might be, eh? Does Duckworth really want the Paul Morel novel? Shall I offer Secker that? (lm i 138)

To explain this lengthy hesitation over Duckworth even after Garnett's work on Paul Morel 'D', we have to see that, firstly, Duckworth had still not finally accepted the book for publication, and Lawrence had grown wary of the long-delayed acceptance of mss. Secondly, money had become a worry. "I must get some money from somewhere, shortly" (lm i 138), he told Garnett in August; and "the fear of money frets me a bit"

(lm i 143) in September. But it seems undeniable that Garnett's personal reaction against the book had also something to do with Lawrence's vacillation over its future. The sheer work Garnett put into the novel, both in his July notes and in his massive pruning of the novel in December, indebted Lawrence to him. But in the matter of advice about the way the book should go, and about the principles behind it, Lawrence was almost as ready as he was over The Sisters a year and a half later to diagnose their different convictions as symptomatic of greater actual division than they ever spoke of. In 1914, the disagreement led to the twommen parting for ever; but in the autumn of 1912, it meant no more than an awkwardness over publishers - aggravated, too, by the way "our letters bow to each other in passing in the post, every time" (lm i 135).

The money problem was solved in September by Duckworth paying an advance on the profits from The Trespasser:

That money will have to carry me a long way. However, with God's blessing, we shall manage. I think F. and I will be quite happy to sit here a winter and see nobody. (lm i 143)

This meant that plans to publish the book of sketches Heinemann proposed, the book of poems (finally given up by Heinemann in August), and the long-delayed book of short stories, were all much less important; though "I must try to make running money" (lm i 137) with stories for periodicals. (The selection of poems Walter de la Mare had prepared for Heinemann was, however, passed on to Duckworth, modified by Garnett and Lawrence between them, finalized by David Garnett and eventually published the following January.)

But the work in it nearly all dated to Lawrence's time in Croydon and before - "F. refuses to have sufficient respect for it ... There are in it too many heroines other than herself" (lm i 153). And

the rewriting of Paul Morel 'D' dominated the beginning of winter 1912. Garnett was not drawn into this again until Lawrence sent the completed ms. to Duckworth in November.

And I want to defend it, quick. I wrote it again, pruning it and shaping it and filling it in. I tell you it has got form - form: haven't I made it patiently, out of sweat as well as blood. (lm i 160)

This was the first time Lawrence had sent Garnett a ms. which he would defend in such terms - "I tell you I have written a great book ... Read my novel. It's a great novel" (lm i 161). The book had changed enormously since Garnett had last seen it: changed because Lawrence (or perhaps it would be fairer to say, Frieda and Lawrence) had discovered a new sense of the book's subject. As Frieda wrote to Garnett about the summer's draft:

I think L. quite missed the point in 'Paul Morel.' He really loved his mother more than anybody, even with his other women, real love, sort of Oedipus; his mother must have been adorable. He is writing P.M. again ... (frieda 185)

Her reverential mood did not last:

Towards the end of "Sons and Lovers" I got fed up and turned against all this "house of Atreus" feeling, and I wrote a skit called: "Paul Morel, or His Mother's Darling."¹

But Frieda's influence upon the final draft was substantial. Her part in Lawrence's work will be studied later;² here, it is enough to remark her influence supporting the elevation of Mrs Morel to the position not only of "supreme" arbiter of Paul's fate (which Jessie Chambers had seen earlier in the year from her angle) but as his evil genius too. As she told Garnett in November, "now I think anybody must see in 'Paul Morel' the hang of it. The mother is really the thread,

1. F. Lawrence, Not I, But the Wind, (London, Heinemann, 1934), p. 52.

2. See below, pp. 217-224.

the domineering note" (frieda 185). This coincides with Lawrence's surprising account of the book in a contemporaneous letter to Garnett:

The son loves the mother - all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, ((Miriam)) with the son as object. The mother gradually proves stronger, because of the tie of blood ... (lm i 160)

This Oedipean concentration added a layer of thematic development to the book which it had not had before, and Lawrence and Frieda both relied on it in their separate justifications of the book's form to Garnett - known to be suspicious of a tendency in Lawrence to be formless. So we find them demanding that Garnett should respond to the strength of a book in which Lawrence believed; and, simultaneously, justifying that demand in terms that do not correspond to the book as written, but only to a layer of interpretation of it. Frieda explained to Garnett much later, in February 1914:

You see, I don't really believe in Sons and Lovers; it feels as if there were nothing behind all those happenings as if there were no 'Hinterland der Seele', only intensely felt fugitive things. (frieda 202)

Lawrence's excitement with the completed book, and with what he felt he had discovered about his own past life, made his defence of it to Garnett in terms of the Oedipus theme understandable; but we have to see, too, that the defence was designed particularly for Garnett, who had to be wooed with some such theme as Lawrence postulates. The defence is for Garnett, and for Garnett's sense of literature; the stress on form ("haven't I made it patiently, out of sweat as well as blood" - lm i 160) comes from the same man who, next month, was writing to Ernest Collings in anger that "they want me to have form ... their pernicious ossiferous skin-and-grief form, and I won't" (lm i 172). "I want to defend it, quick" is Lawrence's prelude to the November letter to Garnett, and we must view his defending the book in terms of its presiding theme as an actual definition of the art that had created it and which had, for Lawrence, been superceded.

But - for Garnett - it had not; and Lawrence could usefully exploit a single-minded fervour of interpretation in his defensive letter, which had to convince both Garnett and (through him) Duckworth.

The central theme, an unhappy working-class marriage, a woman's struggle to rear her children while sustained by her strong puritanical spirit, develops later into a study of her maternal aversion to surrendering her son to another woman's arms. The theme is dissected in its innermost spiritual fibres with an unflinching and loving exactitude ...¹

Garnett saw the point and achievement of the book in the theme to which Lawrence had referred, and in the relation between its art and life

The novel is really the only one of any breadth of vision in contemporary English fiction that lifts working-class life out of middle-class hands, and restores it to its native atmosphere of hard veracity.²

However, to judge by a letter from Frieda to him about the same time ("I quite firmly believe that L. is great in spite of his 'gaps'" - frieda 186) he also made some reference to what his 1916 essay called

the definite limitations of Mr Lawrence's vision. Like a tree on a hot summer noon, his art casts a sharp, fore-shortened shadow. His characters do not pass far outside that enchanted circle of passion in and round which they move ... this circle is narrow compared with the literary field, say, of a Maupassant.³

It appears, too, that he was still not convinced that Lawrence had succeeded with the form of his book, for all the latter's efforts to convince him - again drawing a comment from Frieda in December 1912:

I also feel as if I ought to say something about L.'s formlessness. I don't think he has no form. I used to. But now I think anybody must see in 'Paul Morel'

1. E. Garnett, Friday Nights, p. 124.

2. Idem, pp. 124-125.

3. Idem, p. 126.

the hang of it ... I have heard so much about 'form' with Ernest; why are you English so keen on it? (frieda 186)

But Garnett demanded cuts in the text of the novel. E. W. Tedlock has written that the demand for cuts was in order "to bring the novel to a length the publishers of the day found economically feasible,"¹ but Lawrence's reply suggests Garnett's "scolding" to have been provoked by exasperation with Lawrence himself, not just with his ignorance of what publishers required. It was as if, after repeated warnings that a sprawling Sons and Lovers could not be published, Garnett had received what he decided was a sprawling Sons and Lovers. "... take out what you think necessary - suppose I shall see what you've done when the proofs come, at any rate" (lm i 81). We may in fact suspect that he wrote to Lawrence rather in the terms of a letter to H. E. Bates in 1927:

You've written it, I repeat, in the bad Batesian facile manner that you can turn on like a tap to cover up your deficiencies ... you adopt the funereal Hardy pace of development, and you get slower and slower ... And why, why when I've cut up your bad sketches into small pieces and thrown them in your face, why why you start in on this I can't understand. Instead of 'artistic economy' you've overloaded the scenes without getting 'truth to essentials.'²

Bates's trouble was with "long winded reflections and reflections"; Lawrence's probably with too much detail - the 1916 essay criticised "a feeling of photographic accuracy in the narrative."³ Whatever the detail of Garnett's complaints, he certainly was not happy with the book's form after all - hence, perhaps, Lawrence's letter to Collings later in the month about those who demanded 'form' from him.

E. W. Tedlock's recent note on the surviving ms. in the University of California shows how heavy Garnett's cuts in the text were;

1. D. H. Lawrence and 'Sons and Lovers', ed. E. Tedlock, (New York, New York University Press, 1965), p. 69.

2. Bates, Edward Garnett, pp. 56-58.

3. E. Garnett, Friday Nights, p. 125.

they were

extensive - some 88 passages, varying in length from three or four lines to eighty-nine, and occasionally amounting to several pages.¹

But Tedlock's comments on the nature of the material cut are not helpful. They do not indicate how far the cuts were designed to shape the book nor how well they actually do so.² After his initial shock on hearing they were needed, Lawrence grew resigned to the idea; though not without some lingering feelings about Garnett, as his letter to Arthur McLeod of December 2nd shows:

The Paul Morel book ... is being got ready for the printer - I'm resting a bit after having delivered it. It's quite a great work. I only hope the English nation won't rend me for having given them anything so good. Not that the English nation is likely to concern itself with me - but 'England, my England' is for me, I suppose, 'Critic, my Critic.' (lm i 164)

Lawrence here sounds more grumbling than seriously hurt; but the remark to Collings later in the month indicates the depth of the gulf he had begun to feel between Garnett and himself in literary matters. Compared with letters to Collings, McLeod or David Garnett, too, those to Edward Garnett at this stage have little freedom of expression, even when Lawrence is saying obviously deeply-felt things. He wrote to Garnett on the 29th December:

I'm glad to hear you like the novel better. I don't much mind what you squash out. I hope to goodness it'll do my reputation and my pocket good, the book. I'm glad you'll let it be dedicated to you. I feel always so deep in your debt. (lm i 173-174)

"To Edward Garnett, in Gratitude" the dedication ran, obviously sincerely. But we should be able to distinguish between such a feeling of obligation and gratitude, and the trust of earlier times - at the period of Lawrence's elopement to Germany, for instance. Garnett demanded an

1. Tedlock, D. H. Lawrence and 'Sons and Lovers', p. 67.

2. Unfortunately the ms. is at present inaccessible at the University of California.

art different from that of which Lawrence felt himself capable; and, for all his increasing reliance on Garnett and Duckworth to advise him and help him in actual publishing ("I can't separate you from Duckworth and Co., in this question of novels" (lm i 274) - Lawrence was henceforth to use Garnett's advice more as that of Duckworth's reader and less as that of a friend.

At the start of 1913, however, Garnett remained at the centre of Lawrence's plans and projects for publishing. He read the new play The Daughter-in-Law, (lm i 175), heard about the 'Burns novel' ("tell me if you approve" - lm i 169), continued to work at Sons and Lovers, and acted, as before, as a kind of agent in England.

I wonder if Rhythm would take any of my sketches or stories. I wonder if ever the Forum is going to publish that tale - and did the American edition of The Trespasser never come out? (lm i 169)

And Lawrence applied to him for advice about a job in England, in preparation for the return which he and Frieda did not in fact make permanent until 1914.

I ought to live near London. Perhaps I could get some publisher's reading to do. We could manage on £200 a year. It ought not to be impossible. You must help me a bit, with advice. (lm i 176)

What is newly obvious in these letters is the slightly mocking, slightly and playfully deferential attitude Lawrence increasingly adopted. 1913 ended with "Vale - my dear Authority" (lm i 174); the fact that Garnett might not be pleased with what he was doing often received the acknowledgement of an 'umble gesture - "Have patience with me" (lm i 176); "If you disapprove, then I won't promise any more" (lm i 182). Certainly, relations between the two men could improve after the burden of Sons and Lovers was off Garnett's shoulders: at the turn of the year, Lawrence still felt

... afraid of being a nuisance. Do you feel, with me, a bit like the old man of the sea? If I weren't so scared of having no money at all, I'd tell you to shovel all my stuff on to Pinker, get rid of the bother of me, and leave me to transact with him. The thought of you pedgilling away at the novel frest me. Why can't I do these things? - I can't. (lm i 175)

But more than anything else, a new sense of role could help Lawrence over this awkward period with Garnett. There can be no doubt that the latter's criticisms had gone very deep into him, especially since he felt that, for almost the first time in their correspondence, work to which he was thoroughly committed was the subject of their discussion. The poems, most of the short stories, The Trespasser, had all belonged to his past. But, together with a new belief in his work - in the discoveries of writing the last version of Sons and Lovers, and in the three new novels begun early in 1913 - went a fresh conception of what he, as a writer, was capable of communicating to an audience - essentially English - out of which, and now, for which he wrote. His absence from England itself perhaps made some such conception inevitable, since his audience was both distanced but, simultaneously, more important to the business of earning enough to stay alive. But he seems to have begun to feel, too, that his new work was relevant to the England to which he belonged. Even his November defence of Sons and Lovers had gestured towards that audience:

I have written a great book. It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England - it may even be Bunny's tragedy. I think it was Ruskin's, and men like him ... (lm i 161)

Although "England my England" was sometimes "Critic my Critic", it is fair to say that on these occasions "England" was felt mostly in the persons of publishers, reviewers, critics and Garnett at his most critical. This antagonism, however, did not detract from a growing sense of attachment to an audience, consequent on his first real feeling that he was getting to grips with his art, and helping to create the consciousness of his generation. It certainly wasn't as if he felt England

was a home to him - the months of March and April 1913 show how he staved off his return.

I am glad not to be coming to England just yet. It is funny how I dread my native land. But here it is so free. The tightness of England is horrid. (lm i 187)

But of another commitment he was sure, as when he told Garnett about the novel he began in January 1913 (Miss Houghton):

It is what I can write just now, and write with pleasure, so write it I must, however you may grumble. And it is good, too. I think, do you know, I have inside me a sort of answer to the want of today: to the real, deep want of the English people, not to just what they fancy they want: And gradually, I shall get my hold on them. And this novel is perhaps not such good art, but it is what they want, need, more or less. But I needn't talk about it, when only 106 pages are written. (lm i 183)

The very attitude was only possible after the successful completion of Sons and Lovers, and the subsequent devotion to subject rather than conscious art, as he explained to Garnett more than once. For the time being, 'art' meant a finished, rounded statement; but Lawrence found that he needed to work out for himself what his province as a novelist was, and didn't want to bother with the finished or rounded shape of the work he produced.

To develop briefly what this new creative attitude meant: in the novel that followed the abortive start to Miss Houghton, Lawrence found himself falling into the same subject matter (with all its commercial disadvantages) for which he had given up the latter:

It was meant for the 'jeunes filles', but already it has fallen from grace. I can only write what I feel pretty strongly about: and that, at present, is the relation between men and women. After all, it is the problem of today, the establishment of a new relation, or the readjustment of the old one, between men and women. (lm i 200)

This was the point at which he now imagined he had to reach out to his audience. We can see how the first three versions of the book¹ were worked over time and again to a degree and for a reason that was quite new. Looking back to The White Peacock, we can see how the very conditions of its composition made it a "mosaic of moods" and the storing house for the experience of Lawrence's adolescence: it was re-written to keep up with Lawrence as he himself changed. The Trespasser was, in effect, rewritten to order; Lawrence needed to get into print, and the revision was a matter of cutting down on a mood that, by the time he came to review it, seemed immensely far away. Sons and Lovers was worked over four times in a steady effort to get to the truth of Lawrence's feeling towards his childhood and adolescence. It received an injection of 'life as it really was' from Jessie Chambers when it had started out by being, as she called it, story-bookish: the further revisions with Frieda Lawrence at his elbow in Germany and Italy during 1912 enabled Lawrence to get closer still to an actuality which in October 1913 he described to A. W. McLeod in these terms:

One sheds one's sicknesses in books - repeats and presents again one's emotions, to be master of them. (lm i 234)

That re-presenting of emotion is characteristic of Sons and Lovers as rewritten in the autumn of 1912. Frieda Lawrence, too, recalled the rewriting as a matter of Lawrence's getting back to a past actuality:

I lived and suffered that book, and wrote bits of it when he would ask me: "What do you think my mother felt then?" I had to go deeply into the character of Miriam and all the others; when he wrote his mother's death he was ill and his grief made me ill too ...²

1. The various versions of The Rainbow will be distinguished as follows:

1st version	(Mar. 1913-Jun. 1913)	<u>The Sisters</u>
2nd version	(Aug. 1913-Jan. 1914)	<u>The Wedding Ring</u>
3rd version	(Feb. 1914-May 1914)	<u>The Rainbow 'A'</u>
4th version	(Dec. 1914-Mar. 1915)	<u>The Rainbow</u>

2. F. Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 52.

The revisions of The Sisters were, on the other hand, expected:

I shall write it as long as I like to start with, then write it smaller. I must always write my books twice. (lm i 186)

Don't schimpf, I shall make it all right when I rewrite it. I shall put it in the third person ... That was the first crude fermenting of the book. I'll make it into art now. (lm i 208)

And on the other hand, Lawrence grew to believe in

the thing I wanted to say ... that which I was trying to say, and had failed in. (lm i 272)

This new conception of the novel which developed in the spring of 1913 concentrated on approach and subject to a degree which only the 'defence' of Sons and Lovers to Garnett had done; and led to such statements as this about the Wedding Ring version:

It was full of beautiful things, but it missed - I knew that it just missed being itself. So here I am, must sit down and write it out again. I know it is quite a lovely novel really - you know that the perfect statue is in the marble, the kernel of it. But the thing is getting it out clean. (lm i 264)

Revision was not concerned with simply tidying the book up, nor in restoring to it an actuality; it consisted in the novelist re-engaging freshly each time in the manner of exploring his subject, re-thinking it, saying what he had to say and what he did not even know he had to say when he began. There is a world of difference between the patient, if inspired filling in of detail and emotional coin which comprised the method of revising Paul Morel 'C' and 'D' (and for which 'notes' could be provided by Jessie Chambers or Edward Garnett) and this discovery of his realm as a novelist in The Sisters. The new method made it harder, of course, for Garnett to follow what his protégé was doing: Lawrence himself felt that

I am doing a novel which I have never grasped. Damn its eyes, there I am at page 145, and I've no notion what it's

about It's like a novel in a foreign language I don't know very well - I can only just make out what it's about. (lm i 203)

It is not surprising that Garnett should have "schimpfed", and insisted on more art.

Furthermore, however, the release of energy accompanying the various starts to novels in the spring of 1913 caused Lawrence to reach out to his readers afresh. He wanted them to reconsider where they themselves stood in their human relations. Two months after it was finished, and at the beginning of the 'Burns novel', Sons and Lovers had provoked a philosophical 'Introduction' which was hardly about the book at all, but was certainly about the direction of Lawrence's thought after it had been finished. It is true that the 'son-lover' plays a small part in it, and the effect of his marriage is described; if the "son-lover take a wife,"

then is she not his wife, she is only his bed. And his life will be torn in twain, and his wife in her despair shall hope for sons, that she may have her lover in her hour. (lh 102)

But although the 'son-lover' comes into the argument, he hardly helps it except as an illustration, because the 'Introduction' is sketching patterns of male-female relations within and towards marriage, which Sons and Lovers had not attempted to do. (If it had, perhaps the contrast between Mr and Mrs Morel might have more nearly approached Lawrence's later assessment that he had "not done justice to his father."¹) Lawrence's interest in such relations was not compatible with a novel except as the latter could build on them to affect people. He was no longer prepared to dialogue with himself, as he had done in all three novels up till then, but wanted to explore the nature of relations towards and inside marriage because "I have inside me a sort of answer to

1. E. and A. Brewster, D. H. Lawrence, Reminiscences and Correspondence, (London, Secker, 1934), p. 254.

the want of today ..." Thus we observe Lawrence closing in on his sense of subject and of audience simultaneously. Is there a charge of swelled-headedness to answer? Only if we ignore Lawrence's concern for his novels as novels; they weren't tracts, and the 'philosophical work' behind them at this stage (the 'Introduction' and, in 1914, the Study of Thomas Hardy) was not intended for publication. To feel what he called the "want of today" was his response to his opportunity (and his role) as a novelist.

That much should be said before proceeding further into developments with Edward Garnett. In the spring of 1913, the latter was more concerned with Lawrence's material prospects than with his creative future. Cutting Sons and Lovers had been a difficult, if not actively annoying job; David Garnett "has recalled his father's sighing unhappily over this necessity of his editorial task."¹ But when Garnett had the completed novel in front of him, Lawrence found he could be "very comforting about my monetary prospects" (lm i 182); Duckworth was advancing Lawrence £100 on the strength of it, and then "I shall have enough to carry me through till September or October." However, Lawrence grew more anxious, not only about present money but about future prospects. The reception of his Love Poems in February 1913 touched him on the raw.

I am anxious to my vitals about the poems. I thought my friends in the field - de la Mare and so on - would review them decently for me. God help us, I've got the pip horribly at present. (lm i 193)

And Duckworth began objecting to passages of Sons and Lovers, for all Lawrence's original care over them: "they are so clean ..." (lm i 161), he had told Garnett about the "naked scenes" in November, and the latter had not cut them. But at least three paragraphs in the ms., uncut by either Lawrence or Garnett, never got into print:² presumably Duckworth

1. Tedlock, D. H. Lawrence and 'Sons and Lovers', p. 69.

2. Ibid.

or the printers took them out. All the same,

I don't mind if Duckworth crosses out a hundred shady pages in Sons and Lovers. It's got to sell, I've got to live. (lm i 193)

As we saw, Miss Houghton was given up primarily because it wasn't going to be commercial - "nobody will publish it. I wish I'd never been born" (lm i 193). The "pot-boiler", The Sisters, which replaced it, was going to be

absolutely impeccable - as far as morals go ... it is an oath I have vowed - if I have to grind my teeth to stumps, I'll do it - or else what am I going to live on, and keep Frieda on withal. (lm i 193)

For all Lawrence's hopes with the completion of Sons and Lovers - "people should begin to take me seriously now" (lm i 204) - the early months of 1913 were disappointing, with the absolute failure of Love Poems to sell (only 100 copies went in over two months), and further delays in the production of Sons and Lovers. In this situation, Garnett's common sense helped; on Lawrence's writing to him, irritated with Duckworth's apparent failure to do his best for the two books, he replied in a way that elicited this response:

I am relieved when you put me in my place with a quiet hand. One does get all sorts of misdoubting moods. You never take me too seriously, and you never need. (lm i 204)

Garnett's sternness had obviously become a standing joke; but as Lawrence's only contact with publishing in England, his stability was encouraging.

Where it could not help, however, was in the matter of the new book. Lawrence was certain that it couldn't be to Garnett's liking, and his fears were (again) of a different kind from those which he had expressed over Sons and Lovers. Then, he had thought it unfair for

Garnett to have to deal with a book he didn't much like. Now, he didn't care so much that their friendship would suffer because his work wasn't appreciated; and, indeed, he very much needed Garnett's advice about commercial possibility (especially with Sons and Lovers being so doubtful a quantity.) It was the nature of the new novel, the actual conception of it, he suspected Garnett would find uncongenial. "I think you will hate it ..." (lm i 183) - "You may dislike it - it hasn't got hard outlines" (lm i 200). He would never have suggested that Garnett might 'hate' Paul Morel 'D'. The contrast was starting again, more seriously this time, between the side of Garnett Lawrence found so sympathetic and trustworthy, and his sense that the difference in generation and artistic conviction between them would disable profitable discussion of a book like The Sisters. But Garnett was a publisher's reader as well as a friend, and we cannot ignore that fact, though in the outcome it meant that Lawrence sometimes found it hard to dissociate Duckworth's doubts about his commercial potential from Garnett's personal misgivings; just as, with the weakening of their friendship, Garnett's reluctance to criticise Lawrence's work on grounds of commercial impossibility was less inhibited. The first half of the first Sisters was sent to Garnett at the end of April, and Lawrence sensed his reaction from Garnett's initial failure to comment:

I wonder how you like The Sisters. Not much, I am afraid, or you would tell me. You are the sort of man who is quick with nice news and slow with nasty. Never mind, you can tell me what fault you find, and I can rewrite the book. (lm i 204)

It is obvious that Lawrence genuinely appreciated Garnett's advice; knowing what we do of his financial worries, we can see perhaps why it was inevitable that he should. But, too, Garnett's ability to spot weaknesses was as clear to him as it had been to John Galsworthy, and in the case of a book that was admittedly only a rough draft, it was invaluable. Garnett's comments on "remarkable females", though they struck Frieda, seemed to tell Lawrence little that he did not actually

know and had not bargained for: "it did me good to theorise myself out, and to depict Frieda's God Almighty in all its glory. That was the first crude fermenting of the book" (lm i 208). But such comments, and Garnett's criticism of Lawrence's personal involvement with the book, confirmed Lawrence's suspicions of its faults, and the discussion of the first draft closed in amicability.

The Lawrences came back to England in the middle of June 1913, and stayed at the Cearne until they acquired their own accommodation in Kingsgate. Lawrence had told Garnett just before coming that

I hope you will stand by me a bit; I haven't a man in the world, not a woman either, besides Frieda, who will ... I haven't yet got used to being cut off from folks - inside: a bit childish. (lm i 210)

This was the isolation their elopement had created:

... we shall keep it quiet, that we are in England ... We shan't be able to see folks much in England. I do feel cut off from my past life - like reincarnation. (lm i 210)

Actually this visit was to prove important for the number of acquaintances they made who came from the London literary world. For the moment, however, Garnett would help Lawrence as no-one else could, and assisted Lawrence to a renewed burst of magazine publication to guard against an insecure future (lm i 211). Lawrence found that he liked the reviews Sons and Lovers (published at the end of May) was getting - but his natural rider to the expression of pleasure was "I hope the book will sell." Obviously he realised that the Sisters development was going to take some time, and needed to cover himself; and he felt he needed a success both for his own sake, and for that of Duckworth, who had not been able to make much out of The Trespasser or Love Poems. "I am very anxious about Sons and Lovers" he told Garnett at the beginning of June; a crucial issue was a possible charge of immorality against it. "If they don't fall on me for morals it should go ..." (lm i 205) But by July he was feeling that moral objections were behind

the lack of public response in sales and borrowing:

The damned prigs in the libraries and bookshops daren't handle me because they protest they are delicate-skinned and I am hot. May they fry in hell. (lh 129)

However, his reaction was significantly different from that in 1915:¹ in 1913, "I rather love my countrymen ..." (lm i 218) A prudish reaction to Sons and Lovers only made it clearer to him that The Sisters would have to cut through convention and prudishness alike if it was to make its sense of subject felt.

I don't like England very much, but the English do seem rather loveable people. They have such a lot of gentleness. There seems to be a big change in England, even in a year: such a dissolving down of old barriers and prejudices. But I look at the young women, and they all seem such sensationalists, with half a desire to expose themselves. Good God, where is there a woman for a really decent earnest man to marry? They don't want husbands and marriage any more - only sensation. (lh 129-130)

In such a letter, a relation between the novelist's work and his audience is revealed; Lawrence's book "about marriage" applies to the people of England, is for them in the sense of being aimed at the consciousness of Lawrence's time. The purposive artist makes the statement, as he had done to A. W. McLeod before the summer's visit:

People should begin to take me seriously now. And I do break my heart over England when I read The New Machiavelli.² And I am so sure that only through a readjustment between men and women, and a making free and healthy of this sex, will she get out of her present atrophy ... I do write because I want folk - English folk - to alter, and have more sense. (lm i 204)

Such a letter makes finally and compellingly clear how Lawrence's first need of Garnett (in the days of The Trespasser), as an appreciative

1. See below, p. 332.

2. H. G. Wells, The New Machiavelli, (London, J. Lane, 1911).

reader, had been overtaken firstly by his grasp of the limitations to such a relationship, and later by his conception of the actual direction of his art, and of its application. Until about 1912, the direction of his art had been towards one or two appreciative people: it was in the main an offering of himself and his outlook. The Sisters, more than anything else, seems to have changed that. Ernest Collings was told in the autumn of 1913 that it

is very different from Sons and Lovers ... So long I have acknowledged only the struggle, the stream, the change. And now I begin to feel something of the source, the great impersonal which never changes and out of which all change comes. (lm i 241)

Garnett heard in December 1913 that it

is very different from Sons and Lovers: written in another language almost. I shall be sorry if you don't like it, but am prepared. I shan't write in the same manner as Sons and Lovers again, I think - in that hard violent style full of sensation and presentation. (lm i 259)

Obviously it wasn't only a question of style; this letter to Garnett is concerned to outline to his correspondent the externals of a deeper change in Lawrence's conception of the novelist's realm; his concern was to be with that "impersonal" of which he wrote to Collings, of which

there is a glimpse ... everywhere, in somebody, at some moment - a glimpse of the eternal and unchangeable that they are. (lm i 242)

The idea is, of course, expanded in the later famous letter to Garnett:

I only care about what the woman is - what she IS - inhumanly, physiologically, materially - according to the use of the word. (lm i 282)

The earlier word "impersonal" is perhaps more illuminating, if too mystic for the Garnett letter. The novel of human relations on which he embarked with The Sisters and continued as The Wedding Ring described

the contact between people in order to discover the morality of their behaviour. It was no new discovery in the novelist's art that Lawrence was making, but he phrased it as, for instance, George Eliot would not have found necessary. Lawrence's commitment to his age demanded that his art respond to the moral necessities of life in 1913; and the pressure of half-submerged codes, fragments and forces of earlier moralities, and a considerable change in the nature of the demands of his contemporaries acted with "a combined force" to make him work out, as a matter of first importance, what marriage could and should mean to men of his time. And he found his route in the analysis of the demands of naked human nature.

That has to be laid out clearly before we discuss Edward Garnett's opinions. Lawrence worked at The Wedding Ring through the autumn and winter of 1913 without any further advice from Garnett, or any suggestion of 'notes' to improve it; and when the ms. of what he had done was finally posted to Garnett, it seems to have been posted to him as a representative of Duckworth as much as to the Edward Garnett of previous months. The book had gone slowly - slower than anything Lawrence had ever done except the first version of Paul Morel.

I am going through a transition stage myself. I am a slow writer, really, I only have great outbursts of work. So that I do not much mind if I put all this novel in the fire, because it is the vaguer result of transition. (lm i 263)

But the first half (all that was ever finished) was sent off to Garnett in December 1913, and Lawrence had two letters about it back. The first, received at the end of January 1914, "I am not very much surprised, nor even very much hurt by ..." (lm i 263), though obviously Garnett was very critical, and felt disappointed too. As usual, we can distinguish two layers in Garnett's criticism. The first was fault-finding, and Lawrence felt that Garnett had indeed

put his finger on two major weaknesses in the book: Ella's first love affair, with Ben Templeman, was not convincing, and Ella herself was not a coherent character. "To your two main criticisms ... I agree" (lm i 263). He explained how it was that the weaknesses had appeared, but didn't try to justify them.

But Garnett's more general remarks were, to Lawrence, much less telling. " ... about the artistic side being in the background. It is that which troubles me most" (lm i 263). As it stands, this is both ambiguous and obscure, and the letter does not tell us exactly what Garnett was criticising. But the way Lawrence answered the charge perhaps indicated the line Garnett had taken.

I have no longer the joy in creating vivid scenes, that I had in Sons and Lovers. I don't care much more about accumulating objects in the powerful light of emotion, and making a scene of them. (lm i 263)

Garnett seems to have found the book insubstantial. The events did not carry him along as they had done in Sons and Lovers, and he found that what he called "the artistic side" - the catching of the reader in vivid, powerful emotions, perhaps - did not dominate the action, since it was ignored in favour of theory and talk. He must have wanted the power of Sons and Lovers to move him, for that (he felt) was art; this was by comparison empty. As Lawrence admitted, the book didn't have much plot; it was packed with material in what he called the "exhaustive method." It seems likely that Lawrence's attempt to present his new novel of the morality of human relationships was getting bogged down in sheer material, while objective action - and development - were frustrated. The very interplay of the characters had seemed sufficient material for a novel to him, though he supposed that the end-product would strike Garnett as not sufficiently "incorporated" - the ideas or conceptions insufficiently incorporated in the novel because submerged in the characters - and so, not enough of a novel, in Garnett's

sense.

However, Garnett's particular criticisms were valuable, and even those with which Lawrence did not agree forced him to realise his conceptions more precisely. And the draft of the novel was, in fact, scrapped. "Thank you for all the trouble you take for me. I shall be all the better in the end" (lm i 264). But Garnett wrote again about the part of the book he had been sent: and

I was upset by the second letter you wrote against it, because I felt it insulted rather the thing I wanted to say: not me, nor what I had said, but that which I was trying to say, and had failed in. (lm i 272)

Even Frieda Lawrence was prepared to say that "the novel is a failure"; but, like Lawrence, she insisted that "you must feel something at the back of it struggling, trying to come out" (frieda 202). We are here at the heart of the difference between Lawrence and Garnett. Lawrence was not going to be bullied, and there was an element of the bully in Garnett, a product of his solitary battle on behalf of what he believed good. It came out here in an unflinching desire to get Lawrence back on to what he believed was the right track. Hence the "second letter." For all his willingness to help and criticise, he was determined in his attitude to the novel project: he never had really believed in it, and never was to, either, as we can see from remarks he made about The Rainbow in 1920:

... jumbled, inconclusive, faulty in planning, overheated in atmosphere, a *réchauffée* of old materials and characters that his fervid imagination could not lay to rest.¹

In 1914 he did his best to shake Lawrence out of this particular creative streak. And Lawrence found this unforgiveable:

1. E. G. ((Edward Garnett)), The Manchester Guardian, 10 December 1920, p.5.

You know how willing I am to hear what you have to say, and to take your advice and to act on it when I have taken it. But it is no good unless you will have patience and understand what I want to do. I am not after all a child working erratically. All the time, underneath, there is something deep evolving itself out in me. And it is hard to express a new thing, in sincerity. (lm i 273)

Garnett, besides apparently adducing some of the successful features of Sons and Lovers, pointed Lawrence back to the first Sisters as more worthwhile than what he was now doing. However, Mark Kinkead-Weekes tells us that, from a study of a surviving fragment of that first Sisters,

one can see what Lawrence meant by saying the novel was "for the jeunes filles" ... the style is still a little novelettish, though the flippancy has quite gone.¹

By the spring of 1914, a year after writing it, Lawrence remembered that

the first Sisters was flippant and often vulgar and jeering. I had to get out of that attitude, and make my subject really worthy. (lm i 273)

But Garnett preferred its flippancy to the Wedding Ring's "commonness." He found this latest draft vulgar in spirit. And, as Lawrence admitted,

when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, ... a sort of jeer comes instead, and sentimentality, and purplism. (lm i 273)

And Garnett argued against a book that produced such an effect. But Lawrence demanded that he should at least respect the intentions of the book, and of the artist, however much he hated the outcome:

1. M. Kinkead-Weekes, 'The Marble & the Statue,' Imagined Worlds, ed. M. Mack and I. Gregor, (London, Methuen, 1968), p.375.

... primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience. That I must keep to, because I can only work like that ... you should see the religious, earnest, suffering man in me first, and then the flippant or common things after. (lm i 273)

So far as he was concerned, Garnett was failing to show sufficient flexibility towards admittedly experimental work; he felt that Garnett had too settled a conception both of his, Lawrence's, genius, and of art itself, which blocked his responses and directed his antagonism.

The dispute had considerable consequences. In the first place, Lawrence began to have the next (and for the moment, final) version of the book typed for English and American publishers before Garnett saw it (frieda 203); and at the same time, he began to wonder whether the book really was suited for Duckworth after all. Would Garnett ever submit a favourable report on it to his employers? He hated to think that Sons and Lovers had already been responsible for the firm losing money on its investment in him; and something Garnett said made him wonder if the latter, too, would like to end the relationship.

You told me in your last letter that I was at liberty to go to any other firm with this novel. Do you mean you would perhaps be relieved if I went to another firm? Because if you did not mean that, wasn't it an unnecessary thing to say? (lm i 273)

He had not suspected Garnett of such a thing since the summer of 1912, when Paul Morel 'D' was at stake; but in the straitened air of bitterness it was perhaps natural that he should.

You rubbed it in ... you seemed to insult my real being. You had a right to go for my work, but in doing that, you must not make me cheap in your own eyes. You can be angry with a person without holding him cheap, and making him feel cheap. (lm i 271)

In such a situation, it became a matter of considerable importance that in May 1914 Lawrence should have received

a letter which Pinker sent me, offering me £300 for English volume rights ... Another agent writes me the same thing. I do not know who it is that is willing to put down so much on me - but it is a pretty figure that my heart aches after. It is wearying to be always poor, when there is also Frieda. I suppose Duckworth can't afford big risks. (lm i 276-277)

And, beginning to ignore Garnett's opinion of The Wedding Ring, he could see The Rainbow 'A' of February-May 1914 as a finished and perhaps successful novel.

I am sure of this now, this novel. It is a big and beautiful work. Before, I could not get my soul into it ... I hope you will like it. It is a big book now that I have got it down. I hope it will have a good sale. (lm i 272)

Success was, however, something he couldn't see Duckworth achieving: a "commercial man" who made, for instance, the offers of which he told Garnett seemed to have more chance. It is important to see that at this stage Lawrence still thought he might be a commercial success. But

I don't think I want to sign an agreement with Duckworth for another novel after this. I did not like to see he had lost on Sons and Lovers. And I must have money for my novels, to live. And if other publishers definitely offer, they who are only commercial people, whereas you are my friend - well, they may lose as much as they like. For I don't want to feel under any obligation. (lm i 274)

And further,

You see I can't separate you from Duckworth and Co., in this question of novels. And nobody can do any good with my novels, commercially, unless they believe in them commercially - which you don't very much. (lm i 274)

It is hard to estimate the extent to which Lawrence was using the failure of Sons and Lovers as an excuse for doing what he had anyway decided on - to leave both Garnett and Duckworth, if the latter would release him from his contract. Perhaps it is best to see the dispute over The Wedding Ring as having hardened relations between Lawrence and Garnett to a level of the disproportionately business-like; thus opening the way for a complete break when a further and really important business choice presented itself in Pinker's offer, and went against Garnett and Duckworth. Both men accepted the fact that a break with Duckworth meant an effective end to their own literary contact, but neither made any effort to prevent the break. When Lawrence came to England in June 1914, he signed a contract with Methuen (as arranged by Pinker) after an unsatisfactory interview with Duckworth, and apologised to Garnett because

I was precipitate at the last moment. I called to see you before I went to Pinker. Then you weren't in ... And there was very little time And Frieda was so disappointed she couldn't have any money. And most of all, I remembered Mr Duckworth on Saturday ... the tone was peremptory. So I went to Pinker, and signed his agreement and took his cheque.

I am sorry. Shall I see you at the Cearne? (lm i 284)

The Lawrences stayed a week with the Garnetts (Mrs and David) but on this visit, they had London friends who could put them up: the Campbells, the Carswells; and other friends to visit - the Murrys, the Asquiths ...

All Duckworth was left with in lieu of the novel was a volume of short stories, which the weeks in London between June and August were spent in preparing; and Lawrence's next two letters to Garnett, one in July and one in October, were both about that collection. Although Lawrence now remained in England until 1919, it seems that he and Garnett did not meet again until December 1915, after the Rainbow suppression (lm i 398); and publication of the short story collection was soured by Garnett's last minute, unsolicited change

of the title of the first story and of the book: "Garnett was a devil to call my book of stories The Prussian Officer - what Prussian Officer?" (lm i 296) Pinker was now acting as Lawrence's agent, so the latter needed Garnett's experience and judgement far less; and the only other books of Lawrence's which Duckworth published, Twilight in Italy and Amores, were handled by Pinker and Lawrence between them, Garnett (out of England anyway, on occasions, serving in the British Ambulance Unit for Italy) not having to be consulted. The switch to Methuen and Pinker in June 1914 effectively marked the end of the friendship of Lawrence and Garnett; their later letters only tidy up details and retail family news.

Professor Harry T. Moore has called Lawrence's difficulty with Garnett a matter of Lawrence "casting off guides." Their quarrel

was more than technical; it was also ideological and moral. Lawrence, after some defence and self-doubts, went his own way as stubbornly as he had with Marsh; and though Garnett's criticisms of The Sisters disturbed him, Lawrence would not change the book. Ultimately this meant a break with Garnett.¹

Professor Moore is here pitting stubbornness, fervour and self-doubt in Lawrence against Garnett's traditionalism; in his account, Lawrence's obstinacy and quarrels with convention win the day. We need not be so scornful of either Lawrence or of Garnett (especially of the latter's ability to understand new writing); we have to examine the nature of the contact between the two men to understand how and why it could break down. Professor Moore does not attempt to do this. In 1911 and 1912, Lawrence had needed Garnett's professional advice and encouragement more than anything else; that need had, fairly soon after life with Frieda had begun, been replaced by a more modest dependence, a trust in Garnett's ability to help his writing by spotting its artistic and commercial weaknesses, and in his ability to further its publication

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p.210.

in England. But after 1912, there had never been sufficient in the contact upon which either of them might have depended to make its rupture anything more than natural. We need not be drawn by the freedom or frequency of their correspondence into believing it actually frank. At a crucial time, Garnett had seen through the change in Lawrence's career from the amateur whose work effectively ended with the reader for whom it was designed, to the man who had (he felt) something to say to and do for his generation. Garnett's relation to Lawrence changed accordingly. Even if we can imagine him approving of The Wedding Ring or of The Rainbow 'A', and keeping Lawrence under contract to Duckworth, it is hard to imagine his part in Lawrence's career after 1914 as more than that of an emender of mss. like Paul Morel 'D' and Sons and Lovers, the provider of an occasional home in the country, and a general source of advice about publishing. His situation as Lawrence's only literary friend in England had been dispelled by the Lawrences' visit in 1913, his authority on periodical publications was taken over by J. B. Pinker; we must not forget that Lawrence submitted his mss. to Garnett not just out of respect for Garnett's ability to criticise them usefully, but because Garnett was chief reader for the firm with which Lawrence wanted to publish his work - and it was Garnett's job to advise on any mss. submitted to him. Of course, Garnett extended this professional work in all sorts of unprofessional ways - his trouble over Sons and Lovers shows how prepared he was to help. And by sending his work to Garnett, furthermore, Lawrence knew that he would get advice about the commercial potential of work he produced uncommercially but upon which he had to depend for his livelihood. Garnett was in an incomparable position to do that, by virtue of his own nature and by that of his position of trust at Duckworth.

He filled such a role for Lawrence for more than two years. But when the chance of money elsewhere came up, simultaneously with Lawrence realizing that Garnett (and hence, Duckworth as a firm) did not think much of the novels he was trying to write after Sons and Lovers, Lawrence

had no self-torturings about friendship or disloyalty to go through; nor, to judge from the single side of the correspondence which survives, had Garnett. Both Professor Moore and Miss Heilbrun, determined to defend the subjects of their biographies, make the relationship (and hence, the "quarrel" with which it ended) more deep-rooted than it ever was. Lawrence's letters to Garnett in 1914 exemplify perfectly the business-like basis of their relationship; one not obtained at the expense of closer friendship, but simply in accord with the friendship and respect for each other they had.

Frieda Lawrence commented on a crucial stage of the contact in a letter to Garnett in the spring of 1914:

I think it is rather nice of L. and intelligent to accept your criticism as he does, because it is not easy to swallow criticism, but you need never be afraid and mind what you say; he would always much rather you said it! You mustn't mind saying it because you are really the only man he has any opinion of. I do think you are good to him, only your second letter was too cross ... (frieda 203)

Accompanying her letter was one from Lawrence which began:

I didn't send those other pages because I thought I'd do the whole thing again. We'll see how it turns out. (frieda 204)

We know, of course, from other letters, that he objected very strongly indeed to the "second letter" to which Frieda refers; "doing the whole thing again" without any more advice was an assertion of his independence of Garnett's judgement. But we have, simultaneously, to acknowledge that "he would much rather you said it!" although it annoyed him. Lawrence respected the integrity of Garnett's opinion, and he had to know what Garnett, as Duckworth's representative, would advise. But it is also clear that what in general Garnett said did not always matter as what, for instance, Frieda said mattered. To "accept" his criticism, which Frieda tells

Garnett he did, meant to listen to it as an honest viewpoint, not to act in accordance with it except as it clarified his work's weaknesses. Garnett's remarks hardly touched or altered his general conception of what he wanted a novel to do; he simply had to go on without Garnett's blessing, and we must understand how natural that was. Advice (so far as he had any) was at this stage Frieda Lawrence's prerogative, and it is fitting that a comment on her importance to the work should follow this section on Garnett's.

(b) Frieda Lawrence

Lawrence - Frieda told Mabel Dodge Luhan in 1922 -

"has to get it all from me. Unless I am there he feels nothing. Nothing. And he gets his books from me," she continued boastfully. "Nobody knows that. Why, I have done pages of his books for him. In Sons and Lovers I actually wrote pages into it ..." ¹

Her biography illuminates that last remark; recalling the autumn of 1912, and the last revision of Paul Morel, she remembered it as

the first book he wrote with me, and I lived and suffered that book, and wrote bits of it when he would ask me: "What do you think my mother felt like then?" I had to go deeply into the character of Miriam and all the others. ²

Writing "pages into it" did not mean actually writing them out - the final ms. of the book testifies to that (and no other ms. bears any of her handwriting, either); it meant offering suggestions about the way the women characters must have behaved - as she told Edward Garnett, "I wrote little female bits" (frieda 186); arguing with her husband about the truth of what he wrote - "I ... lived it over in my heart" (ibid); and influencing the emotional content: "I've got a heap of warmth and blood and tissue into that fuliginous novel of mine - F. says it's her - it would be" (lm i 154). She told Garnett during the second week of September 1912 that Lawrence

is writing P.M. again, reads bits to me and we fight like blazes over it, he is so often beside the point, 'but "I'll learn him to be a toad" as the boy said as he stamped on the toad.' (frieda 185)

She seems not to have taken part in the first revisions of the book (Paul Morel 'D') Lawrence made after their escape to Germany in May;

1. M. D. Luhan, Lorenzo in Taos, (New York, Knopf, 1932), p. 58.
2. F. Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 52.

some of them at any rate, were done before they began to live together, but even when she was with him later in May, she reported to Garnett that

Lawrence is a joy in all moods and it's fearfully exciting when he writes and I watch while it comes and it is a thrill. (lm i 126)

They didn't argue about Lawrence's work at this stage; nor did they, apparently, until the autumn revision of the same book. After that, apart from the occasions when Frieda seems to have sat back and watched - as in October 1913, when she told Cynthia Asquith that "It's jolly, to watch the stories coming!" (frieda 200) - she normally seems to have taken a more active part. But perhaps Sons and Lovers was the occasion above all others when she felt most closely involved; for her to use it as an example to Mabel Luhan, ten years and five more novels after the event, is surely significant. At any rate, the autumn 1912 revision took its toll on her patience as well as on her ability to help:

Towards the end ... I got fed up and turned against all this "house of Atreus" feeling, and I wrote a skit called: "Paul Morel, or His Mother's Darling." He read it and said, coldly: "This kind of thing isn't called a skit."¹

And although she felt proud of it, and of Lawrence, when it was done - Garnett was ordered to

Look at the vividness of his stuff, it knocks you down, I think. It is perhaps too 'intimate', comes too close, but I believe that is youth, and he has not done, not by long chalks! ... really he is the only revolutionary worthy of the name, that I know ... I quite firmly believe that L. is great in spite of his 'gaps'. (frieda 186)

- a year and a half later she was prepared to be more open with Garnett about her objections. To judge by the terms in which she expressed them, it was a matter of both she and her husband coming to the same conclusions about the point of novels after Sons and Lovers; we can

1. F. Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 52.

imagine Lawrence, in 1914, making very much the same criticisms himself.

... I don't really believe in Sons and Lovers; it feels as if there were nothing behind all those happenings as if there were no 'Hinterland der Seele', only intensely felt fugitive things. I who am a believer though I don't know in what, to me it seems an irreligious book. It does not seem the deepest and last thing said; if for instance a man loves in a book the pretty curl on the neck of 'her', he loves it ever so intensely and beautifully, there is something behind that curl, more than that curl; there is she, the living, striving she. Writers are so behind the point, not direct enough. (frieda 202)

But these criticisms, we must assume, were not in her mouth in 1912; Lawrence's advance to a new theory of novels had been hers too.

It was on the occasion of this 1914 letter to Garnett that she made her first real claim that her influence was vital for the success of Lawrence's work. She had been provoked by a letter from him in which "You attacked me ... and I was cross." But "I am afraid you were right and made me realise my wrongs in a way." Garnett's letter does not survive, but he had apparently told her that she was responsible for Lawrence's failure to make anything of The Sisters; she was trying to monopolise his attention, was putting her agonies over her children before her duty to him and his work, and as a result had "ruined his genius," as Frieda remembered being told in 1914.¹ She half agreed, in fact:

If he denies my life and suffering I deny his art, so
you see he wrote without me at the back of him. (frieda 202)

She explained how revenge for his "denial" caused her "not to care about his writing." But by February 1914, after the failure of the August-January Wedding Ring, and Lawrence's start on yet another version,

1. F. Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 65.

I am going to throw myself into the novel now and you will see what a gioia it will be. There is one triumph for us women, you men can't do things alone. (frieda 202)

Lawrence himself confirmed what she had said when he finished. He told Garnett in April that

I am sure of this now, this novel. It is a big and beautiful work. Before, I could not get my soul into it. That was because of the struggle and the resistance between Frieda and me. Now you will find her and me in the novel, I think, and the work is of both of us. (lm i 272)

We can distinguish several levels of involvement for Frieda in Lawrence's work. In the first place, she was interested in it because it was about themselves or her. From her elopement with him sprang a new outburst of poetry:

He has written heaps nicer poems than those 'baby ones', some about his mother, and lots since we have been together. (frieda 185)

She would have had a poem like 'Bei Hennef' in mind, written while Lawrence was waiting for her to join him early in May 1912. Next, it appears that Frieda read almost everything Lawrence wrote, as he wrote it, beginning even before she eloped with him: Montague Weekley has "a vivid memory of my mother lying in bed and devouring a manuscript by this promising writer" (nehls i 162). She even read his early letters, as those to Garnett show. So much of his work was, after all, founded on their experience together; some, explicitly, like The Fight For Barbara:

I was cross with L. about the play, he makes himself the strong, silent man, the wretch; he did hang on to me, but not quite so unflinchingly and I did not wobble so; he wrote the play when he was in a rage with me ... ((Lawrence's hand: "No No!!")) (frieda 187)

some, because it incorporated things they had done together or been to

each other - the first draft of The Sisters is a case in point.

They are me, these beastly, superior arrogant females! Lawrence hated me just over the children, I daresay I wasn't all I might have been, so he wrote this! (lm i 207)

But, from Lawrence's point of view,

It did me good to theorise myself out, and to depict Frieda's God Almighty in all its glory ... Frieda is so cross, since your ((Edward Garnett's)) letter came, with the book. Before that she was rather fond of her portrait in straight pleats and Athena sort of pose. (lm i 208-209)

Such a letter shows the extent to which Frieda kept up with what Lawrence wrote. She, in fact, suggested the title The Rainbow for the last-but-one draft of The Wedding Ring before Lawrence finished it - the book in which "the work is of both of us."

But to say that Frieda was interested in what Lawrence wrote, and to say (as she herself did) that she was involved in the writing, are two different things. What did Lawrence mean by saying that the Rainbow 'A' "was of both of us"? or Frieda, when she announced her intention of "throwing herself" into the book?

Middleton Murry made a note in 1914 of something Lawrence told him in November, just before the final Rainbow was started:

L. said that he was conscious of F.'s participation in his work, to such an extent that it almost depended on her active good will.¹

We must explain both "participation" and "active good will". Murry noted how different the latter state was to his working relationship with Katherine Mansfield:

1. J. M. Murry, Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence, (London, Cape, 1933), p. 45.

It is very curious, for K—— and I work best in complete isolation, mental and physical. Doubtless a negative condition of good work is hitting it between us, but in the positive sense, no. (nehls i 257)

It seems to have been insufficient for Lawrence and Frieda simply not to wear each other out with quarrelling if Lawrence's work was to go on: Murry suggests that they had to be at one in a belief in what Lawrence was doing. Frieda confirms this: "I had to take in what he had written and had to like it."¹ Again, writing to Koteliensky in 1915, she remarked that

... you see I am also his wife on this earth, the wife to the man as distinguished from the artist; to that latter I would always submit ... (frieda 207)

That she always did like his work when it was finished is not true; we have seen her attitude to the final Sons and Lovers. And she thought the religious part of The Plumed Serpent "dessicated swelled head" (frieda 235). But Lawrence needed her "active good will" to his work only while he was actually writing.

And it was not even as if Frieda's approval of Lawrence's work meant that their relationship grew harmonious. Surveying the conditions in which The Rainbow or Women in Love were written, we certainly cannot assume that Lawrence needed to be at peace with Frieda if his work was to succeed. Murry, Katherine Mansfield, Koteliensky and Beatrice Campbell have all shown how furiously the Lawrences quarrelled during the composition of those books. Such disagreement was not, however, an obstacle to Frieda's "active good will", such as her withdrawal from interest in The Wedding Ring during its composition August-January, 1913-14, had been. Her "active good will" meant more than following what Lawrence was trying to do in his novels; it meant supporting his sense of what novels could be:

Sometimes I liked the first draft best, but he had his own idea and knew the form he wanted it to take.²

1. F. Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 108.

2. Ibid.

And he needed her to come round to his way of thinking about that 'form'. In the violent quarrels that so shocked the onlookers - because they seemed to shake the Lawrences' relationship to its very basis - in fact the relationship between husband and wife was being tested and hammered out. Even in the early quarrels, so often over Frieda's attitude towards her children, we can see the real cause of contention to have been Lawrence's claim on Frieda - the quarrel was between husband and wife, not man and mother. And in the quarrels about the basis and forms of their own relationship, the necessary subjects of relationships in the books crystallized in a particular form. And no more here than in her opinions of the books was Frieda necessarily in agreement with Lawrence: but we ought to recognise that her "active good will" was not precluded by disputes which were about the subject nearest to Lawrence's heart as the writer of, for instance, The Rainbow and Women in Love. In forcing Lawrence to understand what she, as a woman, most needed, Frieda's role in establishing the subject matter of his major novels was active enough. For Frieda to "throw herself into" The Rainbow 'A' must have meant in part her helping with aspects of the female (as she had done for Sons and Lovers): but mainly, working out Lawrence's ideas for herself in order to see what he was getting at. She must have countered his assertions when they weren't deeply rooted enough (perhaps as we see Ursula countering Birkin in Women in Love), to an extent that Lawrence could tell Garnett that "you will find her and me in the novel, I think" (lm i 272). We must admit how impalpable any description of the part she played must be; but the fact that the book could be described as "of both of us" implies that their opposition to each other was, if not reconciled, at least capable of becoming an essential part of the new book.

