

SCHEMATA AND SPONTANEITY

an approach to critical activity, and to the critical
writings of D.H. Lawrence.

.... all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, - both what they half create,
And what perceive;

"Lines composed a few miles above
Tintern Abbey." William Wordsworth

Offered for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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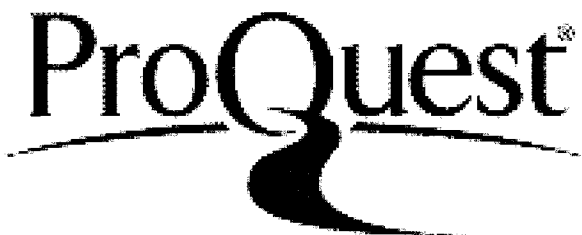
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A Note on Method

The method employed in this thesis is an unscientific one of approximation and suggestion, placing the material of one discipline in the context of another, and then reversing the process. The method of exposition is, in the main, that of literary commentary, but a certain amount of scientific vocabulary appears, especially in the first chapter. The two meet awkwardly, but it is hoped that some value may be gained from a juxtaposition of disciplines. The first chapter is weighted more towards psychology, and the remaining chapters towards more literary interests. There is a consequent difference in style.

T.S. Eliot wrote, in "Tradition and the Individual Talent", that "criticism is as inevitable as breathing".¹ It may perhaps be frequently exercised with as scant awareness. The first chapter, and also those which follow, attempt to examine the basic machinery of criticism, rather than attending to one of the various schools or methods of expounding criticism. I.A. Richards pioneered this field in Principles of Literary Criticism. My own method is first to allow psychology texts to speak for themselves, and then to examine the neglected critical writings of D.H. Lawrence, with an awareness thus tuned.

¹ p.48. All page references in this thesis are to the editions given in the bibliography. Titles of works by D.H. Lawrence are abbreviated according to the list preceding Chapter 2.

CHAPTER ONE: THE BASIS OF CRITICAL ACTIVITY IN PSYCHOLOGY

A. Preliminary

"No excuse is needed for treating the conduct of the mind in interpretation as a philosophical subject, or, if we distrust that word, as a subject that requires us to attend critically to its methods and assumptions." Thus wrote I.A. Richards in Interpretation in Teaching, in 1938.¹ Nevertheless, fifteen years after, Wayne Shumaker was able, justifiably, to comment that writers on criticism had done little more than recommend certain complex assumptions and procedures, or try to say that criticism ought to do this, or its proper function was that. "What it generically is we are hardly anywhere told." he writes.² Mr. Shumaker's own "generic" description, however, is itself more of a carpet-bag definition: "criticism" he says "is any intelligent discussion of literature, taking care to enjoin that 'intelligent' be interpreted liberally and that literature be the focus and not merely the vehicle of the critic's interest".³ This seems to me no more "generic" a definition than any other; but it is difficult to be more precise in description when the wide variety of critical output is taken into consideration. It may be possible, however, to fill the gap Shumaker noted, with a more specific description, if the activity is examined from the inside.

¹ Interpretation in Teaching, by I.A. Richards, p.vii.

² Elements of Critical Theory, by Wayne Shumaker, pp.1-2

³ Ibid., p.12

I do not think it possible to do as Mr Shumaker suggests and say what criticism is; criticism exists in the practice of it. The most generic things one can say about criticism are to do with the processes which shape the perceptual intake on which critical expression is based. What goes on in a reader's mind as he reads a work is the raw material of criticism, and the basic activity of the critic. The content of perceptual intake is doubtless different in every reader or critic, but I suggest that ^{the} activity of intake is, in all cases, conducted by the same kind of systematizing process as that which organizes physical perception. Definite similarity in the sphere of aesthetic perception has not been scientifically proved or demonstrated, but the weight of evidence for system in organizing physical percepts is so strong that it encourages the assumption that other percept organization, in the same being, is unlikely to be radically different. The kind of perceptive activity which I describe with the aid of texts from the discipline of psychology, is implicit in the comments on criticism of several major twentieth century critics. (See Afterword)

The psychologist works only under specific conditions and offers his findings in relation to these. He is sceptical of generalization. It may seem wrong, therefore, to use the findings of psychology as a basis for the continual generalizations made in this thesis. I offer a threefold apology. Firstly, I am aware, and try to keep clear to the reader, what it is that I am doing. Secondly, there is surely value in this kind of generalization, as long as the proper reservations are made. Thirdly, there are two points of

view from which my "extrapolations" might almost be related to the disciplined findings of psychology. The first is that the extension of the psychologist's brief to a purposefulness beyond simply finding out, leads him to use his findings to predict behaviour. I extend the predictive mode to the realm of critical activity. The second point is that my action is not a transfer, but an extension of implication, along the same line. The experimental situation in the psychology of perception, and the activity of critical perception, are not merely analogous, really separate: they are both exercises of basically the same perceptual modes.¹

Examining my first reactions on reading a work which is new to me, I find they are rarely either unmoved or distinctly clear. In general, I seem to experience a groping agitation, the location of which is undefinable. The agitation is analogous to that difference from swallowing a well-known neutral-tasting pill or taking in a distinct spice of well-known flavour, and tasting for the first time a meal of strangely mixed flavours from known and unknown

¹ It has further been pointed out to me, by Dr Ann Taylor Davis of the Department of Psychology in Leicester University, that while, in using the findings of psychology for my own purpose, my method is essentially metaphorical, so finally is the psychologist's. I quote from her notes to me: "The psychologist studying 'perception' and 'memory' has no 'window to the inside' apart from verbal reports of his subjects (and the other occasional indicator - e.g. autonomic activity). We infer perception, differential perception, differential recall, the existence of perceptual types, and so on, almost exclusively from peculiarities of verbal behaviour which seem to be more or less systematically related to 'perceived' objects, and, if we are lucky, to personality differences, and to the past experiences of observers. So one either limits the term to a more or less physiological account of sensory processes, or else includes under it a mass of cognitive factors which one did not want to call perception at all." Perhaps the virtually unexaminable activity of aesthetic perception, which can ultimately only be inferred from the apparent response of criticism, may thus apologetically creep under the shade of the psychologist's findings. I have to thank Dr Davis for permission to quote her comments.

sources. In such a case I search a kind of taste memory in the effort to locate and define the elements of my experience. Some elements are readily recognizable as present - those which are present in almost any savoury dish prepared by human hands in any part of the world; some are unrecognisable, but approximate to a "flavour" experienced somewhere before; others are entirely new, and I almost have to practise them, try them again and confirm the impression, until a place has been made for them in the range of my experience memories. Often all these "flavours", recognizable or not, work together to make one which is entirely new, which stirs the memory and yet is a new experience. I immediately start puzzling to accommodate the experience, in, or in relation to, what I have already felt or "known". It is with a puzzling of this kind which my register of experience memories is agitated when I read a work which is new to me.

"New to me" is a crucial point: it is almost irrelevant that the work in question is not new to anyone else, for I can only use my own experience register in recognising it, and it is only into my experience that its newness is accommodated by my reading of it.¹ It is self-evident that the record of my experience is unlikely ever to be precisely the same as that of any one else. Even if my experience appears to be externally the same, there is strong

¹ I qualified this statement by saying that it was "almost" irrelevant because I do not ignore the fact that "climates of opinion" created by other people's reading and reactions, can, perhaps subconsciously, prepare one's readiness to recognise, or openness to take in, a particular newness of experience. I should also say, before proceeding, that my topic is bona fide criticism and not the more spurious activity, conducted at second hand for want of time, of leaning on other's opinions when we have reason to mistrust our own. Though it is to be regretted in excess this is not entirely to be deplored for criticism is also a social and communal activity.

scientific evidence that different personalities select from the same event different aspects to react to and record. Everyone has a different combination of the past experiences with which to recognise or interpret new experience.

It is my intention to emphasize not the difference of the experiences but the sameness of the processes involved in sorting them out and accommodating them. This excursion into psychology in connection with literary studies has its chief precedent in the work of I.A. Richards, but I do not have his desire to "link even the commonplaces of criticism to a systematic exposition of psychology"¹ in explication of the content of a text, but rather his wish to reach "some understanding of the nature of experience"² in the way in which we take in a text. Criticism is perceptual activity engaged with experience, and with Arthur Koestler I believe that "The codification of experience is as indispensable in perceptual skills as it is in manual or reasoning skills".³ Whether, I would add, it is conscious or not. "Codification" is a word which suggests my theme. Previous experience does not merely establish undifferentiated memory; it establishes, as my examples will show, patterns or habits of feeling against which new perception has to struggle because, ipso facto, it is excluded by it. The experience on which criticism is based begins at the point where the two jostle each other for position.

Psychology which describes this point in experience has a wide

¹ Principles of Literary Criticism, by I.A. Richards, p.3.

² Ibid., p.2

³ The Act of Creation, by Arthur Koestler, p.379.

area of relevance. It suggests, for instance, the kind of empirical truth upon which an abstract conception such as T.S. Eliot's "tradition" may rest. In optical aesthetics, E.H. Gombrich has pointed out what psychology tells us from experimental findings: it is not possible to see the whole and the part at once in looking at visual art, "you cannot see the one without obliterating the other".¹ Literary perceptions are less tied to the physical facts of perception than is perception of optical art; I think it is more possible to be aware of the whole in the part or the part in the whole when thinking about a poem or a novel, or when thinking about a work and the tradition in which it has its place. T.S. Eliot formulated the idea that when a new work arrives it alters the existing body of tradition.² Certainly a new perception cannot be unperceived; it might be doubted, in fact, that it could be finally excluded in any sense for though it may lapse from conscious awareness at particular moments, its presence may still be operative in some elusive way.

Psychology would suggest that the new work is perceived, as far as possible, in terms of the experience or tradition which existed before it, of which it is now becoming a part, and which itself can now only be viewed in ways which include or allow for the addition of the new work. New work cannot be perceived at first except through those channels of reception which are already awake.

¹ Art and Illusion, by E.H. Gombrich, p.6. Gombrich describes, on p.5, how Kenneth Clark "wanted to observe what went on when the brush strokes and dabs of pigment on the canvas transformed themselves into a vision of transfigured reality as he stepped back. But try as he might, stepping backward and forward, he could never hold both visions at the same time, and therefore the answer to his problem of how it was done always seemed to elude him."

² The Sacred Wood, by T.S. Eliot, p.50.

What is new in it qualifies the first impressions but does not entirely supplant them, for they are the starting point from which other modes of recognition are discovered and to which they are added.¹ It is in this kind of continuity that "tradition", in T.S. Eliot's sense of the word, exists and persists.

If I have represented psychology fairly, therefore, it can be fruitful in illuminating a major twentieth century critical perception. Against the background of such relevance, this approach can also explain why one man's work has its own coherence, and its own recognizability. This will have particular relevance in the later discussion of Lawrence's recurring peculiarities as a critic. If the critic tends usually to respond from within the same basic habits of perception, it will be, as Lawrence says, always hard to read something really new.² The challenge to the critic is to utilize perceptual "habits" of recognition with the utmost flexibility, while trying to be as unprejudicedly open to new perception as possible. Lawrence's criticism offers a unique example of both elements of the paradox in critical activity: his criticism sometimes appears to be supremely unhampered in perception by traditional weight of critical baggage, and yet it is also, on occasion, marked by inflexible habits of perception.

I now turn to descriptive psychological accounts of perception,

¹ I exclude reference to traumatic experience which I feel is rare in criticism. If it does occur I imagine it to be something analogous to birth into a new world where former schemata of experience are virtually useless in interpreting, and the critic is left directionless, to build up a new set, as relevant to his new experience as he can make them, and with which he will then begin to explore in the same way as before.

² Ph., p.531.

in order to display the grounds upon which the above assumptions have been analogously based. The earlier metaphor of taste was used to begin the argument, as it contained less variable elements upon which to base preliminary suggestion of the argument. If two men are given a portion of the same dish and both clear their plates, both have taken in the same possibilities of taste, whatever their reaction to it. In optical perception there is not even such a minimal control for it appears that a man does not take in all that is before him but selects according to varying patterns of intake. Aesthetic perception is even less amenable to examination. Assumptions are made in this thesis, therefore, from the working of those perceptual activities which can be scrutinised, but which yet retain a distinct element of ambiguity. However, the elements which are relevant, in the following accounts from the literature of psychology, will be apparent to the extent that they are informative.

B. Perception

The psychology of criticism begins with the psychology of perception. In her book of that title M.D. Vernon begins her exposition from a point which I feel justifies the taking of findings about visual or physical perception as analogous to the activity of all perception. The visual pattern that impinges on the brain, writes Professor Vernon, is not static; it continually moves and flickers: "Yet the essential feature of the world as we perceive it is its constancy and stability. Thus the impressions of the

continuing identity of objects, the unalterability of their appearance, their steady and motionless position in space is something which arises in the brain itself."¹ The final statement of perception to awareness is in great part the product of brain activity. The basic structure of brain activity is common to all men: therefore all perceptive, and thus all critical, activity has the same basic structure in common.

A child begins to gather knowledge about his perceptions in terms of his own actions (by touching and feeling what he sees) and then begins to make arbitrary but momentarily workable classifications. Those which are sound persist and eventually become virtually immovable and subconscious; others adapt as experience widens.² In adults classification takes place largely without any thought "because through frequent experience it has become habitual, automatic, and effective."³ However, "perception is never instantaneous".⁴ What the process involves is only observable in cases where perception is either difficult or novel. The individual may then, says Vernon, carry out a search of his memories of similar situations which have occurred previously, and try to match the objects or events now before him against anything of a similar nature which he has encountered before. In doing this, he may use both imagery and language. Many of the images used are of classes of objects rather than of any one specific object, and they may be based on impressions from any of the senses. Language or

¹ The Psychology of Perception, by M.D. Vernon, p.14. My underlining.

² Ibid., pp.16-30 for examples which verify all this.

³ Ibid., p.33.

⁴ Ibid., p.31.

naming may be used either to "discuss" a new perception in the mind, or to establish the mind's hold upon it. Naming is also used to recall objects of the same class for comparison.¹

My own experience is that memory of aesthetic perception relies more on the use of "imagery" than "language" - even in the realm of literature. This imagery contains impressions of emotional feelings of a "sensory" kind not attached to the tactile; of shapeliness not attached to the visual; of counterpoint not attached to the auditory; of order not attached to pattern, and so on. Although it eludes definition, I find that such "imagery" is the unit in as recognizable a classificatory activity (in my aesthetic memory) as that which organizes perception of physical phenomena. I have learnt, in discussion with others, however, that many people would say that their aesthetic memories, especially for literature, are organized more by "language".

The selective element inherent in classification of perceptual intake is made clear by Professor Vernon's account of perception of shape by adults. One point appears to account for a very useful ability in the critical mind: Professor Vernon calls it reference back to a "preferred shape" when viewing a different aspect.² We know, or even see, a coin as round, even when it is tilted and, being out of true, a different shape is presented to the eye. Analogously, when a critic is examining a single aspect of a work he can still refer back to the "preferred" vision, or wholeness, a

¹ Ibid., p.31-38 for demonstrations of all this.

² Ibid., p.40

part of which he is temporarily focussing upon; if he examines a work in one context, he can still keep in mind its relevance in another known context; or if he examines one work among many, he can keep in mind the genre to which it belongs.¹

Another point in Professor Vernon's account constitutes a serious warning to the critic. In the perception of more complex material she says, there is a distinction between "figure" and "ground" which is not so much spontaneous (as the early Gestalt school thought) as "a selection of certain parts of the field which together constitute a meaningful figure, in contrast to other irrelevant parts of the field".² Clearly this may lead to distortion if, for any reason, such as ignorance or prejudice, the properly meaningful things are not selected. Moreover, we tend, first of all, to see as "good" a form as possible. That is to say we tend to see first, qualities such as "simplicity, regularity, symmetry, continuity" which make for goodness in the Gestalt sense, and to preserve those impressions best. Moreover, "we are as a rule concerned to perceive only as much as will enable us to identify what we see, that is to say, to allocate it to a particular class... with

¹ For example a critic of a Shakespeare play may closely examine a crucial scene, but it is only crucial according to his preferred reading of the play as a whole which must be apparent to him at the same time, or the point of "crucialness" for one scene could not exist. Another critic may be examining the poetry of Shakespeare's plays, but examining it as such, he implicitly maintains full reference to the fact that this poetry is also drama. Yet another critic examines the play as a play and in so doing is exercising his knowledge and awareness of what "plays" are.

² Ibid., pp.45-6

which we are familiar" and "in the tasks of differentiating describing, reproducing, or classifying shapes" we tend to perceive only as much detail as we think necessary to perform the particular task, and ignore the rest".¹ Without much self-awareness and care, this is just what a critic may easily do: seeing only what he is prepared to see or has seen before, can lead him to misunderstand, and perpetuate misunderstanding, of particular works and undermine his ability to become aware of new things. He is not inevitably at the mercy of this circumstance, however, as it has been demonstrated that it is possible to obtain greater accuracy by, to use the terms of scientific experiment, "varying the instructions" for awareness.²

Professor Vernon's next three chapters, on perception of colour, development of shape and colour perception in children, and on perception of special types of material, do not add basic information about the mechanics of the brain in perception, but reiterate and expand notions which have already been mentioned. The two chapters which follow, on perception of space, and perception of movement, however, add further perspectives to the present argument in treating of the perception of objects in relationship with other objects. The critic, likewise, is not only engaged with individual works but also with the wider field of tradition, or works in relation to each other. Experiments quoted by Professor Vernon³ gave rise to the

¹ Ibid., pp.52-3

² Ibid., pp.40-70 for strict documentation of this paragraph. My rendering of scientific accounts frequently reproduces the words of their author but cast into a form of more generalised reference.

² Ibid., p.120-125

observation that:

through long experience we develop a habitual integration of the visual impressions of our surroundings and the bodily sensations of the position and movements of the body in space. Ordinarily this integration is stable, and upon it are based our impressions of a stable world of objects, in which our bodies move about. But the integration may break down under the impact of unusual or conflicting bodily sensations relating to spatial position. However, after a time it may be possible to adapt ourselves, particularly through action, and develop a new type of integration - at first less stable than the old one, but presumably in time able completely to replace it.¹

This is, to me, an extremely accurate parable of a critic's experience when, after having, as Professor Vernon demonstrates we do in spatial relations, learned to find his way about a neighbourhood (or an area of literature) and developed a system of images and ideas about the relative positions and distances of roads, houses, and other natural features (or items in the literary landscape), he is suddenly confronted by the momentarily unaccountable, which enforces a reorganization of his ideas in order to accommodate it. The critic, also, when confronted by the opening up of, to him, an entirely new vista in literary experience, no longer knows his way around and has to learn a new map, or expand the old one, by going over the ground continually.² The relevance of this analogy encourages the method of examining the descriptions of psychology for the light they throw on the activity of criticism. The element in the above analogy which is of particular interest in the present thesis is the tendency to create a system or pattern of previous experience by virtue of which, and in relation to which, a man (and a critic) perceives.

¹ Ibid., p.125

² The "map" image is one that is developed specifically in relation to literary criticism by Graham Hough in The Dream and the Task.

Only a small aspect of Professor Vernon's account of the perception of movement is relevant to my main argument, for the literary critic's perception, though it may be said to "develop" or "range" does not move in a way similar to spatial movement. What is relevant, is her account of the importance to clarity of perception, of movement on the part of the perceiver. The sensitivity of retinal cells (and, it may be added, of aesthetic sensibility) is greater for changing than for unchanging stimulation. If a visual image is "stabilised" it begins to fade because the retinal cells become adapted and cease to react. In order to maintain vision "We constantly scan the field, the eyes moving to and fro... the successive images of different parts of the field are integrated together to produce a coherent impression..." It may be analogously said that the critic's perception, also, is only kept fresh and accurate by continual movement over a field.¹

But critical perception needs to be kept not only accurate, but aware. Awareness is related to attentiveness, and the factors which govern attention are an intimate aspect of perception. Professor Vernon makes a rough generalisation that the total amount which can be attended to at any one moment is constant. "If attention is concentrated on a small part of the field, little will be perceived in other parts; if attention is diffused over a large area no one part will be very clearly and accurately perceived."²

¹ Graham Hough, in The Dream and the Task speaks, in more general terms, of the necessity to continue scanning the field to keep it from fading from view.

² Opus. cit., p.159. Again this is true of the critical activity and it is important to be aware of it. One should keep clear which one is doing so as not to end¹ doing neither.

Experiments have in general indicated, she continues, that it is not possible to perceive and attend to two events separately and independantly if these coincide too nearly in time or space. Either one will cancel out the other, or they will be combined in some way if this is at all possible.¹

Clearly the critic must always be scrupulously aware of the effect recent reading, or of any other recent experience, may have on his judgment of a work. Professor Vernon gives an account of an experiment on aesthetic attention which points a sharp moral for the critic:

...observers were given to read a story of a feud between two families; a reconciliation affected by the betrothal of the son of one family to the daughter of the other; and the wedding feast which marked the uneasy truce. Three days later the observers were shown some pictures including a reproduction of The Village Wedding, by Pieter Breughel. They were asked to pick out from these the picture which depicted an incident described in the story; and they all selected The Village Wedding. On a subsequent occasion when they were asked to recall the picture, they stressed in their recalls the features most closely related to the story, and they sometimes introduced items which were in the story but not in the picture. In particular, they attributed to the picture the atmosphere of uneasiness which had occurred in the story. But another group of observers who had seen the picture but not read the story saw it simply as a scene of merriment and gaiety. Now it is true that this effect was in part a function of the remembering and recall of the picture; but it also seems probable that even in the first case the observers who had read the story must have perceived the picture in a somewhat different manner from those who had not.²

Another experiment on attentiveness, more closely relevant to the case of D.H. Lawrence, was reported as follows:

... a series of pictures was presented; the first of these were extremely blurred, but they became clearer as the series progressed. Observers were liable to make incorrect guesses as to what the pictures represented and to stick to these as

¹ Ibid., p.171

² Ibid., p.163

the series progressed. Thus they took longer to identify the clearer pictures than did other observers who had begun in the middle of the series, with less blurred pictures, and had not made the earlier incorrect guesses.

There are other cases in which the direction of attention towards the perception of some particular shape or object causes an observer to perceive what he expected to see rather than what is actually presented.¹

Professor Vernon offers this as an example of misguided attentiveness excluding a large part of the true facts; something like this happens in Lawrence's criticism, when the criteria he applies are inappropriate to the work he has under discussion. Aptly instructed attentiveness is of the greatest importance to critical awareness and accuracy.

Attention, like experience of sensory facts, is subject to "satiation" (inability of an observer "to attend to one aspect for more than a limited period of time"²). The consequent fading tendency can be counteracted by the interest and attractiveness of objects, and also by some of the Gestalt factors of "goodness" of form mentioned above. Experiments have shown that variation, surprise, and incongruity, are also liable to attract attention, but a perceiver's or a critic's attention is in the main drawn by those things which are of interest to him - elements in a work, perhaps, which substantiate a favourite theory, or are particularly in tune with his temperament. Unless a deliberate and conscious effort is made, attention thus directed may leave no room for other aspects of the work (apart from marginal awareness, which frequently does

¹ Ibid., p.162

² Ibid., p.175

not enter the level of consciousness). Thus critics naturally tend towards exclusiveness in awareness, though intellectually they may recognize that some things are excluded from their awareness. Lawrence's awareness is often more exclusive than most, though the nature of that exclusiveness paradoxically permits him to range over a wide area of topics.

"Thus we may conclude that normal consciousness, perception, and thought, can be maintained only in a constantly changing environment" writes Vernon at the end of her section on "attention". Applied to Lawrence's criticism, the key words in this statement are "normal" and "maintained". Lawrence's criticism could not be called normal; he concentrated on highly particularised themes, which certainly resulted at times in greater perception of such themes than would have been possible had his attention been more widely diffused. But too steady a concentration on too narrow an area of awareness seems at times to have caused his attention to lapse so that he made strange mistakes in judgment, or filled the gap with inappropriate "philosophy".