But, having stated this involvement with his work - and it was deeper than anyone else's, before or after - we must realise that Frieda Lawrence was too close to her husband to be approached as this study of Lawrence's audience has used the word. We are concerned with

the manner of that expression, the public voice with which Lawrence spoke; and although Frieda undoubtedly heard it, as in the final draft of works of which she preferred the first version - as, for instance, Lady Chatterley's Lover -

My favorite is the first draft ...((which)) he wrote as she came out of him, out of his own immediate self. In the third version he was also aware of his contemporaries' minds.¹

yet she never found it addressed to her. We are here concerned with audience, not only readers; only a few people come into the latter group and not into the former - Frieda, perhaps the agents Pinker and Curtis Brown, and the occasional publisher. Otherwise, the "intimate reader" from 1909 to 1914 was also in some form the audience addressed; we have to investigate the voice used, the kinship (or lack of it) established. Lawrence wrote poems 'for' Frieda as much as 'for' Jessie Chambers - Look! We Have Come Through proves that. But we have already shown how these earlier poems tended to be the proof and product of intimacy, of a special and superceded utterance, which needed no publication of its product to justify it. Poems were written 'to' Frieda, but the very title of such a collection as Look! We Have Come Through indicates a desire to tell on the minds of its readers, if a lesser purpose than that behind The Rainbow or Women in Love. Not all Lawrence's writing was addressed to, and approached, an audience as those words have been used here; but that a good deal was, and often the most important, is undeniable. That is the reason for not studying the work 'to' Frieda, or her reading of other work, more closely; if it was for her, it was also usually involved in a greater utterance too - and the dedication to an audience is our subject here.

1. 'A Foreword by Frieda Lawrence,' D. H. Lawrence, The First Lady Chatterley, (New York, Dial Press, 1944), pp.vi-vii.

(ii) Literary Respectability: Edward Marsh as Poetic Mentor

The Lawrences arrived back in England on 19th June 1913, for the first time since their elopement 13 months before. Sons and Lovers had been out for three weeks, Love Poems for five months; between them, and their small sales (together with a booming Georgian Poetry 1911-1912, containing Lawrence's 'Snapdragon') Lawrence had acquired a reputation out of all proportion to that which he had left behind in May 1912. Eddie Marsh, for instance, (who at this stage had never met Lawrence, only corresponded with him about the use of 'Snapdragon'), had started on the novel at the beginning of June, and found it, as he told Brooke,

so far a masterpiece - I do hope he keeps it up. He has got a lovely style and it's infinitely more sane and solid than his other books. (hassall 226-227)

W. L. George - the Lawrences were to meet him in July, at the Murrys' - wrote "a long letter of congratulation" about it (lm i 210); and the Glasgow Herald review suggests the attitude of a number of the book's reviewers:

Any reader worth his salt and interested in contemporary fiction might have predicted fine work to come sooner or later from the author of The White Peacock and The Transgressor ((sic)), Mr Lawrence's earlier books ... But that so fine a work should have come, and come so soon, to justify such a prophecy, is nonetheless something of a surprise, however welcome.¹

Not surprisingly, Lawrence had told Garnett in June that "I liked the reviews of Sons and Lovers" (lm i 210). The Lawrences had stayed at the Cearne during June, while Garnett himself was away, but were joined by him during the last week of the month; Lawrence got advice about his proposed collection of short stories, and they stayed (apparently) till about the end of June, when they left for a month in Kingsgate.

On their way to Kingsgate, they called on Middleton Murry and

1. Anon., The Glasgow Herald, 3 July 1913, p. 4.

Katherine Mansfield, who were editing The Blue Review (on the demise of Rhythm) from their flat in Chancery Lane. The two couples had not previously met, but an invitation to the Lawrences had gone out in January when Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield had corresponded about contributions to Rhythm; Lawrence had reviewed Georgian Poetry in the March issue, and had published 'The Soiled Rose' in the May Blue Review. In one way, their meeting was a disappointment; The Blue Review was obviously not going to do much for Lawrence's publishing career (the Review died in July), nor were the Murrys, after all, going to be allies of much influence. Murry wrote in 1935:

Lawrence and Frieda had formed the curious idea
that we were wealthy and important people ... (nehls i 198)

And Lawrence told them in July, "You seemed so rich, because you can earn so much more than I can" (lm i 214). But, on the other hand, the Murrys were the first friends Lawrence and Frieda had ever made in England, and their first new contact where only Garnett had been secure before. And, though they did not become intimate friends until the summer a year later,¹ in 1913 they at least took to each other at once:

... when it emerged, as it quickly did, that Katherine and I were not married, and that Katherine like Frieda was waiting to be divorced, it began to appear ... that we were made for one another. (nehls i 198)

On July 26th, the Murrys arrived with their friend Gordon Campbell to stay the weekend in Kingsgate; and Campbell offered the Lawrences accommodation in his house ("the home of the homeless" - J. M. Murry, nehls i 231) in London. The Lawrences stayed with him the following week, after leaving Kingsgate, and before separating for Lawrence to go to the Cearne and to Ripley, and for Frieda to go to Irchenhausen. After this, the Campbells' house at 9 Selwood Terrace was as welcoming an English base as the Cearne had been, and the Lawrences stayed there through June, July and part of August the following year.

1. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 134.

At this point the Murrys became one of the Lawrences' main sources of acquaintance; through them, in 1913, the Lawrences met George and Campbell; in 1914, the Cannans. From Campbell and Cannan - and from the Hampstead coterie of Catherine Jackson, Ivy Low and Viola Meynell - most of Lawrence's English acquaintance of the next four years stems. Knowing Cannan, in particular, meant knowing Mark Gertler and, in 1916, Lady Ottoline Morrell. Gertler meant Carrington and Dorothy Brett; Lady Ottoline meant Russell, Duncan Grant, E. M. Forster, Heseltine and Cecil Gray. (Practically the only friend whom the Lawrences knew first, and introduced to the others, was S. S. Koteliansky.) On the fringe of these two tightly-knit circles was David Garnett and associated minor Garsington figures like Frankie Birrell; Catherine and, later, Donald Carswell: the Meynell-Low coterie; and the Asquiths. It is astonishing how small these London worlds were: if the Lawrences had not met the Murrys first, Marsh would almost certainly have brought them together: he could, too, have introduced the Cannans and Mark Gertler. Either Gertler or David Garnett could have been an introduction to Garsington. Garsington, in its turn, could have introduced Katherine Mansfield, Marsh, Brett and Carrington. The particular environment into which the Lawrences moved in 1914 is nicely exemplified by the Chesham-Cholesbury circle of 1914-1915: the Lawrences, the Murrys and the Cannans living roughly three miles apart in Bucks, visited by (and sharing the visits of) Koteliansky, Catherine Jackson, Amy Lowell, David Garnett and friends, Mark Gertler, Carrington and Campbell.

But to return to the summer of 1913: an important acquaintance was opened up by the remarkable coincidence of Cynthia and Bebe Asquith having taken a house in Kingsgate at the end of the very road to which the Lawrences moved in July - and by their only possible mutual friend, Eddie Marsh, coming down to Kingsgate to pay a long-promised visit there. Discovering the Lawrences in Kingsgate when they wondered if he were ever "that way", instead of having tea with them Marsh took them to the Asquiths', "where they were a tremendous success" (hassall 236), he told Brooke. During their remaining ten days in Kingsgate, the Lawrences saw

regularly at this stage - though he may have picked it up in one of his bulk buyings of new poets; but it is equally likely that Lawrence himself gave Marsh a copy when they met in London on 30th July. The day after they met, Lawrence wrote to him: "Be kindly disposed toward me, will you, and do tell people to buy my books."¹ At any rate, Marsh's first letter to Lawrence after the latter had returned to Germany in August was obviously about poetry which Lawrence had just shown him.

Marsh served Lawrence in two ways. He introduced him to people he would otherwise not have met; apart from the Asquiths, these were mainly contributors to Georgian Poetry. Marsh was at the centre of an utterly different literary coterie from that which Lawrence had seen over Ford's shoulder in 1910. That world had, in 1913, its counterpart in the Pound-Hulme-Lewis-Ford set; Marsh's Georgian Poetry circle (with affiliations to the Poetry Bookshop), on the other hand, was less consciously advanced, and introduced Lawrence to a different set of people: Gibson, Davies, Abercrombie, Brooke, R. C. Trevelyan and James Strachey Barnes. But, again, his actual acquaintance with these men was slight: a lunch or tea here or there, a visit to Lerici, were the only occasions on which he met any of them. Marsh unwittingly confronted Lawrence with a poetic establishment, and it became clear to Lawrence in the course of the following year that he belonged to no such circle. Apart from lunch with Brooke in the summer of 1914, his acquaintance with the Georgians belonged solely to the summer and winter of 1913; when his intimacy with Marsh faded to occasional correspondence, he kept up with no-one to whom Marsh had introduced him except Cynthia Asquith.

The other side of the relationship with Marsh was, at least for the moment, more fruitful; though again, it lasted no more than a year. After the month in Kingsgate, Lawrence lunched with him, met Davies and Gibson, and talked about poetry; and from this meeting stemmed a correspondence which carried on into the winter of 1913. Marsh "had read

1. D. H. Lawrence to Edward Marsh, 1 August 1913, ms. in Berg Collection, New York.

aloud some passages from The Golden Journey ((to Samarkand))" (hassall 243) at their lunch together - the book had been published a fortnight before, when Marsh had told Brooke:

I do think he has been and gone and done it! He has set out to make beauty, and has made it - a rare achievement, usually it only comes on the way to other things. I read the book, in floods of tears, on the way to the Admiralty!
(hassall 233)

Marsh impressed Lawrence with his admiration for it; when Marsh wrote to him in August, holding it (so Lawrence told Cynthia Asquith)

as a personal favour if I will take more care of my rhythms ... He thinks I'm too rag-time! - not that he says so ... (lm i 220)

it was to The Golden Journey that Lawrence's mind returned; Marsh wanted "perfect Flecker-rhythm" (ibid). And he told Marsh that, in his more recent poetry - after Love Poems, presumably -

I think you will find my verse smoother - not because I consciously attend to rhythms, but because I am no longer so criss-crossy in myself. I think, don't you know, that my rhythms fit my mood pretty well, in the verse ... Remember skilled verse is dead in fifty years - I am thinking of your admiration of Flecker. (lm i 221)

Flecker's perfect, repetitive regularity, his abstention from any but rhythmic responsibilities, created a pleasant and, necessarily, mainly meaningless intoxicant: an escape into a make-believe world.

We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,¹
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

1. J. E. Flecker, The Golden Journey to Samarkand and other poems, (London, Goschen, 1913), p. 7.

Lawrence had told Lady Cynthia Asquith the day before:

... if you'll believe me, that Golden Journey to Samarkand only took place on paper - no matter who went to Asia Minor. (lm i 220)

He must have resented having Flecker held up to him as a rhythmic model; at all events, this first exchange with Marsh ended with another, critical, letter from Marsh to which he did not reply; and he did not write again until October.

When he did, he returned immediately to the same subject.

Don't think that it is because your last letter offended me at all, that I don't write. In reality, I quite agreed with what you said. I know my verse is often strained and mal-formed. Whether it gets better I don't know. I don't write much verse now. I've got to earn my living by prose. (lm i 230-231)

In view of his letter to Lady Cynthia, we are entitled to doubt whether, "in reality," he quite agreed with Marsh's criticisms. He wasn't offended, at any rate; and Marsh was showing a kindly concern. Perhaps half-sorry for his peremptory end to the correspondence in August, he offered to let Marsh see "some of my later things, if you'd care to ..." (lm i 231) Marsh must have written almost by return to say that he would care to, very much: and Lawrence's letter of October 31st was accompanied by a sheaf of twelve poems. And Marsh also saw some typed copies of poems being prepared for magazine publication at about the same time. Altogether, these are (with the poem Lawrence sent Marsh at Christmas) the only poems which Marsh seems to have seen in ms.¹

By the time he sent off the poems, Lawrence was regretting his previous attitude to Marsh: he told Lady Cynthia that

1. See Additional Note XII.

He is fearfully warm and generous, I think. I think I was wrong to feel injured because my verse wasn't well enough dished-up to please him. (lm i 233-234)

But, in the words of a letter from Marsh to Rupert Brooke in December, the correspondence now became "vehement ... about what I ((Marsh)) consider the formal deficiencies of his poems" (hassall 255). As Lawrence apparently said, and as Marsh urbanely recalled it in 1939 (having had it reported to him by a third party), Marsh "ought to have his bottom kicked" for his attitude to poetry.¹ So far as we can reconstruct Marsh's initial reply to the batch of poems he received early in November, he observed that they tended to lack regular or significant metre: he wondered how they could hope to hold together if they hadn't got a regular metrical pattern: and, again, he compared his sense of their awkwardness with the pleasure he got out of a metre like that of The Golden Journey. He quoted some of them back at Lawrence to prove his point.

Lawrence, however, was insisting on emotional rather than structural form; on the poem's meaning counting in one's response:

It all depends on the pause - the natural pause, the natural lingering of the voice according to the feeling - it is the hidden emotional pattern that makes poetry, not the obvious form ... It is the lapse of the feeling, something as indefinite as expression in the voice carrying emotion ... the ear gets a habit, and becomes master, when the ebbing and lifting emotion should be master, and ear the transmitter. (lm i 243-244)

Though he was prepared to have his verse thought clumsy, or jumbled, he was not going to have it attacked on Marsh's classical, formal grounds. "You are wrong ... it makes me open my eyes" (lm i 242). But the interesting thing about his attack on Marsh's grounds of complaint is his readiness to gloss over the differences between them; he seems to have been subject to none of the heart-searching

1. E. Marsh, A Number of People, (London, Heinemann, 1939), p.227.

that went into the outwardly comparable exchanges with Edward Garnett. He was prepared to be more open with Marsh than with Garnett; but a letter like this of the 19th November indicates how prepared he was not to bother about mutually shared respect of the other's judgement - always a code with Garnett. On the one hand his comments to Marsh were expressed in the certain tones of outright rejection: "If your ear has got stiff and a bit mechanical, don't blame my poetry ... I rather suspect you of being a young Philistine with the poetry of youth on you ... You are a bit of a policeman in poetry ... Surely you don't class poetry among the decorative or conventional arts" (lm i 244-245). And Frieda Lawrence's reaction to Marsh's letter disclosed more of the annoyance both Lawrences obviously felt:

I want you to like L.'s poetry more than you do ... in his poetry I think he is so true, and the imperfection of the form seems to me to be born with the worrying emotion ... But you prefer rather generalised sentiments in poetry. It grieves me bitterly that you don't appreciate his poetry. (hassall 410)

But Lawrence himself was prepared to put the discussion on a fairly unimportant level:

I only know that the verse you quote against me is right, and you are wrong. And I am a poor, maligned, misunderstood, patronised and misread poet, and soon I shall burst into tears.

But, thanks be to God above, my poetry doesn't stick to me ... (lm i 244-245)

And he wanted it to end there:

Don't talk to me any more about poetry for months - unless it is other men's work. (lm i 245)

Of course, there was the fact that verse couldn't absorb much of his attention in November 1913: "I'm fearfully busy at a novel, and brush all the gossamer of verse off my face" (ibid). But what emerges fairly plainly is his attitude to Marsh's opinions:

as those of a generous man, but not those against which Lawrence felt he had to exert himself, as he had against Garnett's. He wanted his exchange with Marsh on poetry to end because, as long as it went on, it could only be a hindrance to the free running of their amicability. For his part (and again, unlike Garnett in the corresponding interchange of letters), Marsh was totally unmoved by Lawrence's comments. He told Brooke: "I am impenitent" (hassall 255), and Hassall notes that Lawrence's letter of 19th November "gave him particular pleasure" (hassall 256). Lawrence had, indeed, ended it slightly apologetically:

Your letter was jolly good to me really - I
always thank God when a man will say straight out
to me what he has to say. But it's rare when one
will. I call it affectionately - not anything else
((sic)). (lm i 246)

But Marsh would have liked the letter for other reasons than its pleasant ending; he probably found it amusing to be called wrong so bluntly, he liked the agreeable nature of the slightly deferential, cheeky contact Lawrence was at such pains to maintain - what the latter called the "affection" of their relation. Lawrence could write cheerfully because to him, too, the other man's comments - although interesting - were never compelling. And in his next letter he sent a poem "which you ought to like"

for a Christmas card, which, albeit a trifle lugubrious, pray God may go daintily to his ear ...
David Herbert, Son of Arthur John Lawrence, wrote
this poem: December 16, 1913, Requiescat in pace.
(lh 167)

Both poem and comment are very odd. "A trifle lugubrious" hardly approximates to the poem's emotional murk; it is a 'mood and resonance' piece, "in impeccable iambs" as Hassall remarks, and not in a manner Lawrence used much after 1912. It never reappeared in any of Lawrence's collections (nor did its companion

piece 'Twilight') although it was published in the December 1914 Poetry. As rearranged for Amores, the two poems make much better sense; but they are also quite different poems.¹ It appears that, in 1913, Lawrence was prepared to send Marsh the obscurer of the two poems as they then stood, because it would go "daintily" to the Samarkand attuned ear; he was also prepared to joke about the morbidity of the poem's narrator/author ("requiescat in pace"), his origins (?), and - we may imagine - took some pleasure in the poem's very obscurity. It was not a joke, but to send it to Marsh in a 'let-him-make-sense-of-this-bit-of-rhythm' mood perhaps was. If Marsh liked it, Lawrence asked him to "give it to somebody to publish, when you've got an easy, leisurely occasion"; the gentility of the request is nicely suited to its recipient, and is a world away from the serious approach to publishing Lawrence adopted in his dealings with Garnett. The episode points out the nature of their literary relationship very well.

On one other occasion Lawrence asked Marsh to pass on a poem for him to a suitable magazine, but by the end of 1913 his poetry was mostly finding publication in the hands of Austin Harrison at the English Review or with Harriet Monroe in the Smart Set and Poetry. A further market opened up when the Egoist started in London in January 1914 - Ezra Pound was the contact there. Marsh never acted for Lawrence (as Garnett did) in the capacity of unpaid literary agent.

In January 1914, accompanied by James Strachey Barnes, Marsh visited the Lawrences in Lerici; and during the first half of the year Lawrence kept in touch with him about the publications of his group of Georgian poets in New Numbers. At the end of January, Marsh heard that Poetry was printing some poems: "I should like

1. See Additional Note XIII.

to know what you think of them."¹ In March Lawrence told him of the appearance of poems in the April Egoist:

Some of them you don't know at all. One you might like - I think you might.² Tell me - I always want to hear what you say. (lh 181-182)

Considering the events of the autumn of 1913, an oddly deferential request was attached to this letter.

You must remain my poetic adviser. When you do tell me what you want for your 1914-15 edition tell me the faults you find and I will try to put them right. (hassall 270)

In the first place, when Marsh came to choose his selection for the 1913-1915 Georgian Poetry, he went back to the October 1913 batch of Lawrence's poems and took two from there - 'All Soul's Day' and 'Meeting among the Mountains': and Lawrence didn't have to do any patching or altering. Secondly, this letter, at least, shows Lawrence apparently acknowledging Marsh's taste, and in a friendly way volunteering to fit in with it - rather as we see him, in the same letter, prepared for Marsh's opinion of The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd:

I suppose the play was too sordid for you, was it? I wait to hear from you about it. (lh 182)

When the play had been sent to Marsh at the beginning of March (so that a friend of the latter could judge its dramatic potential) Lawrence had felt "probably you won't care for the play" - but on that occasion had urged "have a try."³ But he was not going to quarrel again. We have to remember that in 1914 poetry was only a

1. D. H. Lawrence to Edward Marsh, 31 January 1914, ms. in Berg Collection, New York.
2. See Additional Note XIV.
3. D. H. Lawrence to Edward Marsh, 5 March 1914, ms. in Berg Collection, New York.

minor interest to Lawrence. We can ascribe only three poems to the year - 'One Woman to all Women,' 'People,' and 'Street Lamps' (cp i 251-254); and none of them were apparently written before June. "You must remain my poetic adviser" is a far less serious request than it would have been if Lawrence had actually been writing poetry at the time; the discussion only involved contributions to the proposed Georgian Poetry volumes, and Lawrence is simply suggesting that Marsh have what he liked, as he liked it. The "advice" he asks for is about publishing his poetry, not about writing it. Less than a month after this, Lawrence was telling Murry that

Oh, I think to myself, if only one could have a few real friends, who will understand a bit along with one. They are all against one. I feel Marsh against me with the whole of his being... (lm i 269)

This must be set against the rosier picture in the letters to Marsh, where Lawrence's desire to maintain an amicable relationship occasionally predominates. Lawrence was under no illusion about what he felt Marsh could be to him; he was not a critic who mattered, the whole tenour of his approach to poetry smelt of a classical background and a conventional present. But Lawrence wanted the socio-literary relationship to continue, and would not lay himself out to achieve a truthful intimacy with a man whom he felt was incapable of taking him seriously. Final discussion of this point must, however, be deferred.

The Lawrences' visit to England in the summer of 1914 was marked by an invitation to Marsh to be a witness at their marriage; work prevented him from going, but he sent an utterly unexpected and generous wedding present of the complete pocket edition of Thomas Hardy, some volumes of which Lawrence had just previously asked to borrow. The Lawrences lunched with Marsh and Brooke on two occasions, the second being the same day as Lawrence dined

with Amy Lowell at the Berkeley - a meeting arranged through Marsh, Michael Sadleir having sent the invitation through him. Whereas in 1913, Marsh had had to go through Garnett to get in touch with Lawrence, in 1914 application to meet Lawrence could be made through Marsh himself.

With the coming of the war, announced tentatively to the Lawrences at their second luncheon with Marsh and Brooke, the Lawrences' necessary flight from the expense of living in London to the economy of a Buckinghamshire cottage, and Marsh's immersion in affairs at the Admiralty, their social contact necessarily fell away, and future communication was for the next two years only by letter. The Hardy essay was written in such a way as to make it obviously not for the eyes of Marsh, despite Lawrence's suggestion after the original present:

If my book - a tiny book - on Hardy comes off and pleases me, and you would like it, I dedicate it to you with a fanfare of trumpets... (lm i 288)

Marsh never saw the ms. His role of patron continued; hearing from Maurice Hewlett that the Lawrences were hard up on first moving to Chesham in August 1914 (on the outbreak of war, Methuen had invited their lesser-known authors "to abandon authorship until the world was stable again ... in six months"¹ and had cancelled their contracts) he sent £10. Lawrence replied:

... I am moved almost to tears by the letter and the money this morning ... Why should I have thought you a bad friend? I know from Mark Gertler how busy you are. It really touches me very close, when you write so warmly ... (hassall 293-294)

Marsh helped them to furnish their Hampstead rooms in August 1915; he sent £20 in November 1915 towards their abortive journey to Florida. In his official position, and with heavy liabilities to nearly all his young authors, he could not do very much; but he

1. F. Swinnerton, The Bookman's London, (London, Wingate, 1951), p.57.

obviously did all he possibly could. His attitude to The Rainbow ("toujours perdrix," he wrote of it) annoyed Lawrence, who found that response "impertinent" (lm i 370); again, he didn't tell Marsh that. All he said was:

Thank you for your letter. I'm glad you like The Rainbow. I should have sent you a copy from the publishers - but now you have one. (lh 260)

Their correspondence could involve neither matters of literature nor of the war; it naturally diminished. Marsh advised Lawrence over the latter's (unsuccessful) application for passports in January 1917, passed on Georgian Poetry cheques when they materialised, and lent the Lawrences something more when they arrived in London after being expelled from Cornwall. In 1919, he made Lawrence one of the first four beneficiaries from the Rupert Brooke Memorial Fund (the money coming from the Brooke Memoir royalties), and sent him another £20. He printed Lawrence again in Georgian Poetry 1920-1922, adding 'Snake' to the three other Lawrence poems he liked enough to anthologise. But their correspondence ended in 1922.

Marsh was the last of the semi-professional advisers Lawrence had for his work, and in many ways his case is the easiest. He came into Lawrence's life at a time when he was able to do a great deal in the way of getting Lawrence and his work better known, introducing him and it to the interested people of his own extensive circle. In the years during which Lawrence knew him, he was moved by a spirit of compulsive patronage for artists and writers because he liked being at the centre of their complex worlds; and, naturally generous, he enjoyed being involved with men like Brooke or Lawrence far less for the glory it reflected on him than for the pleasure of seeing his hand or cheque book helping them on. Christopher Hassall writes of mid-1916:

By now Marsh had broken with Bertrand Russell, Gertler had taken himself off, and Gilbert Cannan was to be the next. The coolness towards Lawrence was due solely to the feeling that he was no longer needed. He did not resent it any more than in other similar cases. But when he felt no longer 'necessary' a kind of spell broke and he fell out of love. (hassall 381-382)

Marsh's patronage was always loving towards art and artists, but for all his sincerity and generosity - or perhaps necessarily part of them - there often emerges the sense that he collected poets in the spirit Robert Ross describes him buying pictures.

It was always an open question among his friends which of two motives strongly impelled Marsh to collect contemporary works: whether he bought many of them because, like the true collector, he felt his desire for the possession of beauty aroused, or whether he purchased them in order to encourage a climate for good art.¹

His selection of Georgian poets must often have been arrived at in a similar conjunction of emotions; and Lawrence hinted at the oddity of Marsh's amalgam of interests when he remarked, in December 1913:

Lord, you're a bit of a jig-saw puzzle to start with, mixing poets and pictures, the Admiralty and what-not, like somebody shuffling cards.
(lm i 254)

But whatever instincts Marsh was gratifying in his desire to help and patronise, within the limitations imposed by his likes and dislikes he was enormously helpful to young artists. Only, in this case, we must not allow him a rôle of much importance as a critic of Lawrence's work. Firstly, he was a type of the "intimate reader" only possible during Lawrence's vague attachment to literary society in the years he was abroad and unable to do much to further

1. R. H. Ross, The Georgian Revolt, (London, Faber & Faber, 1967), p.103

his own future as a writer in England. After 1914, any place Marsh had had in Lawrence's circle would not have meant access to unpublished work as a matter of course, nor demands for advice. Marsh actually did very little with Lawrence's poetry; the five Georgian Poetry volumes only ever printed four poems, and all those had previously (often long-since) appeared in periodicals. As a distributor of Lawrence's work, Marsh was not, and could not be, in the same class as a man like Garnett - but that is rather the point: distribution of, and money-making from, Lawrence's poetry had very little to do with their relationship. The poems were sent and discussed as tokens of the bond Lawrence for a long time wanted with Marsh, the bond of literary acceptance. Marsh was a man of great charm - "sweet is the only word" (lm i 220), Lawrence told Cynthia Asquith - who knew a lot of the best people, and talked the prattle of the cultivated. Lawrence liked the charm and generosity, and responded to the wit and glamour of Marsh's surroundings. His poems were a passport to the man and that world, and his often deferential manner to Marsh reminds us that he had, after all, come a long way from the suburban schoolmaster of only two years before. Especially after the publication of Sons and Lovers and his sense of having newly found his feet in the company of Asquiths and Raleighs, his respect to Marsh was exaggerated as to the habitué of a world he himself hardly knew. "You must be my poetic adviser," seen in this context, is a gesture of solidarity rather than a request of much purport. And Lawrence could fill his vague sense of obligation to Marsh for introductions and admission to the Georgian Poetry circle by allowing Marsh a fairly free hand with well-meaning advice. The particular socio-literary relation which suited them best allowed the requests for advice, the admonitions, the encouragement, to come and go without really mattering. Marsh's involvement with the Lawrences provided momentarily a fascinating and sometimes flattering acquaintance; but Marsh was never intimate with any Lawrence circle, nor in Lawrence's artistic

ambitions; the adjustments Lawrence promised to make in the poems Marsh wanted to anthologise were designed as personal favours, not as adjustments in the artist's public voice. Upon the latter, Marsh had no influence at all; we cannot imagine that the course of Lawrence's art would have been at all different if he had never known Marsh.

As a contact, Marsh had some importance. After admiring the beginning of Sons and Lovers ("it's infinitely more sane and solid than his other books" - hassall 227) he found the book as a whole disappointing:

It's a very serious work, but I thought the hero's passions became too obscure and eccentric to be really interesting. (hassall 228)

But he was prepared to recommend it personally to friends, and distributed some copies, getting Edith Wharton, Rupert Brooke, Elroy Flecker, W. H. Davies and Gordon Bottomley to read it (hassall 235, 281, 266, 235, 247). It was an action like this which obviously accounted for the phenomenon that the book did not sell well, yet made a very great impression:

... copies of the original printing were evidently read, passed around, and reread. As a result, copies of this edition in excellent state are now ((1925)) seldom seen. Most show signs of hard use.¹

On the other hand, Marsh's recommendation was not in itself much guarantee of quality; John Rothenstein recalled of Marsh's picture-buying that he often "provoked his friends to wonder whether there was any work of art which he didn't like."² He campaigned for Sons and Lovers, perhaps, as the work of a

1. E. D. McDonald, A Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence, (Philadelphia, Centaur Press, 1925), p.31.

2. Ross, The Georgian Revolt, p.103.

Georgian rather than for it as a work of art (which he didn't really find it); we can see in the case of other writers, too, how he felt personally responsible for the group he had created. Rather as the manager of a circus, he felt he had proprietorial rights over the performance of his charges, and bent himself to advertise them so far as his commitment to gracious taste allowed. His later diagnosis of Lawrence's feelings at the beginning of the war -

I could never have been a disciple, and he had at that time little use for any but disciples, potential or adscript ... He was too great and strange for the likes of me. ¹

shows, finally, how incompatible were all but a small area of the two men's lives. They could adapt their natures at one or two points, and they could like each other if they didn't take each other too seriously. But, as Lawrence told Murry, it was no good complaining that he was apt to be all things to all men so long as he knew people like Marsh: "One might as well talk to the daisy by the path, as be one's further self with Marsh" (lm i 269). Lawrence's easiness with him was within a consciously restricted area of friendship, and contact with him was a flirtatious episode that ended when they found, at the beginning of the war, that they could no longer even dwell lightly on what the other found of major importance. Lawrence wrote to Marsh:

I did feel rather bitter the way you took the war: 'What splendid times we live in': because the war makes me feel very badly, always ... I have thought it was best for us to keep no constant connection, because of your position in the government, and of my feelings about the war. (lm i 425-426)

In wartime, Lawrence saw Marsh as part of a viciously surviving establishment - what he termed, in a letter of the same period,

1. Marsh, A Number of People, pp.233-234.

"the existing state of squilch."¹ When Marsh suggested that he was afraid he "wouldn't be able to follow" Women in Love, Lawrence felt he could jump to the conclusion: "it means, I know, that you feel entirely out of sympathy with it."² And Women in Love mattered a thousand times more than poetry in 1914 had. Lawrence no longer felt up to maintaining the amicability of pre-war years; Marsh's inborn poise, perhaps amusing and certainly charming in 1913, meant that, so far as Lawrence was concerned, that he was bleakly uncomprehending in 1917. Marsh never saw the ms. of Women in Love; he helped with the passport application, was offered the ms. of Look! We Have Come Through - "if there should be anything you would like for Georgian Poetry, ever, you can take it"³ - for Lawrence still felt indebted for the financial help Marsh continued to supply at moments of crisis - but then Marsh faded from the scene. He had no part in Lawrence's changing conception of an audience, except in so far as he exemplified the England Lawrence was giving up hope in:

I know it is no good writing for England any more. England wants soothing pap, and nothing else, for its literature ...⁴

In 1913 and 1914, Marsh's role of cultivated English litterateur had been surprisingly attractive; but he went under with the flood.

1. Marsh, A Number of People, p.231.

2. Ibid.

3. Idem, p.232.

4. Idem, p.230.

Chapter Five

War, Rananim and Revolution

(i) The Study of Thomas Hardy and The Rainbow

In the middle of June 1914 Lawrence returned to England - Frieda was to follow him a few days later, having travelled via Baden-Baden. The previous year, they had only had Garnett's house to accommodate them before finding their own lodgings: this year, they could go straight to Gordon Campbell's house in Kensington; they had friendship to renew with the Murrys, Marsh and Garnett to see, the Asquiths to visit, and a Hampstead coterie to explore: Ivy Low had spent six weeks with the Lawrences earlier in the year, and had asked them to meet her friends Catherine Jackson and Viola Meynell. Indeed, the ramifications of this new Hampstead world meant that the Murrys felt neglected:

We were annoyed with them, I remember, because they delayed in coming to see us. Our pride was very sore, just then ... We, who always had the jealous idea that the Lawrences made new friends too easily ... were a little suspicious of the new Hampstead Galaxy.¹

Besides introducing the Lawrences to Catherine Jackson and Viola Meynell, it was through Ivy Low that they met her aunts Barbara and Edith (married to Dr David Eder), and plunged into discussion of Sons and Lovers and Freudian psychoanalysis: Dr Eder and Barbara Low being practising psychoanalysts themselves, and Dr Eder going (as Murry remembered) to the Campbells' to continue the discussions. Through Viola Meynell, again, the Lawrences met Eleanor Farjeon, and through her the Radford colony. The Radfords also lived in Hampstead; the Lawrences were to stay with Dollie Radford when they visited London the following spring and summer. Again, in July 1914 Lawrence transacted business with Duckworth, Garnett and Pinker as described in earlier chapters; and with the Weekley-Lawrence divorce settled on May 28th, the Lawrences were at last able to get married. As Lawrence told Henry Savage on 8th July, as an excuse for not getting in touch with him sooner, they had "so much to do, such a rush - I wanted to

1. J. M. Murry, Between Two Worlds, (London, Cape, 1935), pp. 283 and 289.

get some of the turmoil over" (lm i 286).

But, for all these new friends, the Lawrences' deepest roots in the London of 1914 seem still to have been with Campbell and the Murrys. Campbell's house became a meeting place, and discussion with him and the Murrys became the summer's habit. Beatrice Campbell recalled, of the period before the Lawrences had returned from Italy:

Katherine and Murry thought a lot of Gordon. They had wonderful discussions with him about Dostoevsky which went on for hours. Katherine probably looked on me as a sort of interloper. That evening when we first met ... the conversation was about people going to bed with each other and other things that I had never heard mentioned in public before ...¹

It was natural that the Lawrences should have been drawn into such discussions: and added to these were the visits of Dr Eder. Murry describes how

I was, as usual, quite ignorant about Freud; I knew his name and the significance he attached to dream-symbolism, also the word Traumbedeutung; and that was about all. But I was bewildered by the tone of the discussion. I could not understand why the matter should be taken so seriously, as though it were one of life and death. When Dr Eder was gone, Lawrence would take me to task for my insouciance and my scepticism, and imply that I in particular ought to be very concerned about the Freudian theory. (nehls i 231)

Murry distinguishes between the "real affection between the four of us," the "world where we met and were happy together" - and the underlying sympathy, intellectual and moral, which the four did not achieve: "the gulf between us was real:"

We could not enter into, by imagination, the core of the Lawrences' experience, nor they into ours. When we talked seriously together, it was almost always at cross-purposes. (ibid)

1. Beatrice, Lady Glenavy, Today we will only Gossip, (London, Constable, 1964), p. 56.

But, for all that, they did talk seriously together, and with Campbell, and "in those days we were more conscious of the world we had in common, than of world which we held, and which held us, apart" (nehls i 232). We can gather from memoirs by Murry and Beatrice Campbell, and from Lawrence's letters, that their discussions were not primarily literary - rather, in the style of the Murrays' previous intercourse with the Campbells: Dostoevsky, sex, problems of society as well as of individuals. It was, indeed, a case of the Lawrences being an addition to the Murrays' already proven relationship with Campbell. Campbell, his wife tells us, had in 1912

just discovered the existence of music, painting and literature; things which were almost unheard of in the Fitzwilliam Square society in which he had grown up. To him, at that time, writers and artists seemed very exciting and interesting people.¹

Meeting the Murrays in the same year, and establishing the relation already described, Campbell became very close to Murry. Murry wrote to him in 1915:

... now I can see that I must have loved you as one man seldom loves another. I look back at myself and find that I would have given you anything ... my love for you grew quietly and in secret. I never knew it was there until it snapped.²

Beatrice Campbell comments:

For Gordon the long talks with Murry were an exciting intellectual experience, something which he had not yet known, full of possibilities of revelation and illumination on all sorts of profound subjects. Gordon was not interested in Murry's humanity or his personal life.³

Murry's intense emotional commitment was balanced, on Campbell's side, by what Beatrice Campbell calls "the purely intellectual fare

1. Glenavy, Today we will only Gossip, p. 55.

2. Idem, p. 65.

3. Idem, p. 63.

that Gordon delighted in."¹ This situation lasted from 1912 to the start of 1915; and, since the Murrays knew really very few people -

... each alike had no use for mere acquaintances. We wanted friends with whom we could be at our ease; of these we had one or two, and we desired no more. (nehls i 234)

- it was natural that the Lawrences should be drawn into the discussions.

Despite, however, this maturing circle of friends, the Lawrences had always planned to return to Italy after the summer; plans in July were that they should accompany Gordon Campbell over to Ireland when he went for his Bar Vacation at the beginning of August, stay in Ireland a month, and make their way back to Lerici in the autumn. Their plans were, however, wrecked by the outbreak of war and Methuen's decision to suspend payment of royalties on unpublished books for six months at least; the Lawrences could not afford to go to Italy, and they could barely afford the cottage they took in Chesham in the district where the Murrays had lived with Gilbert Cannan in 1913. (They must have found the cottage through the Murrays or the Cannans; perhaps the latter, who arranged accommodation in the same area for Mark Gertler on the outbreak of war.)² What was more, Methuen put off publishing The Rainbow for the same period of six months, and returned the ms. to Lawrence - presumably for him to resubmit it when their policy of not publishing in wartime ended; at this stage (August 1914) Lawrence seemed to have no intention of rewriting it. The Lawrences left London for Chesham in the middle of August 1914, whilst the Murrays were in Cornwall, and the two couples lost contact for a while, failing to meet in London in the middle of September. But the Murrays visited them at the beginning of October, and decided to make their winter home near Chesham too "since ... Lawrence seemed anxious that we should live near by" (nehls i 255).

1. Glenavy, Today we will only Gossip, p. 63.

2. M. Gertler, Selected Letters, ed. N. Carrington, (London, Hart-Davis, 1965), p. 74.

"Then began three months of fairly close association with the Lawrences ..." wrote Murry in 1935. Lawrence must have felt, when he suggested that the Murrys should come to Chesham, that he and Frieda could offer them friendship such as they seemed to need - during their wanderings in September, he told Campbell that "we're a bit bothered about them" (lm i 291). But there must, too, have been a touch of the longing he mentioned in the same letter to Campbell: a need for some feeling of community with the people he knew. He explained to Campbell his theory of "the tremendous non-human quality of life" and went on:

But letters are no good. Why should we drift away, if we have a bit of hope in common, and a bit of courage. We are all struggling for the same liberation, if not for the same ulterior purpose. We must struggle together, and try to pull all in one direction, even if we're quite in the dark and don't see what we're pulling at. Which is preaching enough. (lm i 291)

This was the first tentative expression of an idea that was to reappear frequently as the year, and indeed the war, went on. A community in Bucks was more than a place convenient for discussion; in wartime, Lawrence felt especially isolated in his own feelings of horror and distaste.

The war is just hell for me. I don't see why I should be so disturbed - but I am. I can't get away from it for a minute: I live in a sort of coma, like one of those nightmares when you can't move. I hate it - everything.¹

We can see his isolation in Murry's account of a visit he made to the cottage at The Lee one winter's night:

... he remained silent. He spoke barely a dozen words the whole evening: every now and then he moaned ... Suddenly he had been overwhelmed by the horror of the war and had made his way across in the dark. That was all. I can see him now, in his brown corduroy jacket, buttoned tight up to the neck, and his head bowed, radiating desolation.²

1. Marsh, A Number of People, p. 228.

2. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 40.

The Murrys were a standby both in such agonies, in the Lawrences' domestic quarrels, and, naturally, in the talk which engrossed so many evenings. Lawrence's appetite for talk in his youth and adolescence is well documented; we can imagine that during his two years abroad with Frieda the faculty lessened in importance - but with the return to England, Murry and Katherine Mansfield can act as genuine Boswells: "We had a good, uninterrupted talk ... last night at the Lawrences. L. talked mainly ... Dined at the Lawrences and talked the Island ... We talked of the war and its horrors." A good deal of what Lawrence was saying to Murry in mid-November seems to have corresponded to ideas in the Study of Thomas Hardy which he was just completing; for the first time since Croydon, Lawrence was explaining to someone other than Frieda the direction in which his thoughts were going. Murry recorded some of the discussion in his diary:¹

The history of human consciousness has been the history of two successive ideas - the idea of Law, and the idea of Love. Each has reached its extremity, the latter nowadays. Each is true, and false; and the way of Life is a balance between them. L— is fond of the Oresteian trilogy as showing the balance of both qualities.

After my fashion I suggested that the two things were better called: the condition of Being and the condition of Knowing. He accepted this, rather to my surprise, for I am never quite certain whether I have understood him. But if he really meant this, I can see his point about the balance between them. He has a confusing way of calling them the Male and the Female principles - I forget which is which.²

The Study of Thomas Hardy, proposed in the summer of 1914 as a short book "on Hardy's people," had turned into a long dialectical essay of which the only predecessor in Lawrence's writing had been the 1913 'Foreword' to Sons and Lovers. It seems possible that the spark provoking his concentration on Law and Love came out of discussions with the Murrys and Campbell on Dostoevsky - a favourite Murry-Campbell

1. See Additional Note XV.

2. Murry, Between Two Worlds, pp. 314-315.

subject. Murry's diary shows how Lawrence passed directly from discussion of Dostoevsky to the Study's dialectic:

Lawrence was all against him for his humility and love. It was the search for the Absolute everywhere, as though all individuals might at the last be reduced to a common ether. I retorted that the love was but a means of ascertaining the individual quality of the individual ether ... From that we passed to an idea which Lawrence attempted to explain when last he was here.¹

There can be no doubt that Lawrence had hoped the completed Study would be published - in this case by Bertram Christian; he entrusted Koteliensky with the typing of it as he wrote it, a procedure he normally only adopted when a ms. was intended for a publisher. As late as the beginning of December he was hoping to "get a little money for it," and Frieda and he were still typing it on the 18th: but the typescript apparently got nowhere with Christian, and passed to Murry, in whose hands it remained for some twenty years. After Methuen's August bombshell - "Here is a state of affairs - what is going to become of us?" (lm i 289) - and despite money from Marsh on 26th August and the Royal Literary Fund in mid-October, (together with a little from sales to magazines), the Lawrences were in considerable difficulties with money throughout the winter 1914-1915; and even if the original, commercial intention of the Study had been overwhelmed by its function as vehicle for Lawrence's own thinking, it was still worthwhile trying to publish it.

Besides which, Lawrence was not writing anything else. The Rainbow 'A' had gone to Methuen in July, and had been returned in August; but, so far as Lawrence was concerned in early autumn, it was a finished novel. It seems, however, that the writing of the Study occasioned the novel's rewriting. The Study began as a general attack on English institutions, though in no spirit of reform: Lawrence wrote to Pinker, 5th September 1914:

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p. 314.

What a miserable world. What colossal idiocy, this war.
 Out of sheer rage I've begun my book about Thomas Hardy.
 It will be about anything but Thomas Hardy, I am afraid
 - queer stuff - but not bad. (lm i 290)

but it ended as a book about the task of the artist. In this it differs from the second of Lawrence's full-length attempts to express his "philosophy" - 'The Crown', of 1915 - and probably from the third and fourth, too, Goats and Compasses of 1916 and At the Gates of 1917, neither of which survive. 'The Crown', certainly, is a didactic, outgoing book: the Study explores the artist's world as much as it reaches for the solutions of social problems. 'The Crown' was only written because the Study was not adequate for political purposes. The Study is, in fact, almost never didactic, although it begins by being intensely critical of an existing situation and at times insists on particular changes of attitude. But the method is quiet, exploratory, explanatory, it being sufficient to Lawrence that the Study should work out his own beliefs. We can, for instance, compare the tone of the opening analysis of the human dilemma with that of 'The Crown'. The Study defines the instinct for self-preservation as the systole, the instinct to fulfill one's nature as the diastole, of the human heart. But

We dare not fulfil the last part of our programme. We linger into inactivity at the vegetable, self-preserving stage. As if we preserved ourselves merely for the sake of remaining as we are. Yet there we remain, like the regulation cabbage, hide-bound, a bunch of leaves that may not go any further for fear of losing a market value. A cabbage seen straddling up into weakly fiery flower is a piteous, almost an indecent sight to us. Better be a weed, and noxious. So we remain tight shut, a bunch of leaves, full of greenness and substance.

But the rising flower thrusts and pushes at the heart of us, strives and wrestles, while the static will hold((s)) us immovable. And neither will relent. But the flower, if it cannot beat its way through into being, will thrash destruction about itself. So the bound-up cabbage is beaten rotten at the heart ... The final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself. (phx i 402-403)

'The Crown,' on the other hand, states the parable thus:

This is the Green Age that is to be, the age of the perfect cabbage. This was our hope and our fulfillment, for this, in this hope, we lived and we died.

... Meanwhile the threshing has continued at the core of us, till our entrails are threshed rotten. We are a wincing mass of self-consciousness and corruption, within our plausible rind. The most unselfish, the most humanitarian of us all, he is the hollowest and fullest of rottenness. The more rotten we become, the more insistent and insane becomes our desire to ameliorate the conditions of our poorer, and maybe healthier neighbours.

... Yet here let it be told. It was the living desire for immortality, for being, which urged us ceaselessly. It was the bud within the cabbage, threshing, threshing, threshing. And now, oh our convulsion of shame, when we must know this! We would rather die. Yet it shall be made known. It was the struggling of the light and darkness within us, towards consummation, towards absoluteness, towards flowering. Oh, we shriek with anger of shame as the truth comes out: that the cabbage is rotten within because it wanted to straddle up into weakly fiery flower, wanted to straddle forth in a spire of ragged, yellow, inconsequential blossom.

Oh God, it is unendurable, this revelation, this disclosure, it is not to be borne. Our souls perish in an agony of self-conscious shame, we will not have it.

Yet had we listened, the hide-bound cabbage might have burst, might have opened apart, for a venturing forth of the tender, timid, ridiculous cluster of aspirations, that issue in little yellow tips of flame, the flowers naked in eternity, naked above the staring unborn crowd of amorphous entities, the cabbages: the myriad egos. (phx ii 387)

It is inevitable that the second passage has to be quoted at greater length than the first: it is rhetorical, more free with its emotion, and suggests that the emotions of the first passage must somehow be suppressed. The most marked difference is this difference of voice between the two passages; if we concentrate on that, the emotion of the second passage may seem slightly self-conscious in its wringing

of hands and in its dramatic gestures. Where the Study passage quietly explores the implications of a state of being, the 'Crown' passage attempts to subject its readers to the horror and the revulsion, but in so doing actually distances us from understanding the experience of which Lawrence writes. For instance: where the Study passage says, carefully, that "the final aim of every living thing, creature or being is the full achievement of itself," the 'Crown' passage defines the same aim as the "living desire for immortality, for being ... the struggling of the light and darkness within us, towards consummation, towards absoluteness, towards flowering." This is not more explicit, only more rhetorical. It is as if Lawrence were comforting his sense that is getting through to his readers by broadening and intensifying the emotion he supposes they are sharing with him. In general, the second passage preaches where the first was content to investigate.

And as we shall see when we come to examine the writing of 'The Crown', its motive was publicly to inspire conviction. If the Study is sometimes longwinded, it is because it occasionally reproduces the actual movement of Lawrence's thought: the first two chapters take some general swipes at his bêtes noires, the last third develops particular ideas and instances without regard for a reader's possibly flagging attention. Though the Study ends with a call to a new art, we feel that the journey to that point was not always planned, nor the route direct. But the Study is provoked by the unhappiness of human society, and the insistence on art is the culmination of its thought:

We know of the Law, and we know of Love, and to that little we know of each of these we have given our full expression. But we have not completed one perfect utterance, not one ... It remains to us to seek the true balance, to give each party, Apollo and the Furies, Love and the Law, his due, and so to seek the Reconciler ... This is the supreme art, which yet remains to be done. Some men have attempted it, and left us the results of efforts. But it remains to be fully done.

(phx i 514 & 516)

It was followed by the final version of The Rainbow: Mark Kinkead-Weekes comments that

The Rainbow is an attempt at a supreme fiction, aiming at a wisdom which will not criticise one side of any conflict and not the other. Lawrence is critical of both Anna and Will, cogently critical of Ursula when we read him sensitively, not only of Skrebensky ... ((Lawrence)) understood how essential it was that the highest form of art should be a true unweighted conflict, an exploration not an assertion ...¹

We can now see the place of the Study in Lawrence's thinking and output; and should dissent from Graham Hough's alignment of it with the events of six months and more later. The latter writes:

The Study of Hardy, though excellent on Hardy whenever it talks about him, is for the most part an important step in the development of Lawrence's own thought. At this time Lawrence, shaken by the war, was half-seriously trying to affect the political development of England by working on people with influence and position. Among them were Bertrand Russell and Lady Cynthia Asquith; and in the letters to these two is to be found a good deal more of the intended application of Laurentian doctrine.²

Professor Hough coalesces vitally different periods and attitudes; the Study is perfectly innocent of any "application" except to the work in immediate prospect - The Rainbow.

The writing of the Study took, roughly, from the beginning of September to the middle of November 1914. Not until it was finished, apparently, and The Rainbow begun, did a particular topic that was to remain an important index of Lawrence's political hopes and of his attitude to the function of his writing begin to be discussed between the Lawrences, Murrys and their friends: the idea of Rananim.

1. M. Kinkead-Weekes, Imagined Worlds, p.385.

2. G. Hough, The Dark Sun, (London, Penguin Books, 1961), p.255.

We would get away to an island: Lawrence, Frieda, Katherine, Koteliensky and I ((Murry)). The island had a name - Rananim - with the a's very long. The name is Hebrew, and was supplied by Koteliensky: it came from a Hebrew chant. I have forgotten what it means.¹ But night after night we talked of Rananim, and were happy talking of it.²

At this stage, the idea was shared between the five of them alone; it was in the first instance simply a plan of escape. Perhaps significantly, Frieda Lawrence's comments on it don't survive anywhere. But judging by her attitude the following August, it isn't as if she either wanted or needed to escape:

Frieda says things are not so bad as I pretend, that people are good, that life is also good, that London is also good, and that this civilization is great and wonderful. She thinks if the war were over, things would be pretty well all right. (lm i 362)

Murry embraced the idea eagerly, "and crystallized my daydreams about it as freely as ((Lawrence)) did his own ..." Working out the idea was for him "one of my chief solaces" (nehls i 277 & 262). Katherine Mansfield was as liable to subvert the scheme as to support it - Murry recalled her confronting Lawrence with a mass of details about real islands and their difficulties. As she put it in her diary on 2 January 1915, the scheme "is quite real except that some part of me is blind to it. Six months ago I'd have jumped ..." (nehls i 262) Koteliensky was never part of the day to day discussions in Chesham, though with few ties in England, he could perhaps have attached himself to the scheme more easily than any of the others. But the point is that this first Rananim was an ideal conception, an ideal of decency and comradeship in defence against a world which no longer appeared

1. "In Lawrence's private mythology, Rananim stood for the 'colony of lost souls'" (nehls i 572).
2. Murry, Reminiscences, p.40.

to acknowledge such values, or the individual who supported them: and it was mainly a matter of daydreams shared between Lawrence and Murry. Besides which, the plan still held for the Lawrences to return to Italy in January 1915, providing that the war was over and Methuen resumed payments to their authors. Rananim was at this point in time a fantasy and a stop-gap.

But the war did not end and the return to Italy was put still further off. During December and January Lawrence continued to work at the revision of The Rainbow, and soon abandoned the idea of finishing it in January; following the lead given by the Study, its parallelling of relationships in three generations had enormously expanded, and its overall plan was developing as a tripartite structure. By the beginning of February, he was approaching the last third of the work; it was at this stage that new influences seriously affected its culmination. To understand them, we have to return to the events of December 1914.

Lady Ottoline Morrell had, by her own account, long wanted to meet Lawrence:

I had been reading some very remarkable books, Sons and Lovers and The White Peacock, by D. H. Lawrence, the scenes of which were laid in Nottinghamshire, and they had stirred up my early memories, which had lain dry and curled up ...

These books having excited and moved me, I felt how much I should like to know Lawrence himself, whose home had been in Nottinghamshire, and to my surprise I found that Gilbert Cannan knew him. ¹

The Cannans "both came fairly often to tea and to our Thursday evenings ... I would immensely enjoy his talk."² Cannan made the

1. ((Lady Ottoline Morrell,)) Ottoline, ed. R. Gathorne-Hardy, (London, Faber & Faber, 1963), pp.271-272.

2. Idem, p.246.

contact with Lawrence in Cholesbury, and the Lawrences went to the Morrells' Bedford Square house sometime towards the end of December 1914 - perhaps on Thursday 31st. David Garnett (who had almost supplied the function of Cannan in introducing Lawrence to the Morrell circle) gives an account of a similar evening about three weeks later:

... when I went in to dinner the following Thursday, I found that Ottoline had placed me next to Frieda. On the opposite side of the table Lawrence was talking with E. M. Forster ... After dinner we soon followed the ladies upstairs to the drawing-room and listened to a Mozart quintet, and after the music there was dancing. (nehls i 265-266)

Garnett mentions Duncan Grant, Barbara Hiles, Mark Gertler and Dora Carrington as present on that particular evening. Gertler, Carrington and perhaps Barbara Hiles Lawrence already knew: the particular acquaintance to which Lady Ottoline introduced him consisted of surprisingly few new faces for someone who had lived abroad so much since 1912. The only people he in fact got to know very well of the Morrell intimates were Russell and Forster. In her memoirs, Lady Ottoline provides a list of some of those who went to her Thursday evenings in this winter of 1914-1915; appended are the marks '*' for those people Lawrence knew before entering Lady Ottoline's circle, and '+' for those he came to know as a result of entering it.¹

+The Clive Bells, +Duncan Grant, *Mark Gertler, *Gilbert Cannan, Irene Cooper Willis, Enid Bagnold, *Barbara Hiles, *Dorothy Brett, Walter Sickert, the Sangers, the MacCarthys, the Delacres, the De Bergens, Vernon Lee, *Lytton Strachey, +James Strachey, +Marjorie Strachey, Oliver Strachey, *David Garnett, John Dodson, St. John Hutchinson, H. J. Norton, Hawtrey, *Helen Dudley, the Hubrechts, *Bob Trevelyan, Augustus John, Valentine Tessier, *Iscelles Abercrombie, *the Olivier girls, +Mrs Popham, +J. M. Keynes, F. W. Hirst, Mary A. Hamilton, +Bertrand Russell, Iris Tree,

1. The marks are my own, not Lady Ottoline's; while it is impossible to be absolutely certain about such matters, they are as nearly correct as I can make them.

the Nash brothers, the Bevans, Ginner, Gilman, Lamb, Milne, Squire, Arnold Bennett. ¹

In point of fact, Lawrence saw very little of Lady Ottoline in London, and had relatively few chances to meet her circle. After this first visit in December, he had to refuse an invitation to lunch on January 14th; he saw her again during the three days he spent in London during the move to Pulborough at the end of the month, but after that only went to her London circle for a single evening in February. But Lady Ottoline came down from London to be the Lawrences' first visitor in Pulborough; and she later described such a meeting:

When we met we at once went back to our memories of Nottinghamshire. We talked of the lovely wild commons, of Sherwood Forest, of the dark pit villages, of the lives of the colliers and their wives ... It was impossible not to feel expanded and stimulated by the companionship of anyone so alive, so intensely interested in everyone and everything as he was. Indeed, he seemed to possess a magnetic gift of quickening those he talked to and of making them blossom with new ideas, new enthusiasm, new hopes. ²

The visit (on 1st February) was important for provoking a great deal of discussion of the Rananim idea (now obviously more than a fantasy shared mainly with Murry), and for proposing a far-reaching modification to it. Lady Ottoline's suggestion was that

... the island shall be England, we shall start our new community in the midst of this old one, as a seed falls among the roots of the parent. (lm i 314)

And, with such a proposal in mind, Lawrence told her

I want you to form the nucleus of a new community which shall start a new life among us. (lm i 311)

1. ((Morrell,)) Ottoline, p.276.

2. Idem, p.272.

The Morrells' impending move to Garsington Manor in May seemed destined to provide the centre Lawrence dreamed of.

Following this discussion with Lady Ottoline, for the first time Lawrence's plans took on a tinge of a particular social consciousness: the fact that the society of 1915 as Lawrence saw it needed changing, not simply escaping, was a development and transcending of the original idea of Rananim. The vital thing, as Lawrence began to see it in February 1915, was for a number of people not just to sail away to live properly together, but for the new community - "established on the known, eternal good part in us" - "the gathering together of a number of people who shall so agree to live by the best they know, that they shall be free to live by the best they know" (lm i 311) - for it to assert its value in the very England over against which it was set. This letter of 1st February refuses to cast its ideas in any practical form, however: it insists, as Twilight in Italy in its rewritten form did, on the metaphysical nature of the human need for a proper community.

And each man shall know that he is part of the greater body, each man shall submit that his own soul is not supreme even to himself. 'To be or not to be' is no longer the question. The question now is, how shall we fulfil our declaration, 'God is'? For all our life is now based on the assumption that God is not - or except on rare occasions...

And a man shall not come to save his own soul. Let his soul go to hell. He shall come because he knows that his own soul is not the be-all and the end-all, but that all souls of all things do but compose the body of God, and that God indeed shall Be. (lm i 312)

And these were the ideas that came into the last version of Twilight in Italy, drafted during the summer of 1915.

To concentrate on the latter for a moment: there, the difficulty is to understand how Lawrence's belief in the dual nature of man,

involving as it did a return to the idea of fulfilment characteristic of pre-Renaissance man - "my fulfilment is the fulfilment and establishment of the unknown divine self which I am"¹ - could ever be consciously carried over into a decision about the way a man wished to live or be governed. " ... according to his idea of fulfilment, man establishes the whole order of life,"² Lawrence wrote in Twilight in Italy. But we cannot understand how such an idea establishes that order: it cannot do it consciously. The growth of the anti-aristocratic, Common Good philosophy of the State's function - as Lawrence saw it growing from the seventeenth century onwards - acquired its potency as inevitably as a bias does.

Before Cromwell the idea was 'For the King,' because every man saw himself consummated in the King. After Cromwell the idea was 'For the good of my neighbour,' or 'For the good of the people,' or 'For the good of the whole.' This has been our ruling idea, by which we have more or less lived.³

But in the situation Lawrence felt existed in 1915, when this ruling idea had "failed," and men's activities were governed either by a belief in the "old Pagan Infinite" or by a rejection of all Absolutes and a reliance on the momentarily expedient - so he felt that, just as in the conception of the final Rainbow he had been obliged to demonstrate a bridge between the dicatates of Law and Love because a supreme art demanded their reconciliation, so in his social activity an honest man was obliged to work for the "mystic reason which connects both Infinities":

If we now wish to make a living state, we must build it up to the idea of the Holy Spirit, the supreme Relationship.⁴

1. D. H. Lawrence, Twilight in Italy, (London, Cape, 1926), p.97.

2. Ibid.

3. Idem, pp.99-100.

4. Idem, p.100.

But, again, our question has to be: 'how?' The urgency of the problem as Lawrence saw it was forced by the conditions prevailing: "in the war there is a position of neutralisation and nothingness."¹ He was demanding that men consciously redirect their order of life in a way that had only been achieved unconsciously before. "It is a question of knowing how to be, and how not to be, for we must fulfil both."² But that knowing had to be transformed into a creation of the conditions favourable for such a fulfilment. Hence the hope, expressed to Lady Ottoline,

that we shall all of us be able to agree, that we have a common way, a common interest, not a private way and a private interest only.

It is communism based, not on poverty but on riches, not on humility but on pride, not on sacrifice but upon complete fulfilment in the flesh of all strong desire, not in Heaven but on earth.

(lm i 312)

We can see, behind Lawrence's reaching out to the ideal, the fact that the war seemed so great a breakdown of the past, and the conditions under which life went on beneath its shadow so ill-governed, that a dualistic philosophy which - at other times - might not have resulted in his calling for a conscious redirection of man's demand for fulfilment, in this case grew freely into an appeal for a community which would begin to live again on such a basis.

He must have discovered in Lady Ottoline a fund of sympathy with the ideal, and a willingness to accept the conditions under which new growth for a few individuals in a community might be possible.

We must bring this thing about - at least set it into life, bring it forth new-born on the earth ...

1. Lawrence, Twilight in Italy, p.101.

2. Ibid.

We will found an order, and we will all be Princes,
as the angels are. (lm i 312)

The frequent stress Lawrence placed on the aristocratic, the Princely, in his descriptions of this community, sprang from his belief that, in the first place, the new community would be select and outstanding; in the second, from his belief that, for the balance to be re-asserted between the impulses "to be" and "not to be," the ancient Kingly belief in the self was the further from modern consciousness, and needed most assertion. It was in this spirit that he insisted on the aristocratic attitude to "the mob":

For the mob shall not crush us nor starve us nor
cry us to death. We will deal cunningly with the
mob, the greedy soul, we will gradually bring it
to subjection. (lm i 312)

"Mob" here is a classless term, just as "aristocracy" is classless; it implies 'all those outside of and alien to the new conception,' and has no reference to any governing class attitude to a working community. It was, in fact, coincidence that the new "aristocracy" should be mooted on a foundation as aristocratic as association with Lady Ottoline. What mattered there was the sympathy they both found for each other. "She is really nice - somebody to know in this scant world" (lm i 313), Lawrence told Gordon Campbell. While Lady Ottoline was to put in her memoirs that

He who became so vehement in his writings were ((sic)) nearly always - certainly with me - gentle and tender in personal contact. Indeed, I felt when I was with him as if I had really at last found a friend, that I could express myself without reserve, and without fear of being thought silly. He felt the wind and the flowers with the same vividness that I did. He seemed to open the way into a holy land by his gospel of instinctive development.¹

1. ((Morrell,)) Ottoline, pp.272-273.

On her first visit to Greatham, Lady Ottoline suggested that "on her estate are some monkish buildings she is eager to make into a cottage for me and Frieda" (lm i 314). That would obviously be the start of the "community." On her second visit, a week later, she took Bertrand Russell.

From the first these two passionate men took to each other and Bertie Russell, as we drove away, exclaimed 'He is amazing; he sees through and through one.'

'Yes. But do you think he sees correctly?' I asked.

'Absolutely. He is infallible,' was Bertie's reply.

'He is like Ezekiel or some other Old Testament prophet, prophesying. Of course, the blood of his nonconformist preaching ancestors is strong in him, but he sees everything and is always right.'¹

This restores the balance of Russell's later, considered, opinion that Lady Ottoline "admired us both and made us think that we ought to admire each other ..."² and adds substance to Russell's summary:

I liked Lawrence's fire, I liked the energy and passion of his feelings ... I felt him to be a man of a certain imaginative genius, and, at first, when I felt inclined to disagree with him, I thought that perhaps his insight into human nature was deeper than mine.³

It was after the meeting with Russell that the first mention of a 'revolution' entered Lawrence's correspondence. It may of course have been in his mind before, but the letter he wrote after Lady Ottoline's first visit is strangely lacking in any such expression, though it could lead immediately to it. And, the day before Russell came, Lawrence was writing to Koteliensky that "We are going to struggle with my Island idea ..." (lm i 314) The Monday after the visit, however, Lawrence told E. M. Forster (who was being asked to come and visit) that

1. ((Morrell,)) Ottoline, p.273.

2. The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell, (London, Allen & Unwin, 1968), Vol. II, p.20.

3. Idem, II, 20-21.

I want somebody to come and make a league with me,
to sing the Chanson des Chansons - das Hohe Lied -
and to war against the fussy Mammon, that pretends
to be a tame pet now, and so devours us in our
sleep. (lm i 315)

And while Forster was staying during the latter half of that same week, Lawrence made it clear that the revolutionary idea did not come from Forster, at any rate:

We have talked so hard - about a revolution - at least I have talked - it is my fate, God help me - and now I wonder, are my words gone like seed spilt on a hard floor, only reckoned an untidiness there. I must tell you I am very sad, as if it hurt very much. (lm i 315)

We can perhaps conclude that the impetus that took the original Island idea to the stage of a Community of Growth came from association with Lady Ottoline; and that which took the idea of the Community to that of Revolution (which had to be worked for) came out of association with Russell. And when Murry came to stay with the Lawrences on February 18th, he found all chance of day-dreaming the Rananim they had shared a month before gone for good.

Whereas I had been quite naturally at home with his former plan of escaping to the island of Rananim, and crystallized my daydreams about it as freely as he did his own, now when he strove to enlist me under the banner of Revolution I was out of my depth. The only sort of revolution I could naturally understand, was the revolution necessary to change the world into one in which I could be unafraid. That was the enchantment of Rananim ... 'a community established on the assumption of goodness in its members, instead of the assumption of badness.'

That was well enough; I had understood it, or I had thought I did. But now the conception had changed. The bond of the new society must be impersonal: it was to be soldered by the melting down of personality in surrender to some great and all-inclusive religious purpose. Each was to be 'the angel of himself in a big cause,' and this 'angel

of himself' was mysteriously to arise out of the acknowledgement and fulfilment of the 'animal of himself.' ¹

The week before, in fact, Lawrence had been writing to Russell:

to say that we must start a solid basis of freedom of actual living - not only of thinking. We must provide another standard than the pecuniary standard, to measure all daily life by. We must be free of the economic question. Economic life must be the means to actual life. We must make it so at once.

There must be a revolution in the state. It shall begin by the nationalising of all industries and means of communication, and of the land - in one fell blow ...

Something like this must be done. It is no use saying a man's soul should be free, if his boots hurt him so much he can't walk. All our ideals are cant and hypocrisy until we have burst the fetters of this money. (lm i 316-317)

The point of the letter was, however, to get beyond a consideration of both Russell's plea for freedom of the soul, and of the economic problem. Lawrence's proposal for the nationalization of industries and land, he noted quite casually, "practically solves the whole economic problem for the present." The fact that he was so obviously happy not to think much about it should alert us to the fact that Lawrence did not think he was proposing Revolution as, for instance, it occurred in Russia two years later.² One thing interested him so much that he was happy to be quite impractical about nationalization. He was concerned with the individual man's "ultimate desire and need" and his right to live freely; his focus, even here when he uses the terminology of Revolution, is always on the dilemma and agony of man's moral position. It was to clear the ground for man's discovery of himself that he pressed for what he termed Revolution.

There comes a point when the shell, the form of life, is a prison to the life. Then the life must either concentrate on breaking the shell, or it

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p.333.

2. C.f. sp 33, note 1.

must turn round, turn in upon itself, and try infinite variations of a known reaction upon itself ... But we shall smash the frame ...

Then, and then only, shall we be able to begin living. Then we shall be able to begin to work. Then we can examine marriage, and love an all. Till then, we are fast within the hard, unliving, impervious shell. (lm i 320)

The Revolution was for the sake of the access of life it should give rise to, the freedom for the individual to live; and Lawrence's involvement with Political theory in the shape of Russell's ideas must not make us believe his main intention was ever as politically radical as such a letter sounds. Lawrence wanted a reform in consciousness, first and last; and found in Russell a man equally committed in antagonism to the war (though for different reasons) who also believed that political changes would have to be made in response to a new realization of the nature of man's fundamental needs.

The next plan, after the meeting with Russell and the adoption of the new terminology of Revolution, was expressed to Murry on the 21st February:

We loosely planned a scheme for publishing weekly pamphlets in which the Revolution should be expounded by us individually. ¹

This was the revolution in man's freedom to live: the political aspect was something with which he was only slightly concerned:

He said a few words about the Revolution, as to means - nationalization of land, industry, railways. Very well - but we hadn't thought it out, and there wasn't any need to think it out ...²

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p.336.
2. Idem, p.337.

But Lawrence's dilemma lay in the fact that the revolution of consciousness needed to grow from the conditions created by the political revolution. Hence, perhaps, his feeling that even so small a start towards it as the formation of a community at Garsington and the distribution of pamphlets was, all the same, significant: it at least did something. The real plan was for activity after the war - as he had written to Lady Ottoline on 1st February,

After the War, the soul of the people will be so maimed and so injured that it is horrible to think of. And this shall be the new hope: that there shall be a life wherein the struggle shall not be for money or for power, but for individual freedom and common effort towards good. (lm i 311)

After the discussions with Russell, Forster and Murry,

It has come upon me that we must have a social revolution, after the war. Private ownership of land and industries and means of commerce shall be abolished - then every child born into the world shall have food and clothing and shelter as a birthright, work or no work. A man shall work to earn the things beyond, if he wants them. (lm i 322-333)

But, while the war lasted, the pamphlet publication could help

create an idea of a new, freer life, where men and women can really meet on natural terms, instead of being barred within so many barriers ... Something must be done, and we must begin soon. (lm i 323)

For the time being, however, the novel he had begun to rewrite in December needed attention. At the beginning of January, with 300 pages done (that is, the 'Cathedral' chapter reached - which may explain why the text suddenly leaps back into Will and Anna's early married life before Ursula's birth) Lawrence decided "I am going to split the book into two volumes: it was so unwieldy. It needs to be

in two volumes" (lm i 306). Since we can assume that the second volume, as planned, corresponded roughly in events with Women in Love as we have it, the decision entailed the first volume leaving Ursula before she found her Birkin. The book, therefore, worked to a new point. As early as January 1914, before The Rainbow 'A', Lawrence had told Garnett that "I must have Ella ((Ursula)) get some experience before she meets her Mr Birkin"; in the Wedding Ring version his solution had been a love affair with one Ben Templeman. He agreed with Garnett, however, that in the abortive Wedding Ring,

... the Templeman episode is wrong. She must have a love episode, a significant one. But it must not be a Templeman episode. (lm i 263)

We don't know what solution he adopted for The Rainbow 'A', except that "Charles Skrebensky" certainly appeared, and presumably took on the Templeman role. But, however it was managed, the problem reasserted itself in 1915 when the Skrebensky episode had to carry the weight of the whole last third of the book. We can tell by a letter of Lawrence's to Gordon Campbell of 2nd February that Skrebensky was, at that date, being written of in the earlier of the two love affairs he has with Ursula - he is only 21 in that letter: and we can further surmise that - to do him at this length, at least - was a fairly new conception. Lawrence needed Campbell to help him fill in background detail about Skrebensky's regiment:

What would he be? what would he earn? what would he do? where would he live? Have patience, and tell me. (lm i 313)

Since the novel was finished by 2nd March, we may further assume that Chapters XI to XVI were written over during February - apart from the two chunks of typescript from The Rainbow 'A' incorporated into the final Rainbow, albeit heavily revised, and the Winifred Inger episodes added to the ms. during the summer. These three apart, chapters XI to

XVI can be placed within the month of February 1915.

It is this last third of the book that recent critical commentary has found most awkward to deal with. It contains, for one thing, three passages of authorial commentary not matched by anything in the first half of the book: these are pages 280 to 282, 437 to 438, and 494 to 496. The character of Skrebensky himself raises a number of critical problems. We may not be convinced that Ursula would have gone on with him so long - we are liable to disbelieve in their relationship for that very mundane reason. His position as a "brick in the social fabric" is sometimes argued too conveniently to be convincing - he makes all the right mistakes. His presentation occasionally suggests an axe being ground by Lawrence, just off stage. Finally, he is less wholly created than any of the other five main characters of the book. Almost never do we feel along with him (as we do, for instance, with Karenin) except in moments of pity: and that is pity for, not sympathy with. If we accept that, much of the time, he is a match for Ursula, then our opinion of Ursula (not our judgement of her but our sympathetic belief in her) has to go down.

None of these things can be proved; which is why it is perhaps better to concentrate on the three authorial intrusions into the book as sheer evidence of a different control over it than Lawrence exerted in the first half. At the end of chapter X, (the first 'Widening Circle' chapter, probably written at the end of January 1915,) Lawrence develops the idea of the Brangwen children "living the year of Christianity" into a wholly personal expression of the meaning of Resurrection. For the Brangwen children,

... why the memory of the wounds and the dead?
Surely Christ rose with healed hands and feet,
sound and strong and glad? Surely the passage

of the cross and the tomb was forgotten? But no - always the memory of the wounds, always the smell of grave-clothes? A small thing was Resurrection, compared with the Cross and the death, in this cycle. ¹

So far this is a commentary on an English characteristic, recalling such a passage as Lawrence's own recollection of childhood religion:

I remember when I was in Class II in the Sunday school, when I was about seven, a woman teacher trying to harrow us about the Crucifixion. And she kept saying: "And aren't you sorry for Jesus? Aren't you sorry? And most of the children wept ...
(phx ii 601)

But the immediate development of the passage in The Rainbow turns away from the Brangwen children in the last decade of the nineteenth century to some detailed insights into moral nature in the second decade of the twentieth:

Alas, that a risen Christ has no place with us!
Alas, that the memory of the passion of Sorrow and Death and the Grave holds triumph over the pale fact of the Resurrection!

But why? Why shall I not rise with my body whole and perfect, shining with strong life? Why, when Mary says: Rabboni, shall I not take her in her arms and kiss her and hold her to my breast? Why is the risen body deadly, and abhorrent with wounds?

The Resurrection is to life, not to death. Shall I not see those who have risen again walk here among men perfect in body and spirit, whole and glad in the flesh, living in the flesh, loving in the flesh, begetting children in the flesh, arrived at last to wholeness, perfect without scar or blemish, healthy without fear of ill-health? Is this not the period of manhood and of joy and fulfilment, after the Resurrection? Who shall be shadowed by Death and the Cross, being risen, and who shall fear the mystic, perfect flesh that belongs to heaven?²

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 280.

2. Idem, p. 281.

The appearance and function of the passage are quite unexplained: we need, in fact, further information such as appears at the end of December 1914 in a letter to Gordon Campbell:

... the moderns today prefer to end insisting on the sad plight ... In the mediaeval period, Christianity did not insist on the Cross: but on the Resurrection: churches were built to the glorious hope of resurrection. Now we think we are very great, whilst we enumerate the smarts of the crucifixion. We are too mean to get any further. (lm i 301)

Lawrence was not a believing Christian; he wanted to interpret the symbolism of Christian theology.

The old symbols were each a word in a great attempt at formulating the whole history of the soul of Man. They are unintelligible except in their whole context ... the Crucifixion of Christ is a great mucking about with part of the symbolism of a great religious vision. (lm i 302)

"The Crucifix, and Christ, are only symbols." "The Spirit of the Father procreating the human flesh forms the ego. And the ego would fain absorb the position of the Eternal God. Therefore it must suffer crucifixion, so that it may rise again praising God" (lm i 303). We are back with the insights of the Study:

The religious effort is to conceive, to symbolize that which the human soul, or the soul of the race, lacks, that which is not, and which it requires, yearns for ... the religious effort is the portrayal or symbolizing of the eternal union of the two wills, ... the Will-to-Motion and the Will-to-Inertia.

In God the Father we are all one body, one flesh. But in Christ we are crucified, and rise again, and are One with Him in Spirit. It is the difference between Law and Love. (phx i 465)

But by mid-December 1914, the language of the Study was being superceded by an even greater concentration on Christian metaphysic - as the letter to Campbell suggests; and the later developments of Lawrence's philosophy (such as the version begun in March 1915) were apparently even more

closely tied to Christian symbolism. Russell was told at the end of June:

I have been wrong,¹ much too Christian, in my philosophy. These early Greeks have clarified my soul. I must drop all about God. (lm i 352)

As a result, the final expression of the 1915 philosophy - 'The Crown', of August and September - almost entirely avoids the language of the letter to Campbell or even of parts of the Study. It is concerned, particularly in its sixth and last section, with Religion:

... we are all, now, living on the stale memory of a revelation of God. Which is a purely repetitive and temporal thing. But it contains us, it is our prison.

Whereas, there is nothing for a man to do but to behold God, and to become God. It is no good living on memory. When the flower opens, see him, don't remember him. When the sun shines, be him, and then cease again ... why do we not create a new revelation of God, instead of seeking merely the destruction of the old revelations? (phx ii 414)

But the theological language has gone.

At the time of The Rainbow, however, this freedom from the Christian metaphysic had not been achieved. The passage with which we are concerned comes in the full text of the ms. version - it is not, that is, a later interpolation: and going by the news Lawrence gave Pinker on February 1st, that 450 pages were done, it must have been completed towards the end of January. In this connection, it is interesting that on the last day of January Lawrence should have written to Lady Cynthia a letter full of personal reminiscence -

there is my autobiography, written because you ask me, and because, being risen from the dead, I know we shall all come through, rise again and walk healed and whole and new in a big inheritance, here on earth.

It sounds preachy, but I don't quite know how to say it.
(lm i 310)

1. Presumably Burnet's Early Greek Philosophy, (London, A. and C. Black, 1892).

The letter described how, since August 1914,

I feel as if I had less than no history - as if I had spent those five months in the tomb. And now, I feel very sick and corpse-cold, too newly risen to share yet with anybody, having the smell of the grave in my nostrils, and a feel of grave clothes about me. (lm i 309)

"Now I am feeble and half alive," he told her:

I don't feel so hopeless now I am risen. My heart has been as cold as a lump of dead earth, all this time, because of the War. But now I don't feel so dead. I feel hopeful. I couldn't tell you how fragile and tender the hope is - the new shoot of life. But I feel hopeful now about the War. We shall all rise again from this grave ... (lm i 310)

Later that same day Lady Ottoline Morrell was to visit the Lawrences, and the idea of the Garsington-based community, to replace the Rananim of escape, was born.

It is difficult to make the proper transition between these facts, and the presence in The Rainbow of the passage in question. All we can say of the 'I' in the Rainbow passage is that it is not clearly a dramatisation of Ursula or a Brangwen child. And there has not been before a narrator in The Rainbow. But the point is, not that a commentator on the action is suddenly introduced, but that the passage is not a commentary on the action. Without the extra information from the Study, the letter to Campbell and the letter to Lady Cynthia, it would be more or less incomprehensible, because the thought is impenetrably personal to Lawrence, and the symbolism private to him. It is as if the action had provoked him to do something outside the immediate terms of the novel, but totally conversant with his own thoughts at the time:

Why shall I not rise with my body whole and perfect ...
why is the risen body deadly, and abhorrent with wounds?

... Can I not, then, walk this earth in gladness, being risen from sorrow?¹

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 281.

There is, admittedly, some disguise to the thought: its expression is blurred compared with that of the letter to Campbell or (especially) the letter to Lady Cynthia, because it is cast rhetorically, and slightly sensationally, and perhaps a little effctely:

Can I not eat with my brother happily, and with joy kiss my beloved, after my resurrection, celebrate my marriage in the flesh with feastings, go about my business eagerly, in the joy of my fellows? Is heaven impatient for me, and bitter against this earth, that I should hurry off, or that I should linger pale and untouched? Is the flesh which was crucified become as poison to the crowds in the street, or is it as a strong gladness and hope to them, as the first flower blossoming out of the earth's humus?¹

It sounds like the rhapsody of a man speaking with his eyes shut. The tone is wrong because, strictly speaking, there is no tone: simply statement, and wonderment in the reader.

But the passage is a crack in the structure of the book: and it does seem to come at a moment when Lawrence's own history was undergoing so vital a change that we can hardly be surprised that its implications spread over into his writing. But most significantly of all, it represents a breakdown in Lawrence's desire to carry over into his fiction whole communication: he presents fiction dependent on thought and the dream of action outside the realms of fiction.

The second authorial passage comes just before the second relationship with Skrebensky. Ursula considers her position:

Always the shining doorway ahead; and then, upon approach, always the shining doorway was a gate into another ugly yard, dirty and active and dead ... Already it was a history. In every phase she was so different. Yet she was always Ursula Brangwen. But what did it mean, Ursula Brangwen? She did not know what she was. Only she was full of rejection, of refusal. Always, always she was spitting out of her mouth the ash and grit of disillusion, of falsity ...²

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 282.

2. Idem, p. 436.

That which she was, positively, was dark and unrevealed, it could not come forth. It was like a seed buried in dry ash. This world in which she lived was like a circle lighted by a lamp ... yet all the time, within the darkness she had been aware of points of light, like the eyes of wild beasts, gleaming, penetrating, vanishing.¹

As a result

she felt the strange, foolish vanity of the camp fire and the sleepers; she felt the strange foolish vanity of the camp, which said 'Beyond our light and our order there is nothing,' turning their faces towards the sinking fire of illuminating consciousness, which comprised sun and stars, and the Creator, and the System of Righteousness, ignoring always the vast darkness that wheeled round about.²

So far, the sensation has been Ursula's alone; the final two paragraphs, however, develop the idea out and away from her consciousness.

Yea, and no man dared even throw a firebrand into the darkness. For if he did he was jeered to death by the others, who cried 'Fool, anti-social knave, why would you disturb us with bogeys? There is no darkness. We move and live and have our being within the light, and unto us is given the eternal light of knowledge, we comprise and comprehend the innermost core and issue of knowledge. Fool and knave, how dare you belittle us with the darkness?'³

This might imaginably be Ursula, thinking of men whose work has been despised, and so herself mocking the complacency of establishments. But in the light of the next paragraph, the charitable interpretation seems less likely.

Nevertheless the darkness wheeled round about, with grey shadow-shapes of wild beasts, and also with dark shadow-shapes of the angels, whom the light fenced out, as it fenced out the more familiar beasts of darkness. And some, having for a moment seen the darkness, saw it bristling with the tufts of the hyena and the wolf; and some, having given up their vanity of the light, having died in their own conceit, saw the gleam in the eyes of the wolf and the hyena,

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 437.

2. Idem, pp. 437-438.

3. Idem, p. 438.

that it was the flash of the sword of angels, flashing at the door to come in, that the angels in the darkness were lordly and terrible and not to be denied, like the flash of fangs.¹

It is hard to see this except as an unwarranted theoretical expansion on the author's part. The first two paragraphs, about the camp and the surrounding darkness, demonstrate fairly clearly the opposite experience from that represented in Chapter 2 of 'The Crown':

Consummated in the darkness only, having not enough strength in the light, the partial soul cries out in a convulsion of insistence that the darkness alone is infinite and eternal, that all light is from the small, contained sources, the lamps lighted at will by the desire of the Creator, the sun, the moon and the stars ... (phx ii 379)

The soul that denies the darkness is just as partial: but it is not Ursula herself, rejecting the ordinariness of the camp and sleepers, who visualises a more balanced response - it is just that Lawrence is prepared to provide the example of those who "having given up their vanity of the light, having died in their own conceit, saw the gleam in the eyes of the wolf and the hyena ... " This latter statement has really very little to do with Ursula's position. The novel situation marks time while Lawrence talks. And, again, the substance of the talk is a looser expression of the thought which was currently his in the spring and summer of 1915. The result of the intrusion of the thought is a slackening of his care for the novel situation: an overflowing of relevant but finally inexplicable ideas, provoked by but not part of the immediate situation. And, again, our reaction is probably one of feeling ignored.

The last example comes from the final three pages of the book. After the pendulum-like swings Ursula's moral nature has taken between possessive self-assertion in the last relationship with Skrebensky, and then humility and extreme self-denial in the letter she sends him promising to be a good wife, comes the incident of the horses. Here the

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 438.

power of assertive feeling, and the blind horror of it, work on her simultaneously to reduce her to a state of utter passivity, waiting for an access of life; the escape from the horses is a catharsis, clearing the dilemma of the previous pages. Burnt out of sensation, she is described as

a stone at rest on the bed of the stream, unalterable and passive, sunk to the bottom of all change.

She lay still a long time, with her back against the thorn-tree trunk, in her final isolation.¹

Her psychological illness is tellingly conveyed; only with the beginnings of recovery do doubts arise. She has not so much to realise herself as a person again as to recognise her nature's need to grow self-reliant and individual. The immediate past holds her tightly:

... ever anew it gained ascendancy over her, it laid new hold on her. Oh, the unutterable weariness of her flesh, which she could not cast off, nor yet extricate. If she could but extricate herself, if she could but disengage herself from feeling, from her body, from all the vast encumbrances of the world that was in contact with her, from her father, and her mother, and her lover, and all her acquaintance.²

It is not just the Anton experience she has to free herself from; she feels of all her associations that

I am trammelled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality.³

Lawrence is at pains to make clear that this development represents not illness but the first step towards health.

She was the naked, clear kernel thrusting forth the clear, powerful shoot, and the world was a bygone winter, discarded, her mother and father and Anton, and college, and all her friends, all cast off like a year that has gone by,

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 490.

2. Idem, p. 492.

3. Idem, p. 493.

whilst the kernel was free and naked and striving to take new root, to create a new knowledge of Eternity in the flux of Time. And the kernel was the only reality; the rest was cast off into oblivion.¹

As a result of the realisation,

Gradually she began really to sleep. She slept in the confidence of her new reality. She slept breathing with her soul the new air of a new world. The peace was very deep and enrichening. She had her root in new ground, she was gradually absorbed into growth ... How frail and fine and clear she felt, like the most fragile flower that opens in the end of winter. But the pole of night was turned and the dawn was coming in.²

It is hard to estimate just what has gone into creating this new mood of Ursula's. One can only say, 'Belief' - belief in "her new reality." We can only term 'Belief' what she herself calls 'Knowledge' - "to create a new knowledge of Eternity in the flux of Time." That her experience is primarily religious we need not doubt. But we can only accept the new state on its own terms, in the first place; and, secondly, be left doubtful whether the terms are even Ursula's. Earlier in the book, in her adolescent dreams, "she believed more in her desire and its fulfillment than in the obvious facts of life."

The sons of God ... came on free feet to the daughters of men, and saw they were fair, and took them to wife, so that the women conceived and brought forth men of renown. This was a genuine fate. She moved about in essential days, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men.³

That this has a dream-context is explicit, and that in its turn does not destroy the aspiring truth of Ursula's ideal - "this was a genuine fate." But in the novel's last pages there is a reversion to the biblical text and a pure transposition of its terms into Ursula's present situation.

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 493.

2. Ibid.

3. Idem, p. 276.

Who was she to have a man according to her own desire? It was not for her to create, but to recognise a man created by God. The man should come from the Infinite and she should hail him. She was glad she could not create her man. She was glad she had nothing to do with his creation. She was glad that this lay within the scope of that vaster power in which she rested at last. The man would come out of Eternity to which she herself belonged. ¹

"Eternity" and "Infinite," in this context, are words of oddly limited meaning - meaning to which we have totally to conform to accept their import. If the paragraph quoted above were to come in the explicitly religious context of, say, a novelist like Rhoda Broughton - as it well might in such phrases as "the scope of that vaster power in which she rested at last" - then our probable reaction would be to reject an overt sentimentality. It's hard to see why Lawrence should be allowed to get away with it. This toppling into mystical emotionalism (disguised by religious ecstasy) haunts the last pages of The Rainbow, and tends to undercut the genuineness of Ursula's feeling: "She was glad she could not create her man."

And when we are confronted with a paragraph such as this:

She felt a poignant affection for him, as for that which is past. But, when she looked with her face forward, he was not. Nay, when she looked ahead, into the undiscovered land before her, what was there to recognise but a fresh glow of light and inscrutable trees going up from the earth like smoke. It was the unknown, the unexplored, the undiscovered upon whose shore she had landed, alone, after crossing the void, the darkness which washed the New World and the Old.²

then we find the overt emotion associated with a demand to accept

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p.494.

2. Ibid.

as explained what has manifestly not been achieved or explained. That Ursula should break down after the affair with Skrebensky, especially after the horses episode: and that her recovery should be, in effect, a growth into a new capacity for relationship and increased self-realisation - in outline, that ending is thoroughly convincing. But one of the difficulties with the end of the book was that (without the "second volume" promised by the January division into two, and actually looked for on the last page of the Rainbow ms. - "End of volume I") there was no immediate future for Ursula. Birkin was being kept for Volume II, though the affair with Skrebensky obviously prepared her for him. Without its natural and necessary continuation, the end of the book almost had to be arbitrary.

But it is only after these initial inroads into the reader's sense of the novel - indeed, his loyalty to it - that Ursula's vision of the new society is presented. It follows the pattern of her own change: a breaking of the shell by a new germination, a "creation of the living God, instead of the old, hard barren form of bygone living."¹ It is in fact odd that critics who have been disturbed by this vision should not have traced its affinity with the equally arbitrary 'vision' of Ursula's own recovery, and been equally unconvinced by that. The world, "built up in a living fabric of Truth,"² is as unconvincing, because as arbitrary. If one accepts the terminology ("Truth" as against "Eternity") one does so at the expense of one's sense of the book.

Confronted with this rather sudden swerve off the rails in the last six pages of the novel, it seems as well to investigate the causes. A major cause has already been suggested: the lack of the proper continuation. But that does not explain the terms of the

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p.495.

2. Ibid.

ending. Lawrence was perfectly capable of inventing a suitable staging post for the halt between volumes. He chose not to do so: he presents an ending for which nothing in the book has prepared us. Unlike the passages earlier in the book already discussed, there is no authorial intrusion explicitly made. Ursula's recovery and vision are placed in a context of her own experience and impersonal narration. But since the terms, the language that insists on the unexplained, are arbitrary, we are naturally drawn to feel that Lawrence as author is intruding just as tellingly: he creates the conditions of Ursula's recovery and of her vision, and our sense of character and novel are equally disappointed.

If this can be accepted: that, as author, Lawrence chose to redirect the end of the book along lines personal to himself - the nature of those lines can usefully be investigated. Firstly, the terms of Ursula's recovery:

I do not belong to Beldover nor to Nottingham nor to England nor to this world, they none of them exist, I am trammelled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality.¹

There is sick-bed hysteria in this, but the sense that Ursula's allegiances must, in future, be impersonal, is clear: as it is, too, in letters Lawrence was writing to friends towards the end of February 1915.

We must create an idea of a new, freer life, where men and women can really meet on natural terms, instead of being barred within so many barriers ... (lm i 323)

he told Mary Cannan on 24th February. And on the 1st March, he remarked to Lady Ottoline that:

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p.493.

To live ... we must cast all personalities into the melting pot, and give a new Humanity its birth. Remember, it is not anything personal we want any more - any of us. It is not honour nor personal satisfaction, it is the incorporation in the great impulse whereby a great people shall come into being." (lm i 325)

Or, again, he told Lady Ottoline that "you must put away this temporary life ..." (ibid) Just as with Ursula, the rejection of the personal is explained in the metaphor of the breaking shell: we find him writing to Russell in mid-February that

There comes a point when the shell, the form of life, is a prison to the life. Then the life must concentrate on breaking the shall ... (lm i 320)

Obviously a novelist's language and thinking will spill over into his correspondence; our problem here is that the language Lawrence uses in his letters refers to the social and metaphysical ideals he was sharing with his friends, but Ursula's commitment to the same language comes in the context of a developed character and a developed novel, and cannot hang in the context where such ideas are bandied about by Lawrence and his associates.

And it wasn't the sudden access of freedom in the individual's life with which he was most concerned at this stage of his social thinking. "To live, we must all unite," he had told Lady Ottoline at the beginning of March. "Remember, it is not anything personal we want any more" (lm i 325). The way his thinking developed through the summer stressed his desire

to establish a little society or body around a religious belief, which leads to action. We must centre in the knowledge of the Infinite, of God. Then from this centre each one of us must work to put the temporal things of our own natures and of our own circumstances in accord with the Eternal God we know ... You ((Lady Ottoline)) must be the centre-pin that holds us together, and the needle which keeps our direction constant,

always towards the Eternal thing. We mustn't lapse into temporality. (lm i 350)

There could, of course, be no trace of this in the Rainbow passages in question. For Ursula to "belong to Eternity" she had to experience what Lawrence was urging Russell to get into his lectures: "a belief in the absolute, an existence in the Infinite" (ibid). Russell's trouble, according to Lawrence, was that

He will - apart from philosophical mathematics - be so temporal, so immediate. He won't let go, he won't act in the eternal things, when it comes to men and life ... I do want him to work in the knowledge of the Absolute, in the knowledge of eternity. (lm i 350)

Ursula's need to find "the only reality" springs from the same trammelling conditions as those out of which Lawrence was urging Russell to break; and against the idea of temporality Lawrence similarly set the idea of the Eternal. That the terminology should be religious was necessary to Lawrence; the individual's "breaking out" was in the same direction, and for the same purpose, as the "breaking out" of Society which Lawrence termed the Revolution; and, as he remarked on the ms. of Russell's lecture plan,

We proceed to create our State according to our religious belief, our philosophical conception of life ... The State must represent the deepest philosophical or religious belief.

There is no living society possible but one which is held together by a great religious idea. (lbr 84-85)

The very lectures Lawrence planned to give in association with Russell were, he remarked, "On Eternity": "I must lecture - or preach - on religion - give myself away" (lm i 353 & 355).

Ursula's recovery and vision are written in the same language as Lawrence was developing through the spring of 1915 to express his

aspirations and convictions about English society of that date. Her vision of the new society is explicitly in the terms of Lawrence's admonitions to Russell: the novel says that

In everything she saw she grasped and groped to find the creation of the living God, instead of the old, hard barren form of bygone living.¹

To Russell, Lawrence remarks:

The State is the expression of a great metaphysical conception: the conception of God the Creator. (lbr 83)

We shall smash the frame ... Till then, we are fast within the hard, unliving, impervious shell.
(lm i 320)

Ursula's vision is one of hope rather than fulfilment - the hope of the Rainbow itself, the image of which dominates the book's last paragraph:

She knew that the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven.²

Dr Leavis refers to the "confident note of prophetic hope in the final paragraph - a note wholly unprepared and unsupported, defying the preceding pages."³ Whatever it defies, it presents emotionally something very close to Lawrence's own experience at the beginning

1. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p.495.

2. Idem, pp.495-496.

3. F. R. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, (London, Chatto & Windus, 1955), p.142.

of February 1915 as he recounted it to Koteliansky:

Now I feel the waking up, and the thrill in my limbs, and the wind blows ripples on my blood as it rushes against this house from the sea, full of germination and quickening. (lm i 314)

If that were all, there would be nothing in the least unusual in such transference from a writer's life to his writing. But the social hope of The Rainbow's ending, along the lines of the new society which Lawrence was beginning to plan during the first fortnight of February, is not so much 'prophetic' in Ursula's sense as a re-telling of the ideal of a whole new society to which Lawrence was turning his attention more and more. We can see in The Rainbow a loosening of Lawrence's desire to present the exploration of the individual and his (or her) relationship in favour, at the end of the book, of the offer of a society in which such relationship would be understood - as he remarked to Koteliansky in February, "What is the use of giving books to the swinish public in its present state" (lm i 314):

Shall I go to my Prometheus and tell him beautiful tales of the free, whilst the vulture gnaws his liver? I am ashamed ... If I know that humanity is chained to a rock, I cannot set forth to find it new lands to enter upon.

But we shall smash the frame ... Then, and then only, shall we be able to begin living. Then we shall be able to begin to work. Then we can examine marriage and love and all. Till then, we are fast within the hard, unliving, impervious shell. (lm i 320)

That sets almost the whole novel on which he had been engaged aside - the novel of "marriage and love and all." Just as, in her case, the novel cannot end with Ursula's fulfilment in love or marriage, so for Lawrence in February 1915 it was perhaps better that it should not do so. Accordingly, the end reflects what Lawrence was immediately concerned with. And the new society's

foundation on Truth three lines from the end of the novel goes to the heart of Lawrence's ambitions for the new conditions of society. He was to comment on Russell's ms. where the latter was most concerned with the reformed state that

You must advance on to the New State, where none of our sense of Truth is violated. You must give some conception of it, & your perfect belief in it. (lbr 83)

The key to ((Industrialism)) ... is the falsity of having for an aim the production of wealth. Our aim should be the establishment of Truth.
(lbr 93)

During February 1915, when he was finishing The Rainbow, and well after it, we find Lawrence postulating as a human condition what he applied to the condition of Ursula in The Rainbow; it seems reasonable to insist that the theory was inserted in the novel, rather than that the novel gave rise to the theory, both because of the chronology of the ideas, and because of the distortions in the novel due to the theory. Firstly the need for impersonal growth; secondly, the need to break through the shell of ordinary existence; thirdly, the sense of the "Eternity to which she herself belonged"; fourthly, the vision of the new society; and fifthly, the foundation of that society on Truth - these are both the troublesome elements of the novel, and the very heart and substance of Lawrence's social thinking as it began to expand in February 1915 after discussions with Lady Ottoline Morrell and Bertrand Russell. Even leaving aside the treatment of Skrebensky earlier in the book, we can see how Lawrence's ambitions for a change in society vitally affected the course of his fiction; partly by introducing ideas that don't fit the action, but also by altering the kind of attention we are expected to pay to his novel - the novel has to start carrying a weight of preaching. His theories of social change needed to go out to people; and, for the time being, that seemed more urgent than any purely fictional approach

to his readers. The Rainbow was finished hurriedly, with Lawrence impatient to go on with his next piece of work - not Women in Love, as Dr Leavis assumed¹ - but a revision or restatement of his Study of Thomas Hardy. Lawrence was planning its publication (revised and in pamphlet form) during the last fortnight of the writing of The Rainbow, telling Russell on 26th February that

I want now to rewrite this stuff, and make it as good as I can, and publish it in pamphlets, weekly or fortnightly, and so start a campaign for this freer life. (lm i 324)

And he went on to it with hardly a break when the novel was finished - indicating the importance the revolutionary philosophy had assumed: since the beginning of the year he had written over 120,000 words of The Rainbow.

1. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, p. 142.

(ii) Revolution, Russell and the 'Signature'

The rewriting of the Study hung fire several times: it was given up by 18th March, begun again as Morgenrot on 8th April, with 40 pages done by the 20th, typed successively by Koteliansky and (when the latter suffered from eye trouble) by Lawrence himself in May. Probably re-drafted, some of it was sent to Lady Ottoline in the middle of June, but by 30th June it was again "dropped"; and probably not recast into the shape it took as 'The Crown' until September. The March version, apparently, meant that Lawrence "came out of the Christian camp"; and the mid-summer version(?s) led him to decide that his next - and in fact, final version - "must come out of these early Greek philosophers" (lm i 351). In September, back in London and again associating freely with the Murrays, the pamphlet plan (which had not been mentioned during the whole summer) was again proposed, in conjunction with them: Koteli-ansky found a printer, the idea seemed workable on a subscription basis, and the first number went off to the printer on September 20th.

We must distinguish three separate modes in which Lawrence planned to establish the "idea of the new, freer life" which he told Mary Cannan about in February. There was the idea of pamphlets; proposed, dropped in favour of two other methods, then re-adopted in default of the others. There was the idea of establishing some kind of revolutionary community, probably based on the cottage Lady Ottoline was preparing for the Lawrences at Garsington. Living there, in touch with the Pacifist community that had already found its natural centre with the Morrells in Bedford Square, and followed them to Garsington, some realisation of the good life seemed possible; the community would be a clearing house for ideas and be established for the mutual comfort of their exponents. The plan was only ever vague, and almost as soon as it was proposed the Lawrences grew uneasy about the debt to Lady Ottoline it established. By 20th April, Lawrence was prepared to discard the idea in favour of one already tried - the community with Koteliensky and the Murrays. Lawrence wrote to Koteliensky:

I would rather take some little place and be by myself.
 We will look out for some tiny place on the sea, not too
 far off, shall we. I must write to the Murrys about it. (lm i 333)

And when the Garsington cottage proved financially impractical (Philip Morrell writing on the 19th April to say so) Lawrence's relief was immediate.

Thank heaven we shall get out of the Lady Ottoline cottage. I cannot have such a place like a log on my ankle. God protects me, and keeps me free. (ibid)

But, as perhaps the Chesham community had proved, the plan of association with the Murrys meant both an indulgence in, and an unhappy life in, escape; and the plan was not again put forward till the following October, when the plans for Revolution had foundered, the Signature had failed, and the idea of lectures was in the past. For the time being, in Great-ham, the ideas of the revolution predominated. At the end of March and the start of April, the Lawrences suffered an influx of visitors. The Cannans came and stayed spasmodically over a fortnight, Murry visited them on March 27th, Russell came to stay on the last day of March and stayed till the 4th April; Barbara Low and Koteliensky arrived on the 3rd, and it was not until the 8th that the last of the visitors left. In his novel Mendel Gilbert Cannan introduced a ranting painter, Logan, embodying some of Lawrence's qualities as well as those of the painter John Currie; and it must have been upon his memories of association with Lawrence at Christmas, in these weeks and in the autumn, that he drew for Logan's revolutionary ideas. The picture Cannan presents is remarkable for the way it indicates the kind of effect Lawrence had on him - and for the equally clear failure to appreciate what Lawrence was actually saying.

"Life has no authority to offer us now, for all the forms of life are broken. Neither above us nor below is there authority, neither in heaven nor in hell. We must seek authority within ourselves, in the marriage of heaven and hell, in the consummation of good and evil, the two poles of our nature. It is for us, the artists, to bring them

together, to liberate good and evil in ourselves, that they may rush to the consummation ... "1

"I want you to approve my programme, for you must have a programme. It is all very well to work by the light of inspiration. That can work quite well as far as you yourself are concerned, but what about the public? ... we're going to burst out of the groove, but we must have a good reason for doing so ... "

"We are in a tight corner, and we should leave no trick and twist and turn untried to get out of it. If we do not do so there will be no art, as there is no drama, no music, and no literature, and there will be no authority among men, and humanity will go to hell. It is on the road to it, and the artists have got to stop it."

"Humanity," said Logan cheerfully, "is fast going to hell. It likes it; and, as the democratic idea is that it should have what it likes, not a finger, not a voice is raised to stop it. Everything that stands in the way - ideals, decency, respectability, passion, love - everything is smashed. Nothing can stop it unless their eyes are opened and their poor frozen hearts are thawed ... We must try to stop it," said Logan.

"We may be smashed and swept aside, but we must try to stop it ... We passionate natures must take control. We must be the nucleus of true fiery stuff to resist the universal corruption. We must be dedicated to the wars of the spirit."2

There is a fascinating amalgam here of conversations that took place over nearly ten months. The call for the artists to bring together the "two poles of our nature" is reminiscent of the Study and the ideas of November 1914. The ideas of authority and democracy come from the spring and summer of 1915, as does the idea of the nucleus to resist corruption. Cannan was sent Lawrence's philosophy at the beginning of July 1915 - the stage at which it was influenced by the early Greek philosophers, and the time when the community at Garsington was at the highest peak of its conception. "Murry must come in, and Gilbert - and perhaps Campbell. We can all lecture, at odd times ... We must have some meetings at Garsington" (lm i 350). The emphasis on the role of the artist is in part, of

1. G. Cannan, Mendel, (London, Fisher and Unwin, 1916), pp. 164 - 165.

2. Idem, pp. 221 - 224.

course, a reflection of the character's other half and of the world of the novel itself: but it would undoubtedly have been one to draw Cannan into the idea of the community, and Lawrence may have used it as a result.

Such material is, of course, untrustworthy and enigmatic; it tells us neither what Cannan thought of Lawrence, nor what Lawrence actually said or wrote. But it does give the flavour of the discussions of 1915, and does end by giving a clear idea of a response to Lawrence - remarkably like that of Lady Ottoline and Bertrand Russell - which can be ascribed to either Cannan or to Mark Gertler, the prototype of Mendel. Either way, it indicates as real a block to Lawrence's idealism as any practical objection.

He ((Mendel)) ... had always liked Logan's talk, but ... it was just talk, like reading, or going to the cinema - a sop, a drug, soothing and pleasant when he was in the mood for it, maddening when he was not.¹

In the early spring of 1915, however, Lawrence did not have to rely on such friendliness: association and discussion with Russell was his main hope, together with the writing of his philosophy as a necessary but (at this time) private occupation. After their first meeting on 6th February, and after an exchange of three letters or so, Lawrence went to see Russell in Cambridge over the weekend 6th-7th March. Russell's later, considered opinion was that at first "all went merry as a marriage bell" between them,² and it is clear that, quite apart from their common bid to get to grips with social and moral problems, they saw attractive qualities in each other. "I only care about the revolution we shall have," Lawrence told him just before going to Cambridge. "But immediately I only want us to be friends." He had told Lady Ottoline the day before that "I feel a real hastening of love to him" (lm i 326). The

1. Cannan, Mendel, p. 233.

2. Russell, Autobiography, II, 20.

Cambridge visit made him feel in anticipation,

frightfully important ... quite momentous the occasion is to me. I don't want to be horribly impressed and intimidated, but I am afraid I may be ... Don't let me see too many people at once, or I lose my wits. I am afraid of concourses and clans and societies and cliques - not so much of individuals. Truly I am rather afraid. (lm i 328)

His first reaction in his correspondence to the visit came on the following Wednesday. "I went to Cambridge and hated it beyond expression" (nehls i 290). Sunday morning, in Russell's rooms, Keynes and Russell had talked - "you know the sort of situation when two familiar friends talk at a visitor," Keynes remembered:

I haven't the faintest recollection of what it was about. But it was not the sort of conversation we should have had if we had been alone. It was at Lawrence and with the intention, largely unsuccessful, of getting him to participate ... I came away feeling that the party had been a failure and that we had failed to establish contact, but with no other particular impression. (nehls i 286)

That the episode had a serious and lasting effect on Lawrence is terribly clear - "when I saw Keynes that morning in Cambridge it was one of the crises of my life. It sent me mad with misery and hostility and rage" (nehls i 302). Lawrence had gone to Cambridge, obviously, in the hope of finding a colony of people as sympathetic as Russell. At dinner in Trinity on Saturday night he had struck up conversation with Professor G. H. Hardy "with whom he had a long and friendly discussion" (nehls i 574), and afterwards he asked Russell to invite Hardy to visit them at Greatham, "I should be glad" (lm i 330) - but Russell's friends on the whole were, to Lawrence, "sick people":

It is true Cambridge made me very black and down. I cannot bear its smell of rottenness, marsh-stagnancy. I get a melancholic malaria. (lm i 330)

In point of fact, he refrained from telling Russell much of his feeling about Cambridge: what he did say was simply in response to an enquiry Russell made. He told more to David Garnett, amalgamating his opinion

of the Cambridge set with a criticism of Garnett's intimates.

I feel I should go mad when I think of your set, Duncan Grant and Keynes and Birrell. It makes me dream of beetles. In Cambridge I had a similar dream. I had felt it slightly before in the Stracheys. But it came full upon me in Keynes and in Duncan Grant. (nehls i 302)

It's no coincidence that the people he mentions - Keynes, Grant, Birrell, Lytton Strachey - were all homosexuals: the particular sensationalism described by Lawrence in homosexuality - "Sodomy only means that a man knows he is chained to the rock, so he will try to get the finest possible sensation out of himself" (lm i 319) - was something particularly antipathetic to him at this time. But the real grounds of his dislike were for the superabundance of talk these men engaged in.

To hear these young people talking really fills me with black fury: they talk endlessly, but endlessly - and never, never a good or real thing said. Their attitude is so irreverent and blatant. They are cased each in a hard little shell of his own, and out of this they talk words. There is never for one second any outgoing of feeling, and no reverence, not a crumb or grain of reverence. I cannot stand it. I will not have people like this - I had rather be alone. (lm i 332)

Keynes's description of Cambridge defects lights upon exactly similar qualities:

... this thin rationalism skipping on the crust of the lava, ignoring both the reality and the value of the vulgar passions, joined to libertinism and comprehensive irreverence ...

I have said that I have forgotten what the conversation was about. But I expect it was pretty brittle stuff - not so brittle as Frankie Birrell's - but pretty brittle all the same.

(nehls i 287 & 288)

Lawrence had hoped to find people as involved in affairs as

Russell was. He didn't need people to be humanly sympathetic, (Russell barely was), but he hated them for not being genuinely concerned with what they professed to be concerned with. Keynes was shocking to his sense of a dedicated Cambridge civilisation, and he didn't forgive Cambridge for it. Any speculations about a sympathetic centre there had to be ruled out. Russell remained the only contact.

And, at this stage, Russell really meant rather more to Lawrence than "contact" suggests. The two men saw little of each other during this first half of the summer; after Lawrence's visit to Cambridge, Russell was occupied in teaching there until the end of May, and Lawrence had no desire to visit Cambridge again. And there were, apparently, few letters exchanged. But Lawrence's tone in the three that survive (19th March, 30th April and 29th May) stresses the trust he had come to feel in Russell.

I wanted to write this to ask you please to be with me - in the underworld - or at any rate to wait for me. Don't let me go, that is all. Keep somewhere, in the darkness of reality, a connection with me ... I wish you would swear a sort of allegiance with me. (lm i 330)

These letters are not, in fact, political in import; until they could meet and talk again, Lawrence wanted simply to keep with Russell a bond of the promise of future action. When he was threatened with being declared bankrupt at the end of April ("I cannot tell you how this reinforces in me my utter hatred of the whole establishment" - lm i 336) it was to Russell that he wrote of the strain of

having at every moment to resist this established world, and to know its unconscious hostility. For I am hostile, hostile, hostile to all that is, in our public and national life. I want to destroy it ... I wanted to write and tell you - I don't know why.
(lm i 336)

More and more he felt naturally linked in isolation with a man like Russell:

If they hound you out of Trinity, so much the better: I am glad. Entire separation, that is what must happen to one: not even the nominal shelter left, not even the mere fact of inclusion in the host. One must be entirely cast forth.