Narrowing of attention in Lawrence, the critic, may have been conditioned by the influence which motivation or emotion can have on perception. But conclusions in this area of psychology must necessarily be speculative, writes Professor Vernon, since "few if any of the experiments described (in her book) show with any certainty the type or degree of motivation or emotion actually experienced by the observer".¹ It is perhaps easier to say that

¹ Ibid., p.217

Lawrence's attention was conditioned by his interests. But "when we say that an observer perceives something because he is interested in such things, we imply that he is knowledgeable about them, and also that he is eager to perceive and learn more about them". It is not usually apparent, however, "whether it is the previous knowledge or the impelling desire which has the greatest effect in directing and facilitating perception - or whether both together are necessary".¹

In a dynamic and highly distinctive critic, such as Lawrence, "impelling desire" to perceive certain kinds of thing is usually uppermost. In the average critic "both together" is probably the norm. Even so, the conditioning agents of previous knowledge and impelling desire, may together constitute a degree of selectivity which is distinctively personal, and thus a mixture of motivation and emotion. A critic's finding or commentary will generally be about those aspects of the truth about a work which answer to his present feelings and motives - however altruistic they may be. They are never the whole truth about a work.²

Other motives than those mentioned may operate as well, but they are usually of a kind so obvious that a critic is wary of them without being warned. Some forms of such motives may be disguised

¹ Ibid., p.215

² The combined findings of all the good critics of a work is, ideally, the nearest to the truth about a work. But this is a practical impossibility. Nevertheless, in the practice of criticism, in the meeting of critical minds, in the friction or interchange between them, is the social value of the activity: it articulates a dynamic communal effort towards the truth of a work for one generation, or, in the history of criticism, for many generations. It is a communal and social effort towards a kind of truth, in which the individual critic is inevitably involved.

sufficiently to take the critic unaware, however, and it may be worth while to elaborate the point. Experiments have demonstrated that the individual in a state of need (hunger) is more likely to perceive something which will satisfy need (food words in a miscellaneous list) if he thinks that it will probably be there. This may reflect the case of the critic who, subconsciously disliking insecurity, satisfies his need for stability by perceiving that which he expects in a work, while excluding whatever might undermine his preconceptions. Also, experiments have demonstrated that observers perceive a previously rewarded percept more readily than a previously punished one. This disconcertingly suggests that the critic will pursue a rewarding line of thought and jettison the unrewarding, rather than try to take account of as much of a work as possible. It might be that his action is simply governed by an unprejudiced opinion that there is nothing to be found along the discarded line of thought. But there may be times when motivation might not bear closer scrutiny.

In her account of efforts to relate perceptual "types" to "personality types", Professor Vernon points out that it is difficult to isolate perceptual factors for scrutiny because the performance of observers may be influenced by any number of variables. Differences in intelligence, imagination, and previous experience, including education (for example, differences between those with a literary education and those with a scientific or mathematical education) may have experimentally unguagable effects. But some elements can be generalised. The best known classification is of "synthetic" or "analytic" perceptual types.

Closely related to this distinction is the contrast between "objective" and "subjective" types, first propounded after an experiment in reading words and short sentences presented tachistoscopically. An account of the results reflects basically antithetical modes of reading which are used on a wider scale in literary criticism:

The objective type of reading was accurate but limited in scope; in the subjective type more was read but less accurately because the reader filled in the gaps in what he saw by means¹ of inferences as to what he thought might be there.

In general, the critic tries to combine both methods, but awareness of the limitations of both methods may contribute to more careful and accurate combinations. Lawrence clearly practised the "subjective" kind of reading, almost in toto, with little allowance made for its limitations in point of accuracy. His success as a critic was almost in spite of this failing.²

The most recent work, by R.W. Gardner and his collaborators, subsumed their results under four main principles of cognitive control: 1) Levelling, a tendency to perceive things as they actually are; and Sharpening, a tendency to assimilate to previous percepts. 2) Field-articulation, capacity to direct

¹ Ibid., p.223

² Other terms for expressing the same division have appeared at different times. By connotation they draw personality factors into the distinction. "Introvert" and "extrovert" types; "sharpeners" and "levellers" (Klein); "form-bounded" and "form-labile" (Klein); "field-dependant" and "field-independent" (Witkin); some of these terms seem to make a closer definition of differences in perceptual activity as well as suggesting temperamental differences.

attention actively and appropriately by selection and disregard, as against passive acceptance. 3) Scanning-control, a tendency to deploy attention over a wide field as against concentration on a narrow one. 4) Tolerance of unrealistic experiences, which is related to the ability to maintain the balance between objective reality and subjective ideas based on motivation.¹ These four "principles" seem equally well to suggest four steps towards critical maturity and fullness of activity. First, learn to see what is there, and awareness of what fits into previous experience begins to sharpen. Then begin consciously to direct awareness, and gradually widen the area over which attention is directed. From the confidence established by control of these techniques, one can then approach the things that contradict previous experiences, and begin to distinguish and counterbalance what appears to be objectively true, and what appears to be an expression of personal awareness only. This is the line of progress in increasing complexity of controlled critical activity. These four principles are the last aspect of the subject which Professor Vernon treats, bringing her account of the mechanics of perception up to the point of preliminary study of their relationship with the personality which exercises them.

In conclusion Professor Vernon says that "perception is by no means always a simple, straightforward, and unambiguous process".² If this is true of the physiological senses, the complexity and

¹ Ibid., p.228

² Ibid., p.237

ambiguities of aesthetic perception are probably even greater. It is virtually impossible to investigate this field scientifically, but some things may now be said about perception in general. The effects of knowledge and experience, writes Professor Vernon, "are in themselves liable to produce selective perception and the funnelling of attention to objects and events about which special knowledge and experience have been acquired. The consequence is that no two observers may perceive a given scene (or work)¹ in exactly the same manner, and that they may disagree considerably as to its nature and contents".² Applying this to aesthetic perception one thinks immediately of the frequency of critical variance, and even on occasion, open dispute. The Personal Heresy: a Controversy between E.M.W. Tillyard and C.S. Lewis does not contain the vanquishing of a false position by a correct one, but the confrontation of the legitimate view-points of two men who can equally well defend equally valid positions. They have clearly developed, out of differing past experiences, entirely different organizations of perceptive knowledge and value from which they have then construed entirely different judgments.

C. Memory

The influence of past experience on present perception clearly

¹ My interpolation.

² Ibid., p.237

involves the retention of it in some way and here the part played by memory, in perception, and thus in criticism, comes to the fore. Methods of retention are reflected in perception by virtue of the contingency of the one upon the other. If methods of perception structure the basic material of criticism, the latter is thus indirectly shaped by methods of retention. "It would be psychologically... absurd to assume" says Arthur Koestler "that a pattern of expression... deeply ingrained should have no effect on (a man's) pattern of perception."¹ It would be equally absurd to assume that the pattern of a man's perception should have no effect on the pattern of his critical expression. The word "pattern" in Mr Koestler's comment strikes a note that comes firmly into the psychology of perception when memory is scrutinised. I.M.L. Hunter's Memory is the book upon which the following account is based.

Professor Hunter begins from the position that the word "memory" is both abstract and ambiguous (there are many kinds of memory, and many ways of remembering, all indicated by the same word) but it contains one common thread of meaning which is this: "What the person does and experiences here and now, is influenced by what he did and experienced at some time in his past ... In its most general and comprehensive sense... It refers to the ways in which

¹ The Act of Creation, by Arthur Koestler, p.381

past experiences are utilised in present activity."¹ There are three phases of memory: the initial phase involves some experience or learning activity; the final phase involves some experience or activity which is clearly influenced, and indeed made possible, by the first phase. "The intervening phase involves retaining, for the initial phase must have changed the person in ways which persist through time. These persisting changes need not show during the interval."² They may even remain below the level of consciousness while conditioning critical perception. The particular pattern in which they are ordered or arranged may thus condition what is perceived without the perceiver's conscious awareness.

It seems there is no reason to doubt that "retaining is accomplished by a modification of the nervous system, and furthermore, that these modifications are of a structural kind (sometimes called "memory traces") whenever retaining persists for longer than a few minutes".³ This aspect is not yet open to physical examination, however. Conjecture about memory organisation is here based upon what may be inferred from such memory exercises as can be externally

¹ Memory by I.M. Hunter, pp.14-15. My underlining. Further on Professor Hunter writes: "Try to consider what would happen if a person were left totally unchanged by his experiences and activities. It is almost impossible to imagine what he would be like. Every situation he encountered would be forever strange, unfamiliar, unpredictable. He would commit the same errors over and over again with no chance of their ever being eradicated. He would develop no new accomplishments. Language would be impossible, so would thinking, self-awareness, anticipation of the future, and all art and science." p.19

² Ibid., p.16

³ Ibid., p.18. My interpolation.

checked. Learning is an exercise of the first phase of memory with a conscious view to retention. It is therefore the most easily examined type of memory.

Experiments with learning exercises have demonstrated that memory is neither passive registration nor a simple activity. "It is active and selective and effort after meaning plays a conspicuous part."¹ The first phase of preliminary perception appears to be a process of breaking the material down into a meaningful pattern for the purpose of, and to facilitate, retention. Recall, the final phase, apparently operates by re-creating the pattern of the learning breakdown. It seems safe to assume that that pattern is what was retained. Though experiments have shown that no two people carry through their learning activity in the same way all may in general be said to employ a method of patterning simple data, while in more advanced memory activity complex material is broken down to basic patterns which are then used as a cue for re-creating the original in recall.

To demonstrate all this, Professor Hunter describes an experiment² in which a large number of students were set the task of learning and retaining digits in a magic square. They were not told that it was a magic square; many discovered this in the process of their learning and the effort after meaning it involved. When they had been tested and found successful they were asked to report on their method of work. Describing the result Professor Hunter

¹ Ibid., p.25

² Ibid., pp.22-4

says:

Despite individual differences between one student and the next, no learner passively absorbs the array. Rather, he proceeds by, so to speak, making of the material what sense he can. He attempts to impose pattern, to interpret the array in terms of relationships which are already familiar to him, to recast the material into familiar moulds. Sometimes a student is acutely aware of seeking out these relationships, sometimes they 'just happen'.¹

← The understanding which "just happened" surely indicates previous experience so well organised and absorbed that it effected recognition or insight without any conscious sign of memory activity. This is extremely useful when the assumptions about the previous experience, which presumably controlled its pattern or organization, are sound. However, it can be a hidden danger when they are not. It is therefore important that a critic scrutinises the mechanics involved in memory.

As in memory we try to "recast material into familiar moulds", so we try to channel new perceptions along the paths of previous ones. Such "feeling as we have felt before" is both the danger to critical perception and the inevitable basis of its organization and developing maturity. Preparedness, writes *Professor* Hunter, "facilitates and also impedes subsequent recognition".² The challenge to critics is to keep the range of their patterns of perceptive memory expanding as fast as is compatible with proper control of them, and also to keep their interactions as flexible as possible.

¹ Ibid., pp.24-5. My underlining.

² Ibid., p.34

D.H. Lawrence, as a critic, may be said to have kept his range of perceptive experience rather narrow. Though he read extremely widely, he tended to look for similar elements in everything he read whether the works were similar or not. He would also describe them in the same kind of terms. However, he maintained a far higher flexibility of movement and interaction between his patterns of perceptive memory than any other critic writing then, now, or before him. This is the source of his vitality as a critic, and of the stimulating experience of reading his criticism.

Some of his vitality may also be attributed to the sharpness and immediacy of his reactions; this was the result of that concentration of awareness on a narrow field which was also his limitation. Professor Hunter writes:

The more narrowly prepared a person is to recognise one kind of event, the more rapidly and correctly he will recognise this kind of event when it occurs, and the more slowly and incorrectly will he recognise an event of another kind.

This is one of those general rules which is pervasively exemplified in human activities. Especially so if we include those more persistent states of preparedness which go by such names as disposition, interest, and prejudice.¹

Lawrence's critical activity is governed by a "more persistent state of preparedness" which falls among the conditions last named: though it is stronger than disposition or interest, and more akin to prejudice, the pejorative connotations attached to that word do not allow for the validity of his best achievement.

Only that part of Hunter's book which is about the functioning of past in present perception has so far been described. But his

¹ Ibid., p.35

account of memory, as a whole, is more concerned to stress "the selective and constructive nature of psychological functioning".¹ It is this which facilitates the coherent on-going of any activity. It also accounts, particularly in criticism, for the recognisable individuality of the expression of one man's continuing perception, for "the recalled occasion" which facilitates recognition or comparative evaluation "is localised in ... uniquely personal past experience".² Setting aside much that is relevant to the full and unprejudiced exposition of memory, and appropriating only what is central to the present theme, the basic organisation of cumulative past experience and the way it affects on-going activity is the next point of interest in Professor Hunter's account.

By a brief sketch of the development of skill in the use of telegraphic language, ^{Professor} Hunter shows that "cumulative experience leads to the emergence of progressively more complex, higher-order accomplishments". This is also true, he says, of myriad other accomplishments which are distinctively human, from the mastery of language to the development of skill in human relations; also of skills which are technical or artistic. He goes on to quote, pertinently to the examination of critical skill, Alexander Bain (1818-1903) the eminent Scottish philosopher-psychologist:³

A professed dancer learning a new dance is in a very different predicament from a beginner in the art. A musician learning a new piece actually finds that nineteen-twentieths

¹ Ibid. p. 22

² Ibid. p. 28

³ Ibid. pp. 47-8

of all the sequences to be acquired have been already formed through his previous education. A naturalist reads the description of a newly discovered animal: he possesses already, in his mind, the characters of the known animals most nearly approaching to it; and, if he merely give sufficient time and attention for the coherence of the points that are absolutely new to him, he carries away and retains the whole. The judge, in listening to a law-pleading, hears little that is absolutely new: if he keeps that little in his memory, he stores up the whole case. When we read a book on a subject already familiar to us, we can reproduce the entire work, at the expense of the labour requisite to remember the additions it makes to our previous stock of knowledge. So in Fine Art; an architect, a painter, or a poet, can easily carry away with him the total impression of a building, a picture, or a poem; for instead of being acquisitions *de novo*, they are merely variations of effects already engrained in the artist's recollection. (The Senses and the Intellect, fourth edition, 1894, pp. 567-8).

Although this is not yet a complete or precise description of what is entailed in critical awareness of aesthetic perception, it is a good indication of the orderly way we appear to set about acquiring and understanding new information of any kind. It is a method which is clearly dependent upon good organisation of previous knowledge or past experience.

Everyone has an "immediate memory span" in which memory of only so many units of knowledge or experience can be contained at any one time; this forms the basic unit in organizing memory into a kind of hierarchical structure. The span varies from person to person over a limited range, also from time to time in the same person, under differing circumstances, or with varying material. It may be extended by practice or by better organisation adapted to material, but the average immediate memory span is nevertheless much shorter than may be thought, in view of the fact

that memory can stretch back over numbers of years. Long term memory, or memory of a wide area of material is constructed in this way: items contained in the immediate memory span are reduced to one meaningful unit, by some method such as group-labelling. Several such units are then drawn together into a new span. A further stage of abstraction then draws the items in the new span into a further single unit, which then becomes a member of yet another span, and so the process continues through a progressive complexity of higher and higher levels of organization, of memory, experience, and thought. The method is simple, and yet, perhaps by virtue of this very simplicity, it can compass anything from the simple memory organizations required to facilitate day to day activity, to the awe-inspiring achievements of genius.

As an example of this activity on a preliminary level, Hunter gives a short sentence such as "Jack and Jill ran up the hill." It can be taken in at a glance and remembered as a simple unit, yet if these letters were shown in random letter sequence no more than about six could be retained and recalled. "In the random letter situation we must virtually treat each letter as a whole group. But in the sentence situation, (we) treat whole sequences of letters as **distinctive** groups ... For anyone who has learned to read English, it is a single familiar sentence which can readily be taken in almost as a unit, and easily recalled afterwards. In short, his past experience with written English enables him to accomplish a feat which for the illiterate person, seems almost superhuman." ¹

1. Ibid. p. 73.

A development of this example, which displays a higher level of activity, is also described by Hunter. In subject matter it comes nearer to the realm of the action of literary critical perception:

For example, when we listen to a person telling a story, we do not treat each momentary complex of sound as a separate unit, nor very often each word or even sentence. Rather, we treat the incoming auditory events in terms of their meaning. As we listen, we build up themes and sub-themes, note climaxes and turning points in the story. We abstract what, for us, are the essential characteristics of the story. We retain successive sound sequences only long enough to bring the essence of the story up to date, and then let the myriad details of the moment go. In short, when we listen, we group the auditory signals not only into words but into those larger, more synoptic units whose distinguishing labels are called ideas. And when we recall, it is these group characteristics, these ideas, which we re-introduce into the present attempt, with more or less success, to ¹ expand out into a word-by-word re-telling of the story.

In aesthetic memory the units are ideas which are also percepts. The way memory units function in organizing ever-widening areas of knowledge and experience may account for, or at least parallel, the generalizing tendency in perception.

These units are necessarily different in every individual, as they are dependent upon individual experience, which, paradoxically and in a self-perpetuating way, they themselves shape. Nevertheless, each individual, however much his units of knowledge and perception vary in content from those of other people, still uses his units in the same way: as the key to organization of progressing levels of memory and consequent expansion of perceptual activity. Thus, when Lawrence

1. Ibid. p. 74.

characterizes elements in a work of art as "life-revealing" he is able to take them all up as one element into a discussion on another plane; in the process, however, he is subsuming these elements into a perceptive unit, conditioned by his past experience and shaping his present awareness. They are units peculiar to his perceptive activity alone; and yet, however idiosyncratic they may seem, his activity is still shaped by the same inescapable organizing method. At times he is more at the mercy of this method than possibly any other critic; even, when his personal perceptual units are unsuited to his immediate material, to the extent of distorting the work he is criticising. However, there are also times when he uses the method more flexibly (see later account of his "Scrutiny of John Galsworthy") and there are times when his personal percept units are supremely apt for interpreting his material. (See later account of Hardy and American essays.)

Some other aspects of memory which facilitate, or work towards, the process described above are worth mentioning, for the present purpose.¹ One of them is the function of forgetting. "Immediate forgetting" enables one to shed cumbersome material as soon as it has served its immediate practical purpose; but it can also produce a factor of error in comparison of events separated by time. It facilitates the generalising tendency inherent in the progressive subsumption of units but also invites the dangers inherent in generalization. Professor Hunter

1. Professor Hunter's account is dislocated and elaborated upon in an attempt to consolidate the main interest of this thesis. He is by no means responsible for any distortion which has resulted in the process.

puts it the other way round as well: the influence of present context shapes memory deposits in that it usually effects the forgetting of what is not relevant to the present. "In short, the person's ongoing activities exert a continuing and progressive natural selection on what he retains from his past for use in the future."¹ A critic's developing judgment progresses in an analogous way. The element of error should always be checked, however. Ideally, the critic should write as near in time to the experience of (renewed) perception as possible - having taken an earlier reading, after which perception has had time to mature and order itself.

It must also be said, however, that cumulative experience in what to forget should be numbered along with the other skills which facilitate the older, or more experienced, critic's ability to respond clearly and aptly. Along with practise in exercising as flexibly as possible the patterns of stored perceptual reference (based on experiences which accumulate in range as time goes on) should most properly exist an increasing deftness in weeding and shedding the irrelevant. Certainly, Lawrence's response to literature became clearer as he got older (if not, in his case, always more apt) as he consolidated his ability to forget, or ignore, what was not to his purpose. This was doubtless the cause of some of his critical blind spots, but it also facilitated his most characteristic ability as a critic: that of appearing to shed all but the necessary minimum of past memories in order to attend entirely to this thing alone at this time.

1. Ibid. p. 92.

The folk-story is a strange example, allied to the literary sphere if not properly part of it, both of remembering and forgetting making typical and important contributions in shaping an item as it lives in a kind of collective memory. A tale persists because it is remembered and passed on, but the minute details of the original, if original event there ~~were~~ are gradually either shed by forgetting, or distorted by continual selection, until only the bare bones of the tale remain, strangely transformed, with the inimitable folk tale quality growing in the process. In individual interpretation of a tale, each person abstracts a complex of characteristics which may differ from that abstracted by another (as may be seen when paraphrase exercises are given to a number of people). "This means that what different people retain will be different; and so too will be their subsequent retelling of the story." ¹ But the folk tale story, in being passed from subject to subject, becomes conventional. "It retains only those characteristics which can readily be assimilated to that background of past experience which all members of the chain share in common." ² Hence the shedding or "forgetting" of other matter.

Similarly, both artist and critic work within, and are conditioned by, the collective memory of their cultural tradition. The historian of literature is well aware of how the tradition changes as it passes from age to age while a central core, able to be assimilated by the cultural sensibility of every age, nevertheless remains the same. "Forgetting"

1. Ibid. p. 156. My underlining.

2. Ibid. p. 150.

in this context, however, is something to be combated, in order to preserve the fullness of the cultural heritage. Each decade of critics "re-discovers" a neglected corner of art, re-directs the searchlights among the shadows surrounding the sun, thus ephemerally leaving the "impress of the moving age" of criticism.

Lawrence, as a critic, did not spend his best effort in those areas where light was already abundant. He worked, rather, in areas where he could shed "traditional" memories and approach new reading experiences undividedly for their own "life". He thus sacrificed the persuasive value of openly drawing upon tradition, even while he provided a stimulating antidote to school-ridden or tradition-bound criticism. Though this is true of the impression his criticism gives, it is probably not entirely true of the facts of his activity. The Bartlett experiments,¹ for example, strongly suggest that a "person's cultural background determines which element of an experience will be dominant."²

Experiments have shown that the anti-forgetting measure of repetition, when practised exclusively, has the same effect as exclusive concentration of sight upon a visual object. As in the latter case the object tends to disappear from the vision, so in the former does the repeated word tend to lose its meaning. This implies that progressive memory (and the widening of perception and thought) is more dependent for its life and extension on awareness of meaningful relationship of one item with other items than it is upon an effort simply to deepen memory traces of single units:

1. Ibid. pp. 150-153

2. Ibid. p. 150

normally, when a word is used it has meaning in the sense that it is a momentary component of some developing theme. The word normally arises in the course of a train of activity and leads on, through some of its attributes, to further related attributes and a continuation of the theme. But after repeated pronunciation, the meaningful continuation of the word is blocked since, now, the word leads only to its own recurrence. 1

The basic necessity for meaningfulness appears, by and large, to function below the level of consciousness, and its selective and constructive action may be to the detriment of accuracy and yet leave us unaware of the fact. In the Bartlett experiments, mentioned above, a story was told to one man, who then, in privacy, had to repeat it to another. That recipient then passed the story on to another in similar circumstances, who then did likewise - and so on through a series. The selective action of memory caused only part of the story as it was recounted at each telling of it to survive in the hearer's mind. The effort after meaning made by each hearer caused so many re-orientations of those elements which survived immediate forgetting and any other selective factors, that by the end of the experiment the original story was unrecognizable. Not only was it minus many items, but some things had been added, and the relationships between those that remained had been radically changed. Yet none of the subjects involved in these experiments was aware of doing anything other than simply repeating what he had heard.

1. Ibid. p. 109. Whereas, going over in one's mind a series of relationships deepens the grasp.

The critic clearly needs to be aware of these tendencies in human thought and perceptive activity, and, if he can, devise some method of counterbalancing it. The swing from Romantic criticism and the "personal heresy" to the linguistic precision of the New Critics is just such an effort on a wider scale. Some "new critics", however, hovered for a while on the brink of a further trap of unwariness - that of writing as if one system, by itself, can be entirely valid and complete. A salutary counterbalance is necessarily a partial activity and can itself distort if applied without awareness of its limitations.¹ The need for a high degree of awareness of the mechanics of critical activity does not recede under any circumstance.