... We are one in allegiance, really, you and I. We have one faith, we must unite in one fight. Wait only a little while - . (lm i 346)

But Lawrence's feeling of - and desire to feel - separation from respectability was oddly greater than Russell's, for all the latter's danger of losing his post at Cambridge and his eventual imprisonment. Russell felt cut off from his Cambridge life - yet, as he told Lady Ottoline, "I find it unspeakably painful being thought a traitor. Every casual meeting in the Court makes me quiver with sensitive apprehension."¹ The point is that Russell wanted to work with others - with the U. D. C., with the No Conscription Fellowship. As Bernard Shaw remarked in 1918, he was "practically a nobleman with a tremendous family record on the Whig side as a hereditary defender of popular liberties."² What could be done to alleviate the position of the conscientious objector? What could be done to instruct people in the actual motives of the war-leaders? Russell would naturally be concerned to know. Lawrence, always more solitary than Russell, and growing more so in the course of 1915 - and with no previous experience of any kind of public action - always needed to interpret the larger issues at their very deepest level, and was far less concerned to do particular things than Russell was.

I shall be glad when you have strangled the invincible respectability that dogs your steps. What does it mean,

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 52.

2. Idem, II, 52.

really - Integer Vitae Scelerisque purus? But before what tribunal? I refuse to be judged by them. It is not for them to exculpate or to blame me. They are not my peers ... But one must take care of the pack. When they hunt together they are very strong. Never expose yourself to the pack. Be careful of them. Be rather their secret enemy, working to split up and dismember the pack from inside, not from outside. Don't make attacks from outside. Don't give yourself into their power. Don't do it. (lm i 347)

Their difference was becoming clearer than their intellectual or moral association: Lawrence did not believe in Russell's political articles, or - really - in his attack on authority. He wanted to reject authority's demands on him, and to convince people of the real demands of their human nature. Russell's efforts seemed to ignore the fundamentals.

I do beg you to save yourself for the great attack, later on, when the opportunity comes. We must go much deeper and beyond Lord Northcliffe. Let us wait a little while, till we can assemble the nucleus of a new belief, get a new centre of attack, not using Labour Leaders and so on. (lbr 49)

Lawrence, again, was prepared to theorise about the nature of the situation, while Russell simply wanted to do something to change it. Lawrence's appeal was basically an argument about the nature of man; he postulated an ideal, that if men could be brought to view themselves as they really were - by establishing the demands their nature made and the kind of fulfilment they needed - then their problems would be immediately accessible of solution. He wanted to work on religion, more than anything else: "We can assemble the nucleus of a new belief ..."

There is no living society possible but one which is held together by a great religious idea. We need not be subjectively religious. But one & all we must act from a profound religious belief - not individual. (lbr 85)

On 8th June, he sent Russell the first quarter of his philosophy.

You mustn't think it bosh. I depend on you to help me with it. Don't go against me, & say it doesn't interest you, or that there are beautiful things in it, or something like that. But help me, & tell me where I can say the thing better ... you are coming to us on the 19th. Then we will thresh out this business. (lbr 49)

Three days later, Russell wrote to Lady Ottoline: "I can't make head or tail of Lawrence's philosophy. I dread talking to him about it. It is not sympathetic to me."¹ But on June 19th, he went to Greatham, and stayed overnight. We can judge the nature of their discussions from a letter Lawrence sent Lady Ottoline the following day: in part it followed the lines of the greatest divergence between the two men.

I do want him to work in the knowledge of the Absolute, in the knowledge of eternity. He will - apart from philosophical mathematics - be so temporal, so immediate. He won't let go, he won't act in the eternal things, when it comes to men and life. (lm i 350)

But Lawrence felt sure that he could persuade Russell to work the religious conception into his theories: "He is coming to have a real, actual, logical belief in Eternity, and upon this he can work: a belief in the Absolute, an existence in the Infinite." And, at this June discussion, plans were apparently first conceived for joint activity in the autumn: a hall to be rented, lectures given,

he on Ethics, I on immortality: also to have meetings, to establish a little society or body around a religious belief, which leads to action. We must centre in the knowledge of the Infinite, of God. (lm i 350)

This sounds, admittedly, like pure Lawrence; but, all the same, Lawrence felt sure that during this weekend "Russell and I have really got some-

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 53.

where ... we are rallying to a point" (lm i 349-350). Furthermore, Lady Ottoline was to be a vital part of the autumn's activity:

You must be president. You must preside over our meetings. You must be the centre-pin that holds us together ... We mustn't lapse into temporality. (lm i 350)

And in the mood of optimism that persuasion of Russell engendered, he began to reiterate the old ideas of community.

Murry must come in, and Gilbert - and perhaps Campbell ... We must have some meetings at Garsington. Garsington must be the place where we come and knit ourselves together. Garsington is wonderful for that ... so perfectly a small world to itself, where one can get away from the temporal things to consider the big things. (ibid)

Like the letter of 1st February, this was perhaps an effort to involve Lady Ottoline more than she had allowed herself to be so far. She was always prepared to enjoy plans and to talk about them, if not necessarily to believe in them. But, for the moment at least, the need for the community centre was dictated by the direction of Lawrence's prophetic thought.

Unless real leaders step forward, to lead in the light of a wide-embracing philosophy, there will be another French Revolution muddle ... we must be ready in time to direct the way, to win with the truth. (lm i 351)

This sounds as if Lawrence were trying to galvanize Lady Ottoline into action - the letter had begun "Why, then, are you both so downcast, both you and Russell? What is the use of being downcast, when there is so much to be done?"

The idea of leaders went with an attack, perhaps provoked and certainly hated by Russell, on the democratic electorate. Garsington was not only to be a retreat, but a place "to discuss propaganda": and

it is at this point, early in July 1915, that Lawrence - perhaps feeling his association with Russell breaking up - shows himself most concerned with politics, least with religion. He told Russell, on the last day of June,

You must drop all your democracy. You must not believe in 'the people.' One class is no better than another. It must be a case of Wisdom, or Truth. Let the working classes be working classes. That is the truth. There must be an aristocracy of people who have wisdom, and there must be a Ruler: a Kaiser: no presidents and democracies. (1m i 352)

Even at this point (which Russell must have hated) we can see the extent to which Lawrence's ideas were governed by his religious convictions: the idea of the Kaiser corresponds to the Aristocratic conception, the idea of the transcendant self.

If my fulfilment is the fulfilment and establishment of the unknown divine self which I am, then I shall proceed in the realising of the greatest idea of the self, the highest conception of the I, my order of life will be kingly, imperial, aristocratic ... In the body politic also I shall desire a king, an emperor, a tyrant, glorious, mighty, in whom I see myself consummated and fulfilled. This is inevitable.¹

Confronted with Russell's demands to make the processes of Government more democratic, more for the Common Good, Lawrence was moved to assert the other pole in which he believed, and the demands of the metaphysically conceived State; rejecting the claim of the "great Not-Self" in favour of the Aristocratic Self, he turned against the Christian Infinite, "the Infinite reached through the omission of Self," according to which "God is all that which is not me ..."² And in the same letter in which he began to attack Russell's theories of democracy, he noted that:

1. Lawrence, Twilight in Italy, p.97.

2. Idem, p.99.

I have been wrong, much too Christian, in my philosophy. These early Greeks have clarified my soul. I must drop all about God. (lm i 352)

On July 9th he went to London for the weekend:

I shall see Russell and we shall talk about the scheme of lectures. He sent me a synopsis of a set of lectures on Political Ideas. But as yet he stands too much on the shore of this existing world. He must get into a boat and preach from out of the waters of eternity, if he is going to do any good. But I hope he isn't angry with me. (lh 240)

Russell went with him to Koteliensky's Office in High Holborn, where he met Koteliensky and the Murrys: "I thought Murry beastly and the whole atmosphere of the three dead and putrefying" he told Lady Ottoline. Then

We went up to Hampstead, to the Radfords, where Mrs Lawrence was staying. I was dead tired after the first hour, as we began arguing at once.¹

Russell makes it clear that, at this stage, he was trying to escape from the idea of the joint lecturing - or, indeed, from any activity with Lawrence. He found their views incompatible, Lawrence's aims mysterious, their temperaments wholly dissimilar. Lawrence found Russell temporal, unimaginative, unresponsive to the conditions of life as he saw them, and content with palliatives rather than solutions. For Russell, Lawrence was totally unrealistic:

When he talks politics he seems to me so wild that I could not formally work with him ... He is so undisciplined in thought, and mistakes his wishes for facts. He is also muddleheaded. He says 'facts' are quite unimportant, only 'truths' matter ... His attitude is a little mad and not quite honest, or at least very muddled. He has not learnt the lesson of individual impotence. And he regards all my attempts

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 53.

to make him acknowledge facts as mere timidity, lack of courage to think boldly, self-indulgence in pessimism.¹

They wanted such different things. Faced with Russell's political reasoning and 'facts,' Lawrence insisted the more strongly on the change in people he wanted. Russell's later, less reliable commentary recalled how

He would go into long tirades about how one must proclaim 'the Truth' to the multitude, and he seemed to have no doubt that the multitude would listen ... Gradually I discovered that he had no real wish to make the world better, but only to indulge in eloquent soliloquy about how bad it was.²

"Make the world better": it depends on what that means. The desire for a happier state was in both of them, but the quality of happiness they desired was utterly different: their common earnestness was the only thing that had so far kept them together, and Russell was trying to escape.

Lawrence, however, still wanted to put that earnestness to the use of some form of activity. He, in his turn, wrote to Lady Ottoline about the weekend's meetings:

I rather quarrelled with Russell's lectures ... But I didn't quarrel with him. We have almost sworn Blütbrüderschaft. We will set out together, he and I. We shall really be doing something, in the autumn. I want you to believe always. (lm i 353)

His problem had become, more than anything else, one of communicating his ideas in a way that would make them count. He apparently told Russell that he would not put his "political philosophy" (Russell's phrase) into a book: "No: in our corrupt society the written word

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 53.

2. Idem, II, 21.

is always a lie."¹ Besides which, with the wartime reduction in publishing, he was not at all sure he would be able to get anything that mattered to him into print. As early as February he had told Murry

it was no more use writing novels; we had first to change the conditions, without which either people would not hear, or our novels be only a tale ... 'What novels we could write, if we wrote of the whole good we knew, instead of the good that may be in this world!' ... he said he would write one more novel, and no more.²

If people could not understand novels, it was hardly worthwhile writing novels to convince them of the ways they misunderstood ... But his desire for activity in the spring and summer was never concerned with changing a climate so that people could understand his fiction. Rather, for the time being fiction vanished from his writing activity except as he had to revise and check the proofs of The Rainbow. The philosophy he was writing throughout the summer of 1915 was a preliminary move in the right direction; he did not intend to publish it in the form it then had, but it served the purpose of clarifying his own thinking, and had taken his writing in the direction he wanted it to go: "we had first to change the conditions, without which ... people would not hear."

Russell recalls asking him:

"Would he go into Hyde Park and proclaim 'the Truth' from a soap-box?" No: that would be far too dangerous (odd streaks of prudence emerged in him from time to time.)³

But, immediately after the weekend with Russell, he wrote to Lady Ottoline as if lecturing was, indeed, the only way he could approach an audience.

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 21.
2. Murry, Between Two Worlds, pp.335-336.
3. Russell, Autobiography, II, 21.

... I really think I shall give some lectures on Eternity. I shrink from it very much. I am very shy, publicly. I hate publicity of all sorts. I am safe and remote, when I write. It will be horrible to stand up and say the things I feel most vitally before an audience. But I think it must be done. I think I shall do it. I don't know. There is a little fog between me and the autumn. I must wait for the impulse really to be born. But I think I shall be speaking. God help me, I would rather have done anything else. I would like to be remote, in Italy, writing my soul's words. To have to speak in the body is a violation to me - you don't know how much. However, anything for the new infinite relation that must come to pass. (lm i 353)

Difficulties arose. Within the month, his real intimacy with Russell and with Lady Ottoline had ended. He told Cynthia Asquith on 16th August:

I've got a real bitterness in my soul, just now, as if Russell and Lady Ottoline were traitors - they are traitors. They betray the real truth. They come to me, and they make me talk, and they enjoy it, it gives them a profoundly gratifying sensations. And that is all. As if what I say were meant only to give them gratification, because of the flavour of personality, as if I were a cake or a wine or a pudding. (lm i 362)

Lawrence's charge can indeed be substantiated from their own writings. Lady Ottoline put in her journal:

Lawrence is the spirit of flame. He has indeed a fire within him, a fire which flames into excitement and conviction when a subject or a controversy strikes a light ...¹

Russell wrote, later in life:

What first attracted me to Lawrence was a certain dynamic quality and a habit of challenging assumptions that one is apt to take for granted. I was

1. ((Morrell,)) Ottoline, p.273.

already accustomed to being accused of undue slavery to reason, and I thought perhaps that he would give me a vivifying dose of unreason. I did in fact acquire a certain stimulus from him ...¹

But this was the large and general reason for Lawrence's break with both. With Russell, the real provocation came with the lecture plan Russell gave him - perhaps during the weekend in London, 10th-11th July. On the 15th he returned the plan to Russell, copiously annotated. His quarrel with it insisted on their differences more clearly than they had ever previously emerged. His corrections were of two kinds; he altered, for instance, Russell's demand for "a direct interest in other people of a kind which develops their life and one's own at once" by crossing through "interest in other people," commenting 'no - no,' and adding

What is wanted is a knowledge of the true conditions we all desire in our souls, putting aside the fetish of what is. What is wanted is a conception of a "unanimous" society. We want to create a new Whole: that is our fundamental desire. (lbr 81)

Such changes challenge Russell's most carefully argued intentions. The other kind of change concerns casual stupidities (as Lawrence saw them); for instance, "We want a life which will keep alive the frank interest in others which one sees in dogs for example," where Lawrence scored through the example (lbr 81); or "Marriage. Resultant of sex plus jealousy," which Lawrence crossed right out, adding "No!" (lbr 89) Such stupidities must have annoyed him for their complacency, and the irony of Russell's appeal to human nature must have struck him, too, in the light they shed on Russell's human sympathies.

"Don't be angry that I have scribbled all over your work" (lm i 354), Lawrence asked him when he returned it. But Russell was

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 23.

annoyed with the attitude Lawrence took to him, apparently called him a 'schoolmaster' for his blue-pencillings and for his directives about "what I must preach, the 'must' having thirteen underlinings," Russell later recalled.¹ In the light of his letters to Lady Ottoline that "I could not formally work with him" and insisting upon Lawrence's refusal to face facts, we may assume that Russell was not displeased to find a way to sever a relation which demanded more than he found he could give. He accordingly made his rejoinders to Lawrence's accusatory letters in their turn unpleasant. "I rather hated your letter" (lm i 355) Lawrence began his next reply; that of September 14th started "I'm going to quarrel with you again" (lm i 366), and when Russell felt Lawrence was again trying to enlist him the following February ("Tell me if you agree about the publishing concern" - lbr 69) he replied in a way that elicited another "I didn't like your letter" (lm i 432) from Lawrence. We are perhaps entitled to assume that Russell was trying to choke off Lawrence once and for all after what had been, to him, a clear indication the previous July that their hopes and plans were incompatible.

The nature of that incompatibility needs to be defined. It was not personal. Russell told Lady Ottoline after the exhausting weekend 10th-11th July that "the day Lawrence was with me was horrid," but he went on to say that

Lawrence is very like Shelley - just as fine, but with a similar impatience of fact. The revolution he hopes for is just like Shelley's prophecy of banded anarchs fleeing while the people celebrate a feast of love.²

This sounds like a description of a man who is sometimes infuriating but to whom, all the same, one looks up. The real break with Russell

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 21.

2. Idem, II, 54.

was over the meaning of Revolution. Their different approaches have already been described. The point is that, even when he was writing intensely critical things to Russell about the latter's lecture plans, he continued to demand some sort of joint activity. During the summer he had become convinced of the necessity to do something to make people change, and that something (it seemed) had to be lecturing. To lecture alongside Russell had certain advantages; it allowed him to attempt more completely his individual approach to the problems he saw without the fear of being too partial and incomplete to deserve serious attention. The idea proposed in June, "he on ethics, I on immortality," seemed a useful working arrangement. And if he wanted balancing, himself, he must have felt equally strongly that whatever Russell did would need equally serious counter-balancing. What is more, the idea of a Revolutionary party still appealed to him very strongly. As he commented in Russell's ms.,

No no no, don't talk about interest in others. What you mean is the unanimous impulse, the impulse towards a unanimous movement. It isn't the others we are interested in, it is the Whole, the Whole of us. We want to make a Whole Movement, Unanimous.
(lbr 81-82)

Just as the State needed to form a "Whole Movement, Unanimous," so the individuals leading the change had to be grouped as a party, or perhaps a community along the lines suggested by Lady Ottoline in February. To act with Russell, even allowing for all their differences, seemed vital to Lawrence for a good deal of the summer. He told Russell at the end of July that

We must have the same general ideas if we are going to be or to do anything. I will listen gladly to all your ideas: but we must put our ideas together. This is a united effort, or it is nothing - a mere tiresome playing about, lecturing and so on. It is

no mere personal voice that must be raised:
but a sound, living idea round which we all
rally. (lm i 356)

He was still obviously trying to involve Russell in the kind of belief with which the latter had so far steadily refused to get involved. To Lawrence, Russell was sticking to the worn-out ideas of the state, religion, democracy, marriage, which had provoked the present situation: his lectures were (for Lawrence) intended to confirm the status quo, not reform it. Lawrence's idealism was actually far greater than Russell's; he did not mind being impractical because the acceptance of a new metaphysic and a new concept of fulfilment came first: in their light the practical changes could and would be made. But practical changes - or an attempt at them - without a reformed consciousness seemed barbarous. Above all, he struggled with Russell to get him to accept the conception of fulfilment - the reason why of the whole venture.

But Russell remained convinced that anything short of the practical and the achievable side-stepped the issue, and ignored Lawrence accordingly. In 1915 he hated Lawrence's ideas about dictatorship; in 1952 he called them "fascist"¹ and by 1968 they had become "Fascist."² Lawrence's conclusions about the nature of proper government sprang from a simultaneous comparison of the needs of the individual man, infinitesimal in the state, and of the grand design of the State itself: "the thing must culminate in one real head, as every organic thing must." Russell was concerned with neither the fulfilment of the individual man, nor with the whole conception of the state. His lecture programme attacked the present situation severely, whilst making very little positive suggestion. His main enemy in the programme was Power - and the fact that "all these institutions are based on Power" - because his interests were sometimes, oddly, much more theoretical

1. B. Russell, 'Portraits from Memory - III: D. H. Lawrence,' The Listener, 24 July 1952, p.135.

2. Russell, Autobiography, II, 21.

than Lawrence's. His concluding summary discloses the extent to which his argument was rationally generalised and only nodded acquaintance to the things in which Lawrence believed:

Must free our souls, live in vision, make better world vivid to our imaginations. Must achieve a new marriage of instinct and way of life, by less belief in material goods, by new political institutions giving unity of freedom. No need of hate or conflict: only the failure of inward joy brings them about. (lbr 95)

Lawrence's marginal comment seems more realistic about human nature and less intoxicated about the way in which it develops:

There will always be hate and conflict. It is a principle of growth: every bud must burst its cover, & the cover doesn't want to be burst. But let our hatred & conflict be really part of our vital growth, the outcome of our growing, not of our desire for sensation. (ibid)

The attack on power and the belief in inward joy are both rationally perfect positions, yet certainly to Lawrence, and perhaps to us, they ignore the realities of disillusioned and unsatisfied people. The criteria of human satisfaction are not necessarily rational. Lawrence wrote to Russell in the middle of July:

Do, do get these essays ready, for the love of God. But make them more profound, more philosophical. Make them not popular, oh, not popular ... you must put in the positive idea. Every living community is a living State. You must go very deep into the State, and its relation to the individual. (lm i 354-355)

For Lawrence, Russell was attacking the 'form' without understanding the spirit (or the needs of the spirit) behind it. His unrepentant determination to go on doing so put paid to the "autumn venture" of lectures between them. As Lawrence told Lady Cynthia in August:

I don't see how I am to start. Russell and I were

to do something together. He was to give a real course in political reconstruction ideas. But it is no good. He sent me a synopsis of the lectures, and I can only think them pernicious. And now his vanity is piqued, because I said they must be different. (lm i 360)

Further, Russell refused to acknowledge that there was - or could be - any such "spirit of unanimity in truth" in human beings: and that was the spirit to which Lawrence directed his appeal. Not that the spirit was universal:

I am so sick of people: they preserve an evil, bad, separating spirit under the warm cloak of good words. That is intolerable in them ... Bertie Russell talks about democratic control and the educating of the artisan, and all this, all this goodness, is just a warm and cosy cloak for a bad spirit. They all want the same thing: a continuing in this state of disintegration wherein each separate little ego is an independent little principality by itself. (lm i 360)

"He wants to be ultimately a free agent," Lawrence wrote of Russell to Lady Cynthia.

If what Lawrence says is true, then the truth at which he grasped was both deeper and more compelling than that which inspired Russell's work. That the spirit Lawrence wished to inspire in people was - or could be - real, we have to admit after studying his own insights into the human appeal of the "international-peace-for-ever and democratic control talks": "so that in their own souls they can be independent little gods, referred nowhere and to nothing, little mortal Absolutes, secure from question ..." If this does sap the basis of organised political discussion, it is also not so politically naive as Russell insisted Lawrence was.

But, as pointed out before, both the substance of his belief in "the new spirit" and any way of communicating his ideas about people

to people continued inaccessible. On the one hand, he was reduced to writing perfectly impotent letters:

We must rid ourselves of this ponderous incubus of falsehood, this massive London, with its streets and streets of nullity: we must with one accord and in purity of spirit, pull it down and build up a beautiful thing. We must rid ourselves of the idea of money ... (lmi361-362)

This is reminiscent of Russell's letter about him on 10th July:

... he wants London pulled down. I tried to make him see that that would be absurd if London were unimportant, but he kept reiterating that London doesn't really exist, and that he could easily make people see it doesn't, and then they would pull it down. He was so confident about his powers of persuasion that I challenged him to come to Trafalgar Square at once and begin preaching. That brought him to earth ... He has not learnt the lesson of individual impotence.¹

He had no way of communicating what he felt and no contact at all with any audience that might listen. As he himself felt, his solutions were desperate to the point of not being solutions at all:

I feel like knocking my head against the wall: or of running off to some unformed South American place where there is no thought of civilised effort. (lmi361)

The people in England with whom to make the "civilised effort" - Russell, Murry, Lady Ottoline, even Frieda - saw his analyses and his solutions as emotionally hysterical and in practice impossible. Russell gave up by August. As early as May 1915, Murry had told Katherine Mansfield of his attachment to Lawrence and had elicited the reply:

Fancy giving yourself up to loving someone for a fortnight - as you say you will do for Lawrence in

1. Russell, Autobiography, II, 53.

the summer. My strike! I think you are quite right, but it does surprise me as an idea.¹

So far as Lawrence was concerned, Murry

says he believes in what I say, because he believes in me, he might help in the work I set out to do because he would be believing in me. (lm i 362)

But "he would not believe in the work, he would deplore it ... He thinks the thing should be left personal, each man just expressing himself." It was obviously hard enough for Murry to know just what "the work" was, but this approach vitiated Lawrence's deepest concerns. Lady Ottoline, again, took his philosophizing and planning too personally and too emotionally. Frieda, on the other hand, "thinks if the war were over, things would be pretty well all right" (ibid).

"But they are all wrong."

"I don't want any friends, except the friends who are going to act, put everything - or at any rate, put something into the effort by bringing about a new unanimity among us, a new movement for the pure truth. (ibid)

In his desperation there is a sense of utterly frustrated fellow-feeling, and of betrayal. Russell and Lady Ottoline were explicitly "traitors - they betray the real truth." Lawrence's ideas get increasingly impossible during 1915 in response to his sense of loneliness in them. He felt himself reduced to being one man, hitting out and raving: when, most of all, he wanted to be "a writer of my soul's words," involved in a society that was honest and aware of itself. All these pleas - and rejections - of "joint action" grow stronger as they appear more and more unrealistic.

And this is the place the whole episode has in this history: for the sense it gives of Lawrence's desperate longing to do something for England, with people: and for its culmination in his sheer

1. The Letters of Katherine Mansfield to J. M. Murry, (London, Constable, 1951), p.40.

frustration over all his ambitions. The lack of response in his immediate circle is, of course, partly to be explained by the apparently nonsensical view he took of politics. This was Frieda Lawrence's position:

The one time I did not believe in Lawrence's activities ... was when he and Bertrand Russell planned to make some reform in English government. I had listened to talk on politics at my uncle Oswald Richthofen's in Berlin (he was then Minister of Foreign Affairs), and what Lawrence and Bertie discussed did not seem like politics to me. (frieda 142)

Lady Cynthia Asquith was another to whom the idea of Revolution was a joke; she put in her diary after a letter from Lawrence about democracy and belief:

Very funny letter from Lawrence ... he regards me as (God help him!) a potential instrument in his revolution.¹

After the letter about Russell and Murry quoted above, she wrote:

Lawrence's letter very long and full of bitterness and diatribe - very difficult to answer. It is so difficult to know whether he has any constructive plans which are at all applicable. I fear I am what he calls 'static.'²

In fact, she did not answer, and Lawrence took the point: "But I don't know that I am any the better for your rebuke. My soul is still fizzling savagely" (lm i 363). Her response to the first number of Lawrence's magazine The Signature in October was, "Poor fools, it's not a good moment in which to hope to found a new religion!"³ Living in the circle of actual politicians and the conduct of real affairs, the revolutionary plans could never have involved her as they could, for instance, Lady Ottoline, who would by choice move in pacifist and intellectual circles. And although

1. Asquith, Diaries, p.57.

2. Idem, p.70. And see Additional Note XVI.

3. Idem, p.85.

Lawrence told her about the way his thoughts were moving during the summer, he was no more able to convey to her what he meant by the "right spirit" than he could to Lady Ottoline. In September, she was to help by distributing pamphlets about The Signature. But she could not help by understanding or sympathising.

By the end of August, in fact, Lawrence knew almost no-one who could.

Russell stuck by an old formula, that I hated, so just had a violent sort of row, a thunderstorm, and went on without him. It is better so, for the present. (lh 257)

Relations with Lady Ottoline had been strained since the end of July when, according to Cynthia Asquith's diary for the 25th,

There was rather a floater going on about Ottoline, who has written to say she hasn't room for Frieda, and Frieda is furious with her.¹

This must have occurred sometime after Lawrence's letter to Lady Ottoline of 12th July and before his carefully worded one of the 29th:

I want very much to come to Garsington if we are going to be a little group filled with one spirit and striving for one end. But if we are going to be a little set of individuals each one concerned with himself and his own personal fling at the world, I can't bear it ... (lh 243)

This cautious parrying went on into August: " ... we will have a meeting soon, and make a new start. It is no use meeting unless we are in a good ready spirit" (lh 244). Although he suggested to Russell that they might go to Garsington "if Lady Ottoline can do with us" (lm i 356) - significant in view of the "floater" - and again in August, after the Lawrences had moved to Hampstead,

1. Asquith, Diaries, p.58.

"let us go to Garsington if Lady Ottoline is free" (lbr 56), there is no evidence of whether he did go. In view of the unease with both Russell and her, and the tone of his letter to her of 9th September, it seems most unlikely.

One can't help the silences that intervene nowadays, it must be so ... Our coming to see you depends on us all three, you and me and Frieda. When we all want it, to make the new thing, the new world that is to be, then we will come. (lbr i 365-366)

After a brief note on 14th September, nothing more seems to have been exchanged between them until the beginning of November, when Lady Ottoline asked the Lawrences to stay: but this, and a subsequent visit to Garsington, must be mentioned in their own place later on. With the end of the summer's contact came the end of the hopes for a community centre; but the events of August and September in London offered a new kind of activity.

Lawrence had moved to London at the beginning of August with the feeling that his plans for lecturing with Russell (or, indeed, any joint action) had become extremely vague. He did not want to go to Garsington; plans for a "united effort" centred there since February were in pieces. Though he gave Middleton Murry the impression that what he was to do in London was all part of the plan, it must have been in the nature of a stop-gap. But, for Murry,

Lawrence's plan of a group united in belief and action was reduced perforce to a resolution to establish a little centre in London where those who cared to might hear Lawrence expound his views, and to issue a little magazine in connection with it ... Chiefly for this purpose, the Lawrences were to move to London ...¹

As far as can be told without the assistance of day-to-day letters,

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, pp. 349-350.

the idea for the magazine did not mature until the beginning of September, though by the 5th Lawrence was sufficiently knowledgeable about its printing and circulation to write and tell people about it. The idea of publishing pamphlets had been originally thrown up by Lawrence and Murry in mid-February; but for as long as the idea of working alongside Russell lasted, the pamphlet scheme was forgotten. There had been perhaps a hint of its return in the disillusioned letter he wrote Lady Cynthia in mid-August:

I do believe there are people who wait for the spirit of truth. But I think one can't find them personally. I had hoped and tried to get a little nucleus of living people together. But I think it is no good. One must start direct with the open public, without associates. But how to begin, and when, I don't know yet. (lm i 363)

To "start direct with the open public" was (perhaps Lawrence realised) the shortest cut to establishing the real isolation of his position, and also to expose the principles of his belief at their weakest. But, without Russell, and without Garsington, "reconstructive revolution in actual life, England, now" necessitated some approach to a public. It is interesting that Lawrence never mentioned The Rainbow in any of his discussions of public reform; its publication at the end of September made less of an impact on his correspondence than anything he had previously published. It played no part in his conception of reconstructive revolution so far as his need to approach an audience directly was concerned; its writing and publication in no way removed the need for a more direct approach. As he told William Hopkin in mid-September, when the first leaflets for The Signature were being sent out,

Heaven knows what will come of it: but this is my first try at direct approach to the public: art is after all indirect and ultimate. I want this to be more immediate. (lm i 368)

The Rainbow had been affected by Lawrence's philosophical and social

imaginings, but these needed a clearer voice than the novel had been able to give them.

The Signature was designed as a fortnightly magazine that could serve as a vehicle for Lawrence's long essay 'The Crown', for a series of articles by Murry, and some sketches by Katherine Mansfield. 'The Crown' was the final rewriting of the summer's philosophy, probably done during the second half of August. It was natural that the Murrys should be at the heart of the venture; there was Murry's dedication of his time to Lawrence,¹ the pamphlet scheme had been their joint creation; despite Murry's recollection of "more enthusiastic support than we could give" coming from Lawrence's other London friends - "often, when we went to his little ground-floor flat in the Vale of Health, we found the room full of new faces"² - the fact that these other friends (presumably the Hampstead coterie of Meynells, Eders, Radfords, Carswells and Lows, rather than the two Murry mentioned, Heseltine and Gray) had not the ability to write a magazine with Lawrence meant that association with Murry remained at a premium. Catherine Carswell, indeed, recalled in 1932 that

Though I was asked both to go to the premises of the Signature (to which I contributed a rug for the floor), and to write for it, I did neither. I never believed in it, and ... to me Lawrence appeared deprecating, almost apologetic at the outset. (sp 36-37)

She was indeed the only one of the Hampstead coterie who might have been expected to contribute. Although the Murrys may have felt supplanted, it was inevitable that they should have taken up the magazine with him.

At this point, it is necessary to consider Lawrence's account of the Signature affair as he recalled it in the introduction he

1. See above, pp. 312-313.

2. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p. 352.

wrote to 'The Crown' on its first appearance in book-form ten years later.¹ There has been some dispute about the truth of what Lawrence then wrote, principally between Murry and Mrs Carswell: the former suggesting in 1930 that Lawrence's account "is coloured by subsequent happenings and essentially inaccurate"² and the latter remarking

In that account no doubt, as Murry says, the details of fact are inaccurate, but not, I think, the content of feeling. Lawrence ... was clearly disappointed in the performance. (sp 36-37)

In the first place, Lawrence did not just get "details of fact" wrong: he demonstrated that the incident was very far away to him in 1925.

John Middleton Murry said to me: "Let us do something."

The doing consisted in starting a tiny monthly ((in fact, fortnightly)) paper, which Murry called The Signature, and in having weekly ((in fact, fortnightly)) meetings somewhere in London - I have now no idea where it was ((in fact, 12 Fisher Street, W.C.1)) ... on Thursday ((in fact, Monday)) nights we had meetings of about a dozen people. We talked, but there was absolutely nothing in it. And the meetings didn't last two months ((in fact, there were only ever two - both within the month)).

The Signature was printed by some little Jewish printer away in the east end ((I. Narodiezy, 48 Mile End Road, E.)). We sold it by subscription, half-a-crown for six copies. I don't know how many subscriptions there were: perhaps fifty ((in fact, over 115, as listed in papers in the British Museum³)). (phx ii 364)

That shows how Lawrence's recollection of the incident had faded. And if, indeed, Murry said "'Let us do something,'" then it is only fair to Murry (who has tried to disclaim responsibility for the venture) to point out that Lawrence

1. D. H. Lawrence, Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, (Philadelphia, Centaur Press, 1925).
2. Murry, Reminiscences, p.69.
3. Additional Ms. 48966.

had been saying "Let us do something" to people for months.

The second half of his introduction is interpretive, and - as it deals with precisely those topics of audience and approach which are our concern here - must be left to speak for itself.

To me the venture meant nothing real: a little escapade. I can't believe in "doing things" like that. In a great issue like the war, there was nothing to be "done" in Murry's sense. There is still nothing to be "done". Probably not for many, many years will men start to "do" something. And even then, only after they have changed gradually, and deeply.

I knew then, and know now, it is no use trying to do anything - I speak only for myself - publicly. It is no use trying merely to modify present forms. The whole great form of our era will have to go. And nothing will really send it down but the new shoots of life springing up and slowly bursting the foundations. And one can do nothing, but fight tooth and nail to defend the new shoots of life from being crushed out, and let them grow. We can't make life. We can but fight for the life that grows in us.

So that, personally, little magazines mean nothing to me: nor groups, nor parties of people. I have no hankering after quick response, nor the effusive, semi-intimate backchat of literary communion. So it was ridiculous to offer The Crown in a little six-penny pamphlet. I always felt ashamed, at the thought of the few who sent in their half-crowns. Happily they were few; and they could read Murry. If one publishes in the ordinary way, people are not asked for their six-pences. (phx ii 364)

Taking the points as they come: firstly, "I can't believe in 'doing things' like that. It is to be hoped that these last fifty pages have proved that, during 1915, Lawrence did believe in "doing things." To saddle Murry with responsibility for the word was unfair. To take only three examples out of the many: from the period before the lecture plan with Russell:

There must be a revolution in the state ... Something

like this must be done. (lm i 317)

We must create an idea of a new, freer life ...

Something must be done, and we must begin soon. (lm i 323)

With the lecture plan, the object of reform was explicit:

I don't want any friends, except the friends who are going to act, put everything - or at any rate, put something into the effort ... (lm i 363)

The necessity of "something being done" was his conviction from February to October 1915. If Murry said anything of the sort, then it is a fair guess that he caught both the enthusiasm and the actual ideas from Lawrence himself.

"I knew then, and know now, it is no use trying to do anything ... publicly." The idea was certainly as distasteful in 1915 as it was in 1925. As he told Lady Ottoline in July,

It will be horrible to stand up and say the things I feel most vitally before an audience ... But I think it must be done. (lm i 353)

But, again, the last fifty pages have been devoted to showing how concerned in 1915 Lawrence was with a "public" demonstration. The fact that The Signature was for subscribers only indicates simply that Lawrence needed the certainty of subscriptions to give the magazine some financial basis of its own (which it did not in the event manage - but it would certainly have got nowhere without the subscribers.) He wanted the magazine to tell on people's imaginations:

If you ((Lady Ottoline)) or Morrell could get a few people, who really care, to take it, I should be very glad. But only people who care about this life now and in the future. (lh 253-254)

You see I want to initiate, if possible, a new movement for real life and real freedom. One can but try. (lm i 368)

The point is that in 1925 Lawrence seems to have forgotten the nature of the public approach that mattered so much in 1915; chapter 6, below, shows how his attitude was modifying throughout the war years to something closer to what he felt in 1925. To substantiate the 1925 argument that "it is no use trying to do anything ... publicly," he says: "It is no use trying merely to modify present forms. The whole great form of our era will have to go." But this is precisely what he was telling Russell in their quarrel about the nature of the autumn's lectures.

... this which you say is all social criticism: it isn't social reconstruction. You must take a plunge into another element if it is to be social reconstruction ... You must go very deep into the State, and its relation to the individual ... you must dare very much more than you have done here - you must dare to be positive, not only critical. (lm i 354-355)

The difference was that in 1915 Lawrence felt that the State was indeed cracking, becoming intolerable.

Can't you see the whole state is collapsing. Look at the Welsh strike. This war is going to develop into the last great war between labour and capital.
(lm i 354)

Or again: "I am sure, now, that if we go on with the war, we shall be beaten by Germany. I am sure that, unless the new spirit comes, we shall be irrecoverably beaten" (lm i 352). And, in that situation, action did not seem so impractical. "There will inevitably come a revolution during the next ten years," he told Lady Cynthia in July 1915. "This existing phase is now in its collapse," he told Russell. "You are too old fashioned. The back of your serpent is already broken" (lm i 354). Without the benefit of this optimism, it was inevitable that in 1925 Lawrence should have looked back with a disbelieving eye on the glimmers of the 1915 hopes. What he wrote, in 1925, of the "new shoots of life," seems to refer (in part at least) to his own writings, his ordinary art. But in

1915, the extraordinary situation made art seem slow and action credible.

It is a different matter whether The Signature was any closer to Lawrence's heart in 1915 than it was in 1925. His attitude in 1915 was dictated by a sense of its tentativeness:

We begin in October. Then for three months I shall work hard, and not mind if people are sterile or stones. Then at the end of three months we shall reconsider what is done and what is to be done. (lm i 365)

But he would stick to the philosophy in it simply for its own merits. It was "the stuff I believe in most deeply" (lh 255), he told Arthur McLeod. And the magazine itself was a token of what could or should be "done": perhaps what Mrs Carswell took for shame or apology was simply a refusal to bank on The Signature as a lasting means of communicating his ideas. It is certainly true that, with the effective loss of Russell and Garsington, whole or political action seemed emptier, and the attractions of simply not bothering much greater. As Lawrence put it to Lady Cynthia:

Perhaps by Christmas we shall have some little footing, and I can be reconciled to all my friends, and we can unite in a bigger effort, a bigger paper, and Russell give his lectures, and we can have good Club Meetings. Perhaps - God knows. And perhaps, everything will fizzle out. Then if possible we shall go abroad, and I shall have another try when the social weather is more promising. (lh 257)

Besides which, if The Signature was classifiable, it was a religious magazine: "the seed, I hope, of a great change in life: the beginning of a new religious era, from my point." But this letter to Lady Cynthia is unusual for the belief it expresses in a possible future for the magazine, as is another letter he wrote to her at the start of October; perhaps he felt that with her, more than with most people, he needed to insist on the importance of what he was doing. But, again,

he brought up the idea of inconsequential fate:

I think my papers are very beautiful and very good. I feel if only people, decent people, would read them, somehow a new era might set in. But I don't think people care. And perhaps I am too self-important. At any rate, it will be as it will be. But still, we must do our best. It is no good, if everybody leaves the doing to everybody else. (lh 259)

However much such a letter was specifically designed for Lady Cynthia - and to no-one else did he write with such hopes - at least it puts paid to the non-sequitur of 1925:

I have no hankering after quick response, nor the effusive, semi-intimate backchat of literary communion. So it was ridiculous to offer The Crown in a little six-penny pamphlet. (phx ii 364)

And, lastly, the suggestion that The Signature was foolish for trying to present 'The Crown' in a "six-penny pamphlet" rather than publishing "in the ordinary way" simply ignores the realities of war-time publication and also of Lawrence's hopes for The Signature. Part of the latter's point was in its evasion of normal ways of publishing.

In short, we can see that the 1925 summary was wise after the event: it failed to consider the situation in 1915 which led Lawrence to do things he could not conceive of doing in 1925: above all, it asserted an attitude to the publication of his work that did not exist before about 1916, after the debacle of The Signature and The Rainbow, the continuation of the war, and the rejection of Women in Love. It ignored the whole history of his thoughts and hopes in 1915.

The publication of The Signature was closely associated with the inauguration of fortnightly meetings at 12 Fisher Street for public discussion of issues raised by the magazine. The tenancy

of the Fisher Street rooms is first mentioned in a letter of 14th September (lm i 368), and the idea of "meetings" suggested; by 20th September, Lady Cynthia was being told of "Club meetings" there (lh 257). The two unfurnished rooms became the authorial address of The Signature as well as the venue of meetings. The idea of meetings has to be stressed, because Lawrence had no intention of adopting any plan of lectures such as he had discussed with Russell. After telling Lady Cynthia of the Signature plan, he remarked:

I hope you are interested. As for lectures, I have quarrelled in my soul with Bertie Russell - I don't think he will give his.¹ I shall do nothing at all in that line. The sight of the people of London strikes me into a dumb fury. The persistent nothingness of the war makes me feel like a paralytic convulsed with rage. (lm i 364)

It is very hard to tell exactly what happened at the meetings. Although he possibly arranged the tenure of the rooms, Koteliansky was not concerned with them; on Sunday 10th October, Lawrence wrote to tell him they were meeting the following day:

Will you come? It would be nice if you were here at 7.30, as Frieda and I want to put up curtains. Then you could open the door. We shall bring a lamp, and oil, and some sticks. Could you bring just a little bit of coal ... ? (kbm i 112)

In a letter written after that meeting, Lawrence wondered why Koteliansky did not stay to it:

Thank you very much for making the room so nice, and the fire.

Did you not stay to the meeting, because you were busy, or too sorry about Katherine's brother ((killed in action on the 7th)), or because you were offended with me. If you are offended, that is foolish. But you do as you like ... There is

1. In fact Russell gave his lectures on 'The Principles of Social Reconstruction' at the Caxton Hall in London during January and February 1916.

another meeting this day fortnight. I hope you will come to it. (kbn i 114-115)

The Murrys, again, although like Koteliensky concerned with the furnishing of the rooms,¹ like Koteliensky had nothing to do with the actual meetings. "So far as I remember, neither Katherine nor I attended a lecture meeting: that was not our affair."² It has already been seen how Catherine Carswell would have nothing to do with either meetings or magazine. We can, again, be fairly sure that Lady Cynthia did not go; her diary makes no mention of either the 10th or the 25th October meetings. Russell would have been too alienated to go; Lady Ottoline Morrell did not visit London at the crucial times. We can make no assumptions about the presence of any of the Hampstead coterie apart from Mrs Carswell. It seems possible that the Cannans, Mary and Gilbert, may have been concerned. Gilbert Cannan was regarded as a possible contributor to The Signature during the plans for it in September, and Mary Cannan stayed with the Lawrences around the 14th October. But we can be certain of nothing except that, in the absence of most of their London friends, Lawrence and Frieda ran two meetings attended, according to Lawrence's inaccurate memory of 10 years later, by "about a dozen people." Murry's remark that "our one or two meetings were attended by about a dozen persons"³ perhaps confirms that; more accurate than Lawrence about the number of such meetings, his evidence of numbers must (since he was not present) have been founded on what Lawrence told him.

The idea of them was roughly the same as that of The Signature. They must have been advertised by posters - there was no mention of them in The Signature as it now survives, and British Museum Additional Mss. 48966 shows that some people attended them, at least, who had not bought the magazine. Presumably Lawrence talked, and attempted to

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p.352.

2. Ibid.

3. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 68.

lead a discussion. "We talked, but there was absolutely nothing in it" (phx ii 364). They came to an end just as The Signature did. By the time of the latter's second number (18th October) it was clear that the subscriptions were not going to cover the costs of printing and posting the full run of six issues: for the six, they needed 250 subscriptions, and they only ever got between 115 and 120, collecting thereby £15 - which just covered the printer's bill for three numbers, though it left the postage to be paid for out of the editors' pockets. A decision not to print more than three issues must have been taken by 21st October, when Lawrence gave a week's notice to the landlord of the Fisher Street rooms and remarked to Koteliansky "Everything comes to an end ... I think we are going to try to get to America" (kbn i 116). There was the final meeting on Monday 25th; the final number of The Signature on 4th November was issued from Koteliansky's office in High Holborn in default of Fisher Street. Koteliansky collected the unsold magazines, the curtains and Mrs Carswell's rug on the 30th October - the furniture was sold off to the landlord - and the episode closed.

It was not ended simply by the lack of money, however, despite Murry's remark: "Since we could not give more than we got, the third number ((of The Signature)) was the last."¹ Both meetings and magazine stopped in part because of their failure to draw support. It was one thing, as he told Lady Ottoline in September, to "work hard, and not mind if people are sterile or stones" (lm i 365). It was another to feel that the constructive plans were simply being ignored: Lawrence's remarks in 1925 at least show how unsuccessful he considered their efforts to have been. He had told Harriet Monroe in mid-September:

This is the real winter of the spirit in England. We are just preparing to come to fast grips with the war. At last we are going to give ourselves up to it - and everything else we are letting go.

1. Murry, Reminiscences, p.68.

I thought we should never come to this - but we are.

... Only I feel, that even if we are all going to be rushed down to extinction, one must hold up the other, living truth, of Right and pure reality, the reality of the clear, eternal spirit. One must speak for light and growth, amid all this mass of destruction and disintegration. (lm i 368-369)

We can observe in even so short an extract how the idea of action had been transmuted by September into one of demonstrative speech. The pressure of the war and of what he saw as England's disintegration as the winter of 1915 drew on seemed so much stronger to Lawrence that the idea of Revolution, or even or a revolution in consciousness, was cut down to an effort to keep a voice heard. This, indeed, was one of the functions of magazine and meetings, though his first hopes for them did not suggest it. He had hoped the meetings would rally people, and continued to hope so right into October:

I don't want the Signature to be a 'success,' I want it only to rally together just a few passionate, vital constructive people. But they must consent first to cast away all that is of no use - all that is wrong. And we have been, we are, colossally wrong ... (lm i 370)

But the feeling of being only a solitary voice (and one that was being ignored) - besides the feeling which culminated in 1925 that, after all, nothing could be "done" - combined to end the whole Signature venture. As he wrote to Lady Cynthia on 21st October: "I am sick in my soul, sick to death. But not angry any more, only unfathomably miserable about it all" (lm i 371). Anger had been a necessary stimulus to all the plans of spring and summer: anger against the "fussy Mammon," against the form of society, against Cambridge, against "this hydra, this pack," against democracy, Labour, capital, London. It had been the spirit of his desire for Revolution. Only on two occasions had Lawrence suggested escaping the destiny of his country by leaving it - both times the impulse had been ignored. Now, in October, it grew again. He told Koteliansky:

I think we are going to try to get to America, Murry and I. My soul is torn out of me, now: I cannot stop here any longer and acquiesce in this which is the spirit now: I would rather die. (kbn i 117)

And he told Lady Cynthia:

Perhaps you will say it is cowardice: but how shall one submit to such ultimate wrong as this which we commit, now, England - and the other nations? If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out. And I am English, and my Englishness is my very vision. But now I must go away, if my soul is sightless for ever. Let it then be blind, rather than commit the vast wickedness of acquiescence. (lm i 371)

But to leave would be so final a gesture of severance from England that, for a while, he simply did not want to make it:

If the war could but end this winter, we might rise to life again, here in this our world.

... So I keep suspended the thought of going away.

Oh God, what tender, timid hopes one has - then the cursed blackening frost. (lm i 372-373)

It's a question not often asked, why Lawrence was so distressed by the war. It was not from any sense of pacifism. And it was not often from any sense of what conditions were then like at the front. It was from his conviction that the whole functioning of civilised life was destroyed, its natural attachments and responsibilities. He explained the feeling to Lady Cynthia.

You say that the war does not prevent personal life from going on, that the individual can still love and be complete. It isn't true ... The spirit of the war is, that I am a unit, a single entity, and every one of my actions is an act of further detaching my own single entity from all the rest.

If I love, then, I am in direct opposition to the principle of war ... Love is the great creative process, like Spring, the making of an integral

unity out of many factors. We have had enough of the disintegrating process. If it goes any further, we shall so thoroughly have destroyed the unifying force among us, we shall have become each one of us so completely a separate entity, that the whole will be an amorphous heap, like sand ... (lm i 374-375)

This is where his belief in the individual's place in society - the society of the people of England - had led him; to accept that a man can feel this we need a very strong and unusual belief in the consequences of attachment to a community. This is the tragedy of the war to Lawrence: that only such strong feelings of attachment and belief in the functioning of society could have been so shattered by it - but that such a shattering was incomparably painful. "I am English, and my Englishness is my very vision" (lm i 371). But - "if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." All his schemes for revolution had been dictated by the same sense of the necessary attachment of individuals to a society: "there must be a state" (lbr 82), he had written on Russell's ms.; but his conviction of what it was like to belong to one that had gone wrong was far stronger than most people's. Reference has frequently been made to his astonishing powers of insight into and understanding of human beings: "He is a pentecost to one, and has the gift of intimacy and such perceptiveness that he introduces one to oneself."¹ But it has rarely been considered what this perceptiveness must have done to him when it presented him with insight into the oppressive falsity of his surroundings. His experiences in the war and his letters about it give us some idea. "Further destruction only means death, universal death, disintegration," he told Lady Cynthia, although she couldn't share that response.

He writes wildly about the disintegrating process of war, etc., and makes rather arbitrary distinctions between intrinsic and extrinsic evil - all eloquent enough, but I'm afraid his feet quite

1. Asquith, Diaries, p.19.

leave the ground.¹

It was in this situation at the start of November that another blow fell. Throughout October The Rainbow had been getting damning reviews, and rumours of suppression had been in the air. On the 3rd and 5th of November, the police called on the offices of Methuen and took away all bound and unbound copies of the book they could obtain; the case against the book as obscene was heard at Bow Street on 13th November, and the magistrate ordered it to be destroyed.

In the mass of detail about social revolution, the place of Lawrence's imaginative work has been ignored - rightly so, since, apart from two short stories, Lawrence had not been engaged in any except the philosophical re-writing of Twilight in Italy, and some revisions to The Rainbow during the summer. As already pointed out, the publication of the latter goes almost unmentioned in his extant correspondence, the exception being a letter to McLeod, lh 255. For one thing, the writing was so far in the past, and he had gone through so much in the interim, that he couldn't feel the mere publication of the book was of particular importance. As he had written to Pinker in May, when the last batch of ms. was being handed in:

My beloved book, I am sorry to give it to you to be printed. I could weep tears in my heart, when I read these pages. If I had my way, I would put off the publishing yet awhile. (lm i 347)

But Methuen, having had so many delays and frustrations in their attempt to get Lawrence's work into print and (they hoped) money, was in no mood for further delay - which perhaps explains their laxity in checking the final version for dangerous material. At the hearing in November, a representative of the firm found he had to "admit that the firm were unwise in not going through the book

1. Asquith, Diaries, p.95.

more carefully, and they greatly regretted having published it."¹ Lawrence had been sparing of the alterations he would allow Methuen to make, and the book was published substantially as he wanted it. Methuen, he had told Pinker in February,

must make some fight for it. It is worth it and he must do it. It will never be popular. But he can make it known what it is, and prevent the mean little fry from pulling it down. Later, I think I must go and see him. There will be a bit of a fight before my novels are admitted, that I know. The fight will have to be made, that is all. The field is there to conquer. (lm i 322)

First signs that the book was endangered came early in October; on the 5th, Murry recalled, Lawrence

brought down in alarm a copy of the Daily News containing a dangerously hostile review of The Rainbow by Robert Lynd. Lawrence scented the danger, and sat mute in a chair while we read it.²

After the initial reviews (in the Standard, the Daily News and the Saturday Westminster Gazette) there were no more for over a fortnight: papers that might have been expected to review the book were obviously either holding back, or had decided against reviewing it altogether. There must have been a good deal of discussion of it in literary and society circles: Lady Cynthia noted on the 18th, after a dinner with the family party at Downing Street, that

I was much chaffed about D. H. Lawrence. Apparently The Rainbow is causing an explosion on account of its 'belly,' etc., motif.³

The storm began to break publicly three or four days later, when the Star, the Sphere and the New Statesman carried intensely hostile

1. Anon., The Sunday Times, 14 November 1915, p. 14.

2. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p. 351.

3. Asquith, Diaries, p. 89.

reviews, those in the Star and Sphere being quoted in court.¹ After that, it was only a question of time before the police moved; Methuen acted before the police did, and started withdrawing the book from their advertisements as early as 28th October;² it vanished completely in the first week of November, with the police calling on the 3rd for 130 copies and on the 5th for 115 more, together with 766 unbound quires from the printers.³ It was noted in court that Inspector Draper, who executed the search warrant, "was given every facility by the defendants; they behaved in a way that might have been expected."⁴

Lawrence only heard of what was happening through W. L. George, who had noticed the book's disappearance from the advertisements, confirmed the fact of seizure with the publishers, and then told him.

I am not very much moved: am beyond that by now.
I only curse them all, body and soul, root, branch
and leaf, to eternal damnation. (lm i 376)

The day the news broke, Lawrence had received the passports he had applied for at the end of October. The fortuitous coincidence must have been striking. Whereas, on the 5th, with passports to hand but (apparently) not yet having heard from W. L. George, "We may go to Florida for this winter" (lh 269), on the 6th he was asking Dollie Radford "if you have written to the man about Florida. Do, I so much want to go" (lm i 376), and telling Marsh "I am so sick, in body and soul, that if I don't go away I shall die" (lm i 377). If he and Frieda could get away, "I will work at anything over there," he told Marsh.

1. James Douglas, The Star, 22 October 1915, p. 4.
Clement Shorter, The Sphere, 23 October 1915, 63:104.
2. C. f. The Glasgow Herald, 28 October 1915, p. 7.
3. From documents in the possession of Messrs. Methuen.
4. Anon., The Morning Post, 15 November 1915, p. 12.

And, to Pinker, he remarked:

It is the end of my writing for England. I will try to change my public. (lm i 376)

When The Signature had been folding in mid-October, he had told Koteliensky "everything comes to an end" (kbn i 116). It had not seemed possible for the world to get any bleaker: but in the insult (for so he regarded it) of the prosecution, he felt singled out as a victim, and was caught between wanting to see the insult righted, and not wanting to have anything more to do with it. On the one hand, he was determined to act:

Isn't this monstrous! We must do something about it. We must get a body of people to have the thing altered. Do you know what we can do? What about Bernard Shaw? I feel most awfully sick about it.
(lm i 376-377)

With the assistance of W. L. George, Lawrence was brought into touch with the Authors' Society, who could offer legal advice or aid if he were a member: he submitted his application to join on the 11th November. The Society gathered information from Lawrence himself, from Pinker, and from Methuen; it was determined that the Committee of Management would investigate the matter at their next meeting, on 6th December. For the moment, all the secretary (Herbert Thring) could do was to tell Lawrence:

It is of course impossible for me to say what line the Committee would adopt, but judging from the course they have taken in other matters, I think they would be inclined to support the view that it is essential that every author should have the right to appear in his own defence.¹

That had become the issue - not the seizure itself, but the fact that Lawrence had had no chance to defend his book when Methuen decided to throw it over. The Authors' Society was not designed

1. H. Thring to D. H. Lawrence, 15 November 1915, tcc. owned by the Authors' Society.

to move fast, and its lack of action sapped Lawrence's confidence in its ability to do anything at all. He had, in fact, decided against any form of further legal action ("I am not going to pay any more out of my soul, even for the sake of beating them" - lm i 392) before the Management Committee decided on the 6th December that it could not do anything to help. Lady Cynthia Asquith had been approached earlier on: "If ... you and Herbert Asquith can help, would you do so?" (lm i 378) In fact she was firmly convinced that the book was, indeed, indecent, even if not criminally so.¹ The same with the Murrys:

I could not understand his surprise and dismay that the critics were out for his blood. As far as mere feeling went, I was with them ... We neither of us liked The Rainbow and Katherine quite definitely hated parts of it ... I disliked it on instinct. There was a warm, close, heavy promiscuity of flesh about it which repelled me.²

Catherine Carswell could sympathise, but in her turn her review of the book in the Glasgow Herald referred to "what most people will find revolting detail" and "a merciless, almost gloating description of the disease which will be strongly offensive to most readers."³ Lawrence must have felt he could rely on no-one's belief in his book; he found he could depend on neither his fellow authors nor his friends if it came to a defence of the book for what it was, rather than a defence of the principles of an author's liberty in the face of the power of a magistrate.

The after-effects of the prosecution must, therefore, have been doubly disheartening. Which suggests the second main point about the affair: for all the efforts around the book, from the Authors' Society, from Cecil Gray, from Philip Morrell, there was

1. Asquith, Diaries, p. 89.

2. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p. 351.

3. ((C. Carswell,)) The Glasgow Herald, 4 November 1915, p. 4.

nothing that Lawrence would have sooner liked than an end to the whole affair. "As for the novel," he told Marsh,

I am not surprised. Only the most horrible feeling of hopelessness has come over me lately - I feel as if the whole thing were coming to an end ... as if ours was the age only of Decline and Fall ...

It isn't my novel that hurts me - it's this hopelessness of the world. (lm i 379)

And this time there were no doubts in his mind about leaving England:

"I will try to change my public ... It is the end of my writing for England" suggests the way in which his very future as one concerned with the individual life "in the society of the people of England" seemed to have come to an end.

I am so sad, for my country, for this great wave of civilisation, 2000 years, which is now collapsing, that it is so hard to live. So much beauty and pathos of old things passing away and no new things coming ...

I want to go to America, to Florida, as soon as I can: as soon as I have enough money to cross with Frieda. My life is ended here. (lm i 378)

He did not mean that civilisation was collapsing because it did things like burn The Rainbow: the event was only one more token in the pattern of disaster he had been writing and talking of since February. But now, above all, his sense that he had no place as an author in England was confirmed: as a man with something to say about life and society, he felt he had been rejected both in The Signature and in the novel. He had given up the idea of revolutionary action, hoping instead to "speak for life and growth, amid all this mass of destruction and disintegration" (lmi369). And indeed what else did The Rainbow do? Sir John Dickinson had summed up at Bow Street:

It was appalling to think of the harm that such a book might have done. It was utter filth: nothing else would describe it.¹

1. Anon., The Daily Telegraph, 15 November 1915, p. 12.

To juxtapose that with Lawrence's most sincere ambitions is some measure of the pain he must have suffered in their thwarting. In the context of the England of November 1915, it seemed total disaster for his work as a writer: "I am sure I cannot do any more work for this country," he told Constance Garnett (lm i 383). Plans were made to sail on 24th November: "We shall have to hurry to get things done" (lm i 380). He wrote farewell letters to Lady Ottoline and Lady Cynthia. But the Authors' Society's promise to investigate the affair came to light on 16th November, and Lawrence realised he would have to stay for it; and the fact that Philip Morrell was to ask a question in the House of Commons on the 17th suggested that, after all, "we must get a body of opinion behind us." "Of course I want to do what I can for the book. Also I want to go away" (lm i 385), he told Pinker.

The plan to go to America led to an upsurge of the old plans for Rananim, however, and the idea grew despite the apparent imminence of a legal battle over The Rainbow. A fragment of a letter written to Lady Ottoline in the first week of December remarks that a "colony" is "what I have always wanted."¹ The first plan to go involved Murry too (kbm i 117); while the idea of settling in Florida on an estate belonging to Frederick Delius (whom a new friend, Philip Heseltine, knew) or on that of a Mr Keen, friend of the Radfords, almost inevitably led to the idea of a band of escapees. "I want us all to go and live there for a while," Lawrence told Robert Nichols (lm i 388). "Many people will come - the truly vital poeple," he wrote to Lady Ottoline.² It was as if all the hopes of spring and summer, of "doing something," lecturing, running a magazine, had never happened. Garsington represented, now, the temptation of staying, not a potential vital centre; the immediate breach with Lady Ottoline had healed, and while the Lawrences were there 8th-11th November

1. M. Schorer, 'Unpublished Letters of D. H. Lawrence,' The London Magazine, February 1956, 3:56.

2. Ibid.

and 29th November - 2nd December the place was intensely attractive:

... one is tempted to give in, and to stay there, to lapse back into its peaceful beauty of bygone things, to live in pure recollection, looking at the accomplished past, which is so lovely. But one's soul rebels. (lh 283)

The very poignancy of recollection made the actual breach with such things in England, in the past, more real; although the plan to go to Florida did not come off, the distance from such an England which it was intended to provide geographically nevertheless belonged to everything Lawrence felt about his country, his place in it, and his duty to it. If we set the fundamentals of his situation at the end of 1915 - "it is the end of my writing for England" - against the earnestness of his resolution in 1913 - "I do write because I want folk - English folk - to alter, and have more sense" (lm i 204) - then we see how his very conception of his role as writer had altered because of the road he had travelled. The breach which he had been trying to fill with responsibility through the spring and summer and with activity in the autumn had, in the absence of those things, become very obvious.

The year ended with a halt in the plans for Florida because

I am afraid they will not let me leave the country, unless I get an exemption from service, which I haven't yet got. We may go somewhere in Somerset or Devon, I don't know. We may even get off to Florida. It is on the knees of the gods, and I am not troubling. At any rate we leave London permanently. (lm i 395)

As Murry wrote to Katherine Mansfield a week later, "I have learned, I think, that Florida is a state of mind, not a place - so I don't commit myself, and wait till the crisis has passed."¹ And by the beginning of December it was clear that the necessity for military exemption was not

1. Murry, Between Two Worlds, p. 380.

the only nor the real reason for the delay in plans for Florida. "I shall not go to America until a stronger force from there pulls me across the sea. It is not a case of my will" (lm i 396), he wrote in mid-December; at this stage, the pull from the potential Rananim had to be as strong as the simple impulse to escape England for Lawrence to move - it was not. The fact was that Lawrence's sense of being cut off both from his community's and his own past was sufficiently strong for him not to need the actual separation of distance - but not yet sufficiently strong, especially as the insult of The Rainbow's fate faded, to make geographical distance imperative. And in the stress of illness and war he couldn't go very far. When he was writing again, and felt the old pain of going out to his readers - whoever they were - the case might be different. But, for the moment, he was prepared to live in England (sufficiently far from London), with always the plan for Rananim at the back of his mind.

I want so much that we should create a life in common, a new spirit a spirit ((sic)) of unanimity between a few of us who are desirous in spirit, that we should add our lives together, to make one tree, each of us free and producing in his separate fashion, but all of us together forming one spring, a unanimous blossoming. (lm i 401)

People like Murry were making suggestions for a re-issue of the now abandoned Rainbow - the Authors' Society decided against action and Philip Morrell's questions got nowhere: if the book could be published again because of the energy of some of the men younger than Lawrence himself, well and good. But the idea of dedication to an audience was gone. 'The Crown' had been the transitional utterance, between the almost completely public Rainbow and the particular isolation from an audience that Lawrence was, in future, to be subject to: it had been hectoring, it was presented in some desperation since for Lawrence to feel wholly in sympathy with its audience was a thing of the past by the time it appeared. And the circle of Rananim was now conceived as the circle for which Lawrence

would write.

But, "in the meantime of our going to Florida we have a house in Cornwall" (lm i 403). "We begin the new life in Cornwall" - that was what Lawrence could utter gaily enough at the end of December. Murry reminds us that Florida, or Rananim, was a state of mind, not a place: its gathering together of the young people invited down to Cornwall indicates that it could be a palliative for the new isolation. The Lawrences arrived in Cornwall at the end of the old year: " ... I love it: it is not England. And there is no war" (nehls i 345).

Chapter Six

The Years of Separation

1916-1919

(i) Intimate Art: Cornwall, 1916-1917

"... no more questioning and quibbling and trying to do anything with the world. The world is gone, extinguished, like the lights of last night's Café Royal - gone for ever." (lm i 410-411)

In the 1920's, Lawrence twice described the significance for him of the suppression of The Rainbow. In 1925, he wrote:

Since The Rainbow, one submits to the process of publication as to a necessary evil: as souls are said to submit to the necessary evil of being born into the flesh. The wind bloweth where it listeth. And one must submit to the processes of one's day. Personally, I have no belief in the vast public. I believe that only the winnowed few can care. (phx i 234)

In 1928, he offered another account:

In 1915 The Rainbow was suppressed for immorality - and the sense of detachment from the bourgeois world, the world which controls press, publication and all, became almost complete. He had no interest in it, no desire to be at one with it. Anyhow the suppression of The Rainbow had proved it impossible. Henceforth he put away any idea of "success," of succeeding with the British bourgeois public, and stayed apart. (phx ii 302)

His attitude towards the bourgeois in the latter seems one that the 1920's had taught him, not 1915; he may well have "put away any idea of 'success'" after The Rainbow's suppression, yet his reaction was not at the time against the "bourgeois world," but against the whole of a metropolitan society at war.

The last chapter showed how he inevitably came to that. When the Lawrences went down to Cornwall, it was with a sense of break and departure; break from the will to do something, departure both from the people he liked and from those he despised. He went to

Cornwall on the rebound from people, The Signature, The Rainbow, and London; "no return to London and the world" (lm i 411), he told Katherine Mansfield in January. He had been intermittently engaged for a year with an analysis of what was wrong with society; he continued with the same analysis, but it tended to become a private one. 'The Crown' was perfectly adapted for a publication and a venture like The Signature, and The Signature for the effect on people Lawrence wanted to have; but Lawrence's resumption of his philosophical work immediately he arrived in Cornwall was apparently with no such ambition, only with a desire to clear his own sense of things, and to recover his balance.

The sense of privacy in Cornwall which affected such a new start was not altogether a lasting nor a consistent attitude. But it did endure in one form or another for a great deal of the next four years. In 1928, however, Lawrence was to explain his "detachment" away as a species of working-class protest; and, by 1925, the sense of "detachment" had quietened into what we may assume to be the attitude of a great many serious authors to their publics; a sense that the public is something one does not ever much consider. We should distinguish this commonplace, and entirely natural, attitude from Lawrence's particular will to be separate and isolated both for himself and in his writing, at the start of 1916. That desire had been symbolised by his move to Cornwall, but was actually far deeper in him than that could suggest. The Signature had foundered. The weekly meetings achieved nothing. The Rainbow had not just been a book which had failed and made its author despair of "success"; it had been the book in which he had tried to hammer out his deepest convictions about love and marriage for over two years, and had been the expression of faith and ultimate hope as he had conceived it in the early part of 1915. As pointed out above,¹ the suppression meant (in 1915) a feeling of "this hopelessness of the world" (lm i 379).

1. See above, pp. 334-336.

He seems to have been unable to help feeling that the rejection of the book was symbolic of the very situation he had outlined in its close; that being so, neither an explanation of disbelief in the "vast public," nor an expression of detachment from "the bourgeois world" adequately accounts for the attitude towards an audience he adopted after it.

Cornwall meant the end of his hopes of social change, political solution or revolution in consciousness: as he wrote to Koteliansky,

I am willing to give up people altogether - they are what they are, why should they be as I want them to be. It is their affair, not mine: English individualists or not individualists, it is all the same to me. I give it up. Je n'en peux plus. And the same with the world: it is what it is; what has it to do with me, or I with it. I admit it all: you are right: there's no rapport. (lm i 409-410)

And "I am not going to urge and constrain any more." This is, of course, in huge contrast to what he had been insisting on for so much of 1915. For instance: in early 1916, Bertrand Russell was still engaged in the lecturing project he and Lawrence had discussed in the summer of the previous year. But, in 1916, Lawrence told Lady Ottoline that Russell "deludes himself about his lectures":

You cannot really do anything now: no one can do anything. You might as well try to prevent the spring from coming on. (lh 317)

And in his letter to Russell on 11th February, he went out of his way to dismiss the lecturing approach which had meant so much to him before:

The spoken word nowadays is almost bound to be a lie: because the collective listening ear is a lie. I could never speak truth to 20 collected people. (lbr 69)

Only in October he had been trying, at the fortnightly meetings, to do just that. And later in February, he took his conclusion further:

What's the good of sticking in the doomed ship and haranguing the merchant pilgrims in their own language ... One must be an outlaw these days, not a teacher or preacher. (lm i 432-433)

Since, however, the 'Crown' philosophy (like The Signature) had "urged," had tried to "constrain," it would be the more interesting to know exactly what the philosophy of January 1916 was like and not simply rely on Lawrence's comments on it. (The only two mss. of this essay, Goats and Compasses, were destroyed, one by Lawrence and the other by Philip Heseltine.) It has already been suggested that it was primarily designed to illuminate Lawrence's own conceptions; if, as seems likely, it was more akin to 'The Reality of Peace' of 1917 than to 'The Crown' of 1915, we may adopt Professor Hough's suggestion on behalf of 'The Reality of Peace' and say that the 1916 philosophy, too, probably involved a change from ethics to metaphysics.¹ In any case, we may be fairly sure that the 1916 philosophy was written from the start without any thought of publication - naturally enough, in Lawrence's mood after November 1915 and "the end of my publishing for England." As he suggested about the philosophy in January 1916, "I don't know if the people will ever be born, who are to read it" (nehls i 346). And, as he remarked to Koteliensky, "There is my intimate art, and my thoughts, as you say. Very good, so be it" (lm i 410).

He began a short story in January, but apparently never finished it; it was a "midwinter story of oblivion" (sp 47), but by January 9th "I don't know how to go on" (lm i 412); and unless it was eventually worked into Women in Love, as Dr Sagar fancifully suggests,² it came to nothing. And although we know from a letter of Frieda Lawrence to Bertrand Russell, written between January 13th and 30th, that "Lawrence is full of ideas to write and is very seedy and can't" (frieda 209) - which could refer as well to philosophy as to fiction,

1. Hough, The Dark Sun, pp. 225-226.

2. K. Sagar, 'The Genesis of The Rainbow and Women in Love,' D. H. Lawrence Review, Fall 1968, 1:196.

perhaps even more appropriately - the only other creative work that occupied him in January and even February, after his illness, was gathering a number of poems out of old notebooks for the new collection, Amores. These had mainly been written before 1912; his revisions, so far as we can tell, were only few. And the book was actually put together without immediate prospect of publication, only with the hope that Duckworth, Constable or Frank Sidgwick might take it up. This represents a marked change, not only to be explained in terms of war-time publishing, from 1913 and his only previous collection, Love Poems. Then, both Duckworth and Heinemann wanted the book; in 1914, Methuen had gone so far as to outbid others to capture him as an author. The point was that Lawrence, from being a commercial possibility, had come to appear a publishing disaster: few publishers wanted to be associated with him. And by January 20th, Philip Heseltine (staying with the Lawrences from the beginning of January to mid-February) was telling a friend that Lawrence "wanted to give up writing" (nehls i 347); we may perhaps interpolate, "writing creatively in England." In such a situation it was as sensible to write unpublishable philosophy as unpublishable fiction, and far more congenial. The "sense of detachment" of which he wrote in 1928 had left him for the moment feeling that in his "intimate art and my thoughts" lay his only resource and happiness:

The only thing now to be done is either to go down with the ship, sink with the ship, or, as much as one can, leave the ship, and like a cast-away live a life apart. As for me, I do not belong to the ship; I will not, if I can help it, sink with it. I will not live any more in this time. I know what it is. I reject it. As far as I possibly can, I will stand outside this time, I will live my life, and, if possible, be happy, though the whole world slides in horror down into the bottomless pit. (lh 317)

"If possible, be happy." But with money as low as it was - "we have very little money, and there won't come any more" (lm i 423) - that happiness could give way simply to frustration and exasperation, as

to Mark Gertler only three days later:

We shall stay in Cornwall till our money is gone ...
then I think we may as well all go and drown ourselves.
For I see no prospect of the war's ever ending, and
not a ghost of a hope that people will ever want
sincere work from any artist. It is a damned life.
I curse my age, and all the people in it. I hate my
fellow men most thoroughly. (lh 319)

This mood does not simply seem a consequence of the suppression of The Rainbow, or even of the continuing war. Lawrence sensed, rightly or wrongly, that his position as an artist was at least for the time being going to be different from anything he had previously experienced; and, as an artist, that change seemed both intolerable, and inevitable.

The affair of The Rainbow Books & Music makes this clearer. Philip Heseltine had originally been invited to stay with the Lawrences when Cornwall was regarded as a stepping stone to Rananim: "Some members of our Florida expedition are coming down ... we begin the new life in Cornwall" (lm i 403). As early as January 6th Lawrence was telling Koteliensky that "I am willing to believe that there isn't any Florida - assez, j'en ai soupe" (lm i 409); presumably a lack of passports and support prevented the idea going on, and people's unwillingness to take up with the Lawrences in Cornwall prevented a Rananim there - only two ever went before April. But Heseltine stayed on with the Lawrences, critical of Lawrence as an artist and thinker, but finding him

an arresting figure, a great and attractive personality, and his passion for a new, clean, untrammelled life is very splendid. (nehls i 347)

The two men were prepared to put up with each other for the sake of what they liked in each other; and their scheme was a result of their collaborative thinking. The day after Lawrence's frustrated letter to Gertler, he began writing to his friends about a new idea, which came

originally from Heseltine and must have arisen on the 10th or 11th February¹ - a plan for private publishing. According to what he wrote to Russell, public lectures were pointless; but, "swamped right over by these seas of utter falsehood," he felt that "the only idea is to found a publishing company that publishes for the sake of the truth" (lbr 69). Heseltine's plan, Lawrence told Murry the same day, meant that "he would combine with you" (lh 320); Murry had had his scheme in December, "for publishing books, the authors to be publishers" (lm i 395), and Lawrence was reassuring him that he wouldn't be left out of the successor to that plan. But with the Murrys in France, it seems inevitable that they could not have become involved very deeply. On February 17th, the circular Heseltine had drafted arrived in proof:

... it is proposed to attempt to issue privately such books and musical works as are found living and clear in truth; such books as would either be rejected by the publisher, or else overlooked when flung into the trough before the public ... It is proposed to print first The Rainbow ... (sp 48)

Lawrence told the Murrys on the 24th that "the publishing scheme has not yet become at all real or important to me ..." (lm i 434) His attitude to it seems to have been undecided: on the one hand,

Heseltine wanted to get The Rainbow published. I felt, you don't know how much, sick and done. And it was rather fine that he believed and was so generously enthusiastic. (lm i 434)

And Lawrence himself was prepared to enthuse about it to someone like Russell, in order to shake his confidence in lecturing, or even to Murry when he thought enthusiasm had to be generated:

We want to begin by doing The Rainbow privately - it has got some renown now - then go on and on. No more trivial things. The whole hog. (lm i 430)

1. See Additional Note XVII.

On the other hand, Lawrence's resolution to be "out of society," "out of the camp, like a brigand," and his attitude to publication of any kind, subscription or otherwise, made him an odd partner for the scheme, especially after the collapse of the Signature venture (also by subscription) three months before. In so far as the idea appealed to his sense of enterprise, he liked it; and Heseltine was both enthusiastic and efficient. In the light of what Frieda Lawrence had recently been writing to Russell - "I am so worried about Lawrence ... I really don't know what to do ... Do come, it might do good and I would be very glad" (frieda 209) - she may have encouraged Heseltine, too, to involve Lawrence in something hopeful. And Lawrence was prepared to watch, to advise, to help; but, this time, he involved himself only to the point where failure would be no surprise, no set-back. "It is Heseltine's scheme so far," he told Murry on the 24th, back-peddalling hard from what the latter thought to be a breach of their own special collaboration and friendship; "the whole of the work remains yet to be done" (lm i 434-435). To this extent the scheme was wholly different from The Signature; it was not an attempt to get through to people, but only to assert what was good in the face of their rejection of it. Lawrence was involved, it turned out, barely beyond the use of his own book as the first intended for issue; the scheme was no approach to a public more than that which The Rainbow itself had, previously, abortively made.

And, in fact, within a fortnight of the original idea Heseltine had left for London, not to see Lawrence again until mid-1917; and although the returned subscription forms were collected, there were not more than 30 from 600 circulars distributed: the plan simply vanished. Heseltine's break with Lawrence was the result of personal antagonism - "personal relations with him are impossible" (nehls i 350) he told Delius at the beginning of March; for this reason alone he must have been glad to see the scheme collapse. In accordance with Lawrence's attitude to it, there is barely a mention of its end in any of his extant letters.

Murry assumed that the Rainbow Books & Music scheme was a direct successor to The Signature; the two plans "were born of a single motive."¹ He regarded both as examples of what, in 1925, Lawrence denied ever having done - "trying to do anything ... publicly" (phx ii 364). The Signature, Murry tells us, was designed to do something; we have already seen that to be true; he also insisted that was true of the second plan. Catherine Carswell put her finger on the weakness of this in 1932 when she observed how Murry's account

omits a major circumstance - namely, that it was just within this interval that The Rainbow was prosecuted. At the date of The Signature such an event was not to be foreseen, and it made all the difference to Lawrence as a writer. (sp 48)

In the first place, Lawrence's letters make plain how Heseltine was the driving force behind The Rainbow Books & Music. When Heseltine left, and the response to the circulars turned out so hopeless, Lawrence voiced no regrets and made no effort to continue it. Secondly, Mrs Carswell's explanation can be sustained, if amplified. The point about The Signature was that it was Lawrence's own project: conceived by him, run by him, paid for by him, believed in by him. His early letters about The Rainbow Books & Music have a certain rhetorical force, but the very conception involved disengagement from society where The Signature had meant a particular form of engagement. The second scheme was not designed to draw right-thinking, right-feeling people together in a common faith; it was a fairly blind stab at the status quo. It is important that we don't make the same mistake as Murry, who was ignorant of Lawrence's change between November and February (he had, after all, been in France much of that time); a stab in which he was only barely involved was the extreme limit of Lawrence's attempt to do anything.

However, the Rainbow Books & Music scheme was more important for what it provoked in Lawrence than for what it did in itself. It

1. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 138.

is almost as if there were two plans: Heseltine's possibly practical, and Lawrence's entirely theoretical. The letters in which Lawrence was writing most freely about society were at this time varying between a sad acceptance of disaster, and ferocious disgust; but it had become clear to him that, in either case, both his letters and any creative work would inevitably stem from a feeling of dissociation from society, and come from his new position of spiritual isolation: he even saw the Rainbow Books & Music scheme that way. And, in the mood which that scheme and his better health provoked - as February passed and his writing became less spasmodic - he became determined to (as he said) "write bombs": "every book will be a raid on them" (lm i 430) was the language he used in his higher flights of optimism, which obviously represented a considerable modification of any plan Heseltine had proposed.

But the point is that no raids were made. Lawrence's language was that of almost hopeless aspiration; a consciousness of direction had been provoked by his thinking about the scheme (and his own situation), but his philosophy - all he was writing - was never in fact to be published; 1916's only other publications, Twilight in Italy and Amores, belonged to 1915 and earlier. Even the abortive "midwinter story of oblivion" sounds most unlike a "raid". If Lawrence felt, as he told Lady Ottoline in mid-February, "quite anti-social",

against this whole social world as it exists. I wish one could be a pirate or a highwayman in these days. But my way of shooting them with noiseless bullets that explode in their souls, these social people of today, perhaps it is more satisfying. But I feel like an outlaw. (lm i 428)

then that was one thing; yet to continue, as he did, that

All my work is a shot at their very innermost strength, these banded people of today ... (lm i 428-9)

sounds a protestation of intention, of feeling, rather than anything he was at this date really able to do. "I will do such things ... "

A study of the Rainbow Books & Music scheme, therefore, shows how in January and February 1916 the artist in isolation changed from a weary state of not wanting to write, to a position where the attraction of "intimate art" had made itself felt; and thence to a conviction that there was indeed some function for his writing. He told Koteliensky on February 15th that "I feel that everything I do is a shot at these fallen angels of mankind" (lm i 430). But what he could do, or actually did do, was minimal. He made the remark to Koteliensky with his philosophy in mind - the letter in question securely links the two topics: and, indeed, the second book for Heseltine's scheme was possibly to be "Mr Lawrence's philosophical work, Goats and Compasses" (sp 48). But the philosophy continued a wholly private matter; and the scheme did not actually provoke a new kind of committed writing in Lawrence so much as a new violence of expression which suggests the fervour of his social passion of the previous summer, except that now it is an anti-social passion: the concern twisted to fit his new isolation.

It is important, too, that the idea of getting the Murrays to Cornwall to share a house dates from the same period as Heseltine's scheme: "we can set everything going if you come - at least we can try" (lh 320). And even after the demise of the publishing plan, the idea of the Murrays coming to Cornwall persisted, with the idea of oneness in beliefs and convictions superior to the simple pleasure of living in contact with their friends again.

You will in the main be constant to the same truth and the same spirit with me. The personal adherence, the me and thee business, is subsidiary to that. We are co-believers first. And in our oneness of belief lies our oneness ... We gravitate to one belief, and that is our destiny, which is beyond choice. (lm i 435)

This is, again, more the language of the previous summer than anything Lawrence had written since the prosecution of The Rainbow; with the enormous difference that this matter of "belief" involved no action,

either of lecturing or of making The Signature a success - only the kind of association that would make life between individuals agreeable. Lawrence felt that the Murrys were people who shared his deepest beliefs about the individual and society, but this time their association was to lead to no development from those convictions. When Lawrence told Murry on March 5th that he had found them a house, and remarked that "this here is the best place to live in which we shall find in England, I believe," he also felt that "we mustn't go in for any more follies and removals and uneasiness": we should perhaps see in his underlined "follies" a reference to the abortive Signature and associated meetings. And, last of all, the association at Zennor was going to be for "a long while, years, a tiny settlement, all to ourselves" (lm i 443). Along the same lines, Russell was told at the beginning of March that

... Let us have a good time to ourselves while the old world tumbles over itself. It is no good bothering. Nothing is born by taking thought. That which is born comes by itself. (lm i 442)

We should observe how easily the impulse to "write bombs" vanished when Lawrence no longer felt the urge to write anti-socially; and how the old impulse to "do" something, at this date, could so easily be rationalised away for the sake of a more profound urge to retreat and retrench. It was as if the Rainbow Books & Music scheme had aroused the remnant of a passion that burnt out the faster for being so suddenly aroused.

And, in fact, Lawrence wrote almost nothing in the early spring; moving in and furnishing the Tregerthen cottages took up a good deal of time, and the simplest provocation to write - to earn their living - was stultified.

I can't write stories to make money, because I don't want to. Curse the idiotic editors and the more idiotic people who read: shall I pander to their maudlin taste? They bore me. (lm i 443)

In the first place, The Sisters 'A' was certainly begun at a time when Lawrence felt violently opposed to the society, and to the people, against whom he had been declaiming since 1915; but this is only to be expected, and is at most marginally relevant to our concerns here, and our interest in him as a novelist. Because he felt personally antagonistic towards society, it does not follow that his fiction would contain that same feeling, or be prevented by it. His attitudes towards his readers, to the book as a work of art, and to the function of the novel, are all more important.

In the second place, the book was by May 1st - according to Lawrence in an admittedly pessimistic mood - "already beyond all hope of ever being published because of the things it says" (lm i 449). If the original ms. had begun with the recently published 'Prologue',¹ then it is obvious why: after the prosecution of The Rainbow, when the magistrate drew particular attention to the chapter 'Shame',² such a prologue would have been disastrous for any novel, let alone a Lawrence novel: Birkin found

... it was for men that he felt the hot, flushing, roused attraction which a man is supposed to feel for the other sex. (phx ii 104)

If Lawrence really did start his novel like that - Cecil Gray noted that the philosophical work on which Lawrence had been recently engaged, Goats and Compasses, dealt "largely with homosexuality" (nehls i 582),³ which suggests that he might have done - then he was indeed effectively denying it any chance. Ezra Pound makes it clear how long printers and publishers in London remained sensitive to the prosecution of The Rainbow; on May 30th 1916 he was telling Elkin Matthews that

1. As suggested, for instance, by George Ford, Double Measure, (New York, Holt, 1965), p. 203; and by M. Kinkead-Weekes, Imagined Worlds, p. 399.
2. Anon., The Standard, 15 November 1915, p. 13.
3. See Additional Note XIX.

The present panic among printers has been caused by the suppression of Lawrence's "Rainbow".¹

and was himself finding Mathews wary of prosecution. As late as January 1920, Martin Secker could tell Compton Mackenzie that the very title Women in Love should revert

... to the quiet, even dull one of The Sisters ... just for the very reason that it is important from D.H.L.'s point of view to be as unprovocative as possible in order to get the book taken anywhere. To give it that title is to tie a red rag on to it.²

If that were true for a forward-looking publisher in 1920, the chances of Lawrence getting any novel published in 1916 must have been small; and non-existent for a Sisters 'A' that began with an analysis of homosexual desire, or went on to describe Gerald and Pussum in its first eight chapters. Even if, as Professor Ford suggests,³ the Prologue chapter was dropped when the novel was recommenced in July, the novel ms. retained a number of passages describing a man to man relationship⁴ which have still not entered any published version except the private edition of 1920.⁵

But after the Rainbow disaster, and perhaps as a result of his having, in that case, compromised on some points with the publishers, only to have them desert him entirely when the book was in danger, Lawrence was apparently determined more than ever to write the novels he wanted to write, not those which publishers would be willing to

1. Pound/Joyce, ed. F. Read, (London, Faber & Faber, 1968), p. 282.
2. C. Mackenzie, Octave Five, (London, Chatto & Windus, 1966), p. 172.
3. G. Ford, 'An Introductory Note to D. H. Lawrence's Prologue to Women in Love,' Texas Quarterly, Spring 1963, 6:95.
4. E. S. Branda, 'Textual Changes in Women in Love,' Texas Studies in Literature and Language, Autumn 1964, 6:306-321.
5. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, (New York, Privately Printed ((by Seltzer))), 1920)

accept. We cannot say that he knew he was writing an unpublishable book, as from November 1916 to February 1917 the ms. of Women in Love was making its way from publisher to publisher, with Lawrence obviously annoyed by their unanimous refusal to handle it. A desire to publish the book he ended up with in October, at least, was very strong. But the book was first written with a feeling of unlimited freedom from conventions and the demands of publishers - "It is the book of my free soul" (lm i 454), he told Mrs Carswell at the end of May. It was written in just two months: "It has come rushing out, and I feel very triumphant in it" (lm i 455). And deeper than any of his exclamations about the infamies of 1916 was his certainty that

One has a certain order inviolable in one's soul.
There one sits, as in a crow's nest, out of it all ...
The social being I am has become a spectator at a
knockabout dangerous farce. The individual particular
me remains self-contained and grins. (lh 347)

The Sisters 'A' was at least begun with that sense of standpoint:

I am doing another novel - that really occupies
me. The world crackles and busts, but that is
another matter, external, in chaos. One has a
certain order inviolable in one's soul ... (ibid)

We can see how this sense of distance, coupled with the freedom of the isolated and self-responsible artist, made the production of The Sisters 'A' not only possible but in a lot of ways natural for the summer of 1916; as if the disaster of The Rainbow, the winter's depression and the feeling for "bombs" had all settled into a more realistic security of outlook. The book is without a trace of the social hope that had marked the end of The Rainbow, but it also lacks the bitty jeering of those portions of his next novel, Aaron's Rod, written in 1917. The Sisters 'A' - and, presumably, both Women in Love and the modified typescript of the novel he built up between 1917 and 1920 - were conceived and first had their direction established in an isolation which had not yet become an exile.

Lawrence further remarked that the new novel was being written as "an act of faith, as Michael Angelo says, to the unseen witnesses" (lm 449). This confidence in the ultimate destiny of a novel that was, in many ways, a result of isolation and rejection, is a striking testimony of Lawrence's confidence in his "crow's nest" position. Furthermore, it seems unlikely that, in practice, the Lawrence of 1915 could have managed the Breadalby passages of the novel, with their mixture of Birkin's involvement and his simultaneous, outsider's, disgust with the fanciful games played there: examples of such new grasp and control could be multiplied. Women in Love is, among other things, a novel that tries to achieve proper perspectives on society, with the development of a theory of life in modern society conducted simultaneously with a dramatization (as in the Breadalby passages) of the needs of personal, sexual and social relations inside that society: not attempting to judge it, or condemn it, as a society - for instance - of keen intelligence coupled to spiritual and moral emptiness; but trying to analyse a civilization's decay in terms of it. We see on a large scale (where human disasters matter) between Gerald and Gudrun, what happens on a smaller scale through most of the Pompadour society; and what Birkin defines as the "ecstasy of reduction," the ecstasy of acute sensation as an end in itself, applies both to the relation between himself and Ursula, to Gerald's with Gudrun, to Gerald's mining career, to the café society, to the Breadalby circle. These controlling images span and link the novel, and make the details of social behaviour - Breadalby manners, Pompadour manners - for more important than, for instance, the insights into social behaviour evinced in the London scenes of Aaron's Rod. We can, in fact, only account for Lawrence's grasp of a civilisation's weaknesses by allowing him a serious concern with that civilisation: not necessarily a wholly conscious one, for this is an area where intentions are of no account; but a fundamental concern, all the same.

Women in Love - and, we may assume, The Sisters 'A' - was a novel that tried to account for the condition of society as it continued the

in its emotional dealings along the lines of Ursula's experience with Skrebensky at the end of The Rainbow. Ursula's predicament in the earlier novel had been seen in the perspective of change from one generation to another, and had been historically accounted for - such an access of freedom as she was trying for almost inevitably led her to such a predicament. But the analysis in Women in Love starts with that situation and outlines the decay of a civilisation in terms of it: Women in Love was, in fact, Lawrence's first novel that tried to be wholly about contemporary society. It was as if only the experiences of 1915, his projected engagement with society, could have brought him so swiftly to such an extensive concern on the rebound from practical involvement.

And if, in May 1916, Lawrence the man felt

In so far as I am a man belonging to my race,
my tradition, and my age, I feel pierced to the
quick with hopeless shame, and quite, quite hope-
less. It is only in my individual self, which
struggles to be free of the greater social self,
that I live at all ... (lm i 450)

then the novelist's conclusions were quite different. In the novel, obviously, Lawrence was able to dramatize a conflict he felt within himself between these forces which seemed symptomatic of social man: with the life and death of Gerald in some ways symbolic of the hopelessness, and Birkin acting the struggling individual self. Working out his conclusion within his work of art involved just that suspension from simple reaction and disgust with society which his image of the crow's nest suggests, however much his day to day letters exhibit a more single-minded passion. This is the nature of the novel's relation of its art to life: a significant dramatisation and juxtaposition within a carefully constructed novel world of events, concerns, and some of the people out of the actual world; simultaneously larger-than-life where touching the "actual world" (for purposes of emphasis and drama) and less than the "actual world" for other things: so that Lawrence did not attempt to

reproduce Garsington, or the Café Royal, or the characters of Lady Ottoline Morrell or Philip Heseltine. In the conflict between Birkin and Hermione, for instance, there is a significance in their fundamental opposition which the relation between D. H. Lawrence and Ottoline Morrell never established. But it was not for wish-fulfilment that Lawrence used an Ottoline figure in his novel, for purposes of triumphing over her when she couldn't answer back; her attitude was something the novel's picture of society needed to dramatize, both in itself as it "actually" was, and in a natural extension of it to natural conclusions. Lawrence does not seem to have started with Ottoline Morrell, and then reduced her to manically small proportions in Hermione: he seems to have taken an attitude to life in Ottoline, and made Hermione a consistent exponent of it. He actually wrote to Lady Ottoline in May 1916 to tell her that his novel

comes rapidly and is very good. When one is shaken to the very depths, one finds reality in the unreal world. At present my real world is the world of my inner soul, which reflects on to the novel I write. The outer world is there to be endured, it is not real - neither the outer life. (lm i 453)

And the novel's life is consistent in its own terms: it creates its own reality from the fragments of the actual world which Lawrence felt he had to use (and adapt) if the novel was going to be an actual dramatization as well as a consistent work of art.

The concerns of the novel were not only those of his "inner soul," that is, any more than the "outer world" which he, as man, rejected, was irrelevant to the novel: half the novel, at least, is about it. It is possible that The Sisters 'A' was a less weighty book than the final Women in Love; Frieda told Cynthia Asquith of the former that "it's a much jollier ((novel)) and won't shock the good people so much" (frieda 212) - "jollier" than The Rainbow, presumably; while Lawrence told Pinker of Women in Love that it was a "terrible and horrible and wonderful novel" (lm i 480). But the

book as Lawrence finally finished it, at least, was a novel whose primary concern was a dilemma for the individual in the civilisation which was actually exhibited by societies like those of Garsington and the Café Royal.

The first draft of the book was finished by the end of June 1916, and for the time being Lawrence obviously thought of it as final, asking Pinker on the 30th about sending the typed ms. to Duckworth "in about six weeks time" (lm i 457). We need not conclude from this that Lawrence thought of the book as easily overcoming the obstacles to its publication, but it should act as a reminder of the depressed mood in which he had told Barbara Low "it is beyond all hope of being published." The point was, as he told Pinker in June when suggesting a long-term contract with Duckworths,

I want some sort of business contract like that,
to free me from this sense of imminent dependence
on a sort of charity. (lm i 458)

He would be paid for Amores and Twilight in Italy that summer, but had no other new work to be published; and, apart from three books of poems, published no substantial work in book form until the middle of 1920. It was perhaps because of the difficulties he foresaw that he wrote to Pinker as he did, and the latter (in July) helped him out with £50 on loan, oddly enough taking "a hopeful view of the financial life of me" (lm i 462). As it turned out, however, the plan to send Pinker the novel ms. in July may have been averted by the loan - Lawrence's need for money was less pressing - and the idea of typing out the novel turned into a fresh creation of its opening. He told Pinker in January 1917 that "I recomposed all the first half on the typewriter."¹ And despite his intention of concentrating on writing short stories for money, he went on working at the novel through July; by the middle of August he was typing again, and it was not until the end of October that the book could be sent to Pinker.

1. G. Ford, Double Measure, p. 234.

The work he did after July was contemporaneous with an attitude to the war and to society that was constantly changing, but mostly for the worse; in a deepening depression over England and the war, he felt that most of the people he knew acquiesced in the deadening of life. He told Amy Lowell in August that

The spirit, the pure spirit of militarism is
sheer death to a nature that is at all construct-
ive or social-creative. (damon 369)

Murry's book on Dostoevsky confirmed that he was not "ready to face out the old life" (lm i 469), Aldington was succumbing to the glamour of fighting, Lady Ottoline had come to seem the embodiment of a sterile spirituality, Russell's lectures and belief in lecturing were pointless, "our disease, not our hope" (lm i 491), and Gordon Campbell had "worn his legs to stumps trotting in an old round" (lm i 492). Although the creativity Lawrence demanded was at the opposite pole from his desperate attempts at politics the previous year, in mid-1916 he was still feeling a desire for change in society - still feeling "socially-creative." It is wrong, then, to summarise his position as "demoralized" and one of "acute, almost homicidal misanthropy," as one of the critics who has tried to account for his changing attitude to society has expressed it.¹ Even Lawrence's angriest letters from this period - such as the one Dr Sagar quotes - make the opposite perfectly clear: "I don't want to hate them. I only want to be in another world than they" (kbm i 252). Women in Love was, for a while, that "other world," and by October 1916 Lawrence was feeling that "everybody else will hate it" precisely because it was "apart from this foul world which I will not accept or acknowledge or even enter" (lm i 477).

The world of my novel is big and fearless - yes,
I love it, and love it passionately. It only seems
horrible to have to publish it. (ibid)

1. K. Sagar, The Art of D. H. Lawrence, (Cambridge University Press, 1966), p.103.

We can usefully compare this with his feeling at the time The Rainbow was finished in March 1915: "It really is very good. I really puts a new thing in the world, almost a new vision of life,"¹ or with his remark to Harriet Monroe from the time of The Signature: "One must speak for life and growth, amid all this mass of destruction and disintegration" (lm i 369). By the time he was writing Women in Love, Lawrence was no longer concerned with putting a new thing "in the world": the "new vision" that Women in Love contained was a personal, idiosyncratic interpretation of events and movements which was, indeed, subordinate to the novel's concern with dramatizing a whole society, but which no longer laid itself out to capture its audience as the last pages of The Rainbow, or The Signature, had done.

This is important. When, for instance, Lawrence saw Mark Gertler's new painting in October 1916 and remarked that "since obscenity is the truth of our passion today, it is the only stuff of art - or about the only stuff" (lm i 477), he would presumably have classed most of the emotions of his characters in Women in Love as "obscene," his diagnosis of their truth making them so. And they would be true for the same reason as Gertler's painting was true, and insulting to most people for the same reason. But they would be different (Lawrence felt) in that Gertler's 'Merry Go Round' was a work of art faithful to its primary emotion, the "utterly mindless human intensity of sensational extremity" (lm i 477), as Lawrence called it when he saw the picture; while Women in Love attempted to show the same "extremity" transcended. The book's insight was both into the extremity, and into the way out; in so far as the way out is inexplicable without a diagnosis of the extremity - but the first finally intolerable without the second - the novel was attempting far more than the painting, and from a different standpoint. For it tried to present what Lawrence termed to Katherine Mansfield at the end of September "a new order of life, after our own hearts" (lm i 476). "After our own hearts" implied a wholly different standpoint from that which Gertler assumed; everything Lawrence said

1. Schorer, 'Unpublished Letters of D. H. Lawrence,' p. 50.

about the painting implied tremendous admiration, and utter hopelessness: this seemed to be the art of the time, this had captured the "inner decomposition" which was both Lawrence's subject and his enemy. Lawrence would have felt that his novel would be unacceptable both for its expression of the obscene, and for its offer of a solution which would be meaningless for almost everybody. Only the artist like Gertler was sufficiently in and of his time to express openly that "inner decomposition" which for Lawrence was the very stuff of his time's emotions. His response to this painting, at a time when Women in Love was engaged with very similar themes, should make us see how far he had travelled from the simpler analysis and solution of The Rainbow; and in what way the new novel was "social-creative" even if bitterly critical of the life it presented. For perhaps the first and last time in Lawrence, a novel's control is its own sense of subject - even if the latter is outwardly esoteric in Women in Love.

The fact was that the very dramatisation of the analysis and the way out were, in their way, sufficient for Lawrence's purposes: the book did not need to make an impact on the world, even if that had been possible - "It is enough for me that it is written, in this universe of revolting worlds" (lm i 477). Indeed, "it only seems to me horrible to have to publish it" (ibid). We should, again, distinguish this from Lawrence's outwardly similar remark when he was finishing The Rainbow: "I always shrink from having my work published. I hate the public to read it" (lm i 322). The word "public" in the latter is important; when Lawrence had worked at a book for a long time, it obviously involved him personally - as he said of The Trespasser as far back as 1912, "it will betray me to a parcel of fools" (lm i 94). The general public having The Rainbow was one thing, something always to be disliked: the other side of the coin was that "I am proud of it, and it must be stood up for" (lm i 334), as he wrote to Pinker - and the book contained "a new vision."

His need for money apart, Lawrence seems genuinely to have

regarded the publishing of the final Women in Love as of secondary importance; to write it, to feel its justness, was nearly everything - to publish, to offer its drama to those who would inevitably misunderstand it and distort it, could only be horrible. His mood of resignation on sending the ms. to Pinker was fascinatingly complex:

It is a terrible and horrible and wonderful novel.
You will hate it and nobody will publish it. But
there, these things are beyond us. (lm i 480)

What things, beyond whom? The fact, presumably, that the book of which he thought most highly should be so certain of rejection and derision: there was no way round that. But he also sounded almost pleased that it should be so - not surprisingly, since

It is a much finer book than The Rainbow, and I
would rather it were never published at all than
insulted by petty dogs as that was ... (lh 387)

To pause for a moment, and fill in the outline of the autumn's events: with the novel finished at the end of October, Lawrence was beginning to think of ways of earning his living; he planned short stories, "sweet simple tales" to beguile the magazines, but he actually wrote only two serious stories, 'The Mortal Coil' and 'The Miracle' - "which is beautiful, and ends happily, so the swine of people ought to be very thankful for it" (lh 380). But only 'The Mortal Coil' was printed at this period. What was more important was his plan to leave England. He had not seriously thought along these lines since December 1915, and began by considering going to Italy, from which he had been baulked in August 1914. But by 7th November he was telling Mrs Carswell:

I know now, finally:

- (a) That I want to go away from England for ever.
- (b) That I want ultimately to go to a country of which I have hope, in which I feel the new unknown.

In short, I want immediately or at length,
to transfer all my life to America. (lm i 481)

"Because there, I know, the skies are not so old ..." He didn't feel
at this date the incentive of being able to

place short stories, and literary articles, and
poems, and to arrange with a publisher the public-
ation of The Rainbow ... and Women in Love. (lm i 499)

which he used for his passport application in January; but, just as
then (when he explicitly mentioned these 'business reasons' to Pinker
as the subsidiary ones), "I feel I can't breathe here. There is an
oppression on one's breathing" (ibid). The idea of trying to leave
before Christmas failed - he had to wait to apply for passports; but,
with the desire to leave, returned the idea of Rananim in a wholly
new form.

I know my Florida idea was right: it was quite
right, all save the people. It is wrong to seek
adherents. One must be single.

... To go to Rananim without the people is
right for me ... (lm i 482 & 483)

Again, what strikes us is the change from the winter of 1914-1915 -
the first Rananim scheme, with the Murrys: from the spring of 1915,
from the winter of 1915 - when the Florida Rananim had primarily
been postponed because of a wait to accumulate support; and when
Lawrence was certain that "we must go as a little body: it is not
a personal matter - it is a bigger thing" (lbr 66). Their friends
might - he hoped, would - join Frieda and himself wherever they
ended up. But "Frieda is quite with me, we two will move in silence"
(lm i 482). Community had involved a miniature state: the new Rananim
was an escape from a state and a country.

But, still in Cornwall, with neither passports (as it turned
out) nor very much money, America remained a distant prospect. We
must return to Women in Love. For all his attitudes to its commercial

prospects, Lawrence must have hoped it would bring in a little in the near future, and it went to an apparently keen Pinker at the end of November; after a copy had been made, and sent to Methuen, the original ts. was released for Lawrence to let some of his friends read it. Methuen had to see the ts. before any other publisher; for despite the débâcle of The Rainbow, Lawrence was still under contract, and Methuen had the "exclusive licence of printing and publishing"¹ the two novels after The Rainbow. Methuen kept the novel until mid-December, then "agrees to cancel the agreement" (lh 380); it could then begin its round of the publishers, and Pinker asked for the spare ts. back in order to send it to America. The English copy went to Duckworth, among others, but had been rejected by January 20th² - "said he could not publish it"³ - and either now or later Fisher Unwin saw the book, "but demanded excisions or revisions, which Lawrence refused" (nehls i 471). As Mrs Carswell recalled the book's history for the next three years, "I think it must have lain on the table at one time or another of every leading publisher in London" (sp 86). But it was not accepted until the autumn of 1919 - and then, first, by the American publisher Thomas Seltzer.

There are a number of reasons for its failure to find a publisher. In wartime publishers produced less, and tended to be more conservative; it was harder for anyone except the totally established (like Arnold Bennett⁴) to get published, especially as Lawrence was not a commercial proposition. Secondly, the combination of the shock waves of the Rainbow prosecution and of D. O. R. A. - acting more as a vague threat than anything to be rationally feared, for its only provisions against novels could be that they prejudiced

1. Contract for The Rainbow: in the possession of Messrs. Methuen & Co.

2. D. H. Lawrence After Thirty Years, ed. V. de S. Pinto, (Nottingham University, 1960), p. 27.

3. Marsh, A Number of People, p. 232.

4. See Additional Note XX.

recruiting¹ - making a difficult situation still worse; occasionally printers would refuse to produce a book accepted by a publisher.

Thirdly, Lawrence was a special case for any publisher. As late as January 1920, Martin Secker was confiding in Compton Mackenzie that "I instinctively feel that anything to do with D.H.L. is rather dangerous,"² and continued to believe that, after The Rainbow, something was needed "to rehabilitate the author."³ In the winter of 1916, the Rainbow prosecution was only a year away. Whatever Women in Love had been like, Lawrence would probably have had difficulty finding a publisher for it.

Fourthly, the book's subject matter - and title - provided just that final stimulus for a publisher's reluctance to have anything to do with Lawrence. If the original Prologue were in place,⁴ obviously that reluctance would multiply enormously.

Fifthly, rumour had spread that there was still another drawback to Women in Love. Frank Swinnerton wrote that

Hesitation on the part of publishers to make themselves responsible for the book was due less to fear of prosecution on grounds of indecency than to ... fear ... that proceedings for libel would be taken if the book were published.⁵

Both Lady Ottoline Morrell and Philip Heseltine threatened proceedings at some stage; but as Heseltine did not know about the book until Cecil Gray read it and told him about it in the summer of 1917, only Lady Ottoline's objections could have contributed to publishers' uneasiness

1. Defence of the Realm Act, 8 August 1914, Regulation 27, section (c).

2. Mackenzie, Octave Five, p. 172.

3. Ibid.

4. See above, p. 354.

5. F. Swinnerton, The Georgian Literary Scene, (London, Dent, 1951), p. 301.

in the winter of 1916-1917. She wrote to Lawrence on November 26th, "saying she hears she is the villainess of the new book" (lm i 488). Since at that date only Pinker and Mrs Carswell had seen the book's complete and final ms., and there was no contact at all between the Carswells and Garsington, Lady Ottoline's information must have come from another source: possibly Mark Gertler, one of the few direct links between Garsington and the London circle Lawrence corresponded with. Barbara Low had read the start of the book when she visited the Lawrences at the end of August, and might have passed on the idea of the link to Koteliansky and Gertler; or Frieda Lawrence's visit to London in mid-September (she met Gertler, Koteliansky and Murry - an occasional visitor to Garsington) may have transmitted the gossip. Other possibilities are through Koteliansky, Katherine Mansfield and Lytton Strachey, or from Gertler to Strachey.

Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline, offering to send her the book; but, so far as we can track the duplicate copy's progress through November 1916 to February 1917 (when it returned to Pinker) it does not seem as if she could actually have seen it until February at the earliest. But, then, there do seem to have been two stages in her enquiries. The first, in November, was simply based on hearsay. The second, in February, seems to have sprung from an actual reading of the book. Cynthia Asquith was told about this latter event in April, and (with apparently one mistake) she recorded what Lawrence told her about it:

... The Morrells were so furious at the supposed lampoon that Morrell wrote - inconceivable as it sounds - to the publisher, asking him to come down and identify the character as his wife ...¹

Since the novel had no publisher yet, she probably meant Lawrence's agent Pinker; and Catherine Carswell, who also had the story from Lawrence, identified him as the individual concerned.² We can date

1. Asquith, Diaries, p.294.

2. C. Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage, 1st Edn., (London, Chatto & Windus, 1932), p. 81.

Pinker's invitation to the middle of February 1917, when he apparently wrote to Lawrence in some alarm that both the character of Hermione and her house were being claimed libellous. The fact that he did not write before then shows that the matter had not struck him with any force before, if indeed it had come to his notice at all. Lawrence replied:

Hermione is not much more like Ottoline Morrell than Queen Victoria, the house they claim as theirs is a Georgian house in Derbyshire I know very well - etc. ... they could make libel cases for ever, they haven't half a leg to stand on. (lm i 502)

In the event, Pinker did not go, the novel did not come out for another three years, and no libel suit from the Morrells was entered on when it did appear.¹ The point appears to be that publishers were already sufficiently reluctant to publish Women in Love for a threat of a libel action to make little difference. By the time Pinker realised that the Morrells were threatening legal action, both Methuen and Duckworth (possibly others too) had turned the book down; and if Pinker had really been told by the Morrells themselves what they thought, we can have no reason to imagine the publishers knew what he was late in hearing about. He would have, too, been as up to date with literary gossip as any normal publisher. If he did not recognize the threat before the middle of February, we can be certain that they did not either. And Lawrence himself seemed sure that the book's failure to find a publisher was not because of the danger of libel suits; although "they could make libel cases for ever,"

... they haven't half a leg to stand on.

But it doesn't matter. It is no use trying to publish the novel in England in this state of affairs. There must come a change first.

So it can all lie by ... What does it all matter! (lm i 502)

1. See Additional Note XXI.

That is to say, he was ascribing the rejection of his novel to the "existing state of affairs," not to the threat of libel suits. We should ascertain what justice there was in that, and why he said it.

He felt prejudice against him which, in the light of what Martin Secker - a sympathetic publisher - said in 1920, seems wholly justified. He felt that the novel would not be understood, and that its aims and essential drama would be ignored, especially in an England devoting itself to war. Analysis of the book's reception in 1921 shows that he was right; neither the nature of the book, nor its concerns, were in any way understood when it came out.¹ This was not, of course, only the effect of a war-maddened England: the history of the book's reception shows how many years it took for even the basic outline of the drama to be grasped. In 1916, or 1921, it seemed practically impossible, war or no war. And we have described how the book was written in the knowledge of its inaccessibility.

But the publishers' failure to see the book as he saw it - as a masterpiece - was not what increasingly annoyed or alienated Lawrence. The winter of 1916-1917, the period of the book's first round of the publishers, was not marked by any surprise on his part in extant letters at their rejection of it. When he blamed the "state of affairs," he was gesturing expansively at a situation, not only at the failings of publishers. Furthermore, what the state of affairs meant to him is always clearer than any analysis he actually made of the failings of wartime England. For the moment, we must concentrate on seeing what the war meant to him.