There are several other tendencies of which the critic may be unaware, and which the psychology of memory brings to the fore. Professor Hunter brings a number of them together in an "overview" section:

What a person remembers is influenced by each of the three main phases of memory. First, his remembering of an event depends on his activities at the time of the original event: how he perceived the event, what he observed and did not observe, how he interpreted the event, the characteristics he abstracted, how these characteristics modified the retained effects of his cumulative past experience. Second, his remembering of an event depends on his activities at the time of remembering: what the present circumstances are, his states of preparedness for remembering, his need to make what he remembers relevant to the demands of the present situation as

1. A predictable swing away from extreme New Criticism eventually set in. Such critics as L.C. Knights and Derek Traversi are pleasingly deft in using the techniques of the New Critics as far as they **are** valuable, nevertheless subordinating them in service of a wider view.

he interprets it. Third, his remembering of an event depends on the accumulative effect of his past experience to date: on what he has retained of the event, and what he has not. 1

Of this phase he had earlier written:

The cumulative, ongoing organisation of long-term memory may make it difficult to distinguish between features which derived from this particular story and features which were taken in at other times and places. There may be confluence among the retained effects of different past experiences. In short, then, the characteristics produced by the person are those which, at the moment, he can recall from his original interpreting; and sometimes also characteristics which derive from other experiences and are now attributed to the story. 2

All this adds up to "predisposed perception" and "moulded recall".³ That is to say, circumstances can affect accuracy of perception at the time of experiencing it, and also after it has been experienced and stored away, as memory. Memory can be extremely useful and effective in tuning perception to accuracy. But recall that has been distorted can continue to shape incoming perception, and thus mistakes are perpetuated:

... a recalled object tends to be accentuated in regard to whatever characteristics the person abstracted as being dominant; and with repeated recalling there is a tendency towards greater and greater accentuation of these dominant characteristics. 4

The three versions of D.H. Lawrence's Studies in Classic American Literature are a good example of both characteristic felicities and mistakes being perpetuated and increasingly strengthened in a progressively sharper etching of Lawrence's critical opinion.

1. Ibid. pp. 254-5

2. Ibid. pp. 157-8

3. Ibid. p. 163

4. Ibid. p. 279

Professor Hunter goes on to write of the part which "imaging" plays in remembering - a point which came up in Professor Vernon's discussion of perception. Such "imaging", writes Professor Hunter is sometimes said to take place in "the mind's eye". The term is here used metaphorically to indicate instances when we experience sensory qualities in the absence of appropriate sensory stimulation. There are three points to notice about "imaging": it is an activity; we cannot directly observe the quality and content of anyone's "imaging" but our own; and the nature and extent of imaging must be assumed to differ widely from one person to another. Each person, writes Professor Hunter, "accepts his own modes of imaging uncritically and tends to assume that everyone else experiences in the same way."¹ If this assumption were a true one there could not exist the wide and stimulating variety of critical opinion available to the reader of criticism today. On the other hand, a certain amount of wariness in making such basic assumptions, might lead to less direct misunderstanding, and more useful dialogue between critics in the pages of monthly and quarterly magazines.

Imaging not only varies from person to person, however. It also varies within the individual from time to time. Because of the construing activity of memory, and the variables involved in its three phases, an individual never has precisely the same memory experience twice. A man, writes Professor Hunter:

... often does the same sort of thing twice, but he never literally duplicates any single activity, whether it be a performance or a conscious experience ... The same is true of recalling it - it never literally reinstates a past experience or activity. ²

The ability to remember something of sameness, and thus to perceive its

¹ Ibid. p. 185

² Ibid. p. 202

like again, is necessary both to stability and development. Absolute precision of sameness in recall and experience would preclude both. Growth requires both continuity *and* change. Awareness of sameness and yet of difference in his experience and recall is a necessary step in the "growth" or development of a critic.

In conclusion, three interesting quotations, made by Professor Hunter at various points, recall all aspects of the psychology of memory so far discussed:

In a system, every fact is connected with every other by some thought-relation. The consequence is that every fact is retained by the combined suggestive power of all the other facts in the system, and forgetfulness is well nigh impossible. (Principles of Psychology, William James, vol. 1. 1891, pp. 662-3)¹

We gain an insight by these experiments into the marvellous number *and* nimbleness of our mental associations, and we also learn that they are very far indeed from being infinite in their variety. We find that our working stock of ideas is narrowly limited and that the mind continually recurs to the same instruments in conducting its operations, therefore its tracks necessarily become more defined and its flexibility diminishes as age advances. (From Inquiries into Human Faculty, by F. Galton) 2

I conclude from the proved number of faint and barely conscious thoughts, and from the proved iteration of them, that the mind is perpetually travelling over familiar ways without our memory retaining any impression of its excursions. Its footsteps are so light and fleeting that it is only by such experiments as I have described that we can learn anything about them. It is apparently always engaged in mumbling over its old stores. (F. Galton) 3

These are three points of which a critic needs to keep himself continually aware: that, in perceptive activity and critical comment upon his perceptions, he inevitably exercises a system and is limited by the nature of that system, ^{though} rightly used, ^{it} has tremendous possibilities; and that we have only too strong and natural a tendency to overlook how it works - which oversight may facilitate some parts of the activity, or hinder it in others.

¹ Ibid. p. 96

² Ibid. p. 252

³ Ibid. p. 265

D. The Personal Context and the Unconscious Activity

The account given above, from M.D. Vernon's book The Psychology of Perception, only touched upon the influence of personality on perceptive activity. Personality has frequently left the most incontrovertible marks upon the work of some great critics. Indeed, the influence of personality has been thought of as one of the marks of a good critic. Martin Turnell, in "An Essay on Criticism", quotes from Gourmont's Promenades littéraires, I:

In order to be a good critic, indeed, one must possess a strong personality. The critic must impose himself on the reader and to this end he must rely not on the choice of subject, but on the quality of his own mind. The subject is of small importance in art, or at any rate, it is only one part of art; it is of no more importance in criticism where it is never more than a pretext. 1

Whether one could agree with this, and whether or not it has been or can be decided how great a critic D.H. Lawrence is, the above quotation clearly applies to him. In no other critic is personality more dominant. It seems relevant, therefore, to consider some points which arise from psychology's account of the role of personality in perception.

In "Personality Dynamics and the Process of Perceiving" Jerome S. Bruner comments that the symposium to which his paper is contributing, Perception : An Approach to Personality edited by Robert R. Blake and Glenn V. Ramsay, "might as easily have been called Personality : An Approach to Perception."² This seems to be a fair comment and consequently two essays from the symposium, Dr Bruner's and Dr James G. Miller's "Unconscious Processes and Perception", are examined here.

¹ The Dublin Review, 1948, p. 93

² Perception : An Approach to Personality, p. 145 This symposium is an American publication: there are consequent differences in spelling in the quotations taken from it.

The choice of these two essays is because the connotations of their formulations seem particularly adapted to my present purpose.¹

Until his time of writing, Dr Bruner points out, there had been two approaches to the interaction of personality and perception research; there had been the approach of the "perceptionists" of which "the result is usually a projection of perception categories on to the nature of personality";² and there had been the personality-centred approach in which "the major emphasis is upon the representation of certain generalised personality processes in different specific spheres of mental functioning".³ Bruner feels, however, that "the two approaches must inevitably converge, the result being a set of personality variables useful in perceptual theory and a set of perceptual variables essential in personality theory". At that happy point of convergence, he continues, doubtless personality theory and perceptual theory will themselves merge into a common theory of behaviour.⁴ From the point of view of a psychology of criticism it is most desirable that a merging of method and vocabulary of that kind should take place; for the critic, as critic, is pre-eminently both person and perceiver. In activities other than criticism either personality or perception tends to be more important.

"At its most general level ... certain perceptual laws can be stated without regard to the principles which account for individual differences "

¹ These essays by Dr Bruner and Dr Miller were published six years before Professor Hunter's book, and ten years before Professor Vernon's. It would seem, however, that the work of psychologists in the meantime absorbed and built upon the findings which Dr Bruner and Dr Miller describe in these essays, rather than undermining or disproving them.

² Ibid. p. 121

³ Ibid. p. 122

⁴ Ibid. p. 122

writes Dr Bruner.¹ This is the kind of account which this thesis has given so far. There is, ~~now~~, however, a more personality-aware disposition behind Dr Bruner's attempt to shape a theory which will offer:

laws to account for the systematic judgmental and perceptual tendencies of different groups of people displaying different personality patterns - not just general laws of perception each embellished with a statement of variance. 2

← The difference is reflected in the terminology he uses. What has, up to now, been described as "predisposition due to past experience" - which could be found in any kind of animal life - Dr Bruner defines as "hypothesis", a word which implies that the context is a thinking being:

... perceiving begins with an expectancy or hypothesis. In the language of Woodworth, we not only see, but we look for, not only hear but listen to. In short, perceiving takes place in a 'tuned organism'. 3

As he goes on to describe hypothesis he slips into the personal, rather than impersonal pronoun. Dr Bruner's language is not as clear and precise as Professor Vernon's or Professor Hunter's, but it is for this reason more sympathetic to the purpose of the present thesis. Once perceptive personality types are "labelled" as "sharpeners" or "levellers", "form-labile" or "form-bounded", they are pinned-down, abstracted from the reality of experience, and are merely terminological counters. To speak of a "tuned organism" as Dr Bruner does, however, is to be at once scientifically more vague, but to the critic of art, or student of humanities, empirically more precise. As a critic I am aware of being a "tuned organism" - that is precisely it. But I have never known or felt "form-lability" or "form-boundedness".

¹ Ibid. p. 123

² Ibid. p. 123

³ Ibid. p. 124

The reason for the difference is doubtless that Dr Bruner was writing earlier, and trying to pioneer a field. His language is more vague as he is feeling around in an area not yet defined. As such it is in fact more difficult to read, but in its very labouring it suggests the kind of activity that goes on in the critic, feeling for expression of some new experience. This is how Dr Bruner writes of the perceptual process which is now familiar:

What evokes an hypothesis? Any given hypothesis results from the arousal of central cognitive and motivational processes by preceding environmental states of affairs.

The second analytic step in the perceiving process is the input of information from the environment ...

The third step in the cycle is a checking or confirmation procedure. Input information is confirmatory to or congruent with the operative hypothesis, or it is in varying degree infirming or incongruous. If confirmation does not occur, the hypothesis shifts in a direction partly determined by internal or personological or experiential factors and partly on the basis of feedback from the learning which occurred in the immediately preceding, partly unsuccessful information-checking cycle. 1

This quotation describes the process in more experiential terms, as opposed to the neutral experimental definitions of the other writers.

The experiential as opposed to experimental quality in Dr Bruner's exposition is concretised in the points he raises for discussion.

Speaking of what our previous authors have termed "instruction" Bruner says:

A hypothesis can be tuned selectively for the perception of colors of a certain hue; more often it is tuned to the perception of such environmental attributes as personal warmth or threateningness or the need-gratifyingness of objects of a certain kind ... 2

¹ Ibid. p. 124

² Ibid. p. 125

This is the kind of perceptive tuning ~~that~~ opens the sensibility to aesthetic awareness. That is to say that we open awareness to the feeling stimulated by a work of art and then try to mark how it was created by which techniques. Dr Bruner's interests lead him into the area of emotive perceptions, and thus nearer to the realm of aesthetic perception than the previous accounts of physical perception. Dr Bruner continues:

This is in no sense to imply that hypotheses about the environment are wishful in nature. They may and do tune the organism to aspects of the environment the perception of which is a guide to the most realistic behaviour. ¹

This is worth clarifying in connection with criticism. Object-ridden criticism, or criticism which is entirely preoccupied with numbers of images, patterns of diction, counting of feet, description of formal structure, and so on, is not complete criticism. Nor is entirely emotional criticism complete but criticism which aims at discovering the less easily definable, central feeling qualities of a work is not necessarily sentimental waffling. At its best it is "a tuning of the perception to most realistic behaviour".

As do Professors Vernon and Hunter, Dr Bruner also sees the organization of past experience in terms of a system:

A specific hypothesis is not simply an isolated expectancy about the environment but rather relates to more integrated systems of belief or expectancy about environmental events in general. ²

but having said that "The more frequently a hypothesis or expectancy has been confirmed in the past, the greater will be its strength"³ he goes

¹ Ibid. p. 125

² Ibid. p. 125

³ Ibid. p. 126

on to point out that one confirmation of a contrary hypothesis can have a very marked effect on the former hypothesis.¹ "We do not wish" he continues "to belittle the importance of past experience qua past experience in determining our hypotheses but only to guard against over-simplification."² Thus Dr Bruner indicates for us the reason why a critic can be expected, in spite of all that has so far been said here, to remain flexible in approaching something new, and also to go on developing and adapting. That memory of past experience is necessary to development has now been sufficiently emphasised. In turn the ability of past experience to give way to straightforwardly recognised newness instead of dictating interpretation must also be stressed.

When Dr Bruner goes on to examine the nature of information, implications arise which, since the advent of words like "complexity", "irony" and "ambiguity" in the vocabulary of criticism, are of great interest. While writing on the role of motivational support in strengthening hypotheses, Dr Bruner had mentioned such motives as "an individual's hierarchy of personal values", "achievement need", "social validation" and so on. Experiments designed to discover such motives in their subjects worked by using low-grade information (ambiguous material) to give scope for free construction according to individual hypotheses. At the same time they revealed something of the nature of information (the incoming data of experience) as related to the perceiver. Describing these particular experiments, Dr Bruner says:

¹ Ibid. p. 128

² Ibid. p. 129

It is primarily when we are dealing with 'low-grade' or unreliable stimulus-information that one gets a clear view of the differences in hypotheses which different individuals normally employ. Given high grade, reliable information, differences tend to be washed out. ¹

"In sum", he concludes "the less 'ambiguous' the information, the less the effect of past experience in confirming the hypothesis and the greater use of input information."²

Allowing, for the moment, that "poetic ambiguity" is the intrinsic tension, structure, or being of a poem, what can be made of this? It would seem logical to say that if "poetic ambiguity" is the heart of the matter, the more there is the better, or more so, the poem. But it seems that by ordinary rules of communication it should rather be said that the poorer, or the more ambiguous, the information the wider the area of inevitable subjective addition. This would mean less unanimity among critics and less likelihood of soundly based judgment, communal agreement, or "tradition".

But this is the antithesis of what experience has learnt to expect of poetry statements in general. In fact, the better the poem, the more clearly and easily is unanimity (of a kind) achieved among critical opinion about it. For a moment it seems as if the ever-elusive central secret of the nature of statement in poetry, its essence, that by which it can be recognised as such, as opposed to any other statement-not-in-poetry, has been stumbled upon. Could it simply be said that the laws which govern the information value of statement in poetry are the direct antithesis of those governing the information value of any other statement: the more ambiguous the better?

¹ Ibid. p. 132-3

² Ibid. p. 134

It would be a neat and immediate explanation, but alas it is not so. Such a statement has a wide kind of inaccurate, general, descriptive validity, but no explanatory value. What is brought to the fore, by the confrontation of poetry and experimental findings about information, is that there are two kinds of ambiguity. The experiments only treated of one kind, and must therefore be said to have revealed an aspect of ambiguity rather than an aspect of information in the sense wide enough to include statement in poetry. There are, therefore, two different laws, rather than one rule with a magnificent exception, poetry, whose successful individuality depends ^{on its} being the direct antithesis of the law. The first law might be that uncontrolled ambiguity ranks as poor information in ordinary statement and in poetry; in poetry it leads to leakiness of thought and feeling in the critic rather than a new, unique organisation of the two in relation. The second law might be that controlled ambiguity is informative and precise, and can appear in prose as well as poetry, though the latter uses it very much more frequently, and excels in capacity to organise more ambiguity at a time, ~~of~~ more subtle kinds.

Two things should be mentioned. First, it is not necessarily so that the more poetic ambiguity the better - a "simple" poem can be better than a "complex" one. The simplest controlled statement in poetry can usually only be produced by an advanced or "sophisticated" shaper of thoughts, feelings and words. Poetic simplicity which is not the product of such advanced control does not usually come clearly into the realm of poetry, for example ballads, or Patience Strong. Thus ambiguity of a kind exists even in the simplest poetry. A closer formulation is

that it is probably not the amount of poetic ambiguity controlled, but the kind, the particular delicacy and forcefulness, of the control, which is at the heart of the matter. The better the control, the greater tellingness and suitability of the ambiguity, the greater refinement of its delicately adjusted precision, the better the poem. Thus, the essence of poetry may be said to lie in its kind of control of the ambiguities of experience, in all areas of experience and expression.

Secondly, it should be added that what is here suggested of poetry is meant to refer similarly to any kind of artistic literary production. It is the critic's task to tune himself to as subtle a searching out as is required by the work under discussion, of the kind of its precision. D.H. Lawrence, as a critic, was a tireless seeker of ambiguities in an artist's work, but usually it was in order to say "j'accuse".

The last point in Dr Bruner's "Personality Dynamics and Perceiving" which can be relevantly subsumed into a "psychology of criticism" is his tentative treatment of the investigation of cues:

If we wish to work on personality factors in perceiving, then we must concentrate upon the investigation of these environmental cues which are appropriate to the confirmation of hypotheses which reflect basic personality patterns. By and large these environmental cues are not size or color cues or brightness cues. They are cues which aid more directly in our inter-personal adjustment: the apparent warmth or coldness of people, the apparent threateningness of situations, the apparent intelligence or apparent sincerity of others. ¹

Dr Bruner realises that in measuring this kind of thing experimentally one is unable to rely upon neutral physical measures as points of reference. The critic is used to not relying primarily upon such aids

¹ Ibid. p. 140

and follows Dr Bruner's argument the more sympathetically. Dr Bruner goes on to propose something that, to a scientist, is a highly tentative theory but which a critic tacitly accepts as "given" in critical activity.¹ Dr Bruner's theory is that:

... variations in the attributes of the perceived self provide the most highly relevant stimulus information for confirming adjustmentally relevant hypotheses, i.e. hypotheses the confirmation of which are crucial to adjustment. 2

Or, it might be said, for confirming relevant reactions to a work which are necessary for judgment to take place pertinently.

These "attributes of the perceived self" which are the working tools of the critic Dr Bruner's psychological acuity defines as "self-salience, what in every day language is probably called self-consciousness" and "the sense of self-potency ... the sense of being able to act effectively in a situation ..." ³ Although Dr Bruner suspects, and the critic may take it as a warning, that self cues are ambiguous, they still play an inevitable part in a personality's perception. The perceiving personality of the critic, in particular, is more aware of utilizing self-salience than the individual going about his daily business, largely unconscious of the perceptive and organizing activities which promote his movements and thoughts. Speaking in general, Dr Bruner mentions the need to find some way to "reduce over-dependence upon self-salient cues and increase the extent to which an individual maximizes self-potency cues".⁴ This may be an adjustment designed to meet Bruner's

¹ It is taken as "given" that a critic can only work from his own perception, if he is writing genuine criticism and not acting as a mouthpiece for something or someone else.

² Ibid. p. 143

³ Ibid. pp. 143-4

⁴ Ibid. p. 144

interpretation of need in society at the time and place of his writing. In criticism, it is probably best to attain a mutual balance of the two kinds of cues. For effective criticism this balance should be consciously kept under control, and therefore requires conscious scrutiny—thus the relevance of this formulation to the critic. D.H. Lawrence may be said to have had a tendency to err on the side of self-potency.

James G. Miller, in the same symposium, writes a chapter on "Unconscious Processes and Perception".¹ His intention, useful to the purpose here, is to gather the unconscious elements in perception, which have so far only been gestured towards, and positively construct an approach to them. His concluding argument has much relevance to the critic's experience that, however careful and aware he is of the processes of critical activity which have so far been described, he cannot, in the last analysis, say that his decisions have been completely and consciously controlled from beginning to end. My experience of critical activity is that after trying to begin with an entirely open mind, one begins to pick up clues on the way which direct and begin to shape a forthcoming decision. In the last lap, however, the decision seems to leap ahead and make itself; whereupon one redoubles tracks to the last conscious formulation made, and proceeds from there to try and continue rationally to verify the last stages of the decision - now already made. One can never finally account for how the decision was reached, even though usually able to find credible substantiation for the position.

¹ Ibid. p. 258

Dr Miller begins, however, from research which indicates that there is "an initial withdrawal of the organism from parts of the environment not contacted previously",¹ and continues by repeating Hilgard's statement that one of the goals of perception is the achievement of environmental stability.² Fear of the unknown or the ambiguous causes attempts to create stability by tendencies in the organism to see anything rather than nothing, and "to construct concrete things out of the patterns we perceive, for the concrete things have definiteness".³ Dr Miller continues:

Whitehead has called this deceptive mode of thought 'the fallacy of misplaced concreteness'⁴ and points to the numerous occasions when scholars in many fields have believed that just because something is given a name it exists as a concrete reality ... It would seem that a sort of determining tendency drives thinking towards reification. ⁵

Although the usefulness of such conceptions as "tradition" and other working methods of classification has earlier been commented upon there is a qualifying "but" to the practice. It is this kind of tendency which D.H. Lawrence was criticising when he denounced "pseudo-scientific classifying" in his homily on critical activity.⁶ Dr Miller comments that such false interpretation in order to do away with ignorance or combat ambiguity is repeated in many fields of life. The more likely a danger is

¹ Ibid. p. 261

² Ibid. Chapter 4

³ Ibid. p. 262. This is a quotation made by Dr Miller from the paper by E.R. Hilgard, which is Chapter 4 in the same symposium.

⁴ Process and Reality, by A.N. Whitehead. New York 1929, p. 11

⁵ Perception : An Approach to Personality, p. 263. My underlining.

⁶ Ph. p. 539. As so often, with Lawrence's sweeping dismissals, there is a basis of sound insight into human nature behind what he says.

it, therefore, in the field of criticism where the subject matter is frequently ambiguous by its very nature. The history of criticism abounds with labels, frequently imprecise, ambivalent, or even unmeaningful. Such labels, once attached to a work or an artistic movement, often obscure its real qualities, and sometimes manage to perpetuate the misunderstanding for generations. Labels of this kind may also be used as a smoke-screen to disguise a critic's incomplete comprehension.

The next point of interest in Dr Miller's paper is his demonstration that the nervous system operates at different levels. He points out, at first, the completely unconscious functioning of physiologically based percepts such as food instincts and awareness of time, and also the demonstrably quasi-biological rhythms of language behaviour and so on.¹ He goes on to treatment of subliminal perception, or the functioning, below awareness, of the kind of perception one normally thinks of as working at the conscious level. As an example Dr Miller describes experiments by Wolf and Huntley:

Wolf ... presented to each of his subjects the subject's own voice, profile, shape, picture of hands, mirrored writing, and other forms of expression by other subjects ... Huntley ... obtained definite statistical evidence that in most cases a subject preferred his own form of expression, though he was often unaware that his was in the series ... When asked to point out their own forms of expression, subjects often could not comply. This proves that the differentiation characteristics in such cases were subliminal.²

¹ See Perception: An Approach to Personality, pp. 265-8 for fascinating examples.

² Ibid. p. 271

Dr Miller further quotes the work of McCleary and Lazarus who found, by recording galvanic skin-reaction to nonsense syllables presented tachistoscopically, that "even though words were presented so briefly that they were not recognised, nevertheless there was a reliably greater galvanic skin reaction in response to the nonsense syllables associated with shock, which would suggest that unconscious perception had occurred."¹ For Dr Miller this points to "the relatively secondary importance of the rational processes."² It also demonstrates the operation of the nervous system at different levels.

Dr Miller describes the activities of such a nervous system thus:

Frequently, it operates as several relatively independent machines. Sometimes they are hooked up in one sort of hierarchy, sometimes in another, but from time to time they operate at different levels nearly independently.³

Such an argument is in sharp contrast to the descriptions of psychologists up to the time at which Dr Miller was writing. His predecessors had stressed the unitary character of the human organism. In contrast, Dr Miller speaks of a "non-unitary organism", not to suggest that the parts could separate without detriment, but that the possibilities of independent levels of activity prepares the reader to accept a central unrelatedness in mind activity which he goes on to expound.

When such terms as organizing systems, hypotheses, cognitive maps, and so on, are used, Dr Miller argues, they include an

¹ Ibid. p. 272

² Ibid. p. 272

³ Ibid. p. 275

implication that these processes are carried out rationally by the organism. On the contrary, he says, "the primary principle behind our perceptive processes ... is ... the inductive process of irrational belief."¹ There is "a basic and primitive tendency of the organism to find security by making inductive guesses on the basis of what probabilities can be estimated from experience, jumping from them to some form of certainty."²

Perhaps best of all it is illustrated by the way Helen Keller, at the age of six, suddenly one day felt her teacher write the word "w-a-t-e-r" on one hand while the other was held under a stream from a faucet. Thus the "mystery of language was revealed" to her and she was enabled for the first time to make the induction to the existence of the external world and to the meaningfulness of symbols - symbols which up to that time because of her blindness and deafness she had been utterly unable to comprehend. From then on she was able, on the basis of this single induction and the many that followed from it,³ to develop for herself a perception of the external world.

As a more everyday example Dr Miller quotes the way in which the statistical averages of experience which we use as presumptions lead us to conclude that the embers dying away in the fire are the remnants of the same blazing logs left when we went out. Or, further, he describes statistics as "the mathematics of ignorance" which give us a way of coming to conclusions when it is physically impossible to know the character of a whole population.