It meant that he could neither publish nor earn. Since 1912 he had managed to keep himself and his wife financially secure, if

1. Worthen, Reception of the novels of D. H. Lawrence, pp. 231-236.

occasionally precariously; and he had done that without compromising his own standards of writing. He had never been paid much, but they had been able to live. After the middle of 1916, he had had to depend on Pinker to advance money for books either not submitted, or not able to find a publisher. He told Cynthia Asquith at the beginning of 1917 that

I can't go on living here on the miserable pittance which Pinker, my literary agent, will allow me. I can't take a pittance from Pinker: it is too insulting and it is worse than useless my living in England any more. (lm i 497)

This provided the first of his official reasons for wanting to go to America. And if we take it that Lawrence saw himself primarily as an artist in his writing, then his natural function as the kind of artist he wanted to be, in rapport with the civilisation which concerned his work most deeply, was denied by this manifest failure of his art to establish any such rapport. Women in Love was failing to find a publisher for the same reasons as those for which he could not earn his living by writing; the work he considered most valuable meant nothing to others, and his insight into the civilisation to which he belonged fell dead at his feet. He had to subsist on what his agent paid him in lieu of the return he felt his writing deserved; his only way of earning was to write things which in no degree mattered to him - and that, he was not yet prepared to do. His declamations against the "state of affairs" involved, in miniature, the same conclusions his novel reached about a civilisation which seemed to be losing all its sense of values.

It is necessary to see how Women in Love was concerned with establishing a proper perspective on those attitudes and impulses which, for Lawrence, made contemporary society what it was. When he wrote off English society in 1917 as "unfit" for his novel, he was unconsciously making the point that the novel could not matter except in a society which had at least begun to understand the point.

of the analysis he was making. This begins to clarify our sense of the relation between the novel and society - the approach made to society by it - and is the real explanation and justification for his attribution to society at large of the book's failure to get published. The book was, in part, aimed at people whose most obvious characteristic was their inability to understand what was being said. The novel was written, so far as that goes, against a society and its values. But at that level of understanding, of insistence upon the proper marriage relation as the only escape from the cultural status quo, the perspective upon which he insisted was in total conflict with the commonplace view - a conflict which made the novel look foolish and incomprehensible. We should consider the possibility that publishers who rejected the book may have done so in sheer bafflement at what the book was saying, at the complexity of its analysis and solutions, at the outward appearance of incoherent absurdity.

We may conclude that Lawrence's continuing antagonism to the "state of affairs" as the culprit for the novel's failure to find a publisher was a reaction against attitudes which publishers and readers genuinely did evince, but was also a result of his own attitude to the society the book was about, and a result of the uneasy function of his own writing for it. The war meant that his book - essentially about a society that could involve itself emotionally and physically in a war - could not act in its capacity as the only thing he could offer, after his disillusionment with more obvious methods of doing such as lecturing and The Signature.

And if the "state of affairs" effectually denied him any rapport with an audience, and a living, then by January 1917 he was more prepared than ever before to give up all hope of communicating with an English audience. In his extant letters we can see him turning more and more towards America as a place where he could earn his living as a writer, if nothing else, though as late as November 1916 he was express-

ing no feeling for it as a better country to publish in, or as possessing a more sympathetic public. England continued the country with which his sympathetic tangle was such that he could hate it:

I know it is no good writing for England any more.
England wants soothing pap, and nothing else, for
its literature: sweet innocent babe of a Britannia!¹

America he began by thinking of as simply useful:

I don't think America is a paradise. But I know
I can sell my stories there and get a connection
with publishers. (lm i 497)

But Women in Love seems to have marked the turning point. His plans to go abroad in November 1916 had not the despair he showed at the beginning of 1917. Speaking of the novel, he told Mrs Carswell in January that "It will not get done over here" (lm i 498); and whereas the previous winter's plan had been for a community, and November's idea simply for an exit, this new plan was for his future as a writer too. It involved the same feeling of rejection from England as occurred after the suppression of The Rainbow, but in a stronger and more articulate form. After all, Women in Love "is a much finer book than The Rainbow ..." (lh 387) It does not seem to have been a coincidence that his deepest reaction against any English public occurred when Women in Love turned out to have no immediate future, however certain he had been that it was almost inevitable that the book should get nowhere. On the one hand, "What is the good of its coming out in the orgy of baseness which is today?" (lm i 495) ; on the other,

I know it is a masterpiece, but it seems it will
not find a publisher. It is no good, I cannot
get a single thing I write published in England.²

... nobody will print me nowadays, the public taste

1. Marsh, A Number of People, p. 230.

2. Ibid.

is averse from me. It is a nasty quandary. The books I have don't sell, so it's a bad look out. (lm i 496)

In short, "It is really necessary for me now to move under a new sky ..." (lh 394) And, most important of all - for this is what his failure to find a response in his audience had led him to - "I know it is no good writing for England any more."¹

In mid-February, "They have refused to endorse my passport. It is a bitter blow, because I must go to America" (lm i 500). Up to this point in his career, if never so wholeheartedly as in 1913, his most important work had been prompted "because I want folk - English folk - to alter and have more sense" (lm i 204). But, now,

It is necessary to begin a new life. You mustn't think I haven't cared about England. I have cared deeply and bitterly. But something is broken. There is not any England. One must look now for another world. This is only a tomb. (lm i 501)

However, he had to live, and he had to try to publish; and since he could not go to America and establish the personal contacts with magazines which Pinker could not arrange from England, he had to publish in England. It is the purpose of the next section to suggest how the nature of the work he did in the following three years showed the gulf he felt between himself and any potential readers.

1. Marsh, A Number of People, p. 230.

(ii) Single and apart: Cornwall and Berkshire, 1917 - 1918

After the winter of 1916-1917 - which produced a number¹ of short stories, promised to Pinker at the end of October, and written between the end of Women in Love and Christmas, or revised from old mss. - Lawrence wrote no more fiction until he tentatively began Aaron's Rod in the spring of 1918. After that, the play Touch and Go, and five short stories in the winter of 1918-1919 comprised his entire surviving fictional output until the beginning of 1920. After Amores in July 1916, he only published three short books of poems until Touch and Go came out in May 1920. In Magazines, apart from poems about to appear in book-form, and a batch of poetic 'War Films' in Poetry for July 1919, his only fictional contributions were three stories in 1917 and three in 1919; and of the first three, two were re-writings of earlier work.

This was, of course, partly because magazines were cautious of printing fiction by him. A number of stories were in Pinker's hands by early 1917, though the latter opined that a collection of them in book form would not then be wise (frieda 219); and although Pinker presumably tried to get them into magazines, since he was almost always unsuccessful Lawrence cannot have felt much urge to write any more. His main publications in magazines during the period in question were his four articles on 'The Reality of Peace' in 1917 and eight of his 'Studies in Classic American Literature' in 1918 and 1919; these will be discussed later. For the moment it is simple necessary to draw attention to the scarcity (and genre) of his publications.

And although it is important not to confuse the tenor of his ferocious outbursts against society with that of his underlying

1. See Additional Note XXII.

response to an English audience, the moods of antagonism which became increasingly frequent in 1917 were in part, perhaps, a result of his growing inability to make his thought tell upon people - a basic desire which influenced even his very last work. His sense of frustration at his inability to do anything publicly, either to help himself or others, or to express much publicly, was (we may believe) both one of the causes and one of the results of that isolation, both personal and literary, which deepened in 1917 and 1918.

As a consequence of his inability to publish as freely as he wanted, and in confirmation of our suggestion that he often did need contact with an audience of some kind, the end of 1916 and the remainder of the war years saw him reverting to a practice which had not been frequent since his going to Germany in May 1912; the habit of passing his unpublished mss. on to friends, partly for their opinion, partly as a way of communicating his work in a situation that prevented a more public way. Lady Ottoline, it is true, had seen The Rainbow in the late spring of 1915, both before and during the period she was confined to bed in Buxton:

What I chiefly remember is reading the manuscript of The Rainbow which D. H. Lawrence sent me in detachments, also that he wrote me charming letters to cheer me and keep me company in my solitude.¹

Giving her the ms. at such a time was obviously another way of keeping her "company in ... solitude," although that does not explain why Lawrence began sending her the ms. in the first place. But, firstly, Lady Ottoline was taking an enormous interest in the Lawrences at that time: the period in which she saw The Rainbow coincided exactly with the plan for the Lawrences to have a cottage on the Garsington estate. Again, more than any other of his new friends, she was interested in the locality of Lawrence's midlands

1. ((Morrell,)) Ottoline, p. 283.

novels, coming from the same area herself; and, lastly, she had shown more interest than most of his patrons in his actual work. Her liking for it was, for instance, totally different from Cynthia Asquith's sophisticated amusement at it. She saw the whole ms. of The Rainbow in four batches, from 8th April to the middle of May.

At the end of June 1915, again, he had sent her "what is done of my philosophy" (lm i 349), asking her to pass it on to Gilbert Cannan; this was, however, so that both she and Cannan would know precisely what he was thinking about society and social change: for this was the time of Lady Ottoline's role as "the centre pin that holds us together" (lm i 350). In this case, passing on the essentially private, personal and unpublishable material (unpublishable except in a Signature) was a natural extension of that summer's plans for concerted action. He wanted to tell her about what most closely concerned him, just as he wanted to tell Cannan, who "must come in" too.

After these isolated and particular events of the summer of 1915, his mss. remained private to him until the early autumn of 1916, when visitors to Higher Tregurthen began to see the unfinished ms. of Women in Love: Barbara Low saw "the beginning" at the end of August (lm i 472 & 488), Mrs Carswell probably saw some of it in early October when she visited Cornwall and discussed her own novel with Lawrence, and Esther Andrews saw the first chapter when she visited the Lawrences in the first ten days of November (lm i 481 & lh 382) - the bulk of the book then being away at Pinker's office, being typed. When it was finally finished and the part Pinker had had typed was briefly revised, Lawrence had the duplicate ts. - that destined for the American publishers - sent to the Carswells; and this ts. continued to circulate for two months, despite Pinker's efforts to recover it. We can tell from this how far Lawrence's desire to get the book into print could be subordinated to his wish for particular people to see it.

In the autumn of 1916, Catherine Carswell was the only person with whom Lawrence talked much about writing; they discussed the novel which was to become her Open the Door!¹ rather as they had gone over her first novel in the summer of 1914 (lh 200-201). And, for Lawrence, "she is well on with a novel that will be a real book" (lm i 477). It was presumably because they shared this kind of sympathy that Lawrence sent her the copy of Women in Love in the fourth week of November, its arrival being shortly followed by the injunction:

Don't talk much about my novel, will you? And above all don't give it to anybody to read, but Don. I feel it won't be published yet, so I would rather nobody read it. (lm i 488)

As she noted, "the existence of Women in Love, even in unpublished MS., was a fermenting element in those remaining months in Cornwall" (sp 85); this fact contributed to Lawrence's unwillingness to have the novel freely passed about, however much he wanted particular people to see it. After all, both Lady Ottoline and Philip Heseltine were later to threaten libel action over it, and both Katherine Mansfield and Middleton Murry might have been expected to take personal offence at it, not to mention Ivy Litvinov (daughter of Barbara Low) and Bertrand Russell. Again, just for what they were as people, Lawrence wanted to keep it from some of his friends: "if you can prevent Aunt Barbara from knowing you have the work by you, do ..." (lm i 488), he asked Mrs Carswell, though in the event that restriction failed; and of Esther Andrews he wrote grudgingly that "I suppose it is only fair to give her the whole ..." (lh 382) By the end of the year both Carswells, Barbara Low and Esther Andrews seem to have read it; and when two further copies of the book were made in January, one for Koteliensky's "attempt" to have it published in Russia² and one for Lawrence to keep by him for revisions and additions, others still of Lawrence's London circle began to see it;

1. C. Carswell, Open the Door!, (London, Melrose, 1920).

2. See below, pp. 397-398.

Koteliansky by April, Mark Gertler and Gordon Campbell about the same time, and Carrington in the first week of that month. And Cecil Gray saw Lawrence's copy in August.¹

But by April 1917 Lawrence was actually trying to restrict its circulation in London. He told Koteliansky on the 4th that

I don't really want anybody else to read the MS. -
I don't very much want even Carrington to have it ...
Let her have it on the stipulation she shows nobody
else, and if Campbell or Gertler have read it, then
don't let it go any further. (kbm ii 15)

The reasons were twofold: he didn't want to encourage a possible libel suit from Lady Ottoline, and he was beginning to resent having the ms. regarded as common literary property, passed from friend to friend, especially between those (like Carrington) whom he hardly knew, and who were associated with the Garsington circle:

You know that the Ottoline threatens me with law-suits: I feel she would go to any length to do me damage in this affair. I feel that these people, all the Ott. crowd, are full of malice against me ...
To have all these canaille already grunting over it is more than I can bear. I feel awfully raw against the whole show. I will show the MS to nobody absolutely any more ... (kbm ii 15)

He had wanted some people to see it: Gertler, for instance, to give an opinion about the similarity between Ottoline and Hermione: "please tell me how much likeness you can see ..." (lm i 508) And the Carswells seemed the only people with whom he could profitably discuss the book. But for the ms. to circulate freely and be read avidly was not a sign that people were responding to it for the novel it actually was. No more than Philip Heseltine reading Amores aloud in the Café Royal could the treatment of Women in Love as a libellous roman a clef do anything else than anger Lawrence and implicitly deny the book's seriousness.

1. Schorer, 'Unpublished Letters of D. H. Lawrence,' p. 58.

But to show it to the Carswells was to offer the book where at least it would not be ignored or enjoyed for reasons of the reader's own making. There were other advantages. Lawrence wanted someone to "make any corrections necessary, to mark any discrepancies." And, of course, Donald Carswell was a lawyer.

Ask Don if he thinks any part libellous - e.g. Halliday is Heseltine, the Pussum is a model called the Puma, and they are taken from life.¹

Mrs Carswell read the book first, and wrote with her impressions; "I am glad you liked the novel - thanks for the suggestions" (lh 382). Lawrence told her at the beginning of December. His reply interleaved a comment on Mrs Carswell's own novel with his reactions to what she had suggested:

Gudrun's coat was supposed to be that pale and lovely bluish green which is a painter's emerald green - really a beautiful shade. Is that still common? You might just put Thomas Bannerman instead of Sholto - or Balfour - any ordinary Scotch name.² Gerald and his "as usual" is sarcastic if anything. I can't understand his persistence in "dressing." But good to cross him out. I am very glad you make these suggestions. (lh 382)

And he acted on them: in the published novel, Gudrun's coat is never the emerald green he mentions, only "of a strong blue colour," "a pale yellow," "a yellow silk," or a "dark green."³ Gerald never appears to say "as usual" in the final version; and although his habit of "dressing" is commented on briefly,⁴ we may assume that repetition of the point was deleted after Mrs Carswell's suggestion. Later in December, Donald Carswell gave his opinion of the first half

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 278.

2. Joanna's youngest child in Open the Door!, however, retains the name 'Sholto' in the published book.

3. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, (New York, Modern Library, n.d.), pp. 13, 129, 177 & 440.

4. Idem, pp. 164 & 305.

of the ms. and seems to have concentrated on the placing of the 'Industrial Magnate' chapter (XVII). He presumably wanted it earlier, to establish Gerald's credentials from the start of the book - but Lawrence replied that he wanted it

to come where it does: you meet a man, you get an impression of him, you find out afterwards what he has done. If you have, in your arrogance, writ him down a nobody, then there is a slap in the eye for you when you find he has done more than you have done. Voila! (lm i 493)

Catherine Carswell has recorded her actual impressions of the book as she remembered them fifteen years later, and they explain why her suggestions to Lawrence only dealt with small points, helpful though they were. The point was, "I did not know what to think of it, and in fact, said little."

It made a painful but powerful impression on me ... I found mainly suffering in the perusal. And I resented the infliction of an almost physical suffering and malaise by what purported to be a novel. All the same here was something. It made one pause. The usual critical outfit had to be discarded. Wait a bit! I must think about this! Anyhow, what a strange, new daring kind of richness of apprehension! "Touche!" cries the heart of the reader at every turn. (sp 85-86)

But she obviously disliked the book as much as she enjoyed that sense of intimacy with it. If Lawrence indeed felt that she was more in sympathy with his work than anyone else at the time - and so sent her his ms. - we must conclude that only her readiness to read qualified her for that role of sympathetic audience. And, in its turn, that illuminates Lawrence's artistic isolation, his inability to make his work tell on people at this stage except through momentary apprehensions. If all his world of audience narrowed down to Catherine Carswell in December 1916, then his role of novelist of and for his time was reduced to minute proportions and his sense of isolation substantiated. It is not that we ever expect novelists to have an

immediate or resounding impact on their contemporaries; their effect and reputation invariably come as much by growth as by impact. But in Lawrence's case, it was not just that his stature as a novelist was not appreciated - that is something which can happen only very rarely. His concerns, his language, his essential drama appeared inexplicable; and the relation had dried up which he had once wanted between his deepest interests and the people of a country which still, paradoxically, mattered enormously to him. In short, we must distinguish between shock, bafflement, distaste - emotions which new art is always liable to produce - and the gulf between the artist's sense of importance and relevance, and that which his audience possesses. The gulf in Lawrence's case was deepened by his determination to offer an analysis of civilisation so searching that he almost dispensed with the outward appearance of character altogether; and the gulf was finally deepened by what amounted to a rejection of the book both by his intimates, in one way, and by the wider public as represented by the publishers in another. Rejection by the audience for whom the book was actually meant was the fate of Women in Love.

However, Mrs Carswell's sympathy was better than nothing at all - this makes us realise more vividly Lawrence's predicament: and in January 1917 he offered to send her the ms. of a new collection of poems.

I don't much want to submit the MS. for publication. It is very intimate and vital to me. But I have got it very nearly ready. Would you like to see it? I shall send it you if you would. (lm i 498)

And in mid-February 1917 he sent her the ms., then entitled 'Man and Woman.'

I can't send this MS. to Pinker yet. I loathe him to have it. I loathe it to go to a publisher. I feel for the moment most passionately and bitterly tender about it ... It will either seem much ((to you)), or very little. I want you to tell me ~~what~~ what effect it has on you. (lh 398)

She recorded her reactions:

By the light of a candle I read through the poems. I confess that no other poet except Hardy (and Shakespeare in his sonnets) has so deeply conveyed to me the wistfulness of humanity as distilled in a noble heart ... I advised him to expunge a love letter - beautiful and interesting, but a real, sent letter, in prose, which he had included with the poems. He did not at first agree about this, but came round later. (sp 90)

And we can tell that she conveyed her strong liking for the sequence to Lawrence; although his letters arguing the merits of the prose letter(?s) have vanished - except a note "I told you I took out the 'Love Letters' from the poems" (lh 417) - he told her on 9th March that "Esther Andrews seems to feel very much with you about them - for which I am glad" (lm i 505). (Esther Andrews possibly saw the sequence during the last stages of its writing in January, when she was staying with the Lawrences.) The personal nature of the poems, to which Mrs Carswell so obviously responded, accounts for his reluctance to send them to a publisher; what he said about The Trespasser¹ applies to Look! We Have Come Through better than it does to most of his work. Either it will seem "much, or very little," he told her; that depends on whether the reader can become thoroughly subjective about the poems. And it is possible to see a retreat into thorough subjectivity governing his relatively sudden conception and execution of the book. In December he had arranged one collection of his poems (later to become Bay), and had hoped they would find a publisher; but dropped that collection in favour of Look! in January. In a letter full of despair over England, and certain that "we must move at once out of this into another world," he remarked that

Everybody refuses to publish the novel. It will not get done over here. I don't care.

As a sort of last work, I have gathered and shaped my last poems into a book. It is a sort of final conclusion of the old life in me - 'and now farewell,' is really the motto. (lm i 498)

1. See above, p. 363.

To make a book out of such poems, "very intimate and vital to me," was a subjective act at a time when anything more public seemed foolish. "It only remains for us to fulfil that which is really in us" (ibid), he told Mrs Carswell the same day.

Again, when Lawrence passed around this ms. of Look!, it was remarkable how its intended recipients were precisely those people of whom he wrote to Mrs Carswell at the beginning of January: "Essentially I don't want to see a soul in London, except you two and perhaps Hilda Aldington ..." (lh 393) This suggests why he passed around such an "intimate and vital" collection of poems, those he "loathed" Pinker or a publisher to have: this was almost a reversion to his habits of his early years at Croydon, when only a chosen few ever saw his work. But this very private, personal form of audience was the only resource he felt he really had in the early months of 1917. Hilda Aldington (H. D.) and Catherine Carswell, furthermore, were even more than personal friends: both were writers he felt were producing good work. "Don't you think H. D. ... writes some good poetry? I do - really very good"¹ he had remarked to Marsh in January, while Mrs Carswell's book "is coming under the same banner with mine" (lh 364). Though he often did ask people's opinion of his work, he does not seem to have done so at this date because he felt unsure about it; more because he wanted to be read by people whose opinions and achievements showed them capable of appreciating what he wrote. H. D., it turned out, disliked the poems of 'Man and Woman': "says they won't do at all: they are not eternal, not sublimated: too much body and emotions ..." (lm i 505) She, that is, was refusing to be as subjective about them as she needed to be in order to like them as Mrs Carswell did. But the essential point had not been her opinion of them; the point of showing them to her had been fulfilled simply by her reading them and taking them seriously. In April, it seems, the poems were forwarded to Pinker, who found a publisher "after some rejections" (sp 91) in Chatto & Windus at the beginning of August.

1. Marsh, A Number of People, p. 232.

The latter wanted a number of lines changed, objected to two poems altogether, and demanded new titles for two other poems.

The lines I will alter, though for some of them it is a great pity, spoiling the clarity and precision of the expression. I will look after my bad taste in 'Eve's Mass' and 'Candlemass'.¹ Strange are the ways of man, strangest of all the publishers. (lm i 521)

Although, through Pinker, he especially protested Chatto's ruling against 'Song of a Man who is Loved' - "Do convince them that the 'Song' is beautiful, necessary, and innocuous as a sprig of mignonette" (lm i 521) - the firm was insistent, and Lawrence agreed to their terms at the end of August (lh 414). When the book came out in December, so far as he was concerned "the press only spat on it" (damon 493); "as usual the critics fall on me ... But I don't really care what the critics say, so long as I myself could personally be left in peace" (nehls i 447-448). By December he was sufficiently distant from the book not to care as he had done when producing it in January and February; and the press's reaction - he was thinking especially of the review in the Times Literary Supplement² - only confirmed his perspective of public reaction to his work.

What mattered more as publishing ventures in 1917 were two other projects; a new attack on the 'philosophy' and a series of articles on American literature. The philosophy consisted of seven short articles called 'The Reality of Peace', two short essays, and a new, book length version of Goats and Compasses called At The Gates. The 'Reality of Peace' essays were probably written at the end of February and the beginning of March, soon after Lawrence had finished revising 'Man and Woman': he did not, for instance, mention them to Mrs Carswell on either the 18th or 24th February, but on 7th March he told her:

1. See Additional Note XXIII.

2. Anon., Times Literary Supplement, 22 November 1917, p. 571, called the book "an excited morbid babble about one's own emotion which the Muse of Poetry surely can only turn from with a pained distaste." (c.f. nehls i 448)

I have seven short articles ... They are very beautiful, and, I think, very important. Something must be done with them. They are a new beginning. Shall I send them to you, to see what you and Don think, and about publishing? (lh 401)

And two days later he sent them to her:

We must think hard about their publication. We must begin to work for a new world, a creative peace. (lm i 505)

He had also written to Austin Harrison to see if the English Review would take them. For the first time since The Signature, he wanted to get his philosophy into print, to have it influence people.

These must be published, we must begin. It shall begin to end now, this horror and evil ... we must consider hard how best to publish them. (lm i 506)

But we must distinguish between 'The Crown' and 'The Reality of Peace'. 'The Crown' started from a conception of man in society, and used an understanding of human nature to discuss civilisation. 'The Reality of Peace' developed a single idea, a single way of looking at man. 'The Crown' tried to say what we are, at this juncture in time; 'The Reality of Peace' tried to establish what we are, fundamentally, and to apply that to our time. What is more, 'The Crown' was incisive, tried to attack its reader, was often constructed in the single sentence paragraphs that were a foreshadowing of Lawrence's style in the final versions of his Studies in Classic American Literature¹ (and perhaps adopted the style for the same purposes of attack.) 'The Reality of Peace' was more expository, slower in movement, using far more rhetorical questions, and preached an essentially different gospel. 'The Crown' had insisted on the dualistic susceptibility of man, as (for instance) his revulsion and fascination at the "snake that is the spirit of the great corruptive principle" (phx ii 407); on his combination of the "two principles", the lamb and the lion; "My source and issue is in two eternities, I am founded in the two infinities ..." (phx ii 378)

1. D. H. Lawrence, Studies in Classic American Literature, (New York, Seltzer, 1923).

'The Reality of Peace' stated:

I shall accept all my desires and repudiate none. It shall be a sign of bliss in me when I am reconciled with the serpent of my own horror, when I am free both from the fascination and the revulsion ... I shall be fulfilled to corruption within the strength of creation. The serpent will have his own pure place in me and I shall be free. (phx i 680)

Where 'The Crown' had been dynamic, insisting on and illustrating the tension between the two principles, 'The Reality of Peace' was concerned with their combination within the individual, not with their polarity: indeed, "Where, then, is there peace if the primary law is ... a law of polarity?" (phx i 692) "There is peace in that perfect consummation when duality and polarity is transcended into absorption" (phx i 693). 'The Reality of Peace' is most unclear at this crucial point; what the "absorption" actually is, how polarity is "transcended." But the direction of Lawrence's thought is clear, and even if the ideas are a development of those in 'The Crown', the emphasis is wholly different.

And, most striking of all, 'The Crown' ended by re-emphasising the fact that "we are living in a state of falsity, all our social and religious form is dead, a crystallized lie" (phx ii 414), rather in the manner of The Rainbow.¹ 'The Reality of Peace' insisted on the potential of the individual's state of peace, and did not use the language of change or breaking out; rather, "suddenly I lapse out of the duality into a sheer beauty of fulfillment. I am a rose of lovely peace" (phx i 694) is the conclusion.² It is consistent with the terms of the two essays to see in this the difference between Lawrence's position in the summer of 1915 and that in the early months of 1917; in the latter case, and in the latter philosophy, all hope for change lay within the occasional individual, not within and for a whole society.

1. See Additional Note XXIV.

2. See Additional Note XXV.

Accordingly, the later philosophy is quieter and less impressive than the earlier; within its briefer space it provides a message particularly designed for 1917, when the idea of 'Peace' meant so much to Lawrence and to his contemporaries, but its terms are more abstruse as well as less journalistic. We should not mistake Lawrence's eagerness to get the essays into print for a renewed desire to offer a new direction for the society in which he lived; the 'Reality of Peace' essays are more an affirmation of personal conviction which are not designed to convince people so much as confirm them in what they in fact already think. But Lawrence needed to be published, and essays with such a title, at such a time, had an ostensibly topical flavour which Austin Harrison at the English Review lost no time in using; Lawrence only told him about them at the beginning of March, 1917, and Harrison cannot have received them until the 21st of that month, at the earliest (lh 402); but they began to appear in the May issue. Lawrence may indeed have begun them as the "peace articles" he told Koteliensky about at the beginning of March (lm i 506); but, as written, they were far less about 'Peace' as most people would understand it than they were another extension of the "philosophy" which had interested him since January 1914. To support such a hypothesis - that the articles began as one thing and ended as another - we can draw an analogy between this case, and that of his experience with the essays on 'Classic American Literature' begun later in the year; or with the Hardy essay of 1914. Both the latter began with the prospect of being published as essays on the subject of their titles, but, along the way, gathered a theory of life which eventually took precedence over their ostensible subject. Lawrence's enthusiasm for the 'Reality of Peace' articles, then, should be understood as a combination of pleasure at having, to his own satisfaction, said something important about peace and human nature - and of having advanced his theory of life a little further.

However, his enthusiasm for them looks, at first glance, like that of 1915. Was he then beginning to revert to the ideals of that year? Rather than assume that his satisfaction with them marked some such messianic reversion, it is important to recognize the circumstances

in which he was most enthusiastic: in a letter to Dollie Radford, when she was suffering from the effects of having had a close friend killed in the war. To say to her, then, "We must now begin, with our deepest souls, to bring peace and life into the world" (lm i 506) was a different thing from saying it to another of his friends in more normal circumstances. "These must be published now, we must begin," he told her:

It shall begin to end now, this horror and evil.
We will come in, now, Dollie, we will be strong
for life and perfection. Let us rouse ourselves
now. (lm i 506)

Again, when he wrote to Catherine Carswell - another friend of Herbert Watson - it was with the same rhetoric: "we must begin now to work for a new world, a creative peace" (lm i 505). And it was to her he remarked on 1st April that "to me, they are very important. I still feel, if they are published, they will be effective" (lh 402). The point is that Mrs Carswell had not been as enthusiastic about them as he would have liked - "I am sorry they did not mean much to you - disappointed" - and it was in such a mood that his letter went on to insist that "we must do something ..." His belief that the essay would be "effective," given the chance, seems simple-minded until we put the aspiration in the context of his desire and need to influence the course of events which, otherwise, made him feel only a victim. Accordingly,

I feel like starting something somewhere: but
hardly know yet where to begin. I believe there
are peace demonstrations every Sunday in the
Victoria Park. I think I am almost ready to set
out preaching also, now: not only cessation of
war, but the beginning of a new world. My dear
Catherine, it is time to begin something like
this. (lh 403)

But this does not, in fact, go against the analysis of Lawrence's growing unwillingness to recommence any ventures like those of the summer of 1915 given here. It is significant that in another letter written

the same day, to Mark Gertler, his mention of preaching or public meetings was far more guarded:

I am weary of this world of ugly chaos ... I wish one could do something: I wish one could see where to lay hold, to effect something fresh and clear ... life is what one wants in one's soul, and in my soul I do not want this conglomerated messing. (lm i 508)

"I wish one could do something" is not only more tentative than the explicit suggestion of "preaching": the letter to Gertler repeats that stress on the essential change having to take place in the individual soul which, for instance, 'The Reality of Peace' had emphasized. The letter to Mrs Carswell, in short, suggests a direct approach to the public in a way uncharacteristic of both the general tendency of Lawrence's concern for any such wider public (if we have successfully grasped the latter), and of the particular line of thought which the 'Reality of Peace' articles had shown him engaged on. In the letter to Mrs Carswell - we must not forget her feelings about the death of Herbert Watson - Lawrence was trying to provoke enthusiasm where his "beautiful and important essays" (lh 401) had failed to do so (which was not the case with Gertler); and this attempt to establish a rapport of enthusiasm for change led him into an exaggerated development of his real thought, a wider and looser hope for the kind of "change" about which both the letter to Gertler and the essays themselves are more realistic, if equally hazy. On 19th April Lawrence did go to London, it turns out, seeing Mrs Carswell briefly on the 20th; and a week later he wrote her a letter which confirms how brief had been the duration of that burst of 'social hope' which had infected his letter of April 1st, and how the visit to London had reconfirmed him in the attitude which the whole progress of the war had established:

I felt that, as far as peace work, or any work for betterment goes, it is useless. One can only gather the single flower of one's own intrinsic happiness, apart and separate. It is the only faithful fulfilment ... the only thing that can be done is to leave

them to it, and to bring forth the flower of one's own happiness, single and apart.¹

In May he wrote to Middleton Murry, with society in mind, that "I give it all up, it is beyond me" (lm i 511). Mrs Carswell's blank response to the 'Reality of Peace' would have seemed less important, perhaps, after this London visit. He could still recover an earlier fervour on occasions, even if it quickly became distorted: but after such brief enthusiasm, he returned to the attitude - and approach - which 1916 and 1917 had led him to.

The beginning of April marked for Lawrence the start of a new attack on his philosophy; he told Gertler that

... I am writing short essays on philosophy. The pure abstract thought interests me now at this juncture more than art. I am tired of emotions and squirming and sensations. Let us have a little pure thought, a little perfect and detached understanding. (lm i 508)

In accordance with this re-orientation of his writing, he worked during April and May on revisions of the 'Reality of Peace' essays; and these, apparently, developed into the short book At the Gates, which he told Pinker at the end of August was "based upon the more superficial Reality of Peace":

... this is pure metaphysics, especially later on: and perfectly sound metaphysics, that will stand the attacks of technical philosophers. (lh 414)

The summer's occupation was this penultimate attempt at the full-scale philosophy which had occupied him since 1913; as he wrote to Koteli-ansky, he felt he had now put it into "its final form" (lm i 526), and the fact that it went to Pinker at the end of August shows that at least the idea of publishing it appealed to him: he even told Pinker that "bits of it that might be unpopular, I might leave out" (lh 414),

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 292.

although he also remarked cynically to Koteliansky, "I have no fear that anybody will publish it" (lm i 526). It made no impression on publishers: Secker turned it down in December, and the ms. was still in Pinker's possession when Lawrence broke with him at the end of 1919.¹

However, in December 1917, Joseph Maunsel Hone, a friend of the Campbells and a contact of the publisher Maunsel in Dublin, became interested in the book - "very smitten," Lawrence told Pinker (lm i 534). And Philip Heseltine was also impressed, telling Robert Nichols that

At my instigation one of the partners of a big publishing firm here ((Dublin)) has secured the MS. of the whole book ... it is, in my opinion, as also in his, the supreme utterance of all modern philosophy. (nehls i 452)

Joseph Maunsel Hone was, indeed, one of the partners; and as it seems wholly unlikely that a similar plan should have been born in Ireland and England simultaneously, Hone was probably Heseltine's contact; especially as Lawrence heard from Hone that "if I can only get a letter to back him up" he could make Maunsel accept the book - and Heseltine told Nichols of an identical plan to impress the other partners with letters from influential people. In fact, the plan did not work out; apparently a ms. went to the Irish firm, but Cecil Gray heard in July 1918 that "Of Maunsel and his philosophy nothing actually came. It may, after the war" (lh 449). The point is that, although Lawrence would obviously have liked to publish At the Gates for the sake of the royalties he so badly needed, unlike 'The Crown' in 1915 or even 'The Reality of Peace,' it did not seem vital to publish it, and Lawrence was unmoved by its failure to get into print. We must remember, too, that its publication was discussed mainly after October 1917, when the Lawrences were expelled from

1. Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p. 89.

Cornwall and a greater sense than ever of his country's hopelessness had overtaken him. Books designed to change people seemed less important to him, and everything we know about At the Gates suggests that it shared this quality with the other philosophical work of 1917, the inevitable germ of didacticism being overridden by statement.

For after his visit to London in April, and the continued failure of Women in Love to find a publisher, his philosophy had come to appear valuable in itself - without reference to people and institutions - which helps to explain that side of At the Gates which, as he told Pinker, was "pure metaphysics ..."

Philosophy interests me most now - not novels or stories. I find people ultimately boring: and you can't have fiction without people. So fiction does not, at the bottom, interest me any more. (lm i 514)

He was not to attempt fiction again until the following spring. The "pure abstract thought" of which he had written to Gertler in May implied a mental and spiritual decision not to approach his audience, to remain in his own isolation; and a letter written at the end of July explicitly links his philosophical concentration with the distance he felt between himself and any audience more extensive than a few friends.

I think there ought to be some system of private publication and private circulation. I disbelieve utterly in the public, in humanity, in the mass. There should be again a body of esoteric doctrines, defended from the herd ... The herd will destroy everything. Pure thought, pure understanding, this alone matters ... (lm i 520)

His own At the Gates sounds a perfect candidate for this last category; if it was based sufficiently on the "more superficial" 'Reality of Peace' to carry over some of the latter's fundamental positions, then it may well have adopted the earlier work's concentration on the individual in himself, rather than on his relations with other human beings. There was a sometimes startling egocent-

ricity in 'The Reality of Peace' which a continuing concentration on philosophy as Lawrence conceived it at this date would only have strengthened. (It is perhaps significant that when Lawrence printed some of his wartime philosophy in 1925, he chose 'The Crown' rather than any of the other versions. 'The Crown' had actually been written to be read and to convince.)

His new concentration was again exemplified when he began the 'Studies in Classic American Literature' at the end of July 1917. When the idea for these articles had come up in January, he had thought of them as magazine articles for England and America; and in August, too, he could still feel "I sincerely hope to get a few dollars by it" (lm i 523). At the beginning of September he could remark "I hope America will publish it and read it and pay for it" (lm i 525), although "This is the stuff to make Uncle Sam sneeze ..." By the third week of September, however,

These were begun in the hopes of making money:
for money is a shy bird. - But I am afraid they
have passed beyond all price. It is a pity. (lm i 526)

When he continued them in the early months of 1918, he would admit even to Pinker that they "would no doubt give the Americans - or the English - fits and convulsions of wrathful disgust if ever they went so far as to read them" (lm i 538). And in February 1918 he mentioned them to Gertler as "essays on America - philosophic" (lm i 541), while Cecil Gray heard in March that they were then

... in their last and final form. In them, I
have got it all off my chest. I shall never write
another page of philosophy - or whatever it is -
when these are done. (lm i 545-546)

He was obviously conscious of the way the philosophy interrupted as much as it illuminated the literature he dealt with; Pinker was told that

I don't think the American essays will be so

impossible for the editors, if we let the poor puppies chop them up for puppy-meat, and take out all the bone and gristle. (lm i 538)

But by February 1918 he was more than ever in a state to be untroubled by the possible commercial value of the essays; he was happy to speculate about his American authors and relate their most important characteristics to those he had come to believe in most strongly: and that was all he really wanted to do.¹

The work on philosophy in 1917 ended, however, with the Lawrences' rapid flight to London in October; and with that return after nearly two years, Lawrence became engaged with two things characteristic of the earlier period - the idea of private publication, and the idea of Rananim. Joseph Maunsel Hone has already² been mentioned; in November Lawrence told him that "Campbell suggests my asking you about my novel ... There is a serious scheme for publishing it here privately by subscription under the auspices of Arnold Bennett and John Galsworthy" (lm i 532). Lawrence had lunched with Galsworthy four days earlier, in the company of Pinker (nehls i 447); and possibly the latter had suggested Bennett as a patron. Nothing more is known of the idea; it is not mentioned in Bennett's correspondence or journal. But, knowing Hone's partnership in Maunsel, and prompted by Koteliensky and Campbell, who "say probably Maunsel would do it, which would be better," Lawrence asked Hone:

Do please tell me at once if you think Maunsell ((sic)) would be likely to publish such a book of unlucky antecedents. If he would seriously consider it, I will send the MS. But otherwise I would rather keep it and get on with the scheme of private publication by subscription over here. (lm i 535)

Knowing Maunsel and Co.'s record over James Joyce's Dubliners, and their fears in that case of an identical combination of libel and obscenity as was generally feared to exist in Women in Love - they

1. See below, p. 401.

2. See above, p. 392.

put off publishing Dubliners for three years¹ - it seems most unlikely that they would ever have handled Women in Love; and nothing came of this scheme to publish the novel. One other plan for private publication came up before the book was actually accepted in 1919: this is discussed below.²

The other characteristic concern of Lawrence in London after October 1917 was the idea of Rananim. Living in Cornwall, and without passports, all thought of Rananim had vanished in so far as it represented a community; Lawrence's remark to Mrs Carswell in June 1917 seems to have been provoked more by regret that his friends were so inaccessible than by a return to the idea of a communal group:

What would be nice, would be if the few people one liked enough could have the cottages round about, far away, and near enough ... (lm i 515)

We have only to compare this with the plans evolved in October and November to see that amicability in Cornwall was not the old Rananim.

These new plans came into being through Lawrence's friendship with David Eder, Barbara Low's brother-in-law.

He has relations who have big estates in Colombia ... The Andes become real and near. Dr Eder will come - something right in him. And he knows all that - Brazil, Paraguay, Colombia. (lm i 529)

The miscellaneous formed party - "Frieda and I, and Eder and Mrs Eder, and William Henry ((Hocking, of Tregersethen)) and Gray, and probably Hilda Aldington, and maybe Kot and Dorothy Yorke" - only planned on "going away"; the terms of the actual settlement were not agreed, and while on the one hand the plan was based on a securer

1. The Letters of James Joyce, ed. R. Ellmann, (London, Faber & Faber, 1966), Vol. II, pp. 291-293.

2. See below, pp. 403-405.

venue than any previous Rananim ("Eder knows the country well"), on the other, Lawrence's lack of motive for it except the single, driving desire to escape England meant that the plan could be baulked simply by people discovering they did not, after all, share so strongly his alienation from England. Furthermore, the plans were made on the assumption that "the war will end this winter" (lm i 531), allowing them to set off "in the spring - say March"; it did not; and with the Lawrences' departure for Hermitage in Berkshire, just before Christmas 1917, their London circle of friends contracted and the plan, in its Andes form, was dropped. It had always ignored the problems of the war, of passports, and of finance.

What it brings home, however, is the final hopelessness with England Lawrence felt after his expulsion from Cornwall; Rananim was no longer a seed, or a colony, or a group of intimates, but an escape from England, pure and simple, in the company of a few reasonably congenial people - nearly all of whom Lawrence knew less well than any of the people previously associated with the idea of Rananim. The idea of escape was the first and last word of the plan; not even to anything he thought necessary - like an American public or American publishers; but only from a country he felt was persecuting him. The plan and its aftermath were the culmination and confirmation of the events of the last two years, and the winter of 1917-1918 marked a turning point in Lawrence's sense of social responsibility as great as the previous winter's rejection of Women in Love had in his writing. We have seen how, through 1917, Lawrence's conception of both an audience and of a congenial society had narrowed to the point at which they were both practically dispensable; and how his writing had, in its turn, narrowed its approach to readers until its real audience was sometimes found nowhere but in Lawrence himself.

A single example develops this point. At the turn of the year 1916, according to Mrs Carswell,

There was some talk of Koteliansky placing the

book ((Women in Love)) in Russia ... Koteli-
iansky, knowing how much in need of money
Lawrence was at the time, had made of the
Russian idea an excuse for sending him £10 on
account from Russia. (sp 86)

Lawrence told Koteliensky on the 18th December, 1916,

Many thanks for thinking about publishing my
book in Russia. I should like it to be done ...
I hope this will come off: it would be a real
pleasure. (kbm i 283)

And he went so far as to have another typescript copy made for
Koteliensky. By the beginning of April there was, not surprisingly,
no progress in the matter, but Lawrence told him not to worry about
it: "I always believe in giving things time" (kbm ii 14). By May,
despite Koteliensky's disturbing news from Russia, presumably of
the unrest preceding the Revolution,

I keep my belief in Russia intact, until such
time as I am forced to relinquish it: for it is
the only country where I can plant my hopes.
America is a stink-pot in my nostrils, after having
been the land of the future for me. (lm i 512)

And he asked Koteliensky for a Russian grammar book:

I will begin to learn the language ... I feel that
our chiefest hope for the future is Russia. When
I think of the young new country there, I love it
inordinately. (lm i 513)

But in the same July letter in which he told Koteliensky that
"Russia seems to me now the positive pole of the world's spiritual
energy" (lm i 516), he was obviously annoyed by Koteliensky's
suggestion that he might, in future, write for Russia, since things
in England were so very bad.

How can I write for any Russian audience! - the
contact is not established. How can the current
flow where there is no connection? As for England,
it is quite hopeless. (kbm ii 22)

It was one thing to want to live in Russia, or have a novel like Women in Love published there, or even to believe that it was the "only country in which I can plant my hopes ..."; but quite another to concentrate on it as writer: "How can the current flow where there is no connection?" He could believe in it politically, and sympathetically, but his connection as a writer with his audience demanded far more connection with it than an intellectual sympathy. The implicit relation between author and audience is here made explicit, and such a letter helps to explain the pattern of Lawrence's writing between 1917 and 1919. If the situation for him as a writer in England was indeed "hopeless," then - oddly enough - there was no more "connection" than there was between him and Russia, and no "flow" either; and he himself felt that both were vital to a proper relation between writer and audience, to a proper concern in the writer and to a proper approach to the audience.

The remark also helps us distinguish between the commercially necessary reading public and the actual audience with whom this "flow" had to be established. Russia, in mid-1917, seemed actually capable of providing the first (hence Lawrence's hopes for the plan to publish Women in Love) rather as America, both before and after, had seemed a possible market. But the existence of the public did not entail the existence of an audience. On the other hand, England was incapable of providing the reading public - "I disbelieve utterly in the public" (lm i 520), Lawrence told Waldo Frank in July 1918 - but only England could supply the audience, and it was only, disastrously, England that at this stage Lawrence felt he could write for. In the absence of the feeling, however, that he could actually achieve any "connection," and any response, the direction of his writing necessarily veered towards "intimate art" when art seemed possible, and personal philosophy when it did not because it felt pointless. Art would not be pointless, furthermore, because it would not sell and be paid for; but because that species of creative writing with which Lawrence was engaged needed,

for its very creation, a sense of that "connection" with at least some audience capable of understanding the things he most wanted to say. In 1916 those things nearest his heart concerned the individual, his marriage, and his civilisation; but the totally blank response of publishers and their 'protection' of the public from Lawrence's supposedly malicious influence erected the worst kind of barrier. Lawrence told Amy Lowell at the end of August 1917:

Nobody will publish my novel "Women in Love" - my best bit of work. The publishers say "it is too strong for an English public." Poor darling English public, when will it go in for a little spiritual athletics ... (nehls i 421)

And though in the absence of the "flow" he wanted he continued to write - starting, as we have seen, on essays on American literature in August 1917 - he felt that

I shall have to go and look for daylight with a lantern ... ((Look! We Have Come Through "is one bright beam in my publishing sky")) That is to say, with an eye to material things as well as spiritual: at last I am learning to squint: - I am doing a set of essays on "The Transcendental Element in American (Classic) Literature" ... (damon 422)

We have already seen how these essays lost that usefulness as commercially acceptable articles as he went on with them, although they were published in the English Review at the end of 1918; their real usefulness, Lawrence felt, lay in the fact that "In them, I have got it all off my chest ..." (lm i 546) And, once again, we see the transition to the personal function of his work. Commercial prospects were not sufficient to prevent that happening. But when that personal involvement was lacking, we find Lawrence writing to Mark Gertler in March 1918 that "I go on working because it is the one activity allowed to one, not because I care" (lm i 548). That disdainful use of "care" - we can compare it with the blithe hopefulness of 1913, "I do write because I want folk ... to alter, and have more sense" (lm i 204) - became increasingly significant in 1918.

(iii) The Changing Audience, 1918-1920

We have already seen how the last essays in the series on American literature - or on philosophy - occupied the first half of 1918; written, perhaps, "in the hopes that they may get published by the ninnies and clockheads of the public world" (lm i 537), but continued in the spirit he had described in December 1917 to Mark Gertler:

For the last nine months nothing has interested me but thinking about 'deep subjects,' as you call them. But I find myself becoming more unsociable ... My heart shuts up against people - practically everybody - nowadays. One has been so much insulted and let down. (lm i 535)

And it was in this mood that he began his next novel, Aaron's Rod, which by the middle of February was going "very spasmodically ... very slowly and fitfully ... But I don't care" (lm i 543). By the middle of March it had grown to 150 pages, and was "as blameless as Cranford":

It shall not have one garment disarranged, but shall be buttoned up like a member of Parliament. Still, I wouldn't vouch that it is like Sons and Lovers: it is funny. It amuses me terribly. (lm i 549)

He wrote this to Lady Cynthia Asquith, perhaps significantly: she it had been who had disapproved of The Rainbow for being "like the second story in the Prussian Officer"¹, only worse."² But she had been one of the first to hear about The Sisters 'A' in 1916, and his attitude towards Aaron's Rod contrasts vividly. The Sisters 'A'

really occupies me, the world crackles and busts, but that is another matter, external, in chaos. One has a certain order inviolable in one's soul. (lh 341)

In 1918, "I don't care." It may have been "blameless," but it was

1. 'The Thorn in the Flesh,' The Prussian Officer, pp.38-61.

2. Asquith, Diaries, p.98.

certainly not like Sons and Lovers. From what we can reconstruct of this first version from a text revised in 1920 and finished in 1921,¹ it contained a good deal of London coterie chat, presented a number of recognizable people in conversation of a kind very similar to that Lawrence had recently been observing in London; was gossipy, blameless, and perhaps flimsy too. But "it amuses me terribly." As published, it is not a great comic novel; the comedy is too completely a joke between Lawrence and himself. Furthermore, the dislocation of the action and themes is reminiscent of a question Lawrence put to himself in 1924: "Suppose a bomb were put under the whole scheme of things, ... what feelings do we want to carry through into the next epoch?" (phx i 520) It is as if in Aaron's Rod the bomb has actually exploded, and the feelings and undercurrents remaining offer fragmentary opportunities, hopes, deadends; there is no analysis of the order Women in Love had attempted, and no attempt to create the kind of world-of-its-own which the earlier novel had provided: there are only bits to pick over. In the spring of 1918, this "daft novel" reached no conclusion; Lawrence had no urgency to finish it, as he had, for instance, wanted to finish The Sisters 'A' or The Rainbow, or even The Rainbow 'A'. In the late summer of 1919, Violet Monk Stevens typed some of it for him (nehls i 505), but at this stage he "could never bring it to an end" (lm ii 655). It was as if the novel genre was, for the time being at least, simply a useful envelope for ideas that occupied him and vignettes of the kind of life he had seen in London; he no longer desired the coherence of either The Rainbow or Women in Love. This conclusion must, of course, be tentative about the novel he began in 1918, since what we can tell about its state then is based partly on guess-work. What we can say is that, as such an envelope (for it is hard to see why, if a real structure grew in this first writing, Lawrence later discarded it), and with no market in prospect, the novel should easily hang fire until a time when American publishers, in particular, were actually

1. See Additional Note XXVI.

asking for his novels (lm ii 618 & 621). As late as 1920, he could tell Francis Brett Young that "I did more than half of Aaron's Rod, but can't end it: the flowering end missing, I suppose."¹ It was one thing for The Sisters 'A' to start as "a stranger to me even as I write it. I don't know what the end will be" (lm i 451); we cannot conceive of his being held up in the earlier novel by not knowing how to end it. In 1918, at least, Aaron's Rod probably remained what it was to become; a vehicle for whatever Lawrence momentarily wanted to put into it; and it seems to have petered out in March or April 1918, perhaps at the time the Lawrences moved to Derbyshire. By the end of April, indeed, Lawrence was telling Gertler that "In some blind and hypnotic fashion I do a few bits of poetry - beyond that I am incapable of everything ..." (lm i 550)

In February 1918 the third major scheme for the private publication of Lawrence's work developed. Cyril Beaumont, a writer and bookseller, had apparently shown some interest in being responsible for the publication of Women in Love; this was particularly appealing when "in another fortnight I shall not have a penny to buy bread and margarine" (lm i 542). Montague Shearman relieved the immediate crisis, and Lawrence told him on the 24th that Beaumont "might do my novel" (lm i 544). And the ts. was in Beaumont's hands by March 5th.² Cynthia Asquith noted how

Lawrence thought he would gladly publish 'privately' - (which means by subscription - a piece of chicanery on the same lines as the Stage Society) provided someone would guarantee him from any possible loss. Probably it would sell well.³

And Lady Cynthia "promised to try and induce ((Prince Antoine)) Bibesco" - presumably to act as Beaumont's guarantor - "and to inter-

1. K. Sagar, 'Unpublished D. H. Lawrence letters to Francis Brett Young,' Review of English Literature, 1965, 6:iii,102.

2. Asquith, Diaries, p.417.

3. Ibid.

view Beaumont if possible."¹ Prince Bibesco, according to Lawrence the following year, agreed that he would "rather help me to publish my work than give money direct"; and after the ts. had passed from Beaumont to Lady Cynthia, it went to him. But "he had the MS. of the novel, returned it without a word, and did nothing" (lm i 574), Lawrence told Koteliansky. Lawrence blamed that failure on Desmond MacCarthy, who "put a stopper on Prince B., moaning on Ottoline's outraged behalf ..." (lm i 575) According to Lady Cynthia's diary, however, Bibesco heard Lady Ottoline's objections from MacCarthy on 28th February - well before he actually saw the ts.² - with MacCarthy wishing Lady Ottoline protected from the pain the "obvious lampoon of her would inflict."³ Lawrence was still waiting at the beginning of May to hear what had happened with Bibesco: "Tell me what he - B."⁴ - had to say - what fatuity, no doubt unpleasant" (lm i 552). But to judge by his report to Koteliansky the following year, Lady Cynthia had nothing to tell him. "Prince B. had not the courage to say a word either to me or to Cynthia Asquith, but returned the MS. wordless" (lm i 575). It is significant that, although Lady Cynthia's published diary for the spring of 1918 is full of meetings and dinners with Bibesco, there is indeed no mention of what he thought about Women in Love. After MacCarthy's warning, his reading of the ts. may have been a mere formality, as Lawrence suspected.

But even if Bibesco had not been against the plan, it would have been in jeopardy from the start. Cyril Beaumont, wrote Lady Cynthia,

is emphatic that his name must not appear in connection with Lawrence's book in the event of its being published - so is Bibesco! - and so am I ...⁵

1. Asquith, Diaries, p. 417.
2. Idem, p. 416.
3. Ibid.
4. See Additional Note XXVII.
5. Asquith, Diaries, p. 419.

Lawrence seems to have relied on people like Cynthia Asquith to help him where they could; but she hated the book when she read it, and even before that she felt doubtful "whether its printing will do either Lawrence or the world any good ... I don't feel very keen about it." Again, Beaumont "said that of course parts of it had merit - but it was worse than The Rainbow." ¹ With such attitudes in publisher, sponsor and friend, the chances for Women in Love on this occasion were not much greater than they had been with Maunsel three months before.

The book of poems in which Beaumont was interested was a different matter. Lawrence had originally sent the ms. to Lady Cynthia in December 1916, but had held it back (lm i 544). He sent it her again in February 1917, to pass on to Beaumont if she liked it, and was prepared to have it dedicated to her; and he asked her what she thought. Her diary remarks that the poems

are mainly (thank heaven)! not erotic - ironical glimpses at aspects of the war - with very little rhyme or rhythm about them ... ²

She must have approved sufficiently to take them straight to Beaumont, and to allow the dedication to her. "Glad you like the poems," Lawrence told her in mid-March:

I myself think they are highly amusing and interesting - they might have quite a run - so why should I sell them out for £9? (lm i 544)

Beaumont had presumably offered to buy the copyright for £9. In the middle of April terms were still being argued, but by the start of June the contract had been signed. Beaumont took 17 months to handprint them, and the volume eventually came out at the beginning of 1920 in an edition of 200 copies, reduced to 175 copies because

1. Asquith, Diaries, p. 419.

2. Ibid.

of an accident at the press. There was no second edition, and (it seems) no reviews, which would not be unusual for a private press book of so small an edition. Lawrence actually made very little out of it, accepting £10 as final payment for the ms.; part of the plan's attraction in 1918 had been its promise of quick financial return. But for all Lawrence's increasing acidity of tone towards Beaumont as the months passed and no edition appeared, what chiefly annoyed him about the affair was not Beaumont's delay (pace wra 12), but the way the finished book spoiled the effect of the poems:

Such a silly-looking little book, I think it ...
the silly woodcuts, so out of keeping with the
poems, some of which I think really beautiful
and rare. (lm i 620)

These poems, together with those in New Poems, also collected in 1918 and consisting of a number of new poems with a few dating back to ms.1479, comprised his main literary response to the war until chapters 12 and 13 of Kangaroo. Poetry, not fiction, had this responsibility from 1917 onwards, partly because Women in Love in 1916 "actually does contain the results in one's soul of the war" (lm i 519), partly because what concerned him from 1917 onwards was not a whole analysis and understanding (as at the time of Women in Love) but incisive, individual reaction, "ironical and a bit wicked" (lm i 544), as he told Cynthia Asquith about Bay. Equally important, he could not write fiction that anyone would publish, and had reached a point where the only fiction he did attempt went hesitatingly forward because "I feel it's not much use" (damon 482). The short poems of New Poems and Bay - most are short - are simple reactions, insights: not purposive or prophetic.

Their quality, what is more, seems directly influenced by their status as fragmentary works fired off at a public in which Lawrence no longer believed. To take a single example: 'War Baby' was a poem, Lawrence told Mrs Carswell, "which I wrote for you - at least with you in my mind - and the infant, of course" (lm i 554). Mrs Carswell's

son John had been born in the spring of 1918.

The child like mustard seed
 Rolls out of the husk of death
 Into the woman's fertile, fathomless lap ((.))
 Look, it has taken root!
 See how it flourisheth!
 See how it riseth with magical, rosy sap!
 As for our faith, it was there
 When we did not know, did not care;
 It fell from our husk in a little hasty seed.
 Say, is it all we need?
 Is it true that the little weed
 Will flourish its branches in heaven when we
 slumber beneath? (cp i 172)

Even though there is more behind the direction of the poem than there is behind most, the last stanza's question falls flat; the poem stops in mid-air, and almost inevitably suggests that its main quality is its slightness. Without the acid quality of his later Pansies,¹ these earlier brief poems may balance an idea for a second - faith there "when we did not know, did not care" - but the almost emotionless quality makes that balance precarious, and the language is often not sharp enough to preserve the poem. The last line in 'War Baby' is a case in point; our "slumber beneath" is hard to accept because we don't know how to take it: is it ironical, genuine, deliberately old-fashioned? Is the bad rhyme with "death" intentional? The poem as a whole has a curiously brittle quality, a compound of the obvious tension of its original idea with the slight, almost whimsical treatment it gets. Poems like these tend to seem unimportant whatever they say; their merit so often lies simply in the quality of the personal affirmation - which is so often the weakest, most unattractive thing about them. This seems a natural consequence of the absence of a relation between artist and audience; the artist has no longer an approach, only an affirmation, in language not designed to insinuate, nor approach directly, or tell on the reader. This seems one of the

1. D. H. Lawrence, Pansies, (London, Secker, 1929).

essential qualities of a lot of Lawrence's later poetry, and one not frequently recognised.

With Bay and New Poems out of the way, and by the second half of 1918 the American essays finished too, his creativity practically dried up.

I have finished all the things I am writing at present - have a complete blank in front of me - feel very desperate, and ready for anything, good or bad. (lm i 558)

He had come to depend on the American essays for the only possible income he could expect from magazine publication of anything more than the occasional poem from Bay or New Poems. "I think we may really sell these essays, both in America and in England" (lm i 562), he told Pinker in August 1918; "Will you send Harrison this first essay at once? He might do it quickly." For

Really, I place my hopes of the world on these essays, so you will help me with them as much as possible. I know it has been a thankless job so far. But it won't always be so. (lm i 562)

That shows how "hopes of the world," in a letter to Pinker, approximated to "hopes of income." Harrison did print eight of the essays, it turned out; but with the little the English Review could afford to pay in wartime, and without any income from them in America, they were hardly a success.

But, with his philosophy completed, and the last re-workings of his early poems over, it is not surprising that Lawrence felt a creative blank. There were only proofs to look for from publishers; the novel Aaron's Rod had ground to a halt, and the idea of writing short stories which (as the winter of 1916-1917 had proved) no-one would print was pointless. Lack of both public to earn his living from, and audience, could only produce apathy. At the beginning of July 1918, however, as a result of conversations with Vere H. Collins which had probably taken

place the previous winter in London, the Oxford University Press invited him to submit some specimen chapters of a history book for schools: "not ... a formal, connected text book, but a series of vivid sketches of movements and people" (nehls i 471). At no other time in his life would he have considered such a project, but in July 1918 both his eagerness to write something that would pay, and, oddly enough, his interests, could respond to the invitation.

I feel in a historical mood, being very near the end of Gibbon. The chief feeling is, that men were always alike, and always will be, and one must view the species with contempt first and foremost, and find a few individuals, if possible ... to rule the species. (lm i 561)

By the end of July he had done three chapters:

I wanted to make a serious reader that would convey the true historic impression to children who are beginning to grasp realities. We should introduce the deep, philosophic note into education: deep, philosophic reverence. (lh 450)

And he wrote of that 'note of reverence' in his introduction:

All that real history can do is to note with wonder and reverence the tides which have surged out from the innermost heart of man, watch the incalculable flood and ebb of such tides.¹

And it was, in fact, with a considerable sense of the situation in war-time England, that the book's conception of history was expressed:

Inside the hearts, or souls, of men in Europe there has happened at times some strange surging, some welling-up of unknown powers. These powers ... are the fountains and origins of human history.²

And the book touched on Lawrence's idea of both history and civilis-

1. L. H. Davison ((D. H. Lawrence)), Movements in European History, (Oxford, Milford, 1921), p. viii.

2. Idem, p. vii.

ation, and on that hope for the future of which he had written to Koteliensky. "The will of the people must concentrate in one figure, who is also supreme over the will of the people"¹ is the book's concluding thought.

But although these general outlines of the book could be brought into correspondence with the direction of his own thinking, its actual substance (which he went on with after getting the American essays in their final shape, and when he had recieved back the specimen chapters from the publisher - lh 476) involved a great deal of utterly uncongenial work. He told Herbert Farjeon in December that "I am struggling with a European History for Schools, and cursing myself black in the face ..." (lm i 567) The only point of it quickly became the money he needed to earn; and "somehow I hate doing that European History ... Curse it - why shouldn't one do as one likes." "I hate it like poison and have struck" (lm i 568 & 569). On it depended increasingly the only money he was immediately sure of earning (lm i 576). Financially, 1918 had been a disaster. He had only been paid for New Poems and Bay, and would probably not have recieved more than £25 for both together. Pinker had loaned him money on account, and had forwarded £25 from Arnold Bennett - and Montague Shearman had lent £10. But, apart from the odd pound here and there from magazines, that was all he recieved. In December 1918, not surprisingly, he wrote how "I feel caged, somehow - and I cannot find out how to earn enough to keep us - and it maddens me" (lm i 571).

But the lack of money was only one of the reasons for what seems to have been a continually growing discontent; tongue in cheek, he reckoned, he could write bad fiction well enough to sell; but, as he told Amy Lowell in July 1919, a secure income was not the only thing he looked for from his writing: "nothing is easier to find than

1. ((Lawrence,)) Movements in European History, p. 306.

money, if a man sets out straight for it" (damon 488). Even the European History, boring and time-consuming, was a better way of working than simple journalism of the kind he had always hated. In September 1918, he had told Cynthia Asquith that "I don't care much what I do - so long as it is nothing degrading" (lm i 564). But, too, in September he had remarked that

I've had enough of the social passion. Labour and military can alike do their dirty businesses to the top of their bent. I'm not going to squat in a cottage feeling their fine feelings for them, and flying for them a flag that only makes a fool of me. (lm i 564)

This puts explicitly the conclusion to which his experience in the war had taken him: as a writer, he no longer felt responsible to, or involved with, his country. As an individual, he felt alienated - and in biographies and some critical works on Lawrence that much has always been accepted. But the point is hardly ever made that as a writer, too, he did not owe his fine feelings to England: not only because he was angered by what it did to him, but because its lack of response to what concerned him most deeply did not allow him to be for England the writer he had, in the past, wanted to be. Because there was no "flow" possible between his concerns and its response, he no longer felt involved in what he took to be its moral and spiritual disasters - as he had felt so deeply involved throughout The Rainbow and Women in Love. "Flying a flag that only makes a fool of me" as an artist was all he now felt that, as an artist, he was doing for his country. Richard Lovat Somers in Kangaroo, at the same point in his life, and in reaction (as Lawrence was) to his final call to the colours, feels that "Never while he lived, again, would he be at the disposal of society ..."¹

But that is only the negative side, and refers mainly to the individual's relation with society, not the artist's. Concomitant with it is the particular dilemma of an artist who felt responsible

1. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p. 288.

to even more than his work. In the same way as he imagined the individual feels himself more of an individual in such circumstances, so the artist would perhaps find his art either more personal, or less important, or more uneasily balanced between inner concern and outward indifference for anyone who might read him. September 1918 left Lawrence feeling "out on a new track - let humanity go its own way - I go mine" (lm i 563). "I am done with society and humanity."¹

In the remaining months of the year, however, he began to write creatively as he had not done for twenty months. By the beginning of November he had finished Touch and Go, a play using the basic situation of Shortlands in Women in Love, but otherwise totally different from the novel; and exemplifying a new kind of patchy, instantaneous presentation. Willie Houghton's speeches, Gerald Barlow's attitude to mines and miners, Anabel Wrath's ideas of love, Job Freer's socialism, each succeeds the others with no sense of development, only a slightly melodramatic effect. The confines of the play allow Lawrence no room to develop, for instance, the conflict in love between Gerald and Anabel; its debate stops short not because anything has been successfully communicated but because the play has other concerns to which it must attend. Several of the characters from Women in Love - Birkin, Mrs Crich, Winifred Crich - play inexplicable roles in Touch and Go (as Oliver Turton, Mrs Barlow and Winifred Barlow); and only the final scene of mob violence seems to have a dramatist's current of interest as opposed to a displaced novelist's. What is more, Touch and Go is the first of Lawrence's mature works to exhibit an incoherence which can only be satisfactorily explained biographically. If we know, for instance, that Willie Houghton's speeches are very closely modelled on the concerns of William Hopkin; or if we know what Richard Lovat Somers in Kangaroo feels about the Midlands -

They had a universal desire to take life and down it: these horrible machine people, these iron and coal people. They wanted to set their

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 309.

foot absolutely upon life, grind it down,
and be master.¹

then some of the play's intensest and obscurest passages are explained. Lawrence told Amy Lowell that

not wicked but too good is probably the sigil of
its doom. Que m'importe! I go my own way,
regardless. By good I mean 'sage': one of my
unspotted 'sagesses.' (damon 485)

But the way in which Touch and Go is 'sage' is so individual to Lawrence, and incidents so often inexplicable in their dramatic context, that the play must have been mystifying to anyone beyond the immediate circle of those who knew Lawrence and who had, preferably, read Women in Love. And, even then, his friends hardly admired it. It went to Katherine Mansfield in November, while she was ill - she found it "black with miners"² and passed it on to Mrs Carswell, who found herself "shrinking from its frictional character and the inconclusive painfulness of its final scene."³ By the end of the year it was with Cynthia Asquith, for her to try an arrange a production with Bennett's theatrical enterprise at the Lyric, Hammersmith - without success, not surprisingly, for all the play's topical character. Lady Cynthia, too, disliked it: "sorry the play irritated you," Lawrence remarked in December (lm i 570). If the play had been designed to make money from the stage, Lawrence had misconceived its chances. It took the prompting of one of his admirers, Douglas Goldring, first to get it even considered by his People's Theatre committee; and when they pronounced it "impossible of production" (nehls i 495), to get it published by C. W. Daniel in Goldring's series of Plays for a People's Theatre when "no other publisher" (according to Goldring) "would then look at it ..." (nehls ii 36) This is not the place to debate the appeal of the stage

1. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p. 287.

2. The Letters of Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, p. 193.

3. Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage, 1st Edn., p. 129.

to authors who feel ignored or otherwise undervalued; what makes the case more interesting is that Lawrence had, very early in life, shown how capable he was of writing plays, and of dramatizing "novel-material"; both A Collier's Friday Night and The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd do this successfully. Touch and Go appears to have been written without a thought of how it might achieve its effect - or with any clear idea of what that effect, in dramatic terms, might be.

Goldring's People's Theatre appealed to him, and his preface to Touch and Go was written for it; "probably it will fail - but it is a vital idea, anyhow" (lh 481). His interest was perhaps prompted by the Society's uninstitutional freshness; by the middle of 1919, especially, the idea of it suited his own feeling of alienation very well. The actual publication by Daniel, however, annoyed him: he had written the preface and offered the play on the understanding that he was to inaugurate the series. But Touch and Go came second to Goldring's play - "a nice thing for my play to be following on the heels of such a shit" (kbm ii 115) he remarked to Koteliensky. "Here was 'another fiasco,' he ((Lawrence)) wrote to me that February, and once more he found cause to 'curse the sly mongrel world'" (sp 135). But by 1920 his hopes for a venture like the People's Theatre had vanished; the "vital" thing for which he had momentarily hoped, and to which he had offered his play, was submerged in political propaganda.

The major achievements of the winter of 1918-1919, however, were the short stories 'The Fox' and 'The Blind Man.' Lawrence wrote to Katherine Mansfield on 21st November that

It seems to me, if one is to do fiction now, one must cross the threshold of the human people. I've not done 'The Fox' yet - but I've done 'The Blind Man' - the end queer and ironical. I realize how many people are just rotten at the quick. (lm i 566)

He had been thinking of the story since the end of August and had told

Catherine Carswell the outline of it then (sp 113). 'The Blind Man' not only diagnoses the hollowness behind Bertie Reid's "insane reserve,"¹ it makes Pervin's satisfaction at having achieved "a friend" seem hollow too. Pervin is incapable of knowing how frightened Reid really is - Reid, who "had one desire - to escape from this intimacy, this friendship, which had been thrust upon him."² Lawrence's decision to make Pervin's discovery of male friendship utterly ill-founded may seem to represent a return to the "human people" he wrote of to Katherine Mansfield, rather than a transcendence of them: one of the vital things not answered in Women in Love had been how well Gerald would have borne the friendship Birkin seeks to establish with him. And 'The Blind Man' faces that squarely. But in fact 'The Blind Man' is a drama of the same kind as Women in Love, though its conclusion is "queer and ironical" where the novel had been poignant and perhaps unrealistic. Maurice, Isabel and Pervin are all conceived with the direction of their inner feelings more apparent than the characteristics of their personalities. We are wholly informed about Pervin's deepest impulses and needs, but know comparatively little "about" him except that he is blind. The method, of course, was not unique to Lawrence; it was one, however, that Women in Love had taken to its previous culmination.

But the weakness of such a method is exemplified by the version of 'The Fox' which survives from this period. Banford and March are swayed by Henry with none of the difficulty the latter encounters in the final version: we are told that "Banford was so curiously powerless against him, and March was so curiously happy ..."³ Banford's real opposition to Henry is one of the themes of the final version, as is March's reluctance to give up the life with Banford to which she has become inured. This early version is in danger of becoming "curiously unreal" because of such arbitrary movements of character. Henry's

1. D. H. Lawrence, England My England, (New York, Seltzer, 1922), p. 97.

2. Ibid.

3. 'The Fox,' A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, ed. H. T. Moore, (London, Heinemann, 1961), p. 46.

attraction to March is similarly inexplicable, and the marriage which ends the story has just that quality of fairy-tale which the final version refuses to allow itself, at the cost (admittedly) of some lengthy analysis in that final version of a Henry and a March who are very uncertain of happiness. In the early version, "... on the morrow they were married, although to Banford it seemed utterly impossible. Yet it was so."¹ And they apparently plan to live on at the farm with Banford - a situation which would have been utterly impossible for the final version, and is startlingly unlikely in the early one. The implicit tensions of the situation are never allowed to emerge in the early version; and the ending is too simple for the potential complexity of the characters. In short, the 1918 version of the tale lacks just those qualities of tension and honesty which distinguish the later one; remaining at the level of a clever idea, it is even a trifle glib.

But the fact that, in 1918, Lawrence wrote it at all is interesting: the fact that it was written in such a way only suggests that his desire to "cross the threshold of the human people" (lm i 566) could lead him to simplify his characters to an extent that made them too much the victims of his control. Their inmost motives are the substance of the story, but their external behaviour is unconvincing because it follows the pattern the author has laid down for it rather than that of the personality that has inevitably been established. But, like 'The Blind Man,' 'The Fox' in this early state is fiction of Lawrence's "intimate art" rather than that of the semi-private, semi-dramatized form of Touch and Go. Accordingly, we must account not only for a new creative outbreak, but for an obviously confident approach to his audience.

In the first place, the war ended forty-six days after his call to the colours in September 1918; and its end brought in sight the prospect for which he had waited so long - the chance

1. 'The Fox,' A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, p. 46.

" to get out - out of England - really, out of Europe" (lm i 571). With the war's end, too, came a real chance of a change in his publishing prospects. It is perhaps significant that he did not begin 'The Blind Man' until his return to Derbyshire on 14th November 1918, three days after the Armistice, but had finished it by the 21st: this despite the fact that he had first thought of it in the last week of August. 'The Fox' was done by 10th December (lm i 568), although the idea for the story had undoubtedly occurred during the Lawrences' time in Berkshire - where they had not been steadily living since May. And the whole winter of 1918 was productive; Lawrence not only finished the European History and wrote the articles on 'Education of the People', but wrote Touch and Go and a number of short stories besides those already mentioned. Short stories had often (and correctly) appeared a more realistic way of earning his living than either philosophy or novels; and a combination of the war's end and his particular need to earn seems to have provoked him into this new writing. The end of the war, for instance, took a pressure off him with which he had lived for four years; Kangaroo describes Richard Somers' feeling, in an image taken from 'The Pit and the Pendulum', that "the black wall had stopped, and he was not pushed into the pit."¹ And the end of the war reversed his concentration upon "pure, abstract thought" which had almost monopolised his serious writing. Most important of all, although he could not now, and never could, return to his pre-war conviction of being an important writer for his countrymen at this juncture of time, his change from the full-length novel to the short story for his most important work is significant; it seems a matter of common agreement that his major works for the next ten years are couched in the form of the novella, short story, or essay, rather than novel.

The novel, as he had conceived it in The Rainbow or Women in Love, had been a major undertaking on a considerable scale; an attempt to understand the undercurrent of a civilisation, written

1. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p. 288.

written from the position that the civilisation with which he was concerned mattered in its past and its future. For instance, he needed Birkin and Ursula gradually to dissociate themselves from their background and free themselves from the blind allies to which they had previously been restricted; but he wanted as well to give Ursula a past, and to show her exploring her relationships as a modern woman not able to establish one securely partly because she felt so representatively as a modern woman; this was the story of the second half of The Rainbow, and Women in Love had developed it so that, in the event, both Ursula and Birkin are seen to emerge battered but whole. We have to know their past, their civilised instincts, their solutions; and their cutting free, their discovery of themselves and each other behind the selves with which civilisation has equipped them. This drama requires a large canvas; neither the analysis, the alternative directions, nor the future's hope can be presented without the extent of a whole novel world in which they can develop. After Women in Love (some of the ideas for which he had been maturing since 1913) it was not surprising that Lawrence rested for a while; but none of the three novels he wrote next attempted Women in Love's comprehensiveness. In them, it was as if he was prepared to let things find their own level without ordering them as Women in Love had been ordered.

But the short story, or novella, could not attempt the scale or inclusiveness of a novel like Women in Love; besides which, after 1916 it seems very doubtful whether Lawrence would have wanted to write comprehensively about a civilisation. His next large scale attempt to do so, in The Plumed Serpent, significantly chose the context of Mexico and the problems of human beings finding their roots in a primitive, religious, civilisation, not in a current one, or a European one.

In 1918, at least, he did not try; and the short stories he began to produce, whether a conscious retreat from the concerns of

Women in Love or not, were written with a significantly different approach. 'The Blind Man' leaves the reader to his own conclusions about the idea of male friendship, and to the extent of Pervin's success in adapting himself to his new life. 'The Fox' similarly attempts no dogma, no scale of right and wrong as the earlier novels and some stories had done, or as its own later version attempts. This is not to say - there is no point in saying - that the novels are necessarily greater artistic achievements than the tales. They may attempt more, but they are liable, too, to greater excesses, and cannot do some of the things the short story can. What matters here is Lawrence's attempt to tell on his audience: and it is different in stories like 'The Blind Man' or 'The Fox' from his attempts before and after. We have to recognize, in the creative burst of the winter of 1918-1919, that different approach in and to his fiction.

An example of another new direction from that same winter makes the case clearer. He remained desperately short of money, which led the Carswells to consider:

How was Lawrence to be helped? The only way we could think of was that he might write for The Times Educational Supplement. Donald knew the editor, Mr G. S. Freeman, to whom he made the most urgent representations, with the result that an interview took place, and Lawrence promised that he would do his best to turn out articles such as were wanted. (sp 101)

Lawrence saw Freeman at the beginning of November, and by the 21st had written "three little essays," "good, but most revolutionary" (sp 114), he told the Carswells. He wrote to Katherine Mansfield:

Will you ask Jack please to send me, by return if possible, Freeman's initials, and the Times address ... It will be nice if I can earn a little weekly money.
(lm i 566)

And that last was, of course, the idea's initial appeal. On 10th December he sent the essays - now four in number - to London, "nicely

curried ..." (lm i 570) But he "heard nothing at all of them. It is not likely they will come to anything" (kbm ii 72).

They had been in a manner new to Lawrence; a kind of disinterested journalese which combined a fluent, humorous delivery with a very direct expression of his fundamental analysis. He had obviously tried to write the kind of prose that was readable while simultaneously strong enough to carry the weight of his "revolutionary" ideas. The effect is rather of 'take-it-or-leave-it - 'tho-it-really-is-like-this.' The manner was to be developed further in Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious¹ and Fantasia of the Unconscious² and in the rest of his journalism, though the slightly restrained manner of the early 'Education' essays (perhaps to make them more acceptable to the Times Educational Supplement) has the advantage of an undated humour. These first four essays, in particular, avoid the slightly suspect medical jargon which invades his description of the relation between mother and child. It was as if the lessons of his own teaching experience had combined with the clarity of vision his philosophy and novels had brought him to, and he could write with total confidence about the nature of the individual child at school, and about its needs. Furthermore, the essays are important as a new departure in his writing: a movement away from the obsessive desire to clarify his own thinking that had marked the five years of philosophy. They are as intelligent about human nature as any of the fiction he was writing at this time, and evince a human concern which had almost vanished from his writing in the second half of the war. As Lawrence wrote in Fantasia of the Unconscious about the "working man," more freely than he would have written in 1918, but with the same kind of concern:

... I would like to save him alive, in his living, spontaneous, original being. I can't help it. It is my passionate instinct.³

1. D. H. Lawrence, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, (New York, Seltzer, 1921)
2. D. H. Lawrence, Fantasia of the Unconscious, (New York, Seltzer, 1922)
3. Ibid, p. 166.

The 'Education' essays try to suggest just those improvements in elementary education designed to "save" him:

We must have an ideal. So let our ideal be living, spontaneous individuality in every man and woman, which living, spontaneous individuality, being the hardest thing of all to come at, will need most careful rearing. Educators will take a grave responsibility upon themselves. (phx i 606)

But this attempt at public communication such as had not attracted him for two years came up against the same practical difficulty which had thwarted most of his wartime writing: the lack of a steady market. Lawrence told Mrs Carswell what Freeman had said when he returned the essays at the end of December:

"I was deeply interested, but feel myself rather out of my depth. I have consulted another opinion, and we feel that this is rather matter for a book than a supplement." (lm i 576)

The irony of this is obvious; Lawrence's friends, and Lawrence himself, had been trying to get his work into periodicals because publishers would not take up his books; here the periodical editor suggests that Lawrence was writing material for books rather than periodicals, and had better publish it there instead ... Lawrence commented:

So be it. They are just cowards, and there one must leave 'em, all the lot of 'em. Je m'en fiche of the whole show. (lm i 576)

At that date, there seemed a chance that they would still get into print; Stanley Unwin saw them, and "wants me to write as much again, and he will publish in a little book, and give me £15 down" (lm i 577). And in June 1920 Lawrence rewrote them and took their number up to twelve; but they were not published except posthumously.¹

1. See Additional Note XXVIII.

Against this interpretation of the events surrounding their writing should be set a letter Lawrence wrote to Koteliansky while waiting to hear from Freeman:

I wish I need never write another line of any sort, for publication, in my life. I've had enough. If only I had a small income, I'd chuck writing altogether. I'm really sick of it. The necessity to earn something is all that drives me - & then I earn nothing, so I might as well keep still. Well, there's a carol for you. (kbn ii 72)

Koteliansky was not the only one of Lawrence's friends to be told this; Cynthia Asquith heard the same day that

Ah, what a happy day it will be, when I need not write any more - except for a letter occasionally. I am tired of writing ... Oh my dear sweet Jesus, if I had even £100 a year I would never write another stroke for the public. (lm i 570)

We have already distinguished this use of "public" from the sense in which Lawrence himself described the object of the relation between his writing and his readers: in general, "public" and "audience" are not the same thing.¹ However, since it has been our contention that the 'Education' essays were written with just such an approach to his audience as he here appears to be denying, what he wrote to Koteliansky, in particular, must be considered. Firstly, if it were true that "the necessity to earn something is all that drives me," and if that had been true for the last three years, then Lawrence would not have been in the position in which the winter of 1918 found him. We obviously cannot argue with his feeling that he was "sick of it," and obviously he wanted very much to make his work pay; but essays like those he wrote for the Times Educational Supplement are themselves a proof that he only wanted to do so by means of what he wanted to write. The exceptions to this rule were very few indeed; and it is no coincidence that at the time of these letters to Lady Cynthia and Koteliansky, he was

1. See above, p. 399.

deeply engaged in such an exception - the European History. It was the necessity to do a work like that which seems to have prompted the remarks under discussion, not just the frustration that the 'Education' essays seemed to be getting nowhere. This, however, should not blind us to the way he was liable to take up this stand against "the public," meaning the paying mass of readers; it was one thing to write with the concern of the recent essays, but another to feel that, unpublished and unpublishable, he was really doing much more than waste his time by bothering. "I might as well keep still," as he told Koteliensky. Although the end of the war had meant an end to the tension that restricted and channelled his output, and had allowed the creative burst to make financial sense, it had not yet meant the end of the Lawrences' penury - which was not to be seriously affected until he was paid for the European History, finished at the beginning of February 1919 (lh 467).

And even when that labour was finished, the letter he sent accompanying it to the Oxford University Press secretary put his situation as an artist explicitly.

Never has it been so difficult to make money by any form of art: never has the artist had such a bad chance: and never has the world been so coldly indifferent, never has it clutched its shillings more tightly ... nobody is going to waste one serious moment on art at all ... If you are wise you will keep your job: there are days coming when art will not save us: neither you nor me nor anybody. (lh 467)

Feeling himself an artist (and believing this about his prospects as an artist in England), when he wrote to Murry in March that "I must leave England - no use for me here any more" (lm i 579), we can see how seriously he would take the chance of leaving that the Peace Settlement was shortly to bring. But, for the moment, he was still in need of the "little weekly money" he had mentioned in November when considering articles for the Times Educational Supplement; and when Murry asked him at the beginning of March to contribute to the

Athenaeum (of which Murry was to be editor from 4th April), he wrote:

Thank you for asking me to contribute - ... I should like to do it. But you must tell me exactly what you would like me to do, and I will try to be pleasant and a bit old fashioned. (lm i 579)

And he told Mrs Carswell: "Good thing if I could earn a little weekly money" (lm i 580).

Murry's position was difficult. The Athenaeum was a staid, respectable, mainly political journal; and although Murry was determined to change its character, "all I could hope to do was to make a gradual change." And, for Murry, Lawrence

... was in a condition of rebellion against England and all its works; and if he gave full vent to his resentment, it would shock the remnant of respectable readers of that ancient organ out of their skin.¹

But, as Murry noted, "Lawrence seemed to appreciate the difficulty," and his offer to be "a bit old fashioned" must have been exactly what Murry was hoping for. By 14th March, Lawrence was working at his contributions: "I have been trying to write for the Athenaeum. Why is it such a cold effort to do these things?" (lm i 581)

There has been some controversy over the number and nature of the articles which Lawrence submitted; he obviously sent 'Whistling of Birds,' which appeared on 11th April, and Murry mentions the story 'Adolf' too, as the second and only other article sent. A letter to Koteliensky at the beginning of April, when 'Whistling of Birds' was already accepted, shows however that Murry rejected more than 'Adolf': "Murry ... sort of 'declines with thanks' the things I did for him" (lm i 584). It seems very likely that the companion piece to 'Adolf,' 'Rex,' was written at the same time and sent to the Athenaeum in what Koteliensky told Mrs Carswell was a "sheaf" of

1. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 97.

articles¹; but there is little else in Lawrence's surviving output which can be securely dated to this period, the more especially as 'Whistling of Birds,' 'Adolf' and 'Rex' were out of the run of Lawrence's usual short articles, and would seem to have been written for a particular demand. Lawrence knew that none of his philosophical or polemical articles would be appreciated; Mrs Carswell's most dubious remark that "there were then in existence some of the essays which later appeared in the collection, Assorted Articles" (sp 115), and her suggestion that Lawrence submitted some of them, were perhaps provoked by her confusing the memory of essays like 'Love' and 'Life' (both of which she saw in October 1917 - lh 416) with essays Lawrence wrote ten years later. The fact that Murry accepted only one of his articles, however, angered Lawrence, who saw still more specially created work going to waste; he blamed its rejection on Murry's conservative policy for the magazine: 'Whistling of Birds,' he told Koteliensky,

is the first and last word of mine that will
ever appear in the Athenaeum. Good-bye, Jacky,
I knew thee beforehand. (lm i 584)

According to Murry, Lawrence simply sent "nothing else that was suitable"² after this first article, but Lawrence was left ferociously antagonistic to the number in which that article appeared.

Of all the wet and be-snivelled rags, this Athenaeum is the messiest: soulful, spiritual journalists moaning because they can't ... make pots of money, poor darlings! (kbn ii 95)

It is worth looking at 'Whistling of Birds' to see how Lawrence adapted himself to what was asked of him. In form, the essay is an allegory; the breaking up of the frost, the "new world of spring," and the whistling of birds, symbolize "the new heaven and new earth":

For it is in us, as well as without us. Those who

1. Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage, 1st Edn., p. 108.

2. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 147.

can may follow the columns of winter in their retreat from the earth. Some of us, we have no choice, the spring is within us ... (phx i 4-5)

The first spring after the war - which, never mentioned, is all the same implicit throughout - the first spring after the "long, long winter," makes the winter seem "strangely remote, like a far-off darkness": "it is something extraneous to us, extraneous to this that we are now" (phx i 5). "The mortification ... was never really our innermost self."

We are lifted to be cast away into the new beginning. Under our hearts the fountain urges, to toss us forth. (phx i 6)

The thickness of the rhetoric here can really carry very little actual meaning; the sensations of "new Life" are all that Lawrence tries to convey, sensations "conveyed like birds in unreasoning migrations from death to life." Only the rhetoric can stop this description of the "impulse to new life" floating in mere vagueness; to say that the essay is "beautiful"¹ really makes the point that the balance it needs not to fall over into absurdity is achieved, but at the cost of much of the theme's potential intensity. This is one of the few occasions after The Trespasser when we can detect a literary quality in Lawrence's work - the sound and placing of the words, or their general emotive aura, being more important than the sense. "How could the little silver bugles sound the rally so swiftly, in the soft air, when the earth was yet bound?" (phx i 3) Written after a serious illness, in a symbolic, delicate, slightly literary way, it shares with a fragment like The Flying Fish (phx i 780-798) a very tentative clutching at meaning; if the rhetorical balance can be established, and maintained, that is practically sufficient for the purpose in hand. But it is, too, an example of the way Lawrence felt able to adapt himself to a "pleasant, old fashioned" audience. After his illness, as after that which began The Flying Fish, it may well be

1. See, for instance, phx i xii, sp 115, and Aldington, Portrait of a Genius, But ..., p. 200.

that writing such as this came easily to him - but it also seems undeniable that, to some extent, the tone was also put on. The attitude he takes towards life as he felt it in early 1919 - and the essay was topical, he made clear in a letter (lm i 584) - is quite different from his off-handed remarks in letters to his friends. 'Whistling of Birds' may catch a mood, but so does a remark like "Life for us grown ups is a dead rat at present" (lm i 580). No reader of 'Whistling of Birds' would have supposed anything to be wrong with the present atmosphere, now that winter had passed: but a letter of Lawrence's could remark "I feel one must get out, by hook or crook - out into a new atmosphere" (ibid). The only thing out of key in the essay's publication in the Athenaeum was Lawrence's pseudonym Grantorto, adopted to save the Athenaeum's readers from knowing who they were reading, "in view of the almost universal prejudice against him,"¹ Murry remembered. Such a comment is a sufficient explanation of the meaning of the pseudonym, and Grantorto is the only trace of those feelings in Lawrence which dominated his writing life at this point.

Of the other two essays submitted, we may take it that 'Adolf' did not then contain its last three paragraphs, since Lawrence would hardly have expected the Athenaeum to accept an essay ending with the words "bien emmerdés!" (phx i 13)² Murry certainly did not remember that the objectional words provoked his rejection of the story: for him, it was enough that the story "was about a rabbit called Adolf. And it was unsuitable to the Athenaeum."³ Like 'Rex,' the piece is a vivid childhood memory, as far from Lawrence's usual essay material as 'Whistling of Birds' had been, and as far again from 'Whistling of Birds': vivid, but perhaps insufficiently soulful for the Athenaeum. In point of fact, none of the three essays was worth mentioning to Amy Lowell, who heard on 5th April (a week before

1. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 97.

2. See Additional Note XXIX.

3. Murry, Reminiscences, p. 147.

'Whistling of Birds' appeared) that

I have not written anything these last few months - not since I have been ill.¹ I feel I don't want to write - still less do I want to publish anything. (damon 493)

They obviously did not count; they were journalism; although when that failed too, in the hands of a friend, and with it the hopes of a steady income, his bitterness was amplified. He told Koteliansky in mid-April that he had only two more chapters of the European History to revise:

When these are done, I have nothing on hand at all, can turn tramp or bolshevist or government official, any of those occupations one takes up in one's leisure ... (kbn ii 95)

He was still waiting for a chance to get his passport endorsed; but the Versailles Peace Treaty was not signed until the end of June. For three and a half years he had been thinking about America as his escape from England; first as the site for Rananim after the Rainbow disaster; later as a place where, in close contact with publishers and magazines, he could sell and publish more; later still, as a potential refuge. In 1919 he had two main contacts in America: Amy Lowell, with whom he had corresponded since 1914, and the publisher B. W. Huebsch, who had brought out all his books in America since The Rainbow. Lawrence told Huebsch at the end of January 1919:

I want very much to come to America this summer, and expect to be able to do so: though I don't know anybody in the whole U.S.A. at the moment, save Amy Lowell. (lm i 577)

Huebsch replied in May: "He said he would arrange for me to lecture in America,"² Lawrence told Amy Lowell. The practice was a common

1. Lawrence was ill from the end of January to the middle of March.

2. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 316.

one once the war was fully at an end; English novelists went to America in increasing numbers for lecture tours during the next three years - Gilbert Cannan in 1919, for instance, along with Hugh Walpole and John Drinkwater.¹ The subjects for Lawrence's proposed lectures were not decided: in May Lawrence mentioned "American Literature" to Huebsch (lm i 586) - perhaps a way of recouping the failure of the American essays to get into print in America; but he wrote of "poetry" to Koteliensky (lm i 588) and of "English and American novels" to Marsh in July (lh 479). And it is clear that he disliked the very idea of lecturing; as he told Huebsch in May, "I am not a public man at all - not a bit - have a 'Strictly Private' notice in my hat" (lm i 586). Amy Lowell was told that "I don't want to lecture - never did" (damon 498), Marsh that "I guess I should loathe trying" (lh 479) - but the point was that "I don't mind if it must be done."² He still had very little money; it might take some time to start making any in America; lecturing seemed the only way he could start supporting himself on arrival. His situation in November - when he went to Italy "with nine pounds in my pocket and about twelve pounds lying in the bank in London" (phx ii 303) - showw how little able to afford to go to America he was, except on terms he did not like. "If it must be done it must," he told Koteliensky at the end of June.

For he was determined to leave England. In January, with the selling up of the Treggerthen cottages, he had felt certain that "I am shaking myself free to get out of this country, for good and ever" (lm i 577). It was not as if, in 1919, he needed personal contact with America to publish magazine articles, although such contact would doubtless help; more to the point is that the intensity of his feelings during the war against social, political and literary England made him certain, after the Armistice, that - with Richard Somers - "England had lost its meaning for him ... It was the corpse of a country to him."³

1. F. Swinnerton, Figures in the Foreground, (London, Hutchinson, 1963), p. 74.

2. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 316.

3. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p. 289.

And although he was personally embittered against it in respect of what had happened to him, his language continues to suggest more than simple bitterness when he writes of his rejection of England. "I want very badly to come - to transfer myself"¹ he told Amy Lowell in May. "I must leave England - no use for me here any more" (lm i 579) he had written to Murry. The transference he wanted, and hoped to achieve, was a transference of contact and responsibility where the old feeling was dead and the "use for me" - a significant phrase - exhausted. While he was ill in February, Frieda told Koteliensky how "pitiful" it was

to see him try so hard to live, if he hadn't, it would have been all over. I feel so bitter, so bitter against the world, if they had only given him some response, he would be happy. (frieda 225)

That need of response was, by all the indications this thesis has offered, a vital one; even just by buying his work, America would be demonstrating something. "I don't want El Dorado: only life and freedom, a feeling of bigness, and a radical, even if pre-conscious sympathy" (damon 498): that sympathy might be possible. At any rate, whatever America might or might not offer, he felt

a dead failure at this life over here ... it really isn't any good hanging on or trying afresh. But there are lots of lives ... Life's the only thing that matters, not love, not money, nor anything else - just the power to live and be one's own self. Love is heavily overweighted. I'm going to ride another horse. I mean love in general - humanity and all. Life let us cherish. (lm i 589)

This symbolic rejection of "love" in favour of "life" - love implying "humanity and all" - suggests very strongly the nature of the changed approach Lawrence felt he had adopted; and we can see how this differentiation fitted in with his determination to leave England and go into voluntary exile "out west - or out somewhere" (lm i 589).

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 316.

He was determined to live, and to write, as far as possible as a self-responsible individual, without being concerned in the particular fate of man. There were delays over passports: Frieda would only get hers, he joked to Cynthia Asquith, "quand nous avons changé tout cela - But, really, I don't care a jot about changing it" (1m i 593).

And - to concentrate on his writing - without "response" it could find its purpose only in the faithfulness with which it corresponded to his inmost desires and beliefs. And his only response would be self-response, his only criticism self-criticism. This is not to say that Lawrence ever achieved the state of exile in which he here seems to believe; only that, if we take the idea to its logical ends, we reach these conclusions about the nature of his work, its weaknesses, and its function. But even if he never did achieve such a pitch of isolation and self-responsibility - "another horse" - his desire to try tells us a good deal about the injury he felt he had sustained in England during the war. This reason for his passion to leave England is more important, perhaps, than all his motives of disgust: America, both now and later, was often the blind behind which he hid his genuine need to try for some kind of response, while simultaneously protesting the lack of any such need.

To return to the spring and summer of 1919; it was, apart from anything else, natural that he should turn to America. English-speaking, it already bought his books, and had a greater magazine potential than England. Money was his chief hindrance, though there was, too, Frieda's desire to be near her English and German families. But lecturing could solve the first difficulty, and the idea that "I shall come alone. Frieda will stay in Germany till I am a bit settled" (damon 498) the second. Despite Amy Lowell's warnings about his small chance of success at lecturing - "I do not think it would be possible to get you any large quantity of lectures until you have made yourself known in other ways" (damon 498) - when he wrote to her at the beginning of July he was still perfectly set on going.

I only want to be able to live. And I believe that, once in America, I could do that by writing. I shall come to America, because I mean to come. Probably I shall sail in August. (damon 498-499)

But Amy Lowell was distressed by his stubbornness, and her biographer records that on 13th August she wrote separately to Lawrence and Frieda, "advising them strongly not to come, as she was sure his plans would never work" (damon 499). Professor H. T. Moore remarks: "The advice was accepted, for when Lawrence did leave in the Autumn, he went to Italy."¹ This cannot be true. In a letter dated only 'Friday' but which cannot be later than August 15th, and may well be August 8th, Lawrence wrote:

I shan't go to Germany at present - nor even America, I think. When I come near to the thought of U.S.A. - New York, Prince of Wales, etc. - it sickens me. (lm i 590)

His revulsion against America took place, therefore, before Amy Lowell's letters could have reached Pangbourne; on the 24th, when it is still possible that those letters had not come, he remarked that "I can't get to America now: various reasons. I shall come through ((? though)) - suddenly one day" (lm i 591).

For his "various reasons" we can list his shortage of money - "at present it's the same old hand to mouth" (lm i 594) - the revulsion mentioned above, the problem of leaving Frieda in Europe, and Amy Lowell's previous remarks. His feelings about America seemed to be confirmed in September 1919 when (after a visit from Harrison Schaff) he told Huebsch: "Humanly, what a horror of a place your U.S. seems - sends ice to my heart. Quoi faire!" (lm i 595) And he even sounded slightly reconciled to staying in Europe; his writing seemed to have more chance in America as 1919 went by, and "I believe in a little while I shall be having a sort of success ..." (lm i 593) He added: "Better spend it in England. Time one had a bit of fun," but we need not take the idea

1. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 317.

of his staying too seriously; the idea only surfaced momentarily, and by the end of September he felt "I might possibly go to Italy for the winter - for health" (lm i 596). The previous winter had almost killed him with pneumonia; passports became available in September, and acquaintance with Rosalind Popham settled the matter, the Lawrences agreeing to go ahead to reconnoitre a farm in the Abruzzi she planned to stay at with her children. Lawrence left for Italy on 14th November, 1919. He spent only three and a half months more in England before he died, over ten years later.

The break of his departure was as cultural as it was physical. The fact that Women in Love was at last under serious consideration by publishers in England and America is hardly mentioned in his surviving letters. His intensest feelings were in and of the past, to an even greater extent perhaps than he had suggested to Collings in 1912 about his fiction in general: "I am a great admirer of my own stuff while it's new, but after a while I'm not so gone on it" (lm i 171-172). Women in Love's three year circulation of the publishers had spanned the gap between one form of writing and another: looking back from 1919, Lawrence wrote in his introduction to the American edition that

This novel pretends only to be a record of the writer's own desires, aspirations, struggles; in a word, a record of the profoundest experiences in the self. (phx ii 276)

This chapter has tried to establish how that voice belonged to 1919. But in the same introduction we find Lawrence leaning towards a standpoint he might have taken in 1916.

We are now in a period of crisis. Every man who is acutely aware is acutely wrestling with his own soul. The people that can bring forth the new passion, the new idea, this people will endure. Those others, that fix themselves in the old idea, will perish with the new life strangled unborn within them. Men must speak out to one another. (phx ii 276)

In 1916 he would have put it more strongly and probably more effectively - "Men must speak out to each other," "the new passion," are the lowest common denominators of ideas that would once have been less slackly phrased. Their existence in this foreword shows them as faded relics of the passion that had once been involved with the novel. And, not surprisingly, though Women in Love remained his best book to him, in 1920 it mattered as a publishable novel more than anything else. When Martin Secker's offer for the publication of The Rainbow and Women in Love demanded the sale of the copyrights, Lawrence was annoyed: "that too annoys me, to lose all my rights over the books."

But I'll be glad to get them off my hands and be rid of them ... Enough of Europe and its ways. If Secker doesn't want any more, then to hell with the lot, and there's an end of it.

... I should really like to be free of the bother of those two novels. Damn the world. Why is one such a fool as to offer it anything serious di cuore. I've finished forever - wish I'd never begun. Hence-¹ forth, my fingers to my nose - and my heart far off.

Whether or not his anger and nonchalance are a pose, there seems no doubt that this is a world away from that connection with an audience which had been behind the writing - and is behind the novel - of Women in Love. When he mentioned to Compton Mackenzie in March that he would perhaps start writing again in Sicily, he added: "if only I could care again ..." ² To be caught between a desire to "care" and a desire to be "finished forever" was no new experience, but in 1920 it was a common one.

A final example must conclude this analysis of his particular form of alienation. In March 1920, Koteliensky wrote suggesting a collaboration with Gilbert Cannan, subsidized by Alfred Mond, on a new socialist journal - one that would count where, to Koteliensky at least, the Athenaeum did not. But Lawrence told him "I don't

1. Mackenzie, Octave Five, p. 171.

2. Idem, p. 170.

think I can come back to England" - and not only because "whatever I undertook with the public today could merely fail."

I feel I don't care. I feel it wouldn't be worthwhile giving oneself up to work on a rival show to little Murry. I'm not interested in the public - it all seems so far off, here in Sicily - like another world. The windows look east over the Ionian sea: somehow I don't care what happens behind me, in the north west. (kbn ii 119)

This was, at last, the attitude and involvement he had wanted to acquire; in Sicily he had found it. It was not the end of his changing relation with an audience, or of his approach to it, and it was an attitude that modified itself even in the course of 1920. But it was the culmination of, and the escape from, what he had been feeling in one form or another since 1913. Free of England at last, the attitude could influence his writing as, during the last years of the war and his diminished output, it had only done in a distorted and distorting fashion. Our concern here has been with the formation and nature of that attitude, not with its effects during the rest of his career; but a concluding chapter must draw our conclusions together, suggest the implications of what has here been analysed, and offer a test-case reading for the critical approach to Lawrence's later work here implicitly suggested.

Chapter Seven

Conclusions

Conclusions must be of two kinds. The first kind is a brief summary of what has been established: the second, a recommendation about critical procedures provoked by our findings.

A number of detailed findings must be remarked. A clearer picture of Lawrence's relationship with Blanche Jennings, Jessie Chambers and Helen Corke than has previously been drawn is one product of this study: a concentration upon the literary relationship has, as might be expected, been helpful in deciding on the tenor of the whole relationship. The recently published letters to Louie Burrows (lil), as yet influencing no biography or study of the Nottinghamshire circle, have been used extensively to determine both her part in Lawrence's creative growth, and the nature of that growth. The lengthy studies of Ford Madox Ford, Edward Garnett and Edward Marsh enable proper distinctions to be drawn for the first time between their contributions to Lawrence's work and development.

Lawrence's involvement with politics has not before been seriously studied: Chapter Five examines it at length. The concept of Rananim has not previously been taken seriously and seen for what it was - and especially it has never been seen to grow and change between 1914 and 1919. This can be observed throughout Chapters Five and Six. Very little work has been done on Lawrence's wartime philosophy, the Study of Thomas Hardy excepted; 'The Crown,' The Signature and the 'Reality of Peace' essays are here carefully examined. The Rainbow has not before been studied in the light of Lawrence's extra-literary activity of 1915; conclusions about some of its weaknesses, and about its ending, naturally follow.

We believe that the length and detail of this study have produced a coherent picture firstly of Lawrence's early literary relationships; secondly of the kind of contact with advisers and friends he both needed and established; thirdly of the changes that contact and that need underwent. The group of "intimate readers" has to be distinguished

from the various literary circles with which Lawrence became involved; and after the Rainbow debacle of 1915, especially, that class itself is greatly modified in Lawrence's growing separation from the metropolitan literary world. Studying the years 1914 to 1919, we have inevitably not only presented the details of his development and change as a writer: we have mapped his dealings and involvement with England. The final chapter tries to document the growth in Lawrence of a new attitude towards his audience and his art which culminated in his leaving England at the end of 1919; and if the documentation is correct, our conception of Lawrence's involvement with his work and with the effect it might have must be reassessed.

The second kind of conclusion stems in particular from Chapters Five and Six, and concerns the attention we pay as literary critics to Lawrence's work. It has long been a commonplace that there exists some kind of break (both in success and in manner) between the sequence of novels that concluded with the writing of Women in Love, and that begun with The Lost Girl in 1920; and although this has explained in a number of ways, no account exists which explains why a novelist with the insights of Women in Love should be apparently so blind to the defects of The Lost Girl, or Aaron's Rod, or Kangaroo. To insist on the paradox, and to say that Lawrence typically was blind in such a way, becomes foolish: the quality of some of his other work, his stories, essays and novellae, suffered no such disastrous deterioration. This suggest that we have to reconcile ourselves to the uncomfortable conclusion that, after Women in Love, Lawrence wrote a different kind of novel; and that his conception of the novel had changed, consciously or unconsciously. It is not our purpose here to try to establish a whole new critical theory of Lawrence's novel-writing career; only to point out the problem, and to offer an approach which there is unfortunately neither space nor scope to advance beyond an elementary level.

But the work above, if not in itself providing a solution, can at least guide us in a plausible direction. Admittedly, there is no

point in asserting that, because Lawrence changed, then his work as a novelist changed. But a lengthy study of Lawrence's relations with an audience does not only lead to biographical conclusions. It suggests the area in which to look for the answers to our critical problems, and that area is precisely that of the novelist's (and the short story writer's, and the essayist's) approach to his reader. In Chapter One certain suggestions were made for the critical procedure that could be followed in such a study; to them, now, should be added a survey of the things that would profitably be analysed. The two early novels both respond to such treatment. Sons and Lovers' handling of sexual experience is another such field: Lawrence's involvement is there, but the handling has an unmitigatedly personal stamp and a private significance that sometimes vitiates it. The thesis has shown how The Rainbow was altered and perhaps damaged by the intrusion of its author's extra-novelistic concerns - and, at the end, by an expression of faith and hope that related to his faith and hope for society at large rather than to the novel he was writing. It is, of course, only very rarely possible to link the weaknesses of the art to the facts of its author's life in this way: and perhaps that is just as well. But it would be possible to arrive at essentially the same conclusions about the passages from The Rainbow discussed above without any knowledge of either Twilight in Italy or of Lawrence's involvement with politics in 1915. In such a case, as was shown above, the novel developed a species of personally-significant writing where the author himself became visible in the place of the work he was creating. And that authorial intrusion (which is really what it was) took the form of an appeal to the reader, or of an offer of new ideas, because the novelist was grasping at a more comprehensive vision (of religion, of society) than he had actually been able to achieve. When the appeal is actually to the reader's imagination - as at the end of the book - then the passage can coalesce with its surroundings; and even if "wholly unsupported"¹ or coming from the position of a preacher rather than a novelist,

1. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, p. 142.

it may not be disastrous, however dissatisfying it is. But when the novelist steps outside the area where the reader will (perhaps grumbling) imaginatively follow him, as Lawrence seems to do in his paragraphs on Resurrection, then the reader is left cold: for the relation between the novelist and the reader has broken down.

In the same way, an analysis of that relation is very helpful when assessing Lawrence's large philosophical output, some of his journalism, and much of his poetry: rather than restrict ourselves to criticisms of obscurity or preaching, we get much nearer the heart of the matter if we investigate the degree to which the work is addressed to anyone except Lawrence himself. A good example in the philosophical field is the difference between 'The Crown' and 'The Reality of Peace': the first's address to an audience helps sometimes to make up for its cruder symbolism, but the second is by comparison a monologue overheard.

But, most of all, this attention to "approach" helps us to get to grips with the problems posed by his middle and later novels. It has been suggested that, after Women in Love, Lawrence chose "to handle with a messianic fervour subjects he had formerly handled aesthetically," and that "the prophet" meddled with the art.¹ In short, his didactic impulse damaged his work. The critic responsible for these statements develops the hypothesis that Lawrence's experiences in the war turned him to didacticism; but the size of his assumptions - for instance, that although Women in Love was written during the war, it was thought of before the war, and was therefore unaffected by the changes in Lawrence's writing going on around it² - and the inherent improbability of such a solution being right so simply about the life of a complex man - should suggest that, instead of a theory, what might be more useful where it could be applied would be a literary critical approach to the same problem. And the need for close critical

1. E. Vivas, D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art, (Evanston, Northwestern University Press, 1960), p. 17.

2. Idem, p. 16.

study of Lawrence's relations with his reader forms one of our main conclusions. That there was a continual and significant change in those relations - though not for Vivas's reasons, nor of the kind he asserts - is another conclusion: the way in which it has proved possible to trace it between 1915 and 1919 is perhaps the most important finding of the latter half of the thesis. It must be our concluding hypothesis that, once this changed relation with an audience had begun to occur, its effect on Lawrence's work, and especially on his novels as the largest embodiment of his concerns¹, was most significant. There is unfortunately no space here to complete the analysis through the years 1920 to 1930; but with the essential analysis made, we may perhaps generalize broadly about the effect upon his novels during the twenties.

What we have called the breakdown, or distortion, of the relation between author and reader, was the kind of thing that Lawrence in fact seemed to encourage (or even welcome) for the novels Aaron's Rod and Kangaroo. For whatever reason - dissatisfaction with the society he saw, or wrote in, or with the response he could elicit - the reasons don't matter - Lawrence continually interrupted that contact. His approach to his reader was of a different order: sometimes didactic, or nagging, or lighthearted; and sometimes offering again the contact or flow between the author's concerns and the reader's attention which could permit the imaginative success of portions of the books. But that would never be without the suspicion that, as author, he might not veer on to another tack which the reader was not compelled to follow, and might actually ignore. In short, the novels after Women in Love could follow whim, or fancy, as easily as they could compel their reader to attend. Sometimes the whim is compelling; but the dissatisfaction with the later novels so completely documented by serious modern criticism can nearly always be referred back to this break between the author and his reader; to either a failure on the novelist's part to care whether the novel is more than personal, or an alienation which makes

1. See above, pp. 417-418.

the expression itself strained and unimpressive and the search for a possible contact wholly elusive.

Lady Chatterley's Lover is a useful test case. This thesis has been devoted to an extended survey of Lawrence's relations with his readers; as a final conclusion, it seems sensible to look briefly at the critical problems of a late novel, and establish how useful our attention to Lawrence's "approach" can be.

There is, firstly, the problem of the "hygienic undertaking,"¹ the "assertive presence of 'will' and 'idea'"² - what has made one critic insist "unequivocal assertion is death to the novel"³ - the use, in fact, of the book as a stamping-ground on behalf of a cause. The point is not that "tracts are wrong" or that "Lawrence is wrong" or even that "tracts are not novels," although they probably aren't; in the first place, Lawrence's contemporaneous journalism is admirably persuasive where the novel is unpersuasive and even repelling on the same subjects; in the second, Lady Chatterley's Lover is not only a tract. Connie's situation, Mellors' predicament, are handled as well as almost anything similar in Lawrence's work; Lawrence is perfectly capable of writing well about people, and of letting his ideas about them pass to the reader in the most natural and convincing manner. If we decide that "Lawrence's misanthropy has now invaded his novel to such an extent that the very creation of a fictional character ... is now beyond him"⁴ then we are blinding ourselves to what is good in the novel in order to sum it up cogently. Why should Lawrence be misanthropic in a novel - hating the products of his own imagination - when his concern for human life is so manifestly undisturbed in

1. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, p. 70.

2. F. R. Leavis, 'Anna Karenina' and Other Essays, (London, Chatto & Windus, 1967), p. 237.

3. I. C. S. Gregor, 'The Novel as Prophecy: Lady Chatterley's Lover,' The Moral and the Story, (London, Faber & Faber, 1962), p. 242.