"This process of inductive belief" Dr Miller concludes "is the most essential cognitive process in the organism. ... It is

¹ Ibid. p. 279

² Ibid. p. 277

³ Ibid. pp. 277-8

a highly effective process, as evidenced by the skill with which the human race carries on and the amount of agreement concerning external reality which exists among us." But, he goes on "Sometimes ... this process goes awry and results in rigidity of perception and ... prejudice ..."¹ This perhaps may be what happens on occasion to D.H. Lawrence's criticism, but certainly Dr Miller's account of this aspect of the perceptive process is a felicitously precise description of what seems to happen to the critic when his judgment leaps ahead of his control and thus requires post facto verification rather than gradual discovery to the end. The critic need not despair that he cannot finally say how the last step in his judgment was made, for:

An important thing to realize about this mechanism is that a very large part of it goes on entirely unconsciously - like the iceberg, it is mostly under water. ²

This final, incalculable element is most likely so to remain.

Recognition that this finally non-rational grasp of a conclusion is inherent in all criticism gives more validity to Lawrence's most characteristic behaviour as a critic. His work is so full of intuitive jumps that it may easily be thought that it is not really criticism proper, and can only be pertinent by a stroke of luck. In the light of Dr Miller's argument he is as close to general critical method on this central point as anyone else.

¹ Ibid. p. 278

² Ibid. p. 278

E. Schemata in Action.

Parts of the perceptual process which can be scrutinized, as opposed to the part of the iceberg which is under water, also have a tendency to lapse from conscious to unconscious activity. Consequently, some careless or even prejudiced thought is promoted which it is possible to remedy. Mary Lascelles Abercrombie's The Anatomy of Judgment is a report on a venture of this kind which involved her virtually in observing schemata in action.

Contrary to what might be expected, an account of such schemata, or patterns of past experience in perception is particularly relevant in an account intended to throw light on the kind of criticism which D.H. Lawrence wrote. Lawrence's stated conviction (in the only passage where he speaks directly, and for as much as a page, about criticism) is of the importance to criticism of an "educated" critic. It is true that he says:

Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced upon the critic by the book that he is criticizing. Criticism can never be a science: it is, in the first place, much too personal, and in the second, it is concerned with values that science ignores. The touchstone is emotion, not reason. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion, and nothing else. All the critical twiddle-twaddle about style and form, all this pseudo-scientific classifying and analysing of books in an imitation-botanical fashion, is mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon.¹

but this is qualified by the fact that he was clearly writing with a certain group of critics, and a certain kind of criticism

¹ Phoenix. p. 539

in mind.¹ Moreover, Lawrence was writing with the knowledge that his own work was completely misunderstood by the prevalent conventions of contemporary criticism.

Apart from the hint of animosity, the kind of thing Lawrence meant is clear, and in a general way it is right. The emphasis he makes is on one of the important elements in the critical balance. A scientist might ask: what, or where, is "our sincere and vital emotion" that anything can be measured "by" it or "on" it? Hazy of definition, and in location, it seems a dubious yardstick, about which Lawrence nevertheless writes as if it has a concrete or absolute existence for him. As he continues he becomes more precise, and begins to move into the field of preoccupations similar to those of this thesis:

A critic must be able to feel the impact of a work of art in all its complexity and its force. To do so, he must be a man of force and complexity himself, which few critics are. ... the man who is emotionally educated is rare as a phoenix.²

¹ Andor Gomme, in his article in Critics who have influenced Taste, writes: "In 1925, so preponderant was the view of fiction endorsed by such ostensibly different men as Percy Lubbock and Arnold Bennett that the pious mumblings of Edith Wharton on the rival claims of novels of character and of situation would receive respectful attention from readers unable to grasp C.H. Rickword's point that both character and situation are just devices which an author uses to further a larger purpose. The larger purpose was always what Lawrence was after, asking how far a novel serves life ... insisting on the novel's interrelatedness: ... when Lubbock was plodding on about Richardson's difficulties with the letter-writing convention Lawrence was striking deeper, direct to the heart of things, attacking Richardson for his 'calico purity', his 'underclothing excitement'. / The heart of things: Lubbock and Mrs Wharton were writing books of rules - rules for writing which inevitably became rules for reading as well, and Lawrence did not believe in rules." (p. 96)

² Phoenix, p. 539

It is here that Lawrence tacitly recognizes the immense importance of past experience in criticism, in spite of his insistence on spontaneity and naïveté: a man cannot be educated in any sense divorced from the condition of having learnt from past experience. Lawrence continues:

More than this, even an artistically and emotionally educated man must be a man of good faith. He must have the courage to admit what he feels, as well as the flexibility to know what he feels. ¹

It is the flexibility to know what one feels that this thesis is interested in promoting, by bringing to the critical activity the light which is thrown on perceptive activity in general by experimental psychology. Lawrence's intuitive choice of words has on this occasion, as on so many others, an unerring pertinence to findings about human activity. The connotations of the word "flexibility" are precisely those in tune with the kind of organisational activity described in the foregoing pages.

Lawrence does not go on to say how the rare education towards being a man of force and complexity can be obtained. He would probably have felt it a task beyond the scope of the conventional educator, for he was really thinking of the finally untouchable individuality of a man's sensibility which alone construes his perception for him. The teacher knows that there is something in his pupil that ultimately he cannot change in any way: he can educate or lead out what is there, he can change

¹ Phoenix, p. 539

methods of intake or output, and quantity, scope or nature of knowledge, but there is that in an individual which finally establishes his own relationship with his knowledge, and it is this which cannot be directly wrought upon by any of the usual educative methods.

It is the secondary, equally rare, educational element of acquiring flexibility to know how one feels that can be approached and improved by educational techniques. Knowing what one feels is closely related to knowing what one thinks - for in the perceptual process of intake and organization of experience or "information", feeling and thinking are intimately entwined. Mrs Abercrombie's experiment was designed to improve perceptual awareness and precision by scrutiny of how we think, feel, and judge. It includes the secondary part of Lawrence's rare ideal and attends to it with more thoroughness than Lawrence's own swift gesture.

Mrs Abercrombie's book begins from the point reached above: for her the context of perception and judgment is the personality. But her argument is less abstract than Dr Bruner's or Dr Miller's for it is based on concrete examples. Her subjects in her experiments were students and her motive her disappointment as a teacher in the effect, or lack of it, that university education had had upon their habits of thought. Experience taught Mrs Abercrombie that her students might be able to recite the lines of a theory, but were usually unable to apply them in argument; or, in performing some set task of diagnosis,

they seemed unable to discriminate between what they had been taught ought to be found and what in fact was to be found.

It will become evident from the account of Mrs Abercrombie's method that she made full allowance for, in fact she thoroughly utilised, the fact that perception and judgment are conducted in the context of unique personality and unique personal experience. Nevertheless, there is a tacit assumption behind her work that the basic techniques of perception, memory, thought and judgment are the same for every one:

My hypothesis¹ is that we may learn to make better judgments if we can become aware of some of the factors that influence their formation. We may then be in a position to consider alternative judgments and to choose from among many instead of blindly and automatically accepting the first that comes; in other words, we may become more receptive, or mentally more flexible. 2

Receptivity and flexibility, the keynotes of D.H. Lawrence's description of criticism, are, then, the aim.

In testing her hypothesis Mrs Abercrombie was "strongly influenced" by two recent branches of research: that of S.H. Foulkes on group analytic psychotherapy which organised and put to work her perception that the difficulties she was trying to attack "were related to general attitudes or personal predispositions";³ and by the research of the late Adelbert

¹ The word is not used here in Dr Bruner's sense of a "tuned organism", but in the technical sense of the formulation which the experiment is designed to test.

² The Anatomy of Judgment, by M.L. Johnson Abercrombie, p. 17

³ Ibid. p. 16

Ames, Jr., and others who have worked on the projective nature of perception.¹

Before beginning her experimental report, Mrs Abercrombie carefully defines her terms. She introduces the notion of schema or schemata: a notion which, she says, is helpful to us in expressing and grasping the relation of old and new information, and in thinking about how past experiences predispose an organism to behave in certain ways rather than in others.² "Schemata" is thus a psychologist's name for the patterns into which perceptual activity is organised; while in art criticism (e.g. Art and Illusion, by E.H. Gombrich) it is, or has been, a name for the technical patterns into which expression is organised.

Mrs Abercrombie supports her own use of the term schemata by quoting Bartlett who defined a schema as "an active organisation of past reactions or of past experiences which must always be supposed to be operating in any well-adapted organic response";³ Vernon who has described schemata as "persistent deep-rooted and well organised classifications of ways of perceiving, thinking and behaving";⁴ and Wolters who

¹ Ibid. p. 7

² Ibid. p. 18

³ Remembering, by F.C. Bartlett. Cambridge, 1932

⁴ "The Functions of Schemata in Perceiving" by M.D. Vernon. Psychol. Rev., 62, 180

stressed that the organisations are "living" and "flexible".¹

Mrs Abercrombie defines her terms further at later points: there are, she says, the complex of schemata which together determine what we call "attitude";² and there are loose associations of schemata (as opposed to experience organised into fairly well defined patterns) for which the term "assumption" seems more appropriate;³ also there are isolatable parts of a stimulus pattern which strongly affect interpretation and are called "clues" ("A clue guides us in selection of a schema for the part attended to, and as soon as we have selected a schema into which a specific part fits, the rest becomes context or background.")⁴

It is a property of schemata, by virtue of their schematic nature, to become at times insufficiently "living and flexible" and so it is that D.H. Lawrence's criticism often demonstrates the truth of Mrs Abercrombie's remark about the student: "If his assumptions are not modifiable he is unable to take in the new piece of information."⁵ Lawrence equally often, however,

¹ "Some Biological Aspects of Thinking" by A.W. Wolters. Brit. J. Psychol., 33, 176. Wolter's description of schemata as "living and flexible" is a combination of two of Lawrence's main requirements of the critic: the flexibility to know what he feels, and a seeking out of the life, or "living" quality of the work he is criticizing. This last is the dominant theme in Lawrence's own criticism.

² The Anatomy of Judgment, p. 35

³ Ibid. p. 54

⁴ Ibid. p. 31

⁵ Ibid. p. 42

provides an example of supremely "living and flexible" reaction, so much so that his perceptions give an impression of complete freshness and immediacy. His work will therefore be a fruitful test-case for the present approach to criticism.

Speaking of the first step in the critical activity, that is of reading, Mrs Abercrombie points out that schemata immediately come into play:

Most newspapers contain printer's errors which the ordinary reader does not notice; and this is an advantage, because if he did notice them his attention would stray ineffectively from the subject matter of the article. On the other hand for proof reading people train themselves to use such schemata as will help them to spot just those errors which the ordinary reader does better to ignore. 1

Thus from the beginning^a certain schema of perceptual intake is chosen and put into play. The next step comes in ability to interchange schemata in order to collect more information of different kinds and thus fill out the reader's knowledge about the thing he is concerned to absorb into his perceptual experience:

... When editing it is usually easier to read a manuscript separately for sense and for style, using different kinds of schemata successively, rather than to try and use both simultaneously. 2

At even higher levels of reading more schemata may be called into play: they may even according to the degree of familiarity with the subject matter, or the degree of practised reading skill come into play many at once, or as nearly simultaneously as

¹ Ibid. p. 30

² Ibid. p. 30

defies observation to discern otherwise.¹

Mrs Abercrombie's account of "The Case of the Cave Paintings", reveals the critical value of having as wide a repertory of "live" schemata as can be commanded. Two widely different interpretations of certain cave paintings have been put forward, she writes.² The conventional view, as expressed most authoritatively by Abbé Breuil, is that the artists depicted the animals in lively action.³ Such titles as "the bellowing bison", the "trotting boar", the "charging mammoth" are commonly given to the pictures. It is supposed that the artists were hunters who were so familiar with the behaviour of animals in the field that they were able to take back to the caves "snapshots" in their mind's eye of the beasts in characteristic poses, which they rendered in paint with extraordinary skill. However, Leason, an artist who had made drawings looking down on a cat and a snake that had killed each other, chanced to notice how vigorous the dead cat looked. When he saw reproductions of Quatercentenary cave art it never occurred to him that any other interpretation could be put upon them than this. He noted many features of the paintings - the position of the feet, the tail, the tongue hanging out - which resembled those of carcasses with muscles relaxed in death. He contrasted the realistic treatment of the head, which he felt indicated acute observation, with the failure to make the feet

¹ cf. Martin Turnell, in the Dublin Review: "the critic's tools improve with use."

² Ibid. pp. 35-38

³ Four Hundred Centuries of Cave Art, by H. Breuil. Montignac, 1952

look as though they supported the weight of the body, and concluded that the cave drawings were painstaking representations of carcasses lying on the ground.¹

No final conclusion has been reached between the two schools of thought, but such an instance reveals that flexibility in interpretative criticism, as does inventiveness or imagination in science, "depends on the possibilities of making new associations of schemata, especially those that were not developed in close association and that consequently have no conventional or traditional relationships."² The greater our number of schemata the greater our ability to do this, and the wider our area of critical competence. Mrs Abercrombie says that we acquire new schemata by the process of acting on what we see;³ thus it is in the critic's interest to go over what is new to him, and to "acquire" it, rather than submit to the primal impulse to reject what is not immediately "soluble in past experience," or "re-cognised."⁴

In going on to describe how schemata are acquired, Mrs Abercrombie has this to say. In the formulative stages we "naturally absorb a number of attitudes or behaviour patterns -

¹ "A New View of the Western Group of Quartercentenary Art".
Proc. Prehist. Soc. N.S. 5; 51

² The Anatomy of Judgment, p. 52

³ Ibid. p. 48

⁴ Problems of Life and Mind, by G.H. Lewes. London 1879, quoted by Mrs Abercrombie

i.e. complex of schemata or assumptions which are shared in common with the people around us who were similarly brought up."¹ It is the job of the parents and teachers, she continues, to instruct children in the ways of their given society, so that they may live harmoniously in it. Some of this instruction is verbal, most is non-verbal "taken in as it were by the pores of the skin from the wider culture in which we live."¹ In periods of stability and slow change the broad outlines of the pattern of culture are accepted by the majority almost unthinkingly: "Much of the body of culture is thus received from a source which is effectively anonymous."¹ In many ways it is the more difficult therefore to challenge the basic assumptions of one's age. Lawrence appeared to do so but his challenge to the moral and social values of his day was not one which aimed at radical change (though he may have thought it was) but more towards a redistribution of emphasis.²

His challenge to the literary forms of his age was more radical, but can be seen as the logical development of the tradition in which he worked. His challenge, as a writer of criticism, to the critical criteria of his age seem, at first glance, to be the only genuinely radical departure of all his

¹ Problems of Life and Mind, by G.H. Lewes. London 1879, quoted by Mrs Abercrombie

² Fr. William Tiverton's book D.H. Lawrence and Human Existence, and M.D. Petre's article "Some Reflections on D.H. Lawrence from the Catholic point of View" (Adelphi. 6. 1933), show the extent to which Lawrence spoke of central, European religious, moral, ^{and} social, values and experience. Lawrence himself was even more precise about his cultural affinities, claiming to be English through and through: "My Englishness is my very vision." CL. p. 371

efforts, appearing to be related to nothing of the kind in criticism either before or since. Closer examination of Lawrence's mixture of feeling and thought in criticism suggests, however, that he might be called a "Romantic" critic. There are, after all, inevitable ways in which Lawrence was a man of his age, and could be nothing else.

The emphasis on the shared nature of perception is intended only to indicate the human requirement of social context in perception and judgment. Nevertheless, the individual selective and constructive nature of the activity means that one still lives in "A world of one's own". This is in spite of sharing culture, family, experience, or whatever. Mrs Abercrombie gives

an example of going for a walk with her son. They both return with a different account of what they had seen. An even better example is the analogy with feeding which she then elaborates: a cow and a sheep feeding in the same meadow convert the grass into muscle and fat which, appearing in the butcher's shop or on the dinner plate, are to sight, taste and smell, recognizably different; members of the same family, eating the same food, transform it into biologically distinguishable substances, for the flesh of one person is biochemically different from that of every other. Nevertheless:

Although each person lives in his own world, only certain aspects of which he shares with other people, its building has been strongly affected by communication, mainly verbal, with other people which makes possible the testing of schemata. ¹

¹ The Anatomy of Judgment, p. 59

Lawrence puts it more poetically: "though man is first and foremost an individual being, yet the very accomplishing of his individuality rests upon his fulfilment in social life ... Life consists in the interaction between man and his fellows ..."¹

Methods of formal education are governed, continues Mrs Abercrombie, by the idea that heads are empty and need filling.² The truth probably is that they are too full of what we do not understand and that is why teaching is difficult. Especially at the level of the university student, a reorganisation of the store of experience rather than a mere adding to it, is likely to have more far-reaching educational value. "What a student learns, it is hoped," as a result of Mrs Abercrombie's experiments "is not only how to make a more correct response when he is confronted with a ... problem, but more generally to gain a firmer control of his behaviour by understanding better his own ways of working."³ This reorganisation might be brought about, according to Mrs Abercrombie's hypothesis, by discussion designed to set students mutually testing and modifying their schemata.

Discussion in a group does for thinking what testing on real objects does for seeing. We become aware of discrepancies between different people's interpretations of the same stimulus and are driven to weigh the evidence in favour of alternative interpretations. Certain areas of one's private world are compared and contrasted with other people's, and in seeing differences between them it

¹ Phoenix, pp. 613-614

² The Anatomy of Judgment, p. 81

³ Ibid. p. 17

becomes possible to modify our own world if we wish to. Instead of seeing our own mistakes by contrast with the statements of an unquestioned authority as in the traditional pupil-teacher relationship, we see a variety of interpretations of the same stimulus pattern, and the usefulness of each must be tested in its own right. ¹

and in different vocabulary:

Learning in free group discussion is a process of identifying through verbalisation, the associations between schemata, so that the new information can be dissociated from those schemata with which it is automatically associated, and can be seen to be potentially relevant to many schemata, instead of to a few only. ²

In group discussion techniques, she continues at a later stage, there lies a promising tool for investigating those hidden processes of our own and other people's thinking which so powerfully govern our behaviour and about which we know so little. ³

The first discussion in the experimental series which Mrs Abercrombie devised was on a comparison students were asked to make between two similar pictures. ⁴ The chapter in which Mrs Abercrombie describes the results is called "Seeing and Thinking" because: "the two activities are in practice inextricably mixed." Mrs Abercrombie points out how the distinction is even blurred in language when "I see" is used to mean "I understand". This closeness and interaction was

¹ Ibid. p. 62

² Ibid. pp. 79-80

³ Ibid. p. 82

⁴ They were in fact comparing radiographs of two hands. I am removing reference to the concrete items involved lest this should tend to distract from the point of this re-rendering of Mrs Abercrombie's work, which is to bring out the relevance of her findings for critical activity in general.

first of all clearly noticed in the strong tendency of the students to make statements which were an inference or a conclusion rather than a description. Although it is true that such statements are more interesting and on the whole more useful "it is important to keep clear about the difference between the validities of descriptions and inferences, for it is very easy to think that you are making a descriptive statement when you are making an inference ..."¹ In this case, some students who were more knowledgeable about the particular topic under discussion were less prone to the fault but by no means immune. One said: "It was surprising to hear what others read out as observations without realising what assumptions they had made, and most disconcerting when one fell into the trap oneself."² While most agreed in principle with the main observation to be drawn from their pictures, they disagreed so much in detail that they began to wonder whether conclusions could in fact be drawn. Possibly as a result, in the progress of discussion there was a tendency for one explanation eventually to emerge that became so dominant that others were entirely overlooked. In some cases students who certainly knew contradictory facts "forgot" them in the attempt after meaning. "A conclusion about 'meaning' limited ... perception ... causing them to ignore information which did not fit ... the chosen schema."³ Another possible factor which

¹ Ibid. p. 85

² Ibid. p. 87

³ Ibid. p. 88

Mrs Abercrombie mentions is one which was isolated by Renbourn and Ellison of "a marked tendency for a worker to obtain an 'expected result'".¹ But in spite of revealing the way mind and perception work by these experiments, Mrs Abercrombie points out that this kind of training still cannot dispense with the element of guesswork in judgment. The precarious nature of the act of perception followed by judgment will ultimately remain.² Training via discussion groups is aimed at teaching students to make as good a guess as possible.

Discussions on the use of words, which brings us nearer to the field of literary perception, revealed that receipt of information through this channel is affected by immediate context and personal disposition as is the receipt of visual information. But the ramifications are somewhat different. The topic for group testing on this subject was the students' understanding of the words "normal" and "average" as used in an extract from a book. The students soon found that each was talking about what he meant by average and normal, and this was not the same as what the others meant. "While he was working on his own, studying the quotation, parts of his store of information were not being tapped."³ This could be a useful limitation in criticism, ensuring that only relevant information be brought to bear. But it is also possible that untapped areas of a critic's knowledge would also be relevant, and it could thus

¹ "Some errors in gas analysing using the Haldane apparatus." J. Hyg., 48, 239. Quoted in The Anatomy of Judgment, p. 91

² ~~See~~ Dr Miller's paper, described in the previous section

³ Ibid. p. 100

mean unfortunate limitations. During the discussion, other areas of a student's knowledge became accessible as he saw that others had made different selections. What had previously lain acquiescent in him, as well as new apprehensions, were thus brought to bear. This is the value of the social aspect of criticism. The interchange of views can render everyone's schemata more rich and more flexible.

Unawareness of multiplicity of meanings can cause complete breakdown in communication, but the more general danger which these discussions revealed is that it confuses one's own thinking: meanings overlap and contaminate each other without our recognizing it. But it is not only overlapping of meanings which gives rise to difficulties, but "the tendency to go beyond the accepted meanings of words into their implications."¹ Although such interactions can cause confusion Mrs Abercrombie points out that it can also "help to make available parts of our store of experience in a way that precise words cannot."² Such interactions, and their precise control by words, is the secret of the rich complexity of precise artistic expression in language. Their ability to outstrip complete and logical definition is the reason why the critic cannot find the words to express everything a work of art has revealed to him. Ultimately, the only way of expressing it is the unique precision of the art itself. Literary art requires us to go

¹ Ibid. p. 107

² Ibid. p. 107

beyond the accepted meanings into their implications, but the skill which the critic requires is the ability to go beyond the words to pertinent implications. Careless extension is a constant danger, because, as Mrs Abercrombie discovered, we have no control over our associations of schemata because we are not aware of them. The premise of The Anatomy of Judgment is that conscious scrutiny of these associations will weed out those that are not useful.

A most interesting factor was brought to light by this particular experiment. Working on their own, students thought their understanding clear and sound. When discussion revealed the difficulties there was still a reluctance to restrict or localise the meaning of the word even when it was allowed that confusion resulted:

It seemed that the students preferred to use words of richer meanings, even if they are ambiguous, than more narrowly defined ones, just as they preferred (in the visual discussion) to make inferences, even if of doubtful validity, rather than factual statements ... ¹

This, it would seem, is the natural preference of humanity. It is the condition which leads to onward moving, inductive, creative processes of thought and perception. It is the condition which makes art possible.

The discussion about use of words was followed by a discussion on the nature of classification. The students agreed readily on an initial fund of knowledge: that we tend to associate like things, making a convenient filing system arrangement of knowledge, and that this is done more or less

¹ Ibid. p. 109

automatically and continually from the earliest days of life: criteria in allocation vary consciously or unconsciously according to purpose, and different systems can cross each other. Further they agreed that classification has a double purpose of keeping things tidy, and of helping to extrapolate or predict. Nevertheless, discussion difficulties isolated the conclusions that information is, again, partly contributed by the individual from past experience; that it is important to recognize that information obtained indirectly (by extrapolation) in classificatory activity does not have the same degree of validity as that obtained directly; but that the validity can be increased by considering alternative classifications. Clearly all these tests are warnings applicable to the use of classification in organising the critic's increasing knowledge or awareness of literature. As I have commented in an earlier footnote, a certain piece of work may fall into two classes and may not be adequately perceived unless seen in the light of both.

Later discussions, based on the opinions the students formulated about an article they had read, revealed the kind of factors, normally unrecognized and subtle in kind, which had influenced their judgments. These factors ranged from features of the immediate situation, easily altered, to deeply rooted personality characteristics in the shape of schemata of a generalised, long established kind. An easily altered factor was the effect of their geographical position. The students

said that they were naturally more critical in the class room than in the common room. A less transient factor was their assessment of the status of the writer. The appearance of the article in a reputable journal "disguised" for them its weaknesses. Deeper, less easily changed factors were generalized schemata about human nature:

Some thought that people can be, and should be, trusted to do good work and to tell the truth; that one should always put the best possible interpretation on statements even if they were vague and confused and should assume that certain necessary precautions had been taken even if they were not described. Others thought that one must always be on one's guard against being taken in. Some did not like to be harsh, some thought that scientists must be sceptical. The clashes of opinion that resulted were often quite serious.

The students had been asked to give their judgment very quickly, but it had in fact been "determined by this enormously complex interacting mass of factors."¹ In this discussion, more than in any of the others, writes Mrs Abercrombie, it became clear that to improve one's judgment in scientific matters (and, it may be added, in the matters of any discipline) habits of thought which seem to belong to quite separate fields of behaviour must also be changed.

Mrs Abercrombie concludes by saying that the course challenged the student's assumption that he is a passive receiver of information, and in showing how knowledge of the outside world is conditioned by one's own mental processes, it shook the student's previously held belief in the concreteness and permanence of things. Not only is "authority" to be

¹ Ibid. p. 121

questioned, but oneself - the validity of one's own judgment. Moreover, there is need for continual change in oneself in order to take in more information.

The aim was to make it possible for the student to relinquish the security of thinking in well-defined, given channels and to find a new kind of stability based on the recognition and acceptance of ambiguity, uncertainty and open choice. ¹

Such an attitude is not only most desirable in criticism in general, but is an important aspect of the philosophy which lies behind D.H. Lawrence's main critical standard. He frequently says that it is only fear that makes us cling to old habits of thought and perception - while life requires continual change. Men, and critics, must have the courage to exist in continual flux. The corollary of such an approach to literature, or to life, is a belief that the essential truth of our actions and responses can exist only in the spontaneous movements of our life. But this must be qualified by the schematic nature of perception. The experiments which Mrs Abercrombie described uncovered schemata in action during the process of critical judgment, in just the way which was suggested by analogously relating psychology's accounts of perception to the activity

¹ Ibid. p. 141. Teaching in Universities, a series of meetings intended for academic staff, run in November 1965, by the University of Leicester. Session 7: Teaching Problems.

Members of all faculties and departments unanimously agreed that one of the biggest difficulties to overcome in teaching in Universities is to get students to adapt to, and accept, what someone described as "the open-end" aspect of knowledge, the possibilities, and indeed the fact, that one has to become reconciled to uncertainty and instability in both findings and thought.

of criticism. Lawrence's own criticism is a continual paradox of a dominant schema and apparent spontaneity.

Note to the following Chapters

In examining Lawrence's criticism as an example of the central dualism of critical activity, I do not wish to imply that his work can be regarded as lying in the middle of the tradition of English literary criticism. According to any perception, it is hardly in tune with the spirit of that tradition at all. English critics, on the whole, have a different kind of concern, and the material of it is gathered and expressed by less obvious antitheses of schemata and spontaneity. The contents of their schemata tend to be less mystical and their flexibility less spectacular. Their criticism is usually more solid and considered, but usually less penetrating than that of Lawrence at its best. It is because Lawrence's schemata are unusual and his apparently "spontaneous" response is so marked that the elements of his critical activity are particularly clear and open to examination. It is indicative of the validity of the present account that even so individualistic and out-of-the-way a critic as Lawrence can, in the terms of it, be seen to exercise the central critical action.

My treatment of Lawrence's critical writings is weighted to substantiate the theme of schemata and spontaneity in criticism, but I have found it an apt approach to Lawrence's work and hope to give also a valid and more comprehensive account of this area of Lawrence's achievement than has so far been offered. Chapter Two

opens with an account of the literary awareness which was "live" in Lawrence's mind and then gives a condensed account of Lawrence's main critical criterion. Chapter Three attempts to track the emergence of this criterion, by describing Lawrence's essays on theory of art chronologically, relating them to Lawrence's commentary on his own creative experience. Chapter Four and Chapter Five then give a chronological account of Lawrence's criticism of other authors, with Chapter Two and Chapter Three in mind, and an eye to schematic or relatively spontaneous behaviour.

Abbreviations used in Footnote References

CL	<u>The Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence.</u>
Ph	<u>Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence.</u>
SCAL	<u>Studies in Classic American Literature.</u>
SM	<u>The Symbolic Meaning.</u>
RDP	<u>Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine.</u>
CP	<u>The Complete Poems of D.H. Lawrence.</u>
A Propos	<u>"A Propos of <u>Lady Chatterley's Lover</u>."</u>
LCL	<u>Lady Chatterley's Lover.</u>
EP	<u>Etruscan Places.</u>
FU	<u>Fantasia of the Unconscious.</u>
MEH	<u>Movements in European History.</u>
AA	<u>Assorted Articles.</u>
EyLf	<u>Young Lorenzo: The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence.</u>
P & O	<u>Pornography and Obscenity.</u>

CHAPTER TWO: D.H. LAWRENCE'S CRITICAL CRITERION

A. Preliminary

The action of the antithesis described in Chapter One must have been largely below the level of Lawrence's consciousness while he was in the heat of critical engagement with a work. Certainly there is no dichotomy of approach apparent as he writes. He writes rather as if his response to a work is "all one". His criticism cannot therefore be divided into a) Spontaneous criticism, and b) Criticism written from schematised response. Chapter One has suggested that criticism must begin at the point of oscillating co-existence of both kinds of response. Such a co-existence bespeaks a process of growth or development. The ordering of Lawrence's critical writing, for commentary upon it in this thesis, is therefore as far as possible chronological. The only exception is the present chapter which, first of all, draws together Lawrence's lifetime of literary commentary into one condensed picture, to reveal^{at once} its sheer scope. Secondly, it condenses the elements of Lawrence's literary criterion - which, in fact, emerged separately, at different times, and under different guises - in order to outline that which the following commentary aims to reveal and, moreover, to point out from the beginning that the criterion contains within itself both elements of the antithesis described in Chapter One.

The material written about at length, in the coming chapters, suggests a picture of Lawrence's literary interests and awareness which should be qualified. As a preliminary to this study, an index was made of the range of Lawrence's literary reference and commentary, throughout the whole of his written work. It was designed to discover, first of all, what literature came most readily and frequently to Lawrence's mind, in passing reference; then that which had the ability to hold his attention for more than passing reference; and, finally, that which could at one time or another engage his attention fully.

The continually shifting circumstances in which Lawrence set pen to paper, in criticism, were clearly not such as to encourage substantiation of his critical output, as a body unambiguously representative of his thought in this medium. His continual travelling and only latterly care of his manuscripts, the continually exploratory bias of his reading method, his habit of giving away books as soon as he had read them rather than carry them, the scattered and wide variety of his epistolary interlocutors, the uneven nature of the works sent him for review, all tended to dissipate rather than consolidate his critical output. That which was charted by the ~~C and D~~ sections of the index is the product both of Lawrence's particular interests, and of chance. Consequently, the body of extended criticism is so fragmentary and dubious as to permit differing ordering of the material to substantiate quite different interpretations.

The first section of the index revealed the range of Lawrence's literary awareness, or "live" memories of past reading experience - one of the silent conditioners of his critical judgment - by charting that which was so well absorbed in Lawrence's memory that passing reference could indicate a whole framework of critical placement. However, this thesis is primarily concerned with how the critic's mind works, and only secondarily with what is in that mind. The working of the critic's mind can best be studied in Lawrence's more extended writings which have the scope to reveal the processes of developing judgment. Examination of the process of development discovers at work that ordering structure and its key which coheres past and present experience and alone permits and facilitates both development and judgment. Thus for the main part, this thesis will be occupied with examination of the more "accidental" body of work charted by the index. It is instructive, however, to place it first of all against the background of Lawrence's instinctive references. The two pictures are surprisingly contradictory - a fact which reinforces the argument that there is a sense in which the extended writings are not representative. A closer description of the index will give matter to these generalizations.¹

The index ordered Lawrence's interests first of all in the work of his immediate contemporaries, then in other English literature of the nineteenth century and earlier. It then went

¹ The index is not definitive, but for its remarkable interest it is reproduced in a separate binding of illustrative material.

on to show the extent of Lawrence's interest in the literature of other countries, American, Russian, French, Italian, German Scandinavian, Dutch, Spanish and Japanese. It then recorded his major interest in the Bible, and in the myths and literature of antiquity. It recorded his reference to fairy tales, newspapers and magazines, and then went on to ~~marsh~~^{shall} his commentary on the literature of anthropology, psychology, archaeology, and philosophy. A group of miscellaneous topics which interested him, such as biography, letters, lexicons, dictionaries, and histories, followed. Finally, Lawrence's critical commentary on his own work was traced, and also some of his general commentary on literary matters.

The references were taken from the whole extent of Lawrence's available work, and were classified from A to D according to their length and quality: section A contained passing references, section D contained full-length commentaries of one kind or another. In between these two, section B contained references qualified or expanded to a certain extent, and section C contained more substantial discussions nearing page length or more. The inclusion of all kinds of references, even the most minimal, was based, as I have said, upon the assumption that unelaborated passing reference is often to items so well absorbed in the critic's consciousness that they do not require extended commentary to clarify their place and meaning for him. Such items are often major constituents of the critic's "vocabulary", or of his value or experience system - that with which he judges and out of which

his expression comes.¹

Many passing references must, of course, have been of another kind - references to things which interested Lawrence so little that they passed straight through his critical mind leaving no ripple of reaction, appearing on his horizon by accident, and unable to tempt him to linger. References which did not recur are probably of this kind, but their appearance in the index served at least to display the width of the literary pastures through which Lawrence wandered in the course of his short life. A small proportion of repeated references may have belonged to an in-between category of items, well-known but not interesting to Lawrence, which appeared in his criticism out of deference or in relation to the known interests of his interlocutor in correspondence, or his kind of audience in reviewing. Those references, however, which continually recurred in group A, though enjoying no further expansion in groups B and C, were assumed to be of the constitutive nature described above.

Not surprisingly, in a critic with a strong sense of his Englishness,² writing in the early decades of the twentieth century,

¹ Most English critics, for example, find themselves, at one time or another, referring to Shakespeare in order to define their bearings. (A critic who wrote without the experience of reading Shakespeare would have so large a gap in his awareness that he could not really be called a critic of English literature.) But only a proportion of critics of English literature finally put pen to paper on the topic of Shakespeare. Lawrence is typical in this. He makes more references to Shakespeare than to any other one author, but he rarely writes about him. The lengthiest commentary on Shakespeare, in Lawrence's work, appears in Twilight in Italy as an amusing account of watching an Italian provincial performance of Amletto.

² "And I am English, and my Englishness is my very vision.", CL, p.371.

there were more references of constitutive kind to the near heritage of nineteenth-century English literature than to any other area: Byron and Shelley were the most recurrent figures, followed by Charlotte Brontë, Tennyson, Wordsworth and Oscar Wilde. Other such references appeared in the section on pre-nineteenth-century literature: to Shakespeare especially, then to Milton, Blake and Fielding. Maupassant, Balzac, Rousseau, and Baudelaire stood out in the French section; Dante, in the Italian section, then D'Annunzio and Boccaccio; Goethe stood out in the German section, and Tolstoi in the Russian. These authors (excluding Boccaccio and Petrarch who received C type commentary in Movements in European History as part of the historical phenomenon of the Renaissance) played a much larger part in Lawrence's criticism, as shorthand definitions of his critical awareness and position, than any of those authors who receive full length examination.

Exceptions from the latter statement were Walt Whitman in American, Dostoievsky in Russian, and Thomas Hardy in nineteenth century English literature. Each of these three authors were used in continual reference of the above kind, but also received on other occasions more substantial examination and commentary. Thus they seem to have been built into Lawrence's critical mind, inherently and almost tacitly a part of that experience by which he judged, and yet also capable of engaging the full focus of his critical mind on renewed occasions. Hardy preoccupied Lawrence mainly in the earlier part of his career and Whitman mainly in the latter, but references

to Hardy also appeared later, and to Whitman earlier than at the times of the main preoccupations. Dostoievsky could preoccupy Lawrence in 1916 and 1929.

It was notable that the constitutive kind of passing reference was completely absent from the sections on Lawrence's immediate contemporaries. A moment's reflection suggests that this is not after all very surprising. Sufficient time had not elapsed for any of them to be absorbed into anyone's consciousness to the degree which permits this kind of use. Moreover, from Lawrence's point of view, there was no one near enough to his own way of feeling and thought who was sufficiently epoch-making to measure up to himself, and dominate his attention. There were, of course, epoch-making figures in James Joyce and T.S. Eliot, but they were not sufficiently near in kind to make much impact on Lawrence's field of awareness.

A more surprising (to me) presence of material was an astonishing weight of reference to the Bible and to the literature and myths of antiquity. The main weight of the classical references were to Greek myths and drama, while a very substantial portion were to a wide range of Latin authors of both prose and poetry. Doubtless this was a reflection of extremely thorough early schooling. Lawrence was a serious and dutiful schoolboy who passed all examinations with flying colours.¹ Clearly, what he learned for his

¹ A now elderly contemporary of Lawrence's schooldays who still lives in Nottingham, Mr E.C. Carlin, claims the opposite. He states that Lawrence was poor at his English, failed his examinations, and that Mrs Lawrence asked "our Dick Pogmore" to coach her son. In view of the careful documentation of H.T. Moore's biography, The Intelligent Heart, and that of Edward Nehls' impressive Composite Biography, this is clearly a local legend of some kind. Lawrence is still a subject of avid local discussion in his birthplace, and great credit is due to the American scholars who sifted fact from fantasy.

"classics" he never forgot, and it may well have sown the seed of his later "tablet-breaking" exploration of other, extra-Christian modes of religious expression. Along-side the classical references were several to Egyptology, and other earlier religions and mythologies. These were probably the result of Lawrence's adult reading of such books as Frazer's The Golden Bough and Tylor's Primitive Culture, and, perhaps, of his friendship with E.H. Brewster, an American student of eastern religions and philosophies.

Similar arguments may gather round the phenomenal amount of biblical reference traced in Lawrence's work. Early impressions gained from his non-conformist up-bringing and diligent chapel attendance must be largely responsible, though much may simply be due to the circumstance that he was raised in, and writing out of, a wider tradition of Christian civilization. It is unlikely that, even now, an author raised in Western Europe can avoid knowing, referring to, or reflecting at least a certain degree of Christianity from sheer environmental force. A similar breakdown of reference in the work of all Lawrence's contemporaries would probably reveal a steady and large minimum percentage of such reference. The general spirit of Lawrence's work does not, at first, prepare one for the staggering amount of biblical reference which there is within it. Possibly, also, such reference has sunk below the level of conscious awareness in a European reader.

[It is clear from the foregoing paragraphs that, in making the index, I took the widest possible interpretation of "literary" reference and commentary. This is justifiable, and perhaps

necessary, in studying Lawrence as a critic, for he himself observed no dividing lines between literary criticism and such disciplines as philosophy, sociology, psychology or ethics. Indeed, his dominant literary criterion of "life" in a work subsumes all these into one concept or impulse, and his own awareness of this "life" was doubtless fed and formed from similarly diverse sources. The sole criterion which governed collection of the references which appeared in the index was their status as appearing in books, a suitably non-discriminating, non-classifying term of no particular literary distinctions or connotations.¹ Lawrence himself made no distinction:

A book should be either a bandit or a rebel or a man in the crowd. People should either run for their lives, or come under the colours, or say 'how do you do?'.²

and:

The true heart of the world is a book; there are sufficient among your acquaintances to make a complete world, but you must learn from books how to know them. A book is better than a meeting. The essence of things is stored in books; ...³

He goes on, on the latter occasion, to advise his correspondent to read Balzac, Ibsen, and Tolstoi, but Lawrence's more detailed commentary on the Bible, as on much of that which he read in the fields of anthropology, philosophy, and so on, show that he read all books, whatever they were, in the same way, as an encounter with life.⁷

¹ Lawrence denounces "classifying" in literary matters in his "Scrutiny of John Galsworthy", (Ph., p.539). Though as a writer he differentiated between the mediums he used, as a reader or critic everything was indiscriminately a living impulse, or nothing at all. "The Bible - but all the Bible - and Homer, and Shakespeare; these are the supreme old novels." and "They set the whole tree trembling with a new access of life." (Ph., p.536).

² CL, p.827.

³ CL, p.38.

A final point about the references to the Bible which the index recorded is that there were an apparently large number of full scale references. The six which appeared in the index were second only to the seven full essays on modern novels (after twenty-six full-scale essays on American authors). Few will remember that Lawrence wrote a book-length study of one of the books of the New Testament, but even those who do will be surprised to think of Lawrence writing as much literary criticism of the Bible as he wrote of the modern novel. However, the number included not only such studies as Lawrence's Apocalypse (which due to the circumstances of the index's system appeared twice: once for its preliminary pages on the Bible as a whole book; and secondly for its consequent treatment of the Apocalypse as a separate one) and his essay on "The Risen Lord" in Assorted Articles, but also the play David which is dominated by rhythms of biblical language and dramatises many elements of the Old Testament Jewish ethos. Also included were the short novel, The Man Who Died, and the poems of the Evangelistic Beasts, expressions of imaginative critical reaction to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The re-making of biblical themes and material in David and The Man Who Died were taken as constituting a kind of critical evaluation of the original. Similarly, Lady Chatterley's Lover was classified as a full scale, tacit criticism of the First Lady Chatterley. The latter is a remaking of original themes and material which might more readily be recognised as an act of the critical intelligence, than those previously mentioned.

These were questionable inclusions in the index; the rest were straightforward. Before describing the remainder in greater detail,

however, I should just say a word about what was deliberately excluded. There is, in Lawrence's early creative work, a considerable amount of re-making of the qualities of predecessors such as George Eliot, Meredith, and Arnold Bennett in the novels, and Georgian poets in the verse. Harry T. Moore also includes among influences on the early love poetry "the Pre-Raphaelites, with Hardy and Verlaine mixed in, and Whitman strongly intruding a bit later".¹ Influences from Scott and Dickens can also be sensed at different points in the novels. The tacit criticism involved in these influences re-made were not included in the index, however, because of the difficulty of defining them; and also, paradoxically, because the most complete criticism of such influences is that part of Lawrence's work where they cannot be felt at all - where Lawrence has turned away from, and finally discarded them, in the discovery of his own style and theme.

Critics of Lawrence's novels and verse have noted even further influences on his work. It was remarkable that the index of Lawrence's references to other authors displayed a strong correlation with the most comprehensive and compact synthesis of such influences which I have come across:

And the most important literary influences on his work are those of the English Romantic Movement - with Wordsworth and Blake as the most important individual writers - and of the American offshoots of this movement such as Whitman, Melville, and Fenimore Cooper, Other writers whose influence on Lawrence cannot be

¹ The Intelligent Heart, by Harry T. Moore, p.96.

ignored are Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Hardy Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, Maupassant, and the Italian writer Giovanni Verga ... And, of course, everywhere in Lawrence's work one sees the influence, both in content and style, of the King James' Version of the Bible.¹

To say that Lawrence makes frequent reference to all these authors does not directly prove their influence upon his own work; it only marks his critical interest in them. But the facts of the index, laid alongside the intuitions of Lawrence's critic, revealed so strong a parallelism that a direct relationship between creative influences on Lawrence and constitutive elements of his critical mind seem distinctly probable. T.S. Eliot has said that, when the critic is also a creative artist, in his own case at least, his valid critical thought springs from experience of those writers who have influenced his own work. It cannot be said of Lawrence, with complete confidence, as Eliot went on to say of himself, that as a critic he had written best about writers who had influenced his own work.² Certainly Lawrence wrote well on Hardy, Melville and Whitman. But, though he frequently referred to some of its members, he wrote nothing of any length or importance on the English Romantic movement, while his comments on Tolstoi and Dostoievsky were limited by narrow schemata of perception.³

¹ D.H. Lawrence, by R.P. Draper, p.28.

² To Criticize the Critic, by T.S. Eliot, p.20.

³ Arguments by other critics of Lawrence, which were supported by parallel findings of the index were those of Herbert Lindenberger about the similarity of preoccupation between Lawrence and Wordsworth (A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, ed. H.T. Moore, p.326), and of Raymond Williams about similarities between Lawrence and Carlyle (Culture and Society, pp.199-200).

In the index as a whole one section appeared to be markedly out of proportion with the dimensions of the rest. This was the very large (in comparison with the threes, fours, sixes, and sevens of other D sections) number of 26 full length essays on American literature. This is partly accounted for by the achievement of Armin Arnold in collecting and editing earlier versions of the essays in Studies in Classic American Literature.¹ If the number 26 is halved - in recognition of the fact that numbers in all other sections might have been doubled had variant versions been collected there - it comes more into line with the rest of the picture. It comes near, in fact, to the 12 essays Lawrence wrote on general literary matters, literary theory being the other major item in Lawrence's criticism. It should be said, however, that the records Lawrence left of his writing life, in his copious correspondence, do not suggest that any other topic than American literature tempted Lawrence to re-write his criticism of it a number of times.

Another strikingly large section in the index was that of references to nineteenth-century literature. Even allowing for Lawrence's natural interest in the English tradition, it may well still be a matter of some surprise that, for such a relentlessly contemporary, onward-striving artist and thinker, the literature of the nineteenth century should seem to have considerably more marked an interest than that of the twentieth. For the 197 references to literature written after the turn into the twentieth century, there are 348 to the literature of the century before. It is often forgotten, however, so aggressively does Lawrence set

¹ The Symbolic Meaning, 1962.

foot into the twentieth century, that he was born in 1885. Those authors who had penetrated the market, were the most "contemporary" readily available in book shop or lending library, when Lawrence began reading widely and voraciously (according to E.T., when he was sixteen, that is in 1901), fall by a hair's breadth into nineteenth century classification. Such authors as Meredith and Hardy go to swell the nineteenth-century numbers. Arnold Bennett was only just beginning to write. In a real sense the late nineteenth-century and turn-of-the-century writers were nearer contemporaries to Lawrence than those who wrote at precisely the same time; for while the influence of the latter was unlikely to spread "horizontally" towards Lawrence with much vigour, he could have a closer and more direct "handing-down" relationship with his immediate predecessors. What should perhaps seem more remarkable than the weight of reference to the nineteenth century is the extent to which the index revealed Lawrence's acquaintance with, and, on some occasions, close attention to, such a large number of his immediate contemporaries.

While the nineteenth-century section embraces a hundred years of literature (as opposed to the thirty odd years of the twentieth century before Lawrence's death) the pre-nineteenth-century section embraces close on a thousand, and its substantial size in the index is mentally thinned by this consideration. Nevertheless, it gave an impressive account of Lawrence's knowledge of his native literature. At one time or another, Lawrence's critical commentary ranged back through the centuries of Swift, Dryden, Fielding, Milton, Donne, Spenser, Shakespeare, Malory, and Chaucer to Beowulf, with

many other stopping-off points than these mentioned, on the way. His knowledge of the heritage of English literature was as informed of its continuity and completeness as that of any graduate in the study of literature might be today.¹ From the index it seems that his knowledge of French literature also ranged back through the nineteenth, eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that while his studies in classic American literature trace some of its earliest sources and continue through to Whitman, his reviewing also kept him in touch with his most immediate contemporary scene. This, together with his knowledge of Greek and Roman literature, should counteract the opinion of Gamini Salgado that "Lawrence had no sense of 'tradition'.... that is he did not have a consciousness of the whole of European literature from Homer to James Joyce in his bones."² It is true that, as a critic, Lawrence frequently appeared to shed all knowledge of tradition, and attend to this thing at this time only. But not only did he really possess such knowledge, he frequently referred to it, thus showing that it was "live" in his awareness.

The account of the index so far has mainly described the very dense A sections, and something of the rather thinly inhabited D sections. The middle, B and C, sections were dominated, apart

¹ Ford Madox Ford wrote: "I have never met any young man of his age who was so well read in all the dullnesses that spread between Milton and George Eliot" (Portraits from Life). This view was not only supported, but its range extended at either end, by the index.

² "D.H. Lawrence as Literary Critic" by Gamini Salgado, London Magazine, Vol.7, p.49.

from commentary on Lawrence's own work and the Bible, by Russian and American literature. These sections contained 42 and 45 references respectively, followed by 36 B or C references to the nineteenth century, 31 to French and 29 to Italian literature. (This excludes 31 references to the huge sweep of English literature from Beowulf to the eighteenth century.) Russian and American literature also engaged Lawrence in many more detailed D type commentaries than any of the other literatures which came close to them in numbers of B or C type commentaries. Lawrence continually returned to Russian and American literature, trying to assess his changing reactions to them.

Where Russian literature was concerned, inexpensive translations were for the first time becoming easily available in the first decade of the century when Lawrence was reading at his most voraciously. The striking new field of literary experience was thus opportunely opened before a fascinated reader; but this does not entirely account for Lawrence's frequent return to Russian literature, to test his reactions again and again. The friendship with S.S. Koteliansky which began in 1914, led Lawrence into the fields of Russian literature afresh by the enticement of fascinating minor authors whom "Kot" was engaged in translating. But even then, Lawrence's interest in Russian literature was never merely friendly or polite. It often was with the work placed before him by budding authors and acquaintances. But kindly interest and optimistic evaluation expressed to an author is frequently muted on repetition to another neutral party, or perhaps not even

mentioned or recalled again. Whatever circumstantial factors encouraged the process, one can only conclude that Russian literature drew Lawrence's attention mainly because of the fascination and interest it held for him.

The same must also be finally said of American literature, in the case of which, again, there was a certain element of merely circumstantial explanation of Lawrence's interest. His main critical interest, in spite of a much earlier previous reading of Fenimore Cooper,¹ seems to have developed on re-reading the classic authors when he first began to think of going to America. The earliest versions of the famous essays were written in England in 1917-18. Lawrence first thought of going to America (as far as we know) at the end of 1915, after the suppression, in England, of The Rainbow. He wavered between other possibilities for quite a while after initially conceiving the idea, and was, anyway, unable to leave the country until after the end of the 1914-18 war. Nevertheless, the possibility of going to America remained in his mind.

At the beginning of 1916 Lawrence mentioned in a letter that he was reading Moby Dick, and that he found it interesting.² Armin Arnold has demonstrated that Lawrence bought most of the books he needed for the rest of the essays at the end of 1917.³ By August or September, Lawrence was writing the essays with financial reasons in mind,⁴ but by March of the following year he regarded

¹ D.H. Lawrence: A Personal Record, by E.T., p.96.

² CL., p.424.

³ D.H. Lawrence and America, by Armin Arnold, p.30.

⁴ CL., p.523.

them more personally¹ and later felt that they had passed beyond all price.² Richard Aldington has said that the essays probably began as lectures intended for delivery in America³ and Lawrence did in fact mention the essays in juxtaposition with the idea of lecturing, if he did not explicitly put the two together.

Armin Arnold has also aptly pointed out that Lawrence began writing the Studies shortly after he declared his intention, in January of 1917, of trying to write for America, as he could no longer write for England.⁴

The Studies were re-written in Sicily in 1920 while Lawrence was on his roundabout way to America, and finally re-written after his arrival in America itself caused him again to re-engage with the topic which fascinated him.⁵ It is important to notice that the spirit of the American place necessitated this final re-appraisal for it is a strong implication of the reality or actuality of the life-standard in governing Lawrence's critical outlook. But this is a point which will be further examined later. Meanwhile it is noteworthy that Lawrence's interest in, and habit of frequently referring to, Walt Whitman preceded the major engagement with American literature occasioned by the experience of living in

¹ CL., pp.545-6.

² CL., p.526.

³ Portrait of a Genius, But ..., p.197.

⁴ CL., p.498. Though Dr Arnold quotes from other letters not published in H.T. Moore edition.

⁵ It is possible that his renewed interest was the result of his reading, after his arrival in America, of Raymond Weaver's Herman Melville: Mariner and Mystic. (See D.H. Lawrence and America, pp.28-9.) Personally, I feel strongly that the reason given above would have been the dominant one.

America himself. But it is clear that the sheer sustained effort of writing, and re-writing on two occasions, the one major book of critical essays which he was to leave, could not have been the result of mere whim alone, of tourist interest in the place in which he was to stay, or was staying. Lawrence claimed that he spent "more than four years - hard work" on these essays.¹ Something in American literature caught his critical imagination more deeply than that, as, in fact, the stature of the essays themselves declares.

The other major treatment, longer and more detailed than that he devoted to any one author among Russian or American literature, which has yet to be included in this description of the index of Lawrence's criticism, is the early and lengthy Study of Thomas Hardy.² Though Lawrence's interest in Hardy eventually faded, it was this English novelist who stimulated Lawrence to write his first important and penetrating criticism. What is it about Russian and American literature, and about Thomas Hardy, which released the critic in Lawrence? Simply, I contend, their sufficiently individual and challenging 'life' qualities, capable of stirring his deepest attention and then drawing him on to try and fathom

¹ Armin Arnold (Ibid., p.33) says that it was only eighteen months, but that Lawrence may have been thinking of their involvement from his longer standing efforts at "philosophy". If this is so, then American literature clearly stimulated Lawrence's critical imagination in the area of thought and feeling which was most important to him, and this would account for his marked interest in it. His earlier interest in Thomas Hardy had stimulated him in the same kind of way to write at length a mixture of criticism and philosophy.

² Ph., p.398.

them thus leading him into his "philosophy". He had already grasped and weighed and filed away, the techniques, and values of his near contemporaries, and of the English authors of the nineteenth century - rather as the judge who was described in *Chapter One* as never hearing an entirely new case and needing only to register tiny if pertinent variations.¹ Lawrence knew all about the life qualities of George Eliot or Meredith or Bennett. Whether he had read their books or not, those qualities were in the air that he breathed, they were the Englishness in him that was his very vision. But in Russian and American literature, and at first it seemed to him in Hardy, there was an alien note, "a different vibration" he probably would have said. His own novels and poetry bear continual witness to his commitment to and involvement in the penetration of all kinds and new kinds of life. As this preoccupation appears in his criticism it is transmuted into a particularly specialised criterion which John Bayley has called "the life standard".²

What the life standard meant to Lawrence is, as I have said, best observed working itself out in his more extended pieces of criticism. However, it will be useful first to define it in its entirety, then to take note of its genesis in Lawrence's comments on his own work. The development of Lawrence's theoretical essays will be placed in juxtaposition to these, for Lawrence himself confessed the relationship between them:

¹ See above, pp 28-29.

² "The Novel and the Life Standard", London Magazine, Vol.8, p.60.

The novels and the poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try and abstract some definite conclusions from one's experience as a writer and a man.¹

The more extended writings on other authors will then be examined, in chronological sequence beginning with an early essay on Rachel Annand Taylor, a couple of early reviews, and the Study of Thomas Hardy, continuing with the three versions of Studies in Classic American Literature, and finishing with reviews and Introductions written between 1923 and 1930.

This group of extended writings does not appear to be at all representative of the interests displayed by the index. From isolated consideration of the programme just given, one might conclude that Lawrence was a singularly narrow-minded critic - one isolated interest in American literature, a passing fancy for Hardy, and otherwise, simply an autotelic concern for his own work and theory. It is true that the programme represents not only the most substantial, but includes all the best of Lawrence's canon of critical writings.² But to consider it in isolation is

¹ FU, p.9.

² This statement is concurred in by most recent editors of major critical essays on various topics. Albert J. Guerard's collection of essays on Thomas Hardy (Twentieth Century Views series) includes two long passages from Lawrence's Study. D.J. Enright and Ernst de Chickera's edition of English Critical Texts from 16C to 20C, includes Lawrence's essay on "Why the Novel Matters" (which describes both the form and the morality of the novel). Richard Chase's Twentieth Century Views collection on Herman Melville includes Lawrence's essay on Typee and Omoo. Roy Harvey Pearce's collection on Whitman, in the same series, has Lawrence's essay on that poet from the final revision of Studies in Classic American Literature. Donald Davie's Russian Literature and Modern English Fiction collects excerpts from

to do Lawrence's critical thought an injustice, and undermine its stature. The importance of the description of the index just given is, in relation to Lawrence the critic, to reveal from how well-stocked and authoritative an experience of literature his criticism was written.

B. The Life Standard

The "Life Standard" is a criterion which can be loose or demanding. It may produce criticism which is merely generally responsive, commendatory or condemnatory, of the kind which was usual at the turn of the century. On the other hand, it can, if the life standard is interpreted in a highly particular way, produce criticism of a very specialised kind. Used by an uncompromising sensibility, it may have a high level of demandingness as a criterion, the results of which, in the case of a bad judgment, are incomprehensible to the uninitiated. In the case of the important and original insight facilitated by the pursuit of such a criterion, we may recognize the power and validity of the critical statement, but not see how it was arrived at, and thus not appreciate its full dimensions or particular implications.

Footnote 2 continued

Lawrence's Study of Thomas Hardy and his "Introduction to Cavalleria Rusticana" where he wrote of Russian literature, Tolstoi in particular. It is notable that all these publications, save one, are American. The one item which is English is English Critical Texts. It is also notable that the respective dates of the editions given in this note are 1963, 1962, 1962, 1962 and 1965. An earlier recognition of Lawrence's criticism by re-print, in 1956, again by an American editor, was in Edmund Wilson's The Shock of Recognition, where almost the whole of Studies in Classic American Literature was included, and thus given authoritative status.

Lawrence is a critic who did not fully articulate what he meant by his main criterion, directly or even indirectly. Possibly he never arrived at his own defined realisation of the "life standard". For every apparently final formulation of his "philosophy", was shortly followed by yet another attempt to define "life". The consequence of his own incompletely realised criterion is that Lawrence's written criticism is either cloudy, apparently self-contradictory, or capable of being completely misunderstood. Some of it is often dismissed as obscure, particularly when it appears together with a strong "philosophical" element - although Lawrence did not, as many seem to think, wander from the point and into philosophy by mistake; the "philosophy" was a logical consequence of interest in the "life standard" and usually an attempt to define it. Consequently, even in those parts of Lawrence's critical writing which are regarded as readable, there are usually two levels of meaning. His criticism may be read as an appreciation of life in a work in an ordinary, general sense; but it can also be read on another level, drawing out the particular implications in Lawrence's use of the word "life".

If Lawrence failed to define his criterion in a direct statement, he also failed to define it tacitly by confident and steady application of it. This may partly have been the result of his temperamental dislike of any kind of definition, which might become fixed; but the failure must also be inherent in the life standard itself. Most of us, indeed, would be extremely hard put to define life.

Though the life standard is in itself a stumbling block for the reader of Lawrence's criticism, it is, at the same time nevertheless, the source of Lawrence's characteristic success. The life standard, in the particular meaning which Lawrence developed, enabled him to make his very pertinent response and commentary on Hardy, to see an important element in early American literature which had previously escaped attention, and it was also inherent in his revolutionary statements on the novel. It opened Lawrence's perception to a further dimension in literary creation, as a result of which he was among the few authoritative users of a kind of criticism unusual in the English tradition.

As Lawrence expressed it, however, in his mobile and sometimes too fluidly connotative vocabulary, the standard was often too specific or too elusive, or, to the uninitiated, too general, to be fully meaningful. The difficulty of communicating the life standard adequately, constantly tended to undermine Lawrence's effectiveness and purpose as a critic. In short, it contributed to both elements of the uneven combination of success and failure which causes most commentators on Lawrence to pass over his criticism with a casual "flashes of brilliance, but"

As a criterion in criticism, the life standard involves the critic in sensing or searching out "life" in a work. Given an unspecialised meaning of the word "life", it would seem to require simply that the critic be frankly responsive to a sense of life, to be, in fact, spontaneous. Much of Lawrence's philosophy speaks

of the individual's need to respond freely from the "spontaneous centres" of life.¹ Certain elements in Lawrence's most considered statement on criticism seem to support the same idea in the context of that activity:

The touchstone is emotion, not reason. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion and nothing else.

... a man like Macaulay, brilliant as he is, is unsatisfactory, because ... he juggles his feelings. A critic must be emotionally alive in every fibre ...²

So, presumably, that he can sensitively follow "the business of art" which is "to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment".³ An aspect of this, in the Lawrentian idea of life, is fluctuation and change, for:

It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead. Therefore, the novel properly handled, can reveal the most secret places of life: for it is in the passional secret places of life, above all, that the tide of sensitive awareness needs to ebb and flow, cleansing and refreshing.⁴

In the essay quoted previously, however, Lawrence went on to say:

And this perfected relation between man and his

¹ See, in the main, "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" and Fantasia of the Unconscious. Lawrence uses the word "spontaneity", and it is used in this thesis, with the meaning of "not due to conscious volition" as given in the Concise Oxford Dictionary. In Lawrence's criticism, it appears most frequently in the 1918-1920 essays in The Symbolic Meaning.

² Ph., p.539.

³ Ibid., p.527

⁴ LCL, p.104.

circumambient universe is life itself, for mankind. It has the fourth-dimensional quality of eternity and perfection. Yet it is momentaneous.¹

Perhaps the life-seeking explorer of a work needs to make "the act of pure attention which brings its own reward"² in order to concentrate on momentaneous relation with the movement of "life" in a work. Such momentaneous relatedness is the element of "perfection" mentioned approvingly above, but which Lawrence elsewhere fluently attacks as a state extended through time.³ The matter is clearly not a simple one of a critic trying to be "spontaneous" in sensing the life in a work, yet sometimes becoming "fixed" in his pursuance of spontaneity. The life standard, as Lawrence understands it, is more complex than at first appears, and human activity in criticism more subtle and elusive. The matter requires further examination.

Discussion of a word like "life", or that towards which such a word gestures, is only too likely to be vague or obscure without the discipline of philosophical training. Lawrence, in fact, had no formal philosophic training although he engaged in writing vaguely of that kind almost continuously. However, as one of his critics has said, in spite of some of his foolishnesses, it is remarkable with what confidence and effect he managed to express himself in these spheres. Eugene Goodheart writes:

¹ Ph., p.527.

² EP, p.153,

³ Ph., p.218.

Lawrence is forever impressed with the inadequacy of the word to the task of communicating a full sense of those presences. Language for Lawrence is as suggestive and evocative as possible and its intention is to communicate a restless sense that there is a much greater world beyond it that it has only partially illuminated.¹

The "presences" mentioned were A.N. Whitehead's "brooding presences in nature". These and "the much greater world beyond" are frequently what Lawrence is gesturing towards with the word "life". In dealing with the life criterion in action, shifts in meaning or level of meaning in use of the same word, often blur Lawrence's precise meaning in any one place, but it is not as impossible as it may seem to arrive at a definition of his basic, particular, interpretation of the word "life".

Along with Matthew Arnold, a fellow admirer of Sainte-Beuve,² Lawrence believed that the critic should be flexible. Writing of poetry, Arnold said that the critic:

should have the finest tact, the nicest moderation, the most free, flexible, and elastic spirit imaginable; he should indeed be the "endoyant et divers", the undulating and diverse being of Montaigne.³

Lawrence writes:

A critic must be able to feel the impact of a work in all its complexity and force. ... He must have the courage to admit what he feels as well as the flexibility to know what he feels.⁴

¹ The Utopian Vision of D.H. Lawrence, by E. Goodheart, p.32.

² Lawrence expresses this preference in Ph., p.539. It is a liking which indicates the basic affinities of his own criticism.

³ From "Last Words on Translating Homer", quoted in John D. Jump's Matthew Arnold (pp.121-2) in the Men and Books series.

⁴ Ph., p.539.

Lawrence's is the more selective and determined approach, and it is possible by degrees to discriminate what he was selecting. In the above quotations, to know what he feels is the word which begins to point the difference between the ideals of flexibility expressed by these two men. Where Arnold continues "it is the critic's first duty - prior even to his duty of stigmatising what is bad - to welcome everything that is good",¹ Lawrence says "it seems to me a good critic should give his reader a few standards to go by ... it is just as well to say: This and this is the standard we judge by."² This Lawrence does and, although it leads him often into that "obduracy and over-vehemence in liking and disliking"¹ which Arnold perceived and deprecated in English criticism, it enables us to gather a clear idea of the nature and implications of his understanding of the life criterion. Lawrence does say that the critic "can change the standards for every new critical attempt, so long as he keeps good faith",³ but he does not in fact change his own standard radically. Indeed, it sometimes seems to remain boringly constant. He does, however, often vary the levels of implication, though not always making it sufficiently clear on each occasion that "This and this is the standard we judge by".³

¹ From "Last Words on Translating Homer", quoted in John D. Jump's Matthew Arnold (pp.121-2) in the Men and Books series.

² Ph., p.539.

³ Ibid., p.539

Edward D. McDonald was the first to point out, in his Introduction to Phoenix, the key to Lawrence's criticism:

From first to last Lawrence had one inexorable test for a book. For him a book was good only if it revealed some original vision of life, some living, venturesome faith, or some new awareness, to use his favourite word, of the mystery of consciousness.¹

But it was not just any consciousness. It was not, for instance, the consciousness of Proust or Joyce, Andor Gomme, writing of Studies in Classic American Literature, says that what was essential to Lawrence was the question "how does American life live in them? what is 'the flame behind them all'?"² To this purpose, he says, Lawrence understood "C.H. Rickwood's point that both character and situation are just devices which an author uses to further a larger purpose. The larger purpose was always what Lawrence was after, asking how far a novel serves life ..."³ Andor Gomme thus puts an unerring finger on the kind of life which Lawrence was looking for, and the way he reached for it through character drawing. But when Mr Gomme says that Lawrence enquires "how far a novel serves life", I feel that his emphasis is beginning to go away from true. It is beginning to be a description of the question Lawrence appeared to ask in his minor, less than best, moments of criticism.

¹ Ph., p.xix.

² Critics who have Influenced Taste, p.96.

³ Ibid., p.96.

A more precise way of describing the question Lawrence asked in his best criticism, is to say that he asked how far, and in what way, a work revealed a new awareness of life: another part, or another dimension - the darkness beside the open road, a bit more of the way ahead, or the manifestation of life in a particular place.¹ Thus he sees Hardy's vision of Egdon Heath revealing powerful life processes at work, or American classics as revealing American life in the process of sloughing off an old consciousness and gestating a new. On occasions when he is engaged with works of less stature, or different in essential kind, his purpose may then be different in kind. He may be engaged more in pinpointing partisan qualities proposed within the work - which characters, for example, are designated to serve life in this novel, and which are opposed to it. Such novels are about life at a different level - they are like life, rather than revealing life - and they do not penetrate the mystic realities which Hardy and the Americans can touch.

Thus Lawrence diagnoses that in the Forsyte Saga Galsworthy intended the Forsytes to "stand for" death and Irene and Bosinney to "stand for" life. Galsworthy "had not quite enough of the superb courage of his satire",² says Lawrence; consequently he was not able to make Irene and Bosinney reveal a stronger kind of life than that of the parasitic property owners; it might be said that they do not even seem to "serve" a life which is nevertheless greater than them - they merely pay lip-

¹ See Lawrence's essays on Walt Whitman and the "Spirit of Place" in Studies in Classic American Literature.

² Ph. p. 542

service to such an idea, managing only to establish a "sort of anti-Forsytism"¹ on a partisan level. In this context Lawrence has asked the question of the "who serves life?" kind - in order to point out what the author had intended but had not succeeded to do - because a question of the "who reveals life" kind is too mystic in implication, and out of place in a consideration of someone like Galsworthy.

Although he can use it legitimately and well, Lawrence can usually be caught misusing the "who serves life" **kind of** question on the occasions of his worst criticism. Instead of using it as a question adapted to the elucidation of proposed partisan oppositions within someone else's work, he would use it in a partisan opposition of his own principles of work to those of the other author, his intention being to defeat rather than to elucidate. On such occasions his criticism is completely blind to, or ignores, the real achievement of the author under his discussion, - as in his rejections of the work of Thomas Mann, Proust, and James Joyce. Didactically, and singlemindedly he applied the criterion of his own vision of life, rather than responding to the works for themselves. Finding only the antithesis of his own vision, he is reduced to being partisan, and implying that while he himself serves life, they serve death. Their particular artistic achievement is ignored or dismissed. Of Thomas Mann he says: "His expression may be very fine. But by now what he expresses is stale".² Of James Joyce and Marcel Proust he says: "So there you have the 'serious' novel, dying a very long-drawn-out fourteen-volume death-agony, and absorbedly, childishly interested in

¹ Ibid. p. 544

² Ibid. p. 313

the phenomenon".¹ Lawrence partially justifies his attitude, by saying, in connection with Thomas Mann, that "this craving for form" (and he would probably include the style and method of Proust and Joyce as well) "is the outcome, not of artistic conscience, but of a certain attitude of life".² Nevertheless, partisan attitudes, resulting in facile dismissal of major writers, is a culpable fault in a critic. In his best critical achievement, however, Lawrence asked the more profound and searching question: "What life does this reveal?" Though he necessarily had some preconceived notion of the lineaments of life, and thus found something along the lines for which his awareness was prepared, it is a question the answers to which cannot be begged, in quite the same way as those to the question: "Does this serve life?"

It is perhaps unfair to fasten on a single, passing word, in this way, for the rest of Mr Gomme's article reveals his awareness of the suppleness of Lawrence's critical performance, but that particular choice of his vocabulary raised involuntarily the discriminations discussed by John Bayley in "The Novel and the Life Standard".³

Mr Bayley points out that the critical comment that something is "like life" has an unpretentious meaning, but that the statement that something is "on the side of life" (serves it) is more ambiguous, and definitely loaded. Mathew Arnold, he says, was the first critic to use life in the "new heavy sense often indicating this by italics. 'A poetry of indifference to moral ideas', he tells us 'is a poetry of indifference

¹ Ibid. p. 517

² Ibid. p. 308

³ London Magazine Vol. 8, p. 60

to life'."¹ Mr Bayley goes on to say that F.R. Leavis has gifted Lawrence with this "heavy" implication in his comment that Lawrence "has a profound sense of what makes for life and what makes against it". "It is clear", continues Mr Bayley "that life is to be identified with ideas of how we ought to live ..."² and eventually it causes, in the novel, a system of symbolic groupings: these characters stand for life, those are opposed to it and stand for death. Taking Lawrence and E.M. Forster as the profoundest influences to this end in the modern novel, Mr Bayley says "the symbolic antagonism in their novels is the most imitable feature. What is original and deeply-felt in them has become mechanical in their successors",³ and even "Lawrence's own oppositions often strike us as equally voulu: his 'death figures', like Skrebensky, Loerke, Chatterley, show his refusal to admit that any life worthy of the name could exist outside his own vision of it".⁴ Mr Bayley's conclusion is that "however we interpret it, Life turns out to be a minority party like any other: its appeal to comprehensiveness is an illusion" and it can "become the slogan of intolerance".⁵

Mr Bayley's essay begins with the life standard as a critical criterion, and elaborates by showing how its corollary, in works under examination, exists in the novel. It is not the purpose of the present thesis to do the same. Certainly the life standard for Lawrence as a critic, emerged out of his understanding of his own work. This will

¹ London Magazine Vol. 8, p. 60

² Ibid. p. 61

³ Ibid. p. 66

⁴ Ibid. p. 63

⁵ Ibid. p. 66

be examined later. Meanwhile, although writing mainly of its workings in the novel, Mr Bayley's perception of the behaviour and fate of the life standard there, is relevant to its action in criticism. It can indeed produce "an original and deeply felt" insight; it can indeed harden into a minority party, and, instead of opening comprehensive awareness, act as a slogan of intolerance. Both these things can be seen happening in Lawrence's criticism at different times.

In applying Mr Bayley's account of the life standard to Lawrence's work as a critic there is a reservation which must be made.¹ The "heaviness" of the life standard, Mr Bayley sees as a moral heaviness. "Life", he says, begins to imply "how we ought to live" and immediately the standard begins to become partisan. Leavis' comment that Lawrence "has a profound sense of what makes for life and what makes against it" supports this, and certainly we have seen the life standard in a partisan guise in Lawrence's criticism already. But there is a distinction I would make. "Morality" and "how we ought to live" do indeed come into Lawrence's interpretation of life, but as a consequence, rather than as part of the nature of that life. The Life Lawrence seeks as a critic has affinities with the life he made his characters seek in his own works. It is in itself non-moral, non-personal, even alien and terrifying (the life he unfolds as impregnating Egdon Heath or classic American literature could hardly be described as a moral force) because it is essentially beyond the known, in nature and in us. Morality in Lawrence's life standard is the duty and responsibility of keeping in continual, oscillating contact with this life. The morality of art,

¹ I would probably make the same qualification in applying it to Lawrence the novelist as well, but that is beside the present point.

in Lawrence's view, is in its revelation of the relation between man and life. But the life itself is disinterested, amoral. Thus the life standard in Lawrence's criticism does not imply the same kind of "heaviness" as it does in Mathew Arnold's or F.R. Leavis' - a kind which has a strong tendency to become morally partisan in the usual sense of the word. Lawrence, at his best as a critic, though obviously seeking the vision of life which he is equipped by his own interests and awareness to recognize, has something of the disinterested quality in his awareness which belongs to the kind of life he seeks out.

C. D.H. Lawrence's "Life"

Let us consider this "life" which Lawrence looks for. In 1926 he wrote to S.S. Koteliansky: "I have been thinking lately, the time has come to read Dostoievsky again: not as fiction, but as life. I am so weary of the English way of reading nothing but fiction in everything."¹ Lawrence was probably reacting against the English way, then, and perhaps now, of seeing things in literature as "like life". Even the morality implied in the "heavy" interpretation of Life in literature is more of mores than divinity, requiring likeness to life in portrayal rather than a "vision" of life. If Lawrence reacted against that kind of reading of life then, some of his more recent critics, particularly American critics, have been similarly reacting against that kind of interpretation of his life idea, represented, for example, by F.R. Leavis' writing on Lawrence. The influence of Leavis' criticism places Lawrence in the English social and moral tradition (by and large) of life-like novelists.

[†] CL. p. 881

Eugene Goodheart, in The Utopian Vision of D.H. Lawrence, places Lawrence's novels in a European tradition of Neitzschean tablet-breakers. Herbert Lindenberger, in his essay in A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, places them within a wider tradition of the romance, and the symbolist novel. Interpreting the life criterion in Lawrence's criticism in the same kind of way as such critics as these are beginning to interpret the life vision in the novels, sets Lawrence's criticism apart from the English, like-life reading method he spurned.

In defence of his new style in The Wedding Ring¹ Lawrence wrote to Edward Garnett, as early as 1914, a letter which is rightly regarded as a landmark in the development of modern literature. Part of it ran as follows:

You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable ego - of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same radically unchanged element. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond - but I say, 'Diamond, what! This is carbon.' And my diamond might be coal or soot and my theme is carbon.) ... Again I say, don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters: the characters fall into the form of some other rhythmic form, as when one draws a fiddle bow across² a fine tray delicately sanded, the sand takes lines unknown.

On reflection it is remarkable that this statement should have achieved the status and recognition which has been its lot, for it is virtually impossible to define what it in fact says. The statement is metaphorical; the reality that it thus renders discussable we recognize; but we could not finally say what it was. The same difficulty accompanies an attempt

¹ The Wedding Ring was to become The Rainbow and Women in Love.

² CL. p. 282

to define the life of Lawrence's critical criterion, for it is the same thing that is now under discussion. Herbert Lindenberger says: "In his criticism of other writers ... his sympathies were overwhelmingly with the non-social tradition, with any manifestations he could find of 'that other rhythmic form' into which an author's characters might fall."¹

Dr Lindenberger feels the same difficulty in defining the "carbon" or the "unknown rhythm", and he attempts to indicate his understanding of Lawrence's "life" by pointing to Lawrence's affinities with Wordsworth.² "For both Wordsworth and Lawrence", he says "the objects and processes of the natural world - it is noteworthy that both in The Prelude and Women in Love water serves as a dominant symbol - are basic modes of perception through which each writer moves to encompass other aspects of his theme."³ Both authors, he continues, use an overall structure which attempts to portray spiritual growth, and exploration; both write of individual moments of intuition and revelation, of encounters seen as "communion" or "a ritualised demonstration of the

¹ A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, p. 329

² This is not the same difficulty as Lawrence's shifting use of levels and kinds of meaning, though the two often appear together. There is the difficulty caused by his method and the difficulty inherent in the nature of the thing he is talking about. It is the latter which is under discussion at the moment. The necessary method of approximation and suggestion which both Dr Lindenberger and the present thesis are reduced to using to conduct the discussion is perhaps forgivable in view of the essentially metaphorical method which even the psychologists whose work was described in Chapter One inevitably use. Of course, there is the ultimate sense in which all language is metaphorical anyway, but there are degrees, and the degree of its present use is higher than is usual in academic work. The nature of the case requires it, however.

³ Ibid. p. 334

vitality (lit:life?) and mystery latent in human relationships".¹ Both authors attempt to "render that mysterious life existing far below the level of everyday, social experience" and in its essential unknowability both use abstract language in the attempt to convey it.

I owe to Dr Linderberger's account of the life Lawrence conveys in his novels, a sharpened awareness of the life criterion in his criticism, for the one grew out of Lawrence's discovery in the other. But I have a reservation to make. Wordsworth, after all, wrote a hundred years before Lawrence and it would be strange if, like though their imaginative quest is in many ways, there were not important differences bespeaking the differences between their different milieux of time and thought, and their different personalities.

The "mysterious life existing far below the level of everyday, social experience" was to Wordsworth's temperament a brooding presence, almost passive, except for its ability to bear in upon Wordsworth's awareness in cumulative fashion. For Lawrence's temperament, it was in one sense something so apart from him that he needed to establish a kind of polarised awareness, and relationship with it: a relationship which trembled in the instability of the balance; which involved him in recoil and flow of sympathy; something that went beyond him rather than bore in upon him in the fullness of time; something that required him to run out to the edge of possible experience and then have the courage to step into the unknown, before he could hope to touch its alienness with his consciousness: establish a polarity with it.

¹ The last is a term which Dr Lindenberger acknowledges as borrowed from Mark Spilka's The Love Ethic of D.H. Lawrence.

Yet at the same time it was something which issued unknown from within him, and which in so doing must not be hindered by consciousness.

Wordsworth's "presence" is more defined, less ambiguous, and thus more easily drawn under a label, such as pantheism. Lawrence's "life" continually defies definition, and thus (for the reader of all his work though the reader of only parts may be misled into false clarity) removes itself from pantheistic interpretations.¹ This is the most important distinction between the kind of life which Wordsworth's work seeks to reveal, and that which Lawrence's seeks to reveal.

Further, for Wordsworth in the early nineteenth century this life was essentially a moral power, a shaping moral force upon him, the results of which are socially desirable (in this Wordsworth retains a strong element of the Augustan ethos). For Lawrence, in the early twentieth century, Life was a non-moral force; his responsibility to search for it and keep in contact with it was his own private morality, which could require behaviour which would not have social sanction, or which was not in tune with the morality of the "heavy" Wordsworth, Arnold, or Leavis kind.

As a summary of these metaphorical attempts to sketch the lines of Lawrence's life criterion in criticism, it may be said that "life" is something "beyond" which the individual must establish and maintain

¹ In spite of the difficulty of comprehensive definition, in "On Human Destiny" (AA p. 203) Lawrence latterly made the wide gesture of calling this life "God". When Tolstoi and Dostoievsky however made their characters act with reference to a "beyond" conception of similar overtones, Lawrence criticised them for their "certain moral scheme" (CL p. 281). But to be fair, their idea of God carried with it the systemised morality of the Bible and Christianity, while Lawrence's did not.

a sensitive contact with, at the same time allowing it to work freely within himself. Thus it is, that in the novel, it may be reached and explored through characters in the novel as well as (in some cases) through the symbolic life or overtones of the scene or place in which it is set.

The New Adelphi of June-August 1930 was largely devoted to Lawrence and his work because of his recent death.¹ In "Notes and Comments" it was remarked that "The essential Lawrence is based on a new vision of life ... 'The Crown' ... contains the gist of Lawrence's philosophy and is certainly the finest piece of imaginative criticism that he ever wrote. It is little known. The same may be said of the all-important Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious. These are the true and only handbooks to Lawrence. With them and the indispensable Studies in Classic American Literature the reader will possess a key to Lawrence which has obviously never been handled by the general run of his critics."² Even until now critics of Lawrence have on the whole, and rightly, taken the novels as the authoritative key to Lawrence,³ but in writing of him as a critic the above key is the one to take. This comment in The New Adelphi is the earliest statement of the important relationship between Lawrence's

¹ The New Adelphi was at that point under the editorship of Max Flouman and Sir Richard Rees but a steady stream of help and contribution continued to come from J.M. Murry, who may well have been the author of the following comments.

² Ibid. Vol. III, No. 4, p. 250

³ "I am man alive, and as long as I can, I intend to go on being man alive. For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog." Ph p. 535

criticism and his philosophy. Following the connection up here, Fantasia of the Unconscious may be allowed to give a summary definition of the life criterion:

Life is individual, always was individual and always will be.¹

The circuit of our life is balanced on the living soul within us, as the positive centre, and on the earth's dark centre, the centre of our abiding and eternal and substantial death, our great negative centre, away below. 2

The business of living is to travel away from the source. But you must start every single day fresh from the source. 3

In these three quotations we see the ideas that life is in the individual, yet the individual is polarised with, or centred upon, life as something greater than the self and which appears to be non-personal; that something also appears to be non-moral and alien to life in the everyday sense; and while one is centred upon it, it requires a travelling away from it, to discover its other dimensions in venturing forth. Lawrence may seem something of an old-fashioned romantic in believing in the necessity of having a "philosophy", a conscious attitude about life and the world, but the nature of the philosophy that he elaborated, and which we find at work in his criticism, tends to reveal him more as something of a new-fashioned romantic critic of a mystic kind.

To move, however, from the abstract, to the concrete expression of this philosophy in criticism, it is seen best, in practice, in the more

¹ FU p. 147

² Ibid. p. 156

³ Ibid. p. 180. Lawrence interprets the power of woman as analogous to that of the earth centre, and the business of man to travel away, "going forth beyond, ... disappearing ahead into the distance". p. 191. Though he suggests these varying emphases for each sex, there is no dichotomy in the life idea. It is the business of every individual, of either sex, to combine a central polarity with an adventuring forth.

familiar guise of the "spirit of place". Lawrence unfolds it in his best known example, Studies in Classic American Literature, as pervading the characters in the novels and stories, and yet sweeping out in a wider embrace, to compass a revelation of the movement of life in the American continent, as tapped and revealed by American consciousness. In the earliest version of "The Spirit of Place" essay Lawrence writes of the first American immigrants who travelled from across the seas and began to penetrate the continent:

They went like birds down the great electric direction of the west, lifted like migrating birds on a magnetic current. They went in subtle vibration of response to the new earth, as animals travel far distances vibrating to the salt licks.

They walked a new earth, were seized by a new electricity and laid in line differently. Their bones, their nerves, their sinews took on a new molecular disposition in the new vibration.

They breathed a savage air, and their blood was suffused and burnt. A new fierce salt of the earth in their mouths penetrated and altered the substance of their bones. Meat of wild creatures, corn of aboriginal earth, filled and impregnated them with the unknown America. Their subtlest plasma was changed under the radiation of new skies, new influence of light, their first and rarest life-stuff transmuted. ¹

The image of magnetic patterns from the "carbon" letter thus reappears in the introductory essay to a book of criticism, also the image from Fantasia of the Unconscious of the abiding centrality of the earth, drawing the individual with its essential pull.

In the final version of these same essays, the philosophy is less apparent on the surface, but the same underlying principles of thought remain, as some of the similar but transmuted imagery indicates:

¹ SM p. 29

There is a "different" feeling in the old American classics. It is the shifting over from the old psyche to something new, a displacement. 1

The time is still to come:

when the great day begins, when Americans have at last discovered America and their own wholeness ... 2

Discovering self, Lawrence equates with discovering life. Though life is impersonal it takes the individual up and makes it what it is:

We cannot see that invisible winds carry us, as they carry swarms of locusts, that invisible magnetism brings us as it brings the migrating birds to their unforeknown goal. But it is so. We are not the marvellous choosers and deciders we think we are. IT chooses for us, and decides for us. 3

And life can only be discovered and experienced in the individual. But according to where he is placed, and under the physical influence of which particular manifestation of that life, the individual realises in himself the "spirit" of that place; thus characters in American novels are seen by Lawrence to be revelations of the life of the American continent, but though it is realised in individuals it is a real thing in its own right:

Every continent has its own great spirit of place. Every people is polarised in some particular locality, which is home, the homeland. Different places on the face of the earth have different vital (Life?) effluence, different vibration, different chemical exhalation, different polarity with different stars: call it what you like. But the spirit of place is a great reality. 4

Again, some of the familiar images appear, guaranteeing that the thought, though differently expressed, remains the same in tenor as the formulations previously quoted.

¹ SCAL p. 1

² Ibid. p. 7.

³ Ibid. p. 7

⁴ Ibid. p. 5

It seems to me, from frequent reading of Lawrence's criticism, that he does not use the term "Spirit of Place" as a metaphor or a general gesture at a vague meaning, in the same way as he uses "carbon" and "electricity". He appears to use the word in its old strong and particular sense, meaning a real thing which exists independently, "a great reality" as he calls it above; it does not have the diffuse meaning of just a vague feeling one senses about a place. The great reality, which is called the "Spirit" of a place is a particularisation of the life described above.

I should perhaps digress and say here, that although life in this kind of meaning is not an unequivocally demonstrable reality, I am, in this thesis, accepting as given the postulate that this reality does exist, beyond and independently of us, and independently also of the perceptual processes by which we try to reach towards it. Philosophical or artistic formulations through the ages, seem to me to be in the nature of metaphorical gestures, in the shape of ideas or images, which express the continual endeavours of humanity either to compass a manifestation of such a reality, to describe an aspect of it, or at least to indicate its existence and something of its dimensions. Its essential unknowability is revealed by the endless, multitudinous variety of these attempts. But quite apart from such personal interpretation or belief, it is necessary to accept for Lawrence's "great reality" the status of fact, in whatever dimension, or otherwise to see his criticism as a tissue of self-hallucination. Either the reality exists and Lawrence genuinely perceives gestures towards it,

or it does not, and he is imagining it all. If the latter view is taken, then this thesis should be based on the psychology of abnormality, and Lawrence's criticism revealed as worthless. Holding the former view, however, permits the thesis to be based on the psychology of perception and to demonstrate the validity and kind of Lawrence's critical achievement.

But let us return to the point. Lawrence sees all human experience, even in history, in terms of his attempted description of the "great reality". It is, in fact, in his history that he makes the formulation which is clearest for the present purpose:

The present small book ... is an attempt to give some impression of the great surging movements which arose in the hearts of men in Europe, sweeping them apart for ever on the tides of opposition. These are movements which have no deducible origin. They have no reasonable cause, though they are so great we must call them impersonal, ... Events are details swirling in the strange stream. Great motions surge up, men sweep away upon a tide, ... It is all outside personality, though it makes personality. It is greater than any one man, though in individual men the power is at its greatest, ... All that reason can do, in discovering the logical consequence of such passion and its effects, afterwards, is to realise that life was so, mysteriously, creatively, and beyond cavil. ... Life¹ makes its own great gestures of which men are the substance.

It can be seen, again, that this moving, gesturing life is not the slow, brooding, bearing in, life of Wordsworth's "presences". Here, also are mentioned a number of the other points given above. This life is impersonal, and is greater than men. Yet it takes the individual into its own substance; the greatness of the individual is the greatness of this life, which in turn finds its greatest expression in the individual.

¹ MEH pp. vi-viii.

It is this impersonal, beyond, life, that Lawrence looks for as he criticises; he measures, quite apart from the skill or articulateness of the author, the power of such life either in the author's vision of the whole, or in any one of his creations. As in history Lawrence could only realise that life was so and uncover logical consequences between the passion and the effect afterwards, so in criticism he believes that the feeling should come first and the reason afterwards: "Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced on the critic by the book he is criticising."¹ In his best criticism, Lawrence seems to have managed thus frankly to receive the impression of life from a work, and then to rationalise from it - but, of course, in the main he received impressions of the kind of life his own awareness more readily perceived.

Thus, in his earlier work, he perceived the power of Hardy's description of Egdon Heath, perceived it as of a certain kind which was not inappropriate, and then proceeded to give an imaginatively reasoned account of it, as an impersonal power of which Eustacia, Wildeve, Mistress Yeobright, and Clym, were the individual personal expressions, its life living in them:

What is the real stuff of tragedy in the book? It is the Heath. It is the primitive, primal earth, where the instinctive life heaves up. There, in the deep, rude stirring of the instincts, there was the reality that worked the tragedy. Close to the body of things, there can be heard the stir that makes us and destroys us. The heath heaved with raw instinct. Egdon, whose dark soil was strong and crude and organic as the body of a beast. Out of

¹ Ph p. 539

the body of this crude earth are born Eustacia, Wildeve, Mistress Yeobright, Clym and all the others. They are one year's accidental crop. What matter: if some are drowned or dead, and others preaching or married: what matters any more that the withering heath, the reddening berries, the seedy furze, and the dead fern of one autumn of Egdon? The Heath persists. Its body is strong and fecund, it will bear many more crops beside this. Here is the sombre, latent power that will go on producing, no matter what happens to the product. Here is the deep, black source from whence all these little contents of lives are drawn. And the contents of the small lives are spilled and wasted. There is savage satisfaction in it: for so much remains to come, such a black, powerful fecundity is working there that what does it matter?

Three people die and are taken back into the Heath; they mingle their strong earth again with its powerful soil, having been broken off at their stem. It is very good. Not Egdon is futile, sending forth life on the powerful heave of passion. It cannot be futile, for it is eternal. What is futile is the purpose of man.

Man has a purpose which he has divorced from the passionate purpose that issued him out of the earth into being. 1

In his later criticism Lawrence sees Walt Whitman - as a personality indeed, for it is that which rouses his comic ire - but also as a wonderful instrument in the "morality of the soul living her life, not saving herself":

She is to go down the open road, as the road opens, into the unknown, keeping company with those whose soul draws them near to her, accomplishing nothing save the journey, in the long life travel into the unknown, the soul in her subtle sympathies accompanying herself by the way. 2

These early and later examples are meant to display Lawrence's view of life - both in that it produces the individual and is that on which the individual centres; and in that the individual must seek out its demands by journeying onwards into the unknown - at work in his criticism.

¹ Ph p. 415. My underlining

² SCAL p. 164

They are taken from near the beginning and from the peak of his best criticism, but both aspects of Lawrence's understanding of life are present in both essays. The dominant image in the "Study of Thomas Hardy" is, as will be seen later, the image of the poppy having the courage of life, and living most intensely in running out into flower to touch the unknown; while in the essay on Whitman the light of the open road which the soul travels along must have the darkness essentially beside it, darkness which has associations with the blackness of Egdon, and the dark centre of the earth in Fantasia of the Unconscious.¹

Having thus outlined the essentially mystic aspects of the life criterion in Lawrence's criticism, it remains to say that, as mentioned earlier (and as will be seen further later), it operates at different levels and strengths of meaning, sometimes appearing more in the guise of the more superficial, social discriminations of life/death morality which were outlined by John Bayley:

¹ Among the varying overtones of this "darkness" are those of Dionysiac sensual ecstasy penetrated to the point of extinction of self-awareness in the experience of ultimate sensation (cf. "The Ladybird"); and of the death which is annihilation of the old self, preceding resurrection in a new awareness of life (cf. "The Ship of Death" CP p. 727, and "Phoenix" CP p. 728). The former has preponderance in Lawrence's earlier and middle work, the latter in the later. But exceptions can be found to contradict this (cf. The coming to the last beach of the known self and daring to plunge in and pass out, in Study of Thomas Hardy (1914) Ph p. 409; and "Bavarian Gentians" in Last Poems CP p. 697) Which overtone comes to the surface in the critical exercise of the life standard probably depends both on Lawrence's mood and his subject matter. But more frequently the "darkness" in the life standard which is mentioned in the criticism is more neutral, and evades definition. It is rarely activated in the criticism but when it does appear (mainly in the major Hardy and American studies) it is usually to indicate the mysteriousness, the unknown quality of life.

The Forsytes are all parasites, and Mr Galsworthy set out, in a really magnificent attempt, to let us see it. They are parasites upon the thought, the feelings, the whole body of life of really living individuals who have gone before them and who exist alongside with them. All they can do, having no individual life of their own, is out of fear to rake together property, and to feed upon the life that has been given by living men to mankind. They have no life, and so they live for ever in fear of death, accumulating property to ward off death. They can keep up convention, but they cannot carry on a tradition. There is a tremendous difference between the two things. To carry on a tradition you must add something to the tradition. But to keep up a convention needs only the monotonous persistence of a parasite, the endless endurance of the craven, those who fear life because they are not alive, and¹ who cannot die because they cannot live - the social beings.

Read in the light of all that has been said above, this cannot be seen to contradict the interpretation of Lawrence's idea of life which has been put forward, even though it does not contain any of the images used in the quotations already given above. But taking it as it stands, with none of the mystical import brought in from outside the immediate context, Lawrence seems to be making a fairly ordinary discrimination of what makes for life and what does not. He implies no particular "heavy" meaning of the word, but it can nevertheless be read as a discrimination of the general partisan "heavy" kind pin-pointed by John Bayley - as opposed to a like-life discrimination.

I have made this point here, simply in order to demonstrate that the criterion can work at different levels of particularity. I do not mean to suggest that the less the particularity the weaker is the criticism. On the contrary, in this case I feel that Lawrence has for once so adjusted his criterion to the nature of the work he happens to be discussing that this should rate amongst his most successful

¹ Ph p. 543

pieces of work in criticism. In connection with this particular essay Mr G.S. Fraser has said that with all respect he cannot see that it needs genius to see that John Galsworthy was not a novelist of the first rank, "and yet this (certainly a fine piece of polemical prose) is often cited as evidence of Lawrence's critical mastery".¹ It does not, indeed, require genius to see that Galsworthy is not great, but I would nevertheless claim that this essay is evidence of Lawrence's critical mastery: for the exact sensibility with which he registers his author's precise qualities (and criticism entails this as well as discriminating an author's stature); and for the precise adjustment of the level and particularity of his critical criterion to the matter in hand. His argument in unfolding the findings of his sensibility is thus enabled to be both clear in itself, and illuminating - illuminating the nature of one's experience in reading Galsworthy, and suggesting wider implications without overshadowing his topic. On the occasions when Lawrence did not so adjust his criterion to the awareness he was assessing - in his judgments, for instance, of Proust, Thomas Mann, and James Joyce - he simply used it as a stick to beat the author with, and completely fails as a critic. On an occasion when he maintains his criterion but adjusts their strength and implications precisely to the job in hand, I submit that he evidences, if not a discovery that it requires genius to make, a mastery of a high level of critical activity.

¹ The Modern Writer and his World, p. 376

D. Spontaneity and the Life Standard

Adjustment of critical criteria speaks of a certain level of conscious activity in criticism rather than of spontaneity. Indeed, all that has been said so far about the life standard suggests that, in its particularity as used by Lawrence, it is very much more of a selective schema than a free, living, un-pre-conditioned in any way, response to other manifestations of life. In Lawrence's novels and "philosophy" spontaneity means letting life's movements or gestures come freely out; the corollary in critical appreciation would seem to be spontaneous awareness, following such gestures freely. The question which lay behind Chapter One was this: is such a spontaneity, completely free, unthought, and yet discriminatingly intelligent, possible? At the end of that chapter the conclusion seemed to be that spontaneity could only be said to exist in critical activity in certain qualified ways: as maximum flexibility in reception, previous experience operating as a possibility of awareness rather than as a selective agent; and as willingness to add new schemata to previous ones when new experience is encountered.

Lawrence's thought on the possibility of spontaneity, as seen in his "philosophy" appears to have developed qualifications in the course of time. The 1918 Study of Thomas Hardy¹ is Lawrence's greatest paean of praise for spontaneous submission to the movements of life: it is filled with images such as that of the poppy running out into flower;²

¹ The philosophy in this Study appears to have been taken out and remade into "The Reality of Peace" essays; from thence remade into "The Crown", then Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious - with other off-shoots on the way, such as "Democracy", "Education of the People", and so on.

² Ph p. 409

of the phoenix bursting into flames;¹ of man's life as a fountain always playing, leaping, ebbing, sinking, springing up.² Though, in the same essay, he says man traverses fixed channels of the known³ and must needs extend his consciousness⁴ on the heels of his discoveries as a leading shoot of life,⁵ he nevertheless still feels that the mind is only one of life's later-developed "habits",⁶ a mechanism, while the leading shoot is the real thing.

In 1922, however, in Fantasia of the Unconscious, he classes "mind" with the "conservative psyche" and the "incalculable soul" as "the trinity of powers in every human being". Thus conscious awareness and behaviour is upgraded in Lawrence's estimation at this point. Nevertheless, even with these three powers, "there is something even beyond". At the same time as the mind, consciousness, or anti-spontaneity principle is given greater status it is, with the "incalculable soul", set apart from the "beyond", which the trinity of powers presumably serves a man in reaching towards.

Finally, in his last collection of essays, Assorted Articles (1930), Lawrence moved further away from belief in spontaneity. In a little-known essay, "On Human Destiny", he virtually rescinds the emphasis of the Study of Thomas Hardy. It is worth quoting at length:

¹ Ibid. p. 401

² Ibid. p. 421

³ Ibid. p. 424

⁴ Ibid. p. 431

⁵ Ibid. p. 424

⁶ Ibid. p. 431

Nowadays we like to talk about spontaneity, spontaneous feeling, spontaneous passion, spontaneous emotion. But our very spontaneity is just an idea. All our spontaneity is fathered in the mind, gestated in self-consciousness.

This might well seem to be an attack on the modern notion, which is understood not to be his notion, of spontaneity. But Lawrence continues:

Man is never spontaneous, as we imagine the thrushes or the sparrow-hawk, for example, to be spontaneous. ¹

Pace the poppy ideal of 'Study of Thomas Hardy' and the "spontaneous centres" of Fantasia of the Unconscious! Then Lawrence continues with ideas which really contain the gist of Chapter One of this thesis:

Ideas are born from a marriage between mind and emotion. But surely, you will say, it is possible for the emotions to run free, without the dead hand of the ideal mind upon them.

It is impossible.

Emotions by themselves become just a nuisance. The mind by itself just a sterile thing. ... So what's to be done?

You've got to marry the pair of them. Apart they are no good. ²

From this marriage "ideas" are born, and ideas of this kind are now become respectable in Lawrence's book. He speaks of man now, not as a life-adventurer, but as a thought-adventurer:

Man, poor conscious, forever-animal man, has a very stern destiny from which he is **never** allowed to escape. It is his destiny that he must move on and on, in the thought-adventure. He is a thought-adventurer, and adventure he must. The moment he builds himself a house and begins to think he can sit still in his knowledge, his soul become deranged, and he begins to pull the house down over his own head. ³

¹ AA p. 204. "On Human Destiny" was written in 1924. Lawrence's inclusion of it in the 1930 collection argues that he still believed in what he had there said. However even the 1924 dating makes it post the Hardy study, and also post Fantasia of the Unconscious.

² Ibid. p. 206

³ Ibid. p. 213

This, surely, is the earlier life-travelling, which at first sight had seemed not only to permit but to require spontaneity. There is no radical difference in the quest, or in the life. It is simply that Lawrence is now ready to accept the role of "ideas" in the process of living sufficiently to be able to use the term thought-adventurer as if it were synonymous with life-adventurer. Now "ideas", or the marriage of mind and emotion, are necessarily past experience - the kind of past experience which this thesis argues is the necessary instrument in perception, and new perception (Lawrence's thought-adventuring), and thus in critical activity.¹ Lawrence, then, showed himself increasingly aware of the limited possibility of spontaneity, and of the real operation of past experience in awareness.

Eugene Goodheart, writing of Lawrence's use of the word spontaneity when discussing human relationships, says that: "By spontaneity Lawrence does not mean giving free rein to the impulses. He means rather a dialectic within the spontaneous mode itself, between impulse and resistance."² This description is probably more in tune with the spirit of Lawrence's thought than the psychological description of the limited spontaneity possible in the perceptive processes, but there also we may speak of a "dialectic", between the impulse and resistance of new and

¹ Graham Hough, in The Dark Sun, complains that Lawrence as a critic was generally more concerned with himself and his own ideas than with his ostensible object, p. 255. Although the justice of this, as the sentiment of an impartial critic, must be accepted, it is fair to point out that every critic has to be concerned with himself to the extent that he can only judge by his own sensibility as informed by his own past experience. It might also be added, in passing, that Lawrence's greatest felicities of insight were pendant upon the particular vision of life in him which sensed them out.

² The Utopian Vision of D.H. Lawrence, p.10

past experience. It may be possible to speak of a spontaneous mode in criticism, in that free rein be given to the dialectic between the two.

The apparently spontaneous elements in Lawrence's outline of critical activity were mentioned earlier. But Lawrence also said:

Now we must remember that the way, even towards a state of infinite comprehension is through the externals towards the quick. ¹

This might be freely rendered as "it is only by travelling the path of past experience that one arrives at the point of new experience". It is now time to point out that there are elements of this in Lawrence's description of criticism which exist alongside the apparently "spontaneous" ones described earlier. The critic, Lawrence says, must not only be "emotionally alive in every fibre"; he must as well be "intellectually capable and skilful in essential logic", for he must give a reasoned account of the feeling produced on him by the book he is criticising. Thus, it seems, the critic must think about his experience, organise and account for it. This is not spontaneity, even if such discipline tries to co-exist with as great a degree of frank, spontaneous, reception of the feeling in the first place. But Lawrence's account of the critic tacitly qualifies even such an element of spontaneity, with a recognition of the action of past experience in perception. The critic surely needs to have conserved past experience in order to "be able to feel the impact of a work of art in all its complexity and force".² For, Lawrence says, this requires him to be a man of complexity and force himself, one who

¹ SM p. 256

² Ph p. 539

is "emotionally educated"¹ - which last phrase predicates the action of past on present perception.²

On the other hand, I believe Lawrence is also right when, discarding selective awareness along lines of previous experience as a key to discovering a truth, he says:

Every real discovery is made, every serious and significant decision ever reached, was reached and made by divination. The soul stirs and makes an effort of pure attention, and that is a discovery. ³

The two can be reconciled in the terms of this thesis: the first formulation about the action of past experience spoke of the "way towards comprehension"; the second, about "divination" spoke of "discovery". Chapter One reported not only on psychologist's findings about patterns of approach to insight, via previous experience interpreting and flexibly adapting, but also on the final achievement of insight by a non-rational, "inductive" leap. James G. Miller's discussion of the psychology of this point in the thought process was examined above (pp.54-5). His argument, it may be recalled, is that psychologically the thought process cannot be traced right through. It appears to travel towards

¹ Ph p. 539

² In spite of this implied recognition of the action of past experience in criticism, and of the index's demonstration of the range of his awareness of past reading experience, I support T.S. Eliot's view, (as quoted from Revelation ed. Baillie and Martin 1937, in F.R. Leavis' The Common Pursuit, p. 238) not that Lawrence had no awareness of tradition, but at least that he did not let it colour his criticism. An essential part of Lawrence's apparent critical spontaneity is the feeling he conveys of having dropped all critical baggage and evaluated a work for its meaning for him alone, there and then, apart from all that he knew before, or might know after.

³ EP p. 153

the answer, but the final leap of the mind which grasps it, is one almost of faith: it can usually be logically ratified afterwards, but the answer came inductively.¹

"Spontaneity" as a complete description of the basic methods of critical perception and apprehension is put out of court both by the psychology of Chapter One, and in the end by Lawrence himself. But while critical perception and apprehension is largely travelled towards by means of flexibly adjusting and cumulating past experience, the final achievement of a penetrating new critical insight is a gift of faith, independent of the processes by which it was approached, and in that sense, spontaneous. But the insight although separated from them by the chasm bridged by the "inductive" leap, is always related in kind to the channels by which it was approached.

I am indebted to Professor A.R. Humphreys for an illuminating analogy. When a mathematician discovers a new theorem his experience is usually that it came to him whole at some point, either part way through his thought processes, or when they were in abeyance after effort. The thought processes are not experienced, on the whole, as having carefully and directly constructed the theorem, bit by bit the whole of the way. There was a final inductive leap. But only a mathematician could have made, or experienced, such a leap, and it could only have been approached by those processes which a mathematician exercises. Such an insight could only come to a mathematician; a new mathematical insight does not occur to a linguist, per se.

¹ This word is used in the metaphorical sense in which the psychologist James G. Miller uses it, not in the strict philosophical sense.

Many more similar examples of this kind of thing are described in Arthur Koestler's The Act of Creation. In this book Mr Koestler uses the same kind of psychological discussions of perception and memory as are used in this thesis. His purpose is to account psychologically for the discovery of new insight, which is the act of creation. His final conclusion is that such moments are the result of a sudden and unique juxtaposition of previously unrelated matrices (groups of related schemata) of knowledge, thought, awareness, at a subconscious level. I am not a psychologist, and therefore am unable to evaluate this as an improvement on the psychology of the "inductive" structure of thought, but it seems to me the product of finally humanist thought, whereas the "inductive" account leaves room for the religious nature of the leap required to apprehend life in Lawrence's meaning, something essentially beyond, though pervading the individual's central being.¹ It was argued earlier that to take Lawrence seriously as a critic, the premise that this life exists must be accepted. Mr Koestler's account leaves no room for the necessary gap between human perception and something outside itself in the sense of Lawrence's "something beyond". If momentary contact, or insight can be achieved, and Lawrence believes it can and must, it is momentaneous, whereas Mr Koestler's new connection between matrices once established, persists. A "something beyond", according to his argument, cannot continue unchanged - part of it is harnessed and brought under control. While Lawrence's

¹ "But primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depths of my religious experience." CL p. 273. Thus, as early as 1914, Lawrence realised the implications for the way his insight worked, of his particular apprehension of "life".

"something beyond" must be allowed, in the terms of this thesis, to exist always beyond and finally ungraspable by man's perception, the psychology of the "inductive" structure of thought processes is the more apt in illuminating his efforts to sense it out or reach towards it. In applying the life standard in criticism, which as has been earlier said is a minority party as liable to become "fixed" as any other standard, the element of the final inductive jump is probably the only real element of spontaneity which can exist.¹

In "On Human Destiny" Lawrence makes a further change in terminology (though no radical change in the thought it indicates) in beginning to name the "something even beyond" of Fantasia of the Unconscious, or the "life" of the life criterion, God. This underlines both the stature of the "something beyond" and the difficulties of the life criterion, either for the novelist trying to explore towards that life, or for a critic trying to sense, and evaluate the probable achievement of such an effort.

As a thinking being, man is destined to seek God and to form some conception of life. And since the invisible God cannot be conceived, and since Life is always more than any idea, behold, from the human conception of God and of Life, a great deal of necessity is left out. 2

Lawrence said in his "Scrutiny of John Galsworthy" that "a good critic should give his reader a few standards to go by".³ In giving us the

¹ Though elements of pseudo-spontaneity may go along with it, such as freely flexible schemata as possible, and an attitude of tone of "immediacy".

² AA p. 214. One recalls that Lawrence spoke of a good book as a divine service, and the critic as the beadle who should rap the knuckles of the inattentive reader. Ph p. 237.

³ Ph p. 539

life standard Lawrence produced a **whopper**,¹ but the above quotation shows that he was aware, even if he did not directly relate it to the life standard in criticism, that that "life" was both too large a criterion to be compassed, and that any attempt or definition can only be partial. Thus John Bayley's awareness of the life standard becoming a minority party like any other, was anticipated by Lawrence himself.

It is, of course, the necessary partiality of Lawrence's attempt to define life (far reaching as it is as a formulation) which causes him, in exercising it as a critical criterion, to tend inevitably towards selectiveness of vision, and, on the occasion of some bad criticisms, even towards the inflexibility of a fixed schema, which obscures awareness. Lawrence, himself, said that "to fit life every time to a theory is in itself a mechanistic process".² Nevertheless, it was probably the element of the unknown which was so strongly present in his vision of life which urged Lawrence into that kind of spontaneity, which appears in some of his criticism, of appearing to drop all that he has thought or felt before, and making an act of pure attention to that thing at that moment. Sometimes it paid, sometimes it was disastrous. In spite of the occasional fixation in his life schema, Lawrence was a critic supremely ready to attend to something new. He said how hard it is to read something new, and this may partly be explained as the difficulty of suspending established schemata, or of assaulting their hold in order to establish new ones alongside. Or, in Lawrence's terms, it may indicate the difficulty, and the courage

¹ From the Concise Oxford Dictionary: "very large of its kind".

² Ph p. 377

or tenacity required, in keeping awareness always within the reaches of new experience, and thus learning to find one's human truth and security in accepting flux and change. This, it may be remembered, was the heart of the educational problem and necessity, which was unfolded by Mrs Abercrombie in The Anatomy of Judgment, (see last section of Chapter One). To live in continual flux and change and maintain one's balance requires a high degree of flexibility in re-ordering of established schemata, and a high degree of readiness to absorb ^{the} new. Such a high degree of activity, functioning below the level of consciousness, may well deserve the title of "spontaneity", but even the fluid rapidity of Lawrence's best perception was subject to schematic shaping.

CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF D.H. LAWRENCE'S MAIN CRITICAL WRITINGS

<u>D.H.L. Poems</u> →	<u>Theory</u>	<u>D.H.L. Novels</u> →
<u>Title and number of self-comments (See Index)</u>	<u>Title and Location</u>	<u>Title and number of self-comments</u>
1908	"Art and the Individual" EyLf., p.249.	
1910		<u>WP</u> (5B)
1912		<u>T</u> (3B)
1913 <u>Love Poems and Others</u>	Letter on Poetry, CL., p.242, Nov.	<u>SL</u> (9B, 1C)
1914		
1915		<u>R</u> (8B, 5C)
1916	Letter on Poetry, CL., p.413, Jan.	
1917 <u>Look! We have Come Through</u> (1B)		
1918 <u>New Poems</u>		
1919 <u>Bay</u>	"Introduction to <u>New Poems</u> ", CP., p.181, July. **	
1920		1. <u>WL</u> (3B, 2C) 2. <u>LG</u>
1921 <u>Tortoises</u>		
1922		<u>AR</u> (4B)
1923 <u>Birds, Beasts, and Flowers</u> (1B)		<u>K</u> (1B)
1924		<u>BB</u> (2B)

AND THEIR RELATIONSHIP IN TIME WITH HIS OTHER MAIN WORK

	<u>Theory</u> <u>Title and Location</u>	<u>Other Literature</u> <u>Title and Location</u>
		(R = Review; I = Preface or <u>Introduction</u>)
1908	"Art and the Individual", EyLf., p.249	
1910		* "Rachel Annand Taylor", EyLf., p.233, Nov.
1912		* Letter on Ernest Collings, CL., p.159, Nov.
1913		* 1. <u>Georgian Poetry 1911-1912</u> (R) Ph., p.304, March. 2. "German Books: Thomas Mann" (R), Ph., p.308, July. * 3. Letter on W.H. Davies and Ralph Hodgson, CL., p.236, Oct.
1914	"Carbon" Letter, CL., p.281, June.	* 1. Letter on L. Abercrombie, CL., p.278, May. 2. <u>"Study of Thomas Hardy"</u> , Ph., p.398, September.
1915	"Faults or characteristics", CL., p.399, December	* Letter on Eleanor Farjeon, CL., p.343, May.
1916		Letter on Dostoievsky, CL., pp.429-32, February
1917		
1918		<u>SCAL</u> Version 1. SM, winter 1917-18
1919		" " " "
1920		1. <u>All Things are Possible</u> , L. Shestov. (I) Ph., p.215, April. 2. <u>SCAL</u> Version 2. SM, Feb-April
1921	<u>PU</u> , May.	
1922	<u>FU</u> , October.	
1923	1. "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb", Ph., p.517 April. 2. ?"Why the Novel Matters", Ph., p.533? 3. ?"The Novel and the Feelings", Ph., p.755?	1. <u>SCAL</u> Final Version. winter 1922-3. 2. <u>Americans</u> , S.P. Sherman (R) Ph., p.314, May. *3. <u>A Second Contemporary Verse Anthology</u> , (R), Ph., p.322 September.
1924		<u>The Book of Revelation</u> , Dr J. Oman, (R), Adelphi, p.1011, April.

D.H.L. Poems
(cont.)

Theory
(cont.)

D.H.L. Novels
(cont.)

1925

1926

PS (3B, 1C)

1927

→ Theory (cont.)

Other Literature (cont.)

- 1925 1. "Art and Morality",
Ph., p.521, July.
2. "Morality and the Novel"
Ph., p.527, July.
3. "The Novel", RDP.,
p.103, December.

1926

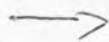
1. Mastrodon Gesualdo, G. Verga
(I), Ph., p.223, March.
2. "Accumulated Mail", Ph.,
p.799, latter part of year.
3. Hadrian III, Fr. Rolfe, (R)
Ph., p.327, December.
1. Origins of Prohibition,
J.A. Krout, (R), Ph.,
p.331, January.
2. In the American Grain,
W.C. Williams (R), Ph.,
p.334, April
3. Max Havelaar, E.D. Dekker (I),
Ph., p.236, May.
4. The World of William Arnold,
H.G. Wells, (R), Ph.,
p.346, October.
5. Heat, I. Glenn, (R), Ph.,
p.337, end of year.

1927

1. Pedro de Valdivia,
R.B. Cunningham-Grahame, (R),
Ph., p.355, January.
2. Gifts of Fortune, H.M. Tomlinson
(R), Ph., p.342, January.
3. Said the Fisherman, M. Pickthall
(R), Ph., p.351, January.
(4. Nigger Heaven, C. van Vechten,
(R), Ph., p.361, April.
5. Flight, W. White, (R), Ph.,
p.362, April.
6. Manhattan Transfer, J. Dos
Passos, (R), Ph., p.363,
April.
7. In Our Time, E. Hemingway, (R),
Ph., p.365, April.
8. The Peep Show, W. Wilkinson,
(R), Ph., p.372, July.
9. Solitaria, V.V. Rozanov, (R),
Ph., p.367, July.
*10. "The Nightingale", Ph., p.40,
September.
11. The Social Basis of Consciousness
T. Burrow, (R), Ph., p.377,
November.

one review {

D.H.L. Poems
(cont.)



Theory
(cont.)

D.H.L. Novels
(cont.)



1928

Collected
Poems

1. Criticism:
"Scrutiny of
J. Galsworthy",
Ph., p.539, Feb.7
2. "Chaos in Poetry",
Ph., p.255, May.
3. "Preface to
Collected Poems",
CP., p.27, May.
4. ("Foreword to
Collected Poems")
CP, p.849, May.

LCL (11B, 2C, 1D)

1929

Pansies

1. "Introduction to
Pansies", CP.,
p.417, January.
2. "Foreword to
Pansies", CP,
p.423, March.

1930

Posthumous

Last Poems

- "Foreword to
Collected Poems",
CP., p.849.

→ Theory (cont.)

Other Literature (cont.)

1928

1. [Criticism: "Scrutiny of J. Galsworthy", Ph., p.539, February.]
2. "Importance of the novel", LCL, p.104, July.

1. "Scrutiny of John Galsworthy", Ph., p.539, February.
2. Cavalleria Rusticana, G. Verga, (I), Ph., p.240, February.
3. The Mother, G. Deledda, (I) Ph., p.263, April.
- *4. Chariot of the Sun, H.Crosby, (I), Ph., p.255, May.
- (5. The Station: Athos, (Treasures and Man, R.Byron, (R), Ph., p.383, July.
- (6. England and the Octopus, (C. Williams-Ellis, (R), Ph., p.384, July.
- (7. Comfortless Memory, M.Baring (R), Ph., p.386, July.
- (8. Ashenden, W. Somerset Maugham, (R), Ph., p.386, July.
9. Letter on Point Counter Point, CL, p.1096, October.
10. To the Pure, M.L. Ernst, CL, p.1099, November.
11. Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun, (R), Ph., p.745. ?
12. "The Good Man", Ph., P.750. ?

1929

1. "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover", in Sex, Literature, and Censorship, p.223, Apr. - Sept.
2. Pornography and Obscenity Ibid., p.195., Sept.

1. Bottom Dogs, E. Dahlberg, (I), Ph., p.267. Early
2. The Story of Dr Manente, A.F. Grazzini, (I), Ph., p.274, March.
3. Fallen Leaves, V.V. Rozanov, (R), Ph., p.388. Late
4. Apocalypse, End.

1930

1. Dragon of the Alchemist, F. Carter, (I), Ph., p.292. Early.
2. The Grand Inquisitor, F.M. Dostoievsky, (I), Ph., p.283. Early.
3. Art Nonsense and Other Essays, E. Gill, (R), Ph., p.393, March.
- * Poetry reviews.

Posthumous

1. "The Novel and the Feelings", Ph., p.755. ?
2. "Why the Novel Matters", Ph., p.533. ?

1. Apocalypse, 1931.
2. "The Duc de Lauzun", Ph., p.745 ?
3. "The Good Man", Ph., p.750. ?
4. "Resurrection", Ph., p.737. ?

** The 1964 edition of The Complete Poems of D.H. Lawrence, misleadingly describes this essay as the Introduction to the American edition of New Poems (1918). According to F. Warren Roberts' Bibliography (p.38), this essay was written in 1919 and prefaced an American edition of the 1918 New Poems which came out in 1920.

Red numbers in brackets are readings from the index described in Chapter Two.

Dates in this chart are taken from F. Warren Roberts' invaluable A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence. Where it is known, or can be deduced, I have given the date of writing; otherwise, the date of publication is given. The intention is to reveal the chronological writing relationships as far as possible. Any placement which is puzzling or questionable has been discussed in the text of the thesis.

CHAPTER THREE

SELF CRITICISM AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF THEORY

(revealing fluctuating emphases on different aspects of the life standard in the course of its development.)

A. "Art and the Individual"

"Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision" wrote Lawrence, in his Foreword to Fantasia of the Unconscious.¹ This is a fair description of the way in which the life standard behaves in Lawrence's criticism. The elements described in the previous chapter rarely appear all together in any one piece of critical writing. There is an early essay, "Art and the Individual",² in which Lawrence outlines most of the ideas which would later gather, at one time or another, in the complex of the life standard. It is an essay which argues in the abstract, however; the examples of art or the aesthetic which Lawrence gives are either imaginary or perfunctory. The only example which he gives from personal writing experience is a general one of expressing one's feelings in a letter. After this early, abstract, outline of the qualities of the life standard, Lawrence appears to forget his argument, and set about learning its items, one at a time, from the direct perceptual experience of the development of his own creative work. Whether this shedding was conscious, or an unconscious result of the power of Lawrence's creative imagination to draw in and involve his abstracting intellect within its own effort - so that the intellect could then proceed only away from and in relation to that creative experience - is something

¹ FU p. 10

² EyLf p. 249 This essay is reproduced in the separate binding of illustrative material as it is not easily obtainable.

we can only guess at. Nevertheless, it is clear that in the course of this learning, elements based on recent perceptual experience appear in the life standard at one moment, and yet on another occasion appear to have completely vanished: the life vision is a gradually developing, gradually withering vision.

Of course, elements which function at one moment and disappear the next need only to have become tacit or quiescent. In later years - after Lawrence's criterion had developed, its elements cohered - this is most probably the case. To use Lawrence's words:

The metaphysic or philosophy may not be anywhere very accurately stated and may be quite unconscious in the artist, yet it is a metaphysic which governs men at the time ... This vision exists also as a dynamic idea or metaphysic, exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art. ¹

This statement does not imply that there was no development of Lawrence's metaphysic. Development can, on the whole, be discerned. Lawrence, moreover, says that his theory:

... is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. And then the absolute need which one has for some sort of satisfactory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one's experiences as a writer and as a man. The novels and the poems are pure passionate experience. These 'pollyanalytics' are inferences made afterwards from the experience. ²

This is not a contradiction of the statement that the dynamic idea exists first and then is unfolded in life and art. It is a description of the second and third stages: it describes the process by which what was unconscious in Lawrence was gradually brought to the surface for him by

¹ FU p. 9

² Ibid. p. 9

his writing experience and was then abstracted from to form a definite conclusion.

With Lawrence's statement in mind that, in the process of realization, the novels and poems preceded the conclusion, the ensuing outline of the chronological development of Lawrence's critical theory begins, in both the case of the novel and of verse, from Lawrence's comments on his own work. The relationships in time are charted on the previous pages. Such visual juxtaposition of the year, the theory, Lawrence's own work, and his criticisms of others, is illuminating. The immediacy of the relationship between Lawrence's own creative work and his theoretical essays does not always emerge as clearly from his self-commentary.

There is a simple reason for this. Most of this self-commentary appears in letters, and Lawrence, to be topical, usually spoke of the work in which he was at present immersed. That is to say Lawrence