4. Ibid.

other parts of the same novel, or in his Assorted Articles, where he can be wry but never despairing? To suggest that the novel is simply good in parts but hopelessly weak in others is too simple: why should a novel do to Lawrence what his other works did not do, and why should his treatment of some of the major interests of his life not only cloud them but distort them and alienate our sympathy? For that is what tends to happen in Lady Chatterley's Lover; and since we are dealing with a novel carefully constructed through three versions, to attribute the weaknesses to Lawrence's momentary but recurring blindness and foolishness is only to indicate the limits of our own understanding of human nature. Something happened to Lady Chatterley's Lover, as a novel, that did not happen to some of Lawrence's other work: that is the problem we are up against.

The book has very little cumulative power; it veers between catty gossip, successful creation, and strenuous applications of theories of life and civilisation to an extent that quite unmans its consistency. This effect of patchiness is, of course, what may first provoke our suspicion that Lawrence just wrote a patchy novel. But it is upon the kind of weaknesses that we need to concentrate, and these should (as we suggested above) prevent our taking too simple a way out: the patchiness is caused by changes of direction in the book, not often by slipshod writing. As a novel, in fact, it is surprisingly thin on the ground; some of its minor weaknesses - such as Lawrence's animus towards Sir Clifford - are partly a result of the book going on with underdeveloped characters for too long. If we remind ourselves that the novel began as a short story (frieda 233), it is easier to understand the slightly inflated effect on the characters. But, in general, Lawrence proves unable to ensure that we read it with sufficiently open minds to be properly affected by either the preaching or the art: partly because the thinness can make the characters grotesque, partly because we can be alienated by Mellors or Connie when we ought to be affected by their discovery of each other, and partly because Lawrence's mind is so firmly made up

about his characters and environment that they can appear puppets and a stage rather than people and a situation. These things set us apart, start the activity of our rationalizing and judging minds, harden us to the impact of the real creation. And that a treatment of sexual relations, in particular, should be liable to be apprehended so coldly, is a real disaster. The fact that the book can prejudice us against itself is surely one of the most unfortunate things about it.

Lawrence's approach is too complicated and delicate a thing to sum up quickly; but that we can detect a weakness in such an area is significant. We, his audience, are unmoved by what moves him when his values are expressed in shorthand indications of moral good or immoral viciousness; there are very few more subtle shades; and his fervour (in its turn) tends to be un-selfcritically single minded, offering shorthand indications that fit his conception of events but which to us - lacking his parti pris - seem uncritically crude and inhuman. What is more, he makes no effort to show us that his analysis of, for instance, Clifford, is true; he gives us a datum and nothing else. He seems, indeed, to be unaware that anything else might be needed. The moral line is drawn firmly - what are we worrying about, he would wonder. To tell and to show are vitally different processes, as is so often pointed out; but when the journalism preaches, it also provides a very strong sense of Lawrence's personal reasonableness. Because, as author, he is present, the analysis can grip us and go home to us; and can, therefore, be persuasive.

The efforts to persuade rather than to inform us in Lady Chatterley's Lover are relatively rare. We are not here concerned with conscious efforts (so far as they can be distinguished) on the author's part to persuade: only with presentation and approach that can not only appeal to, but also involves, us. And some of Lady Chatterley's Lover not only fails to do that, but is written in such a way as actually to prevent it. Our resulting alienation from the book

is surely one of the prime causes of the feeling of patchiness; and, we suggest, only when we acknowledge such a feeling and understand its causes have we understood what is really going wrong in the novel. Lawrence cares about his subject as much as ever, but he actually cares much less about its effect on us, to an extent that sometimes he is unaware of our sympathy going in a different direction from that in which he offers to lead it. Mellors could appear self-contained and self-reliant: he actually appears selfish. Sir Clifford could appear vicious and childish: he actually can tap a sympathy in us that the symbolism simply ignores. Mellors and Connie in the rain might suggest a timeless faith in the natural sympathies of man: they actually provoke us to protest against the symbolism, the forced nakedness, the unnaturalness. Mellors might make us feel his bitterness with the condition of men in an industrial society - and to some extent certainly succeeds: but he also offers "the only way to solve the industrial problem" and leaves us cold. The difference between the offer and the actuality in each case - there are lots of others - is a precise indication of our overall concern here: a carelessness on Lawrence's part towards the effect he is having.

There are no grounds here to establish why, in 1928, Lawrence was prone to that kind of carelessness in his novel; it is sufficient to point out the fact and to stress that awareness of his approach to his readers, as a novelist, should be a part of our critical response to his novels. If that is a commonplace, it has not been one in print: it seems to offer a useful approach to all the late novels, and to parts of the earlier ones. What we hope this thesis has done is to show the really significant area and period of change in Lawrence's relation with his audience: and to offer an account of both his dealings with his readers and with the wider public of the people of England with whom he felt so involved, and often so constricted.

Appendix A

Additional Notes

NOTE: In the case of Additional Notes I, II, V, VI, VII and XII, column headings signify:

A = Title

B = Date Seen

C = Ms. Text Closest to that Seen if Extant and Unpublished

D = Printed Text Nearest that Seen

E = Source of Information

Additional Note I

A	B	C	D	E
'Guelder Roses'	1904	<u>ms.1479/6</u>	<u>cp</u> ii 854	<u>phx</u> i 251
'Campions'	1904	<u>ms.1479/7</u>	<u>cp</u> ii 854	<u>phx</u> i 251
'Cherry Robbers'	1905(?)	<u>ms.1479/25</u>	<u>cp</u> i 36*	<u>phx</u> i 251
'Dog-tired'	1905(?)	<u>ms.1479/32</u>	<u>cp</u> i 35*	<u>phx</u> i 251
'Renascence'	1905(?)	<u>ms.1479/28</u>	<u>cp</u> ii 898	<u>phx</u> i 251
'Snapdragon'	1907	-----	<u>cp</u> ii 940-3	<u>et</u> 142
'Love on the Farm'	1907-8	-----	**	<u>et</u> 116-7
'Discipline'	1908-9	<u>wrE</u> 95	<u>cp</u> ii 932	<u>et</u> 157
'Baby Movements'	1908-9	<u>wrE</u> 34	<u>cp</u> ii 918-9	<u>et</u> 157
'Dreams Old and Nascent'	1908-9	<u>wrE</u> 104	<u>cp</u> ii 911-2	<u>et</u> 157
'Aware'	1909	<u>wrE</u> 32	<u>cp</u> i 67*	<u>et</u> 180
'The End'	1910	-----	<u>cp</u> i 100***	<u>et</u> 184
'The Bride'	1910	-----	<u>cp</u> i 101***	<u>et</u> 184
'The Virgin Mother'	1910	-----	<u>cp</u> i 101***	<u>et</u> 184

* A much later version.

** D. H. Lawrence, Love Poems and Others, (London, Duckworth, 1913) pp. vi-vii.

*** Version whose relation to original cannot be established.

Additional Note II

A	B	C	D	E
'A Prelude'	1907	----	<u>phx</u> ii 3-12	<u>et</u> 113
'Legend'	1907	<u>wrE</u> 196a	*	<u>et</u> 113
'The White Stocking'	1907	----	**	<u>et</u> 113

* The English Review, 9: 242-251, (September 1911). While closer to the original than the text in The Prussian Officer, this is still very much changed from the ms. cited.

** D. H. Lawrence, The Prussian Officer, (London, Duckworth, 1914), pp. 223-256. Jessie Chambers says that the original story was quite different from this printed version (et 114); it was revised at least twice, once in 1911 and once in 1914.

Additional Note III

The surviving pages of ms., wrE 34, 95 and 104, predate the appearance of the same poems ('Discipline', 'Baby Movements' and 'Dreams Old and Nascent') in the English Review for November 1909, since Lawrence is unlikely to have made fair copies of the poems after this date - they did not appear in book form until Amores, in 1916, by which date Lawrence would not be asking such questions of the reader of his ms. But 'Baby Movements' dates from January 1909, so the ms. in question must date between January and October 1909; and while we should perhaps be reluctant to fall in with Tedlock's attractive suggestion that it was the very one Jessie Chambers used in June to copy out these self-same poems for Ford Madox Ford, Jessie was the only person in 1909 apart from Ford to be asked such questions about Lawrence's mss.

Additional Note IV

There is nothing in Beatrice Webb's diary (as printed in Our Partnership) recording a visit to Nottingham or Eastwood during 1906-

1911, however, to take the matter further. It seems most likely that she saw the Hopkins in the period 1909-1911, when the Webbs were lecturing in their campaign against the report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law, urging the acceptance of their own Minority Report. In November 1909, for instance: "We are carrying on a raging, tearing propaganda, lecturing or speaking five or six times a week ..."¹ They were in the Midlands in January 1910, and again in October: in the latter campaign, the programme was "eighty meetings for the two of us in two-and-a-half months."² Lawrence would almost certainly not have been able to attend the first of the 1910 meetings (if indeed the Webbs did visit Eastwood in that year); but one cannot preclude the possibility of an earlier visit, or of his seeing them on a weekend visit home in October 1910.

1. Beatrice Webb, Our Partnership, (London, Longmans, 1948), p. 435.

2. Idem, p. 465.

Additional Note V

A	B	C	D	E
'Ten Months Old'	1909	Cohen Mss., Univ. of Liverpool	*	*
'A Winter's Tale'	1909	" "	<u>cp</u> i 85**	*
'Cherry Robbers'	1909	" "	<u>cp</u> i 36**	*
'Renaissance'	1909	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 898-9	*

* Review of English Literature, i, 3: 66 (July 1960).

** Text much altered from ms. original.

Additional Note VI

(a) Original work*

A	B	C	D	E
'Two Fragments on Sleep'	1911(?)	<u>laB</u> mss.**	<u>cp</u> ii 870-2	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'To Toss the Troubled Night Through'	1911	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 872	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Goodnight'	1910-11	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 873-4	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Sympathy'	1910-11	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 874	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'The Train'	1911(?)	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 874	<u>cp</u> ii 1038

(b) Certain translations

'Self Contempt'	1910	" "	<u>lil</u> 57	<u>lil</u> 57
'Near the Mark'	1910	" "	<u>lil</u> 58	<u>lil</u> 58
'The Wind, the Rascal'	1910	" "	<u>lil</u> 62-3	<u>lil</u> 62-3
'The Physician'	1910	" "	<u>lil</u> 63	<u>lil</u> 63
'Dusk Flower'	1910	" "	<u>lil</u> 63	<u>lil</u> 63
'At Midnight'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 875	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Beloved'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 875	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'The Prophet in the Rose Garden'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 875	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Moth and Rust'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 875	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Irreverent Thoughts'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 875-6	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Two-Fold'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 876	<u>cp</u> ii 1038

* As printed in cp ii, the poems Lawrence sent to Louie Burrows are of two kinds: nine poems, in his own handwriting, and six translations copied out by her. But there seems good reason to doubt whether all of the nine 'originals' are in fact original poems; these lists attempt to distinguish between the translations and the original poems. It should perhaps be added that two of the poems here listed as original work, 'Goodnight' and 'Sympathy', are borderline cases, and may well be translations.

** Mss. in the collection of Louie Burrows' papers, the University of Nottingham.

Additional Note VI (cont'd)

(c) Probable translations

A	B	C	D	E
'Love Message'	1910	<u>laB</u> mss.**	<u>cp</u> ii 872	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'The Witch I'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 872-3	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'The Witch II'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 873	<u>cp</u> ii 1038
'Elixir'	1910	" "	<u>cp</u> ii 873	<u>cp</u> ii 1038

** Mss. in the collection of Louie Burrows' papers, the University of Nottingham.

Additional Note VII

A	B	C	D	E
'The White Stocking'	1907	----	*1	<u>lil</u> 6-7
'Goose Fair'	1909	<u>laB</u> mss.	*2	<u>lil</u> 44
'Odour of Chrysanthemums A'*3	1911	" "	*4	<u>lil</u> 90
'Odour of Chrysanthemums B'	1911	<u>wrE</u> 284	*5	<u>lil</u> 90
'Two Marriages'	1911	<u>wrE</u> 413	*6	<u>lil</u> 121
'A Fragment of Stained Glass'	1911	<u>laB</u> mss.	*7	<u>lil</u> 125-6
'Second Best'	1911	" "	*8	<u>lil</u> 162

*1. Lawrence, The Prussian Officer, pp. 223-256: a much altered version.

*2. The English Review, 4: 399-408, (February 1910).

*3. Louie was sent Lawrence's revision of 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A' in April 1911; hence she saw both 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' (of which she made the fair copy) and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums A'.

*4. Renaissance and Modern Studies, 1969, pp. 12-48.

*5. The English Review, 8: 415-433, (June 1911).

*6. Time and Tide, 24 March 1934, (supplement).

*7. The English Review, 9: 242-251, (September 1911).

*8. The English Review, 10: 461-469, (February 1912).

Additional Note VIII

This was the 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 8" blue-ruled paper, watermarked "Boots/Cash Stationers", on which so many of Lawrence's Croydon mss. are written, including, for instance, most of the ms. of the final White Peacock and 'Odour of Chrysanthemums' (the paper being sent north to Louie Burrows - lil 90), and the text of the three poems Jessie Chambers seems to have copied out for Ford in June 1910. (See above, pp. 83-85.)

Additional Note IX

This seems unlikely. A Lume Spento was published in November 1908. Personae came out in April 1909, and Exultations in the autumn of 1909. Since A Lume Spento was printed (and presumably proof-read) in Venice, Pound is unlikely to have given Lawrence a proof copy at a date that would not have been earlier than October 1909. The other two books are more likely candidates. Anyway, to say that "just now" Lawrence met Pound, about 1911, is obviously wrong; he had met him by 16th November, 1909 (lil 46).

Additional Note X

This is an error for Edward Garnett. (a) Lawrence did not revise the ms. between showing it to Ford and giving it to Heinemanns. (lm i 88). (b) The ms. remained at Heinemanns from September 1910 to December 1911 (lm i 86). (c) Revision of the ms. only began after Garnett read it in December 1911 (lm i 89, 91). (d) Revision - the only revision, therefore that to which Miss Corke unwittingly refers - took place in January and February 1912. (lm i 91, 97). (e) Therefore, deletions resulting from a "critic's" disapproval were provoked by Garnett, not Ford. Miss Corke probably knew that Ford had disliked the book, and finding it revised in February 1912, assumed that Ford was responsible.

Additional Note XI

The final Trespasser was written extremely quickly, between 30th December 1911 and the second week of February 1912, Lawrence perhaps finishing it at the Cearne during his stay there, 3rd-9th February: by the 14th he had begun Paul Morel 'C'. In a ms. of 482 pages, this is phenomenal progress; Lawrence's speed was assisted by his use of various pages from The Saga of Siegmund, some corrected, some just as they stood. This accounts for the fragmentary nature of the Saga ms. (wrE 407b), which has only 181 pages left. Nearly all its missing pages are used in the Trespasser ms. (wrE 407a), as we can tell from the corrected numbering of certain pages in the latter ms. which correspond to pages lacking in the Saga ms. But considerable sections of The Trespasser were new work, including the Doppelgänger chapter.

Additional Note XIII

(a) Poems sent by Lawrence to Marsh about 30th October 1913 and now in the Berg Collection

A	C	D
'Afterwards'	wrE 7	cp i 135*
'Ballad of a Wayward Woman'	wrE 37	cp i 200-203*
'Don Juan'	wrE 99	cp i 196*
'Illicit'	wrE 168a	cp i 208*
'The Inheritance'	wrE 173	cp i 108*
'A Kiss')	wrE 183	cp ii 893
'The Wind, the Rascal')	wrE 434a	cp ii 731
'Mystery'	wrE 264	cp i 96*
'Purity'	wrE 327	cp i 242*
'Service of All the Dead'**	-----	cp i 232*
'Song of a Man Who is Loved'	wrE 371	cp i 249*
'Storm in Rose Time'	wrE 379	cp i 149*

Additional Note XII (cont'd)

(b) Poems sent by Douglas Clayton to Marsh at the end of October 1913 and now in the Berg Collection

A	C	D
'All of Roses'	<u>wrE</u> 9b	<u>cp</u> ii 948
'Green'	<u>wrE</u> 152c	<u>cp</u> i 216*
'Illicit'	<u>wrE</u> 168c	<u>cp</u> i 208*
'The Wind, the Rascal'	<u>wrE</u> 434c	<u>cp</u> ii 731

(c) Poem sent to Marsh at Christmas 1913 and now in the Berg Collection

A	C	D
'Grief'	<u>wrE</u> 154	<u>cp</u> ii 944

* An altered version.

** This poem appeared in the New Statesman on the 15th November 1913; Lawrence had asked Marsh when he sent him this batch of poems "If you know anybody who is dying to publish such wonderful work, you may as a great favour offer him this" (lm i 237), and Marsh sent J. C. Squire (literary editor of the New Statesman) a poem of Lawrence's in November (hassall 262). There is no other record of Lawrence sending poetry to the New Statesman - no other poem of his had ever been published there. It seems likely that 'Service of All the Dead' got there through Marsh, who obviously liked the poem a lot; he put it in his Georgian Poetry 1913-1915; and though final proof is lacking, we may assume that 'Service of All the Dead' was included in the batch of poems from Lerici.

*** Lawrence told Marsh he had asked "the typewriter" (Douglas Clayton) to "send one or two bits he had typed for the English Review" (lm i 237). In the collection of Sir Edward Marsh's papers in the Berg Collection there is a typescript of poems Lawrence was writing at about this time; but none of its four poems - 'All of Roses', 'Green', 'Illicit' and 'The Wind, the Rascal' - ever appeared in the English Review.

However, Marsh commented on a rhyme in 'All of Roses' in his reply to Lawrence's letter enclosing his batch of poems from Lerici; so Marsh must have had some copy of the poem by the middle of November - and Lawrence had not sent one himself. It seems reasonable to assume that the ts. in question was indeed sent by Douglas Clayton at the end of October, and Marsh received it at about the time he had the eleven poems from Lawrence. Furthermore, since the four poems Clayton sent all appeared among the eight Lawrence had published in Poetry in January 1914, we may further surmise that Clayton did not send "one or two bits

he had typed for the English Review", but four of the eight poems he had typed for Poetry. Either he just sent the wrong ones, or Lawrence told him to send some he was doing for Poetry and later confused them with those being done for the English Review. But, either way, it seems that the date of the Berg ts. can be established.

Additional Note XIII

'Grief' and 'Twilight' are printed in cp ii 944-945 and cp ii 945 respectively: 'Grey Evening' and 'Firelight and Nightfall' in cp i 135 and cp i 135-136. 'Grey Evening' has a new opening stanza, then (altered) versions of the first three stanzas of 'Twilight', ending with the last stanza (altered) of 'Grief'. 'Firelight and Nightfall' puts the last stanza of 'Twilight' first, uses the penultimate stanza of the latter as its second, and ends with the second stanza of 'Grief'. Since we have texts of 'Grief' and 'Twilight' dating from 1913-1914, but 'Grey Evening' and 'Firelight and Nightfall' first appeared in Amores in 1916, we can assume the latter to be the revised and final versions. But the emotional murk is hardly dispelled in them; all four poems jumble similar material into vivid but dissatisfying complexity.

Additional Note XIV

'Song'? Not, at any rate, 'A Winter's Tale', 'Fooled', or 'Honey-moon'. 'Early Spring' might have been sufficiently regular and poetic. But 'Song' (later 'Flapper'), written in 1905, was consciously craftsman-like; in 1928 Lawrence labelled it one of his "compositions": "I once thought the poem ... a little masterpiece: when I was twenty: because the demon isn't in it" (phx i 252). It was certainly "well dished-up", not to say exquisite.

Additional Note XV

The text of Murry's diary entries varies considerably between quotations in his Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence and Between Two Worlds; the former offers a regularized version of what is often clumsy in the latter, but also sometimes modifies the sense considerably as Murry is trying to make clearer what he felt actually happened. To that extent, it is a clearer text: but otherwise, that in Between Two Worlds is much closer to the original diary, and also more reliable, if more awkward: accordingly, we have quoted from the diary extracts in Between Two Worlds whenever possible.

Additional Note XVI

"All that is dynamic in the world, they ((Lady Ottoline and Russell)) convert to a sensation, to the gratification of what is static. They are static, static, static, they come, they say to me, 'You are wonderful, you are dynamic,' then they filch my life for a sensation unto themselves, all my effort, which is my life, they betray, they are like Judas: they turn it all to their own static selves, convert it into the static nullity." (lm i 362)

Additional Note XVII

A letter from Lawrence to Dollie Radford, printed in nehls i 354-355 and dated (by Lawrence) 15th January, describes this scheme; but evidence elsewhere in the letter makes its date of the 15th January most unlikely. (i) Lawrence mentions staying in Beresford's house "till March 7th or 8th," while as early as 15th January he knew nothing like so precisely when they had to leave (viz. lm i 418). (ii) He says "I am better" - but other letters suggest no end to his illness before the middle of

February; for example, a letter to the Murrys of 17th January remarks "I am always seedy nowadays - very weary I get of it" (lm i 415). (iii) He mentions blue and white violets on the table, narcissi and daffodils; it is practically impossible for such flowers to be out so early in the year in Cornwall.

A letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell, printed in lm i 426-429, and dated 15th February, mentions blue and white violets, makes the same remarks about the wind and its effects, and mentions the things Lady Ottoline had previously sent to Lawrence when he was ill - just as the letter of "15th January" does. We may safely assume that Lawrence gave the wrong month in his letter to Dollie Radford, and that it should be dated "15th February". This puts the Heseltine scheme back where the other letters all suggest it belongs, in the second week of February.

Additional Note XVIII

Mark Kinkead-Weekes has suggested that "The new novel was written ... between late April and the end of October 1916, in four drafts,"* which conflicts with my suggestion of two main versions.

In the first place, there can be no doubt that the novel Lawrence began in April was actually finished, in one writing, by the 4th July (kbm i 241), "except for a bit that can be done anytime. I am going to type it out myself - or try to" (ibid). We can only count that as one draft, which took almost exactly ten weeks. But a letter to Pinker written on July 21st says

I shall send you the MS. of this novel to be typed in your office. I am scribbling out the final draft in pencil. I shall send it on as I do it, shall I? It is 4/5 done now. This is the fourth and final draft. (lm i 469)

* M. Kinkead-Weekes, Imagined Worlds, p. 399.

The typing he began about July 12th "got on my nerves and knocked me up" (lm i 469). Since it is absurd to think that he managed three new drafts between July 4th and July 21st, we must take it that the mention of "drafts" took into account previous writings of the novel, between 1913 and 1915. Since he was still working at the novel, but had done 4/5ths of it, by July 21st, we may assume that that was the fourth draft; the whole novel written between April and July, the third; the parts of The Rainbow 'A' (February-May 1914) which did not go into The Rainbow (December 1914-March 1915), being split off for "a second volume" (lm i 306) in January 1915, the second; and either The Wedding Ring or The Sisters, of March 1913-February 1914, the first; perhaps both, since at that distance of time he may well have remembered the two early versions (the second unfinished anyway) as a single writing.

But if we start at the other end - with the April-July writing as our conception of Women in Love's first draft - then we must assume the second draft to have been that on which he was engaged on July 21st. The absence of details in letters gives us almost no clue to the book's progress through August, September and October, apart from mentions of his typing at it on 23rd August (damon 370), 30th August (kbm ii 249), 1st September (lm i 471), its "going" on 26th September (lm i 475), a gap at the beginning of October (lh 370), "still typing" on 12th October (damon 385), and - on 25th October - a letter to Pinker saying

I send you nearly the whole of the untyped MS. of the novel ... (lm i 479)

Lawrence here was getting the untyped part typed out in Pinker's office; he retained that part (or parts) he had typed himself. He sent another untyped piece to Pinker on 31st October - not the last chapter, still, which "I want to write later" - when "I get the typescript back from you" (lm i 480), which must mean "when I have back the parts you are now typing for me." (This incidentally shows that he was still redrafting the novel by hand at the end of October; the same seems to have happened as occurred

in July, when the laborious typing (to save money) was superceded by a quick pencil draft, to be typed by Pinker: he told Catherine Carswell in November that "I hated the typing, so took to scribbling in pencil" (lm i 482). In that case - since he was typing as late as October 12th - we can guess that the untyped part he sent to Pinker on the 25th comprised that written between the 12th and the 25th, and also comprised some of the April-July draft, the handwritten one; this we know from his remark on November 7th that "Pinker's are typing it out for me ... There was a lot of the original draft that I couldn't have bettered" (lm i 482). The whole typescript was in his hands by 13th November (lh 378), both those parts Pinker had had typed and all his own typing; for a week he revised it, and finally sent it to Pinker on 21st November (lm i 485).

It is practically impossible to distinguish drafts here; all we have to go on is that remark on 7th November, "there was a lot of the original draft I couldn't have bettered." Since Lawrence's penchant for complete ms. rewritings is well-known, we may perhaps surmise that all the work he was doing between 21st July and 25th October consisted of modifications to the first draft; anything more serious would have engulfed the first, pencil draft completely - and we know that that did not happen, since "a lot" still existed at the end of October. Unless the surviving mss. and tss. of the novel can be used to distinguish "drafts" more clearly, my original suggestion of two main versions, (i) April-July, (ii) July-October, seems reasonable.

Additional Note XIX

An objection here would seem to be that Cecil Gray could have had no knowledge of Goats and Compasses, a book we must date to the spring of 1916. Gray only went to Cornwall in the summer of 1917, and there met the Lawrences for the first time; and he records reading the ms. of the "pseudo-mystical, psycho-philosophical treatise" then, "when I was

under the spell of the prophet" (nehls i 582 n.248). Since in the summer of 1917 Lawrence had discarded the earlier Goats and Compasses in favour of At the Gates, and seems unlikely to have passed on to Gray a "treatise" he himself regarded as out of date, could it be that Gray was mistaken, and attributed qualities to Goats and Compasses which he actually observed in At the Gates?

There are two ways in which Gray might have seen the 'old' philosophy, Goats and Compasses, in 1917. He might have been loaned the ms. by Lawrence; or he might have seen the copy in the possession of Philip Heseltine, who was living near Zennor that summer. Furthermore, he describes "two typescript copies of the book" in existence, and, what is more, identifies the book he saw with the one Heseltine later gradually destroyed. Heseltine would only have had in his possession a ms. of Goats and Compasses, the book proposed for the Rainbow Books and Music scheme of February 1916; if Gray saw a book with the same text as the copy in Heseltine's possession, then he must indeed have seen Goats and Compasses.

The fact, too, that Gray describes Lawrence as destroying his own copy of the work under discussion points irrevocably to Goats and Compasses: At the Gates was still in existence as late as February 1920,* by which time Gray had lost all contact with Lawrence. So, in conclusion, if Lawrence destroyed a text (to Gray's personal knowledge) of which Philip Heseltine had the only other copy, both Lawrence's text and Heseltine's must have been Goats and Compasses, and Gray saw that rather than At the Gates.

* Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p. 89.

Additional Note XX

These Twain (London, Methuen, 1916) appeared in January 1916; The Lion's Share (London, Cassell, 1916) in September; The Pretty Lady

(London, Cassell, 1918) in April 1918; and The Roll-Call (London, Hutchinson, 1919) in January 1919; besides these, Bennett's journalism continued to appear throughout the war. All the above novels were published in America as well. The Pretty Lady provides an interesting comparison with Lawrence's difficulties over his novels. It attracted hostile reviews from Machen in The Evening Standard and from James Douglas in The Star - Douglas's Star review of The Rainbow had significantly assisted the prosecution of the latter; booksellers in Cambridge and Bath both refused to handle The Pretty Lady; the Catholic Federation threatened Cassell with an action against it; and in May 1918, W.H. Smith banned the book from their stalls. (The chief character in the book was a Catholic and a prostitute.) But there were two substantial differences from Lawrence's experience: no legal action was taken against it, and it sold 30,000 copies in England in six months.*

* The Letters of Arnold Bennett, ed. J. Hepburn, (London, Oxford University Press, 1966), Vol. I, pp. 261-262.

Additional Note XXI

Compton Mackenzie, on presumably personal authority, has remarked that:

When Martin Secker was about to publish Women in Love, Philip Morrell got hold of an advance copy and offered to finance Peter Warlock, the composer, in a libel action. He was furious with an alleged portrait of his wife, Lady Ottoline Morrell, in the book, but did not want her to sue.*

Peter Warlock (Philip Heseltine) did have his solicitors "press the claim for damages" in 1921 (nehl ii 93); but it is clear from the fragments of his letters to solicitors which are accessible that (i) he really wanted the matter settled out of court - that "claim for damages", he ordered, was only to be taken as far as "you can without involving me

* C. Mackenzie, Octave Five, pp. 172-173.

in great expense or embarking upon an actual case"; and that (ii) he felt handicapped in these efforts by a lack of money - he said of the case in question that "I can't afford to fight." If Philip Morrell had really offered to finance him, he would neither have pleaded a lack of funds to his solicitor, nor, even more conclusively, have been so obviously willing to accept an out-of-court settlement. It appears from this that Compton Mackenzie's remarks are ill-informed gossip. Secker underwent no threat from the Morrells in 1921.

Additional Note XXII

On February 6th 1917, Frieda Lawrence told Koteliensky that Lawrence "has lots of fine new stories, enough to make a book" (frieda 219). But it is hard to decide which of his stories she meant. Lawrence rewrote 'The Mortal Coil' at the end of October 1916, and wrote 'The Miracle' ('The Horse Dealer's Daughter' of England, My England) in December (lh 380). 'Samson and Delilah' - the only one of this batch to get into print immediately - also belongs to the winter of 1916-1917. But it is practically impossible to date any other of his surviving short stories to this period. The main candidates - those making up the bulk of England, My England - appear to be

- (a) 'Fannie and Annie'
- (b) 'You Touched Me'
- (c) 'Wintry Peacock'
- (d) 'Monkey Nuts'
- (e) 'Tickets Please'

But we can date at least the beginning - and almost certainly the whole - of (a) to the winter of 1918-1919 (c.f. lm i 566); (c) seems a Derbyshire story, written while the Lawrences were living in Middleton by Wirksworth during that same winter; and (d) to a period after the Armistice. There is no way of dating (b) and (e) except by saying that they correspond in manner - especially (e) - to his Derbyshire style evinced in (a), (c) and (d).

What seems more likely is that the "book" of short stories projected in 1917 contained the three stories we can date to the winter of 1916-1917, and others written before that date. Lawrence received a number of mss. from Italy at the end of October (lm i 480), including the ms. of 'The Mortal Coil', and it seems possible that the story he wrote in 1913, 'The Primrose Path' (to be printed in England, My England) returned to him then. It was in Pinker's hands by February 1920.* 'England, My England' belonged to 1915, and had not been published in book form; 'The Thimble', still a short story rather than the short novel it became when rewritten as 'The Ladybird', had been done in October 1915, and was also available for a book. Three other early short stories of Lawrence's were in Pinker's possession in February 1920, and could also have gone into a book in 1916; 'Love Among the Haystacks', and 'The Witch a la Mode', both belonging to Croydon, and 'Once', written in 1912; these could all have been mss. returned from Italy in October 1916. If Lawrence had indeed been planning a book of short stories in early 1917, he would not have needed many new ones: all those just mentioned would easily, in Frieda Lawrence's words, have been "enough to make a book." We can speculate that it might have appeared like this:

- (a) 'England My England'
- (b) 'The Miracle'
- (c) 'The Mortal Coil'
- (d) 'The Primrose Path'
- (e) 'The Thimble'
- (f) 'Once'
- (g) 'The Witch a la Mode'
- (h) 'Love Among the Haystacks'

It is, of course, possible that some stories were written in 1916-1917, but did not survive; an account like that of William Henry Hocking in 1967 can shake our certainty. He remembered

Frieda throwing mss. on the fire, saying "No-one will ever publish them." Lawrence was rather upset - he thought they were important.**

* Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p. 89.

** Brenda Hamilton, 'Lawrence in Cornwall', BBC Radio 4, 21 November 1967.

But at least we can say that Lawrence did not need to write more short stories than the three he had done by Christmas 1916, to make up a book. Frieda's reference to "fine new stories" might well have referred to newly rewritten old ones.

Additional Note XXIII

In the absence of first drafts or early versions, it is impossible to be sure about which two poems had these titles, which he agreed to change: possibly 'Valentine's Night' (cp i 239) and 'Birth Night' (cp i 239-240).

Additional Note XXIV

We can compare the images on the 'Crown's last page:

... if we are to break through, it must be in the strength of life bubbling inside us ... We must burst out, and move under a greater heaven. (phx ii 415)

with two vital images from the last pages of The Rainbow:

"I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality."*

The confidence of the women was brittle. It would break quickly to reveal the strength and patient effort of the new germination.**

And the last line of The Rainbow declares that the new world will be "built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven"*** This is a world away from the vocabulary or approach of 'The Reality of Peace'.

* Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 493.

** Idem, p. 495.

*** Idem, p. 496.

Additional Note XXV

It may be questioned whether the conclusion of the fourth (and last) essay that survives in fact represents the conclusion of the seventh (and last) essay Lawrence originally wrote.

The details of the original form of the 'Reality of Peace' essays remain mysterious. There were originally seven essays (lh 401), and although Austin Harrison originally promised only to print "the last three"*, he actually printed - by Lawrence's own account - "four numbers ... out of seven" (lh 413); and four essays indeed appeared in the English Review, May through August.** The difficulty is that since Harrison's original promise was for "the last three", at the beginning of April, he may (a) have printed numbers 4-7 consecutively; or (b) he may have put in numbers 5-7, as planned, and added the one he printed in August as an afterthought, drawing it from numbers 1-4. Alternatively, he may (c) have put the additional essay - from 1-4 - in the magazine in May, and used the ones he originally planned on, 5-7, June through August. In the case of (a) and (c), the last essay he printed would have been number 7 of Lawrence's numbering - the concluding essay; in the case of (b), it would not have been.

Since all the original mss. of the essays, and relevant preliminary typescripts, have disappeared, and there is no trace of the three essays that were not printed, we cannot settle the matter finally. But it should be said that the ending of 'The Orbit', the last essay Harrison printed, seems to reach a more marked conclusion than would have been justified by an interim essay - far more marked than the conclusion to any of the other surviving three essays, for instance; and this by itself does suggest that it is the original number 7.

* Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 291. This is overlooked by Warren Roberts, wrc 45.

** The English Review, 24: 415-422 (May 1917), 24: 516-523 (June), 25: 24-29 (July), 25: 125-132 (August).

In this case, a working hypothesis would be: Harrison originally planned to take three essays, but then decided to put in a fourth; he chose another essay with a title - only 'The Orbit', apart from this first essay printed, has one - which suggests that in some way it was important, or different from the others; this might well have been the original essay number 1. In June, he printed essay number 5, in July number 6, and in August 'The Orbit', number 7.

But this is completely hypothetical. All we can safely say is that 'The Orbit' ends differently, and conclusively, compared with the other essays that survive; it may well have been the original essay number 7.

Additional Note XXVI

In the text as published,* the first four chapters cannot be dated to any particular period, except that parts of Chapter 2 may have been influenced by events of the winter of 1918-1919 (c.f. lm i 571); Chapters 5 through 7 were influenced by events occurring between October and December 1917, and we may imagine that a draft of them was one of the ingredients of the novel Lawrence was writing in the spring of 1918. Chapter 8, according to Professor Moore, contains "an actual occurrence at the Radfords' cottage in Berkshire"*** which would have taken place some time after January 1918; this, too, may have been contained in the novel as begun that spring. Chapter 9 would not have been finished before October 1919 - it is based too heavily on events that took place then. Chapters 10 and 11 could have been written at any time. Chapters 12 through 20 must date from after Lawrence's journey to Italy in the winter of 1919. Chapter 21 could have been written at any time.

This means that Chapters 1-8, 10-11 and 21, in the novel as finally constituted, could have been drafted in the spring of 1918. Since there

* D. H. Lawrence, Aaron's Rod, (London, Secker, 1922).

** Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 300.

are no ms. fragments of the intermediate writings, it must be said that the novel as begun in 1918 may have contained none of these passages; all we can say is that it cannot have contained Chapters 9 and 12-20. We know, however, that it extended to 150 ms. pages by 17th March 1918 (lm i 549), which would suggest that at least substantial parts of Chapters 1-8, 10-11 and 21 were drafted that spring.

Dr Keith Sagar asserts that this first version was finished in September 1919,* but his evidence is slight; Violet Monk Stevens recalled Lawrence "staying on" at their farm cottage in Hermitage to "finish" the novel he was working on, and that she typed "the manuscript" for him (nehls i 505). But we cannot date this incident at all securely; it may as likely have occurred in the late spring of 1918 as in September 1919. And it seems unlikely that Miss Monk actually typed the whole ms., which would have taken a very considerable time; it seems more probable that she typed some of it for him. And since she remembered the novel as "The Lost Girl, I think it was" her memory of the event cannot wholly be trusted. What is still more significant is that, in 1921, Lawrence remarked to Koteliensky that he was just finishing the novel Aaron's Rod, "which I began long ago and could never bring to an end" (lm ii 655). In such a case, Lawrence's memory is more to be trusted than Miss Monk's, especially as his recollection dated from at most three years after the event, and hers from 1955. He probably did not finish any version of it before leaving England in November 1919.

It seems altogether more likely that some of the present Chapters 5-8 and 10-11 went into the first writing of the book; they were joined by Chapters 1-4 some time during 1918-1919; Chapters 10-11 and 21 were incorporated at some date impossible to determine; and that the novel was finished only when Lawrence used the memories of his Italian experiences to provide Chapters 12-20. A novel begun, according to Lawrence, "in the Mecklenburgh Square days" (lm ii 655), and a comic novel, would almost certainly have used what we may call its Mecklenburgh Square material (Chapters 5-7) early on in composition.

* Sagar, The Art of D. H. Lawrence, p. 99.

Additional Note XXVII

In lh the initial is omitted: but Professor Moore identifies 'B' as Arnold Bennett (lm i 552). Bennett's name had been mentioned in November 1917 as that of a possible sponsor for the privately printed Women in Love; and Lawrence mentioned him again in January 1919 in connection with his help for Lawrence's work, "some new theatrical concern," which might take up Touch and Go. This would have been the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, of which Bennett was a director.* But Bennett had not been concerned with Women in Love in 1918, nor did Cynthia Asquith know him; it is practically impossible to see why Lawrence would have asked her to pass on Bennett's opinion in such circumstances. But, as shown above,** Bibesco was concerned with Women in Love, and Cynthia Asquith was Lawrence's contact with him. When, in 1919, Lawrence mentioned the two men as potential helpers, "the Bennett-Bibesco question," he would have meant Bennett for plays, and Bibesco for Women in Love. At the beginning of May, Lawrence had been waiting to hear from Cynthia Asquith for a number of months about Bibesco's attitude; as in a letter of 17th March, 1918:

Tell me about 'notre prince.' It seems to me we are a vaudeville to ourselves in this money and publishing plot of ours. (lm i 549)

We must assume that the 'B' mentioned on 7th May, in lm 552, is Bibesco, and that Professor Moore is wrong.

* The Letters of Arnold Bennett, I, 275.

** See above, p. 404.

Additional Note XXVIII

Professor H. T. Moore has suggested that

Lawrence's motive in writing the first drafts of these essays ... was probably that he wanted to establish

himself as something of an authority on education in order to obtain an administrative position in that field.*

Professor Moore presumably has in mind Lawrence's letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith of 26th September 1918:

... You know I have had all the training and spent three years as a schoolmaster. I really know something about education. I want a job under the Ministry of Education; not where I shall be kicked about like an old can ... You must help me to something.
(lm i 563)

Less than two months later, he had written the 'Education' essays; we are being invited to assume that they were Lawrence's attempt to help himself "to something".

The letter to Lady Cynthia was written on the evening of the day when Lawrence was put into Grade 3 by the military authorities, after a medical examination at Derby. Grade 3 was "liable for light non-military duties", and Lawrence was determined that

If these military canaille call me up for any of their filthy jobs - I am graded for sedentary work - I shall just remove myself, and be a deserter ... (ibid)

But if Lady Cynthia could help him to a job of national importance, he would do it; he had to plan ahead, and the end of the war was not in sight.

On 11th November came the Armistice, and Lawrence was no longer liable for call-up; and it was not until he had returned to Derbyshire on the 14th that he began the essays in question. So, if they were designed to get him "an administrative position in that field," he must have been keen on such a post after the danger of call-up had gone. But nothing in his letters after the Armistice suggests any desire for such a job; only a desire to earn his living by writing,

* Moore, The Intelligent Heart, p. 312.

and a longing to leave England when he could. These two things are incompatible with what Professor Moore suggests (but does not produce evidence to prove) was Lawrence's motive for writing the essays; as they can be substantiated, but his motive can not, they should take precedence.

We may conclude that Lawrence began the essays for the reason he said he did, and Catherine Carswell said he did: to earn some money in a quarter that seemed hopeful.

Professor Moore's mistake comes from his confusion of the sentiments of a letter written in September with those in a letter written two months later.

Additional Note XXIX

The last three paragraphs of the essay in fact contradict a remark in the fourth from the end, which reads:

That insolent white tail, as Adolf turned his flank on us! It reminded me always of a certain rude gesture, and a certain unprintable phrase, which may not even be suggested.
(phx i 12)

That "unprintable phrase" is then printed six times before the end, and the style becomes freer, less consciously reminiscent in those last three paragraphs, too. The essay could have ended with the paragraph quoted above (or shortly after it), when written for the Athenaeum. We know that Lawrence prepared the essay for the Dial in the summer of 1920,* and it seems entirely possible that the last three paragraphs were added then. No mss. of the essay survive to confirm or disprove this.

* Tedlock, The Frieda Lawrence Collection, p. 90.

Appendix B

The Hands of The White Peacock

Our information about Lawrence's Croydon circle of friends is limited, in the main, to the recollections of Helen Corke and A. W. McLeod, especially to the former. One piece of objective evidence that has not previously been examined is the final ms. of The White Peacock,¹ begun as Nethermere in January 1909, and altered throughout the summer and autumn of that year, and during the spring of 1910. The interesting thing about this ms. is the presence in it of five hands other than Lawrence's own; if we can identify these hands, and assess their contribution to the final draft of the novel, we can increase our knowledge of the Croydon circle, and of the importance to Lawrence of its various members.

When the ms. was put up for auction at Sothebys in 1934, its owner, Helen Corke, supplied a signed document about the presence in the ms. of hands other than Lawrence's: this is now in the possession of Mr. Lazarus.

Four of the writer's friends, Miss Agnes Holt, Miss Agnes Mason, Miss Jessie Chambers and myself, assisted him, the first named three by making fair copies of those pages of his manuscript which were so heavily revised as not to be easily legible, I by certain general minor corrections to the whole. The original pages were destroyed, and the fair copies were incorporated in the manuscript, which then received the author's final personal revision.

We can now say that this statement is incorrect in a number of details. There are whole pages of the ms. in four hands other than Lawrence's, not three; examples are page 1 (to be called hand 'A'), 78 (hand 'B'), 89 (hand 'C'), and 738 (hand 'D'). Furthermore, none of these is the hand of Jessie Chambers. And Helen Corke did not only make 'minor corrections': pages 89, 554, 565, 567 and 569 are fair copies in her handwriting, and have been identified by her as such.

1. wrE 430b, in the collection of G. L. Lazarus Esq., to whom I am very much indebted for being able to study it.

This leaves us with three hands to identify: 'A', 'B', and 'D'. 'D' is mysterious. It covers eleven pages of ms. (738-749) in the middle of a section wholly in Lawrence's writing, 570-802: in a great many ways it resembles Lawrence's writing extraordinarily closely, and only a close study suggests a difference. The most noticeable difference is in the capital letter 'T', in Lawrence's ordinary hand always linked to the 'h' following it; this characteristic of his hand extends from his very earliest mss. to his very last. In pp. 738-749, the 'T' is separate from the following 'h'. There are other small differences too. A study of existing hands from others in the Lawrence circle, including members of his family, provides no clues. We may perhaps hazard that as this hand appears in the course of a passage of new creation, not just a copy of an earlier draft, it is unlikely that anyone other than Lawrence wrote it; it is possible that for these eleven pages some injury to his hand, or oddity of his writing position, accounted for the differences, which are all small.

This leaves us with hands 'A' and 'B': and since Helen Corke is sure that Agnes Mason and Agnes Holt were concerned with the writing, something she still insists on - though she admits that her statement that Jessie Chambers was concerned in the copying was based on guesswork - we may perhaps assume that each is responsible for one of these hands. The problem is who wrote which.

'A' wrote pp. 1-77, and nothing else after them. 'B' wrote pieces throughout: 78-82, 90-91, 117-119, 124, and so on: she wrote only one large section, pp. 272-326, and ended at p. 330. 'B' wrote 75 pages altogether. 'A's pp. 1-77 are fairly heavily corrected throughout. 'B's pp. 78-82 are much more heavily corrected; but much of her later copying is almost untouched by corrections either from Lawrence or from Helen Corke. This would suggest that much of her copying (including pp. 272-326) was done at a fairly late stage of the ms. development.

It should be possible to tell which of the two, during the first 82 pages, copied first. Since hand 'A' stops naturally at the bottom of p. 77, at the end of the line, and hand 'B' takes the text up at the top of p. 78, we can be certain that one of three things happened. Either

- (i) 'B' took up the copying of Lawrence's ms. immediately after 'A' left off at the bottom of p. 77. Or
- (ii) 'A' was in fact recopying the stretch of pages from 1-82, but never did the last five, so they were left in 'B's heavily corrected form, really needing a fair copy. Or
- (iii) 'B's pages 78-82 were a fair copy of those 'A' had previously done.

Other possibilities are ruled out by the neatness of the end of 'A's copy at the bottom of p. 77. If, for instance, 'B' had originally written out pp. 1-82, and 'A' was doing the new fair copy, the chances of the texts coinciding so neatly at the page break 77-78 are very small. We would either have had the situation on p. 89, where Helen Corke's fair copy has to pack in more of Lawrence's corrected text than would normally fit on the page, and has to compress the last three lines considerably; or that on p. 117, where 'B's fair copy of Lawrence's corrected text takes up far less room than a full page, and the text stops well below the bottom.

Of the three possibilities stated, (iii) can perhaps be ruled out at once; pp. 78-82 are more, not less, heavily corrected than pp. 1-77 and are most unlikely to be a fair copy of a previously heavily revised run of pages in 'A's hand. This leaves us with the choice between 'A' allowing 'B' to take over copying Lawrence's ms. at p. 78, or of 'A' not finishing a fair copy of some of 'B's work which itself had been a fair copy of heavily revised ms.

'A's break is final: her hand does not reappear in the text. We can tell that her contribution to the ms. did not occur at a very late stage of the writing of the book, because both Lawrence and Helen Corke correct her text: compared, for example, with the draft of pp. 272-326, in hand 'B', pp. 1-77 are fairly closely corrected. Pages 272-326 would be much nearer a final draft, being almost untouched by Lawrence or Helen Corke. In the event of possibility (ii), of 'A' recopying a stretch of heavily corrected pages but not getting to the end of the section, it is very odd that she should stop so completely in mid-air. If her contribution to the book took place before Helen Corke entered the scene in February 1910 - which it probably did, considering it was not made at a very late stage - then it was odd that she should not at some stage between February and June 1910 have done those last five pages, some of which (pp. 78 and 79, for instance) are very much worked over. With 77 pages done, and only five to go, and apparently months to do them in; other pages also needing recopying; and the section incomplete, the break in copying is the more remarkable.

This is especially true when we consider that hand 'B' apparently worked at recopying pages and sections over quite a long period: pp. 78-82 quite early on, perhaps even before hand 'A' started, but pp. 272-326 at quite a late stage. Copyist 'A' had one burst of copying, and left off: copyist 'B' continued spasmodically over a period of months - this seems the most reasonable conclusion.

It is at this point that we have to start guessing. Helen Corke tells us that Agnes Mason and Agnes Holt were the two responsible for the copying. Lawrence knew Agnes Mason from 1908 onwards - she also taught at Davidson Road school; she it was who introduced him to Helen Corke; he continued to know and see her as long as he was in Croydon. She visited him during his illness of 1911-1912. Agnes Holt, on the other hand, he seems to have known for a relatively short period in the winter of 1909. It is not that Agnes Mason could not have copied

pp. 1-77, but that Agnes Holt is most unlikely to have copied pp. 272-326 at so late a stage in the work on the manuscript. Jessie Chambers recorded that at Christmas 1909 Lawrence

came to me and told me that he had been mistaken all these years, that he must have loved me all along without knowing it. The idea of marrying the Croydon teacher was a mistake. He had told her so, he said, and everything was over between them, and in fact she left Croydon shortly afterwards, and passed out of his life. (et 180)

She was in Yorkshire by Christmas 1910, but apparently had left Croydon early in the year. Lawrence was working on his ms. up to the end of October 1909 and took it up again in February 1910, after it had been to Ford and Heinemann. This period of work, from February to June 1910, probably saw pp. 272-326 completed; but pp. 1-77 might well have been done before the ms. went to Ford at the end of October 1909; and it is during the period of composition of Nethermere which ended there that Agnes Holt most probably did her copying of the ms., doing a fair copy of the start of Laetitia 'B' as revised by Lawrence early in 1909. Agnes Mason would have worked at a fair copy of pages throughout 1909, perhaps, and also did some after February 1910.

This is admittedly guesswork, but seems to fit most convincingly with all the facts available. In the event of any handwriting of Miss Mason's or Miss Holt's being discovered, and compared with the relevant ms., what is here guesswork will be replaced by a certain knowledge of the part the two women played in the preparation of Lawrence's mss.; but it seems presumptuous to draw any firmer conclusions before such an event.

There follows a table of the various hands' contribution to the ms.

Hands:	A	B	C	D	E
	1-77				
		78-82			
			83-88		
				89	
		90-91			
			92-116		
		117-119			
			120-123		
		124			
			125		
		126			
			127-133		
		134-135			
			136-159		
		160			
			161-163		
		164			
			165-166		
		167			
			168-170		
		171			
			172-201		
		202			
			203-271		
		272-326			
			327-329		
		330			
			331-553		
				554	
			555-564		
				565	
			566		
				567	

Hands:	A	B	C	D	E
			568		
				569	
			570-737		
					738-749
			750-802		
Totals:	77	75	633	5	12

A = ?Agnes Holt

B = ?Agnes Mason

C = D. H. Lawrence

D = Helen Corke

E = ?D. H. Lawrence

Book List

Note: Works whose titles are abbreviated throughout this thesis are listed separately above, page x; and all such abbreviations are also noted at the end of the entry in the list below.

This list does not attempt to be exhaustive; it is limited to works which have either been quoted in the thesis or which have influenced it considerably.

The editions cited are those used, and not necessarily the first editions; but efforts have been made to cite in each case the most authoratitive text.

A. Works by D. H. Lawrence:

(a) Single and Collected Works

1. Aaron's Rod, (London, Secker, 1922)
2. A Collier's Friday Night, (London, Secker, 1934)
3. The Complete Plays of D. H. Lawrence, (London, Heinemann, 1965)
4. The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, ed. W. Roberts and V. de S. Pinto, 2nd Edn., 2 Vols., (London, Heinemann, 1967 (cp))
5. England, My England, (New York, Seltzer, 1922)
6. Fantasia of the Unconscious, (New York, Seltzer, 1922)
7. The First Lady Chatterley, (New York, Dial Press, 1944)
8. 'The Fox', A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, ed. H. T. Moore, (London, Heinemann, 1961), pp. 28-48
9. Kangaroo, (London, Secker, 1923)
10. The Ladybird, (London, Secker, 1923)
11. Lady Chatterley's Lover and 'A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover', (London, Heinemann, 1961)
12. Love Poems and Others, (London, Duckworth, 1913)
13. Ms. 1479, wrE 317, Nottingham University Mss. Collection (ms. 1479)
14. Movements in European History, (Oxford, Milford, 1921)
15. 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', Renaissance and Modern Studies, (Nottingham), 1969, pp. 12-48
16. Pansies, (London, Secker, 1929)
17. Phoenix, ed. E. W. McDonald, (London, Heinemann, 1936) (phx i)
18. Phoenix II, ed. H. T. Moore and W. Roberts, (London, Heinemann, 1967) (phx ii)
19. 'Poems', Review of English Literature, (London), July 1960, 1:iii, 66
20. The Prussian Officer, (London, Duckworth, 1914)
21. Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, (New York, Seltzer, 1921)
22. The Rainbow, (London, Penguin Books, 1949)
23. Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, (Philadelphia, Centaur Press, 1925)
24. Sons and Lovers, (London, Duckworth, 1913)
25. The Saga of Siegmund, wrE 407b, the University of California Mss. Collection
26. Studies in Classic American Literature, (New York, Seltzer, 1923)

27. The Trespasser, (London, Duckworth, 1912)
28. The Trespasser, wrE 407a, the University of California Mss. Collection
29. Twilight in Italy, (London, Cape, 1926)
30. 'Two Marriages', Time and Tide, 24 March 1934, (supplement)
31. The White Peacock, (London, Heinemann, 1911)
32. The White Peacock, wrE 430b, the Collection of George Lazarus
33. Women in Love, (New York, Modern Library, n.d.)

(b) Letters

34. Letters to Louie Burrows, Lawrence in Love, ed. J. T. Boulton, (Nottingham, University Press, 1968) (lil)
 35. Letters to Amy Lowell, S. F. Damon, Amy Lowell: A Chronicle, (Boston, Houghton, 1935) (demon)
 36. Letters to S. S. Koteliensky, British Museum, Additional Mss. 48966-48968 (kbn)
 37. The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed. A. Huxley, (London, Heinemann, 1932) (lh)
 38. Letters to Edward Marsh, Berg Collection, New York: 1.8.1913, 31.1.1914, 5.3.1914
 39. The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed. H. T. Moore, 2 Vols., (London, Heinemann, 1962) (lm)
 40. D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell, ed. H. T. Moore, (New York, Gotham Book Mart, 1948) (lbr)
 41. K. Sagar, 'Unpublished D. H. Lawrence letters to Francis Brett Young', Review of English Studies, (London), 1965, 6:iii, 93-105
 42. Letters to Lady Ottoline Morrell and Cecil Gray, M. Schorer, 'Unpublished Letters of D. H. Lawrence', The London Magazine, (London), February 1956, 3:44-67
 43. Letters to Grace Crawford, W. Sotheby & Co., Catalogue of Nineteenth Century and Modern First Editions, etc., ("Thompson"), 7-8 July 1969, pp. 143-144
 44. A Letter to Mrs Derwent Wood, W. Sotheby & Co., Catalogue of Nineteenth Century and Modern First Editions, etc., ("Candida"), 11-12 July 1967, p. 122
- ((See also nos. 54, 55, 57, 60, 65, 66, 67, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 76, 81, 91, 102, 103, 104, 105, 135, 149, 151, 160.))

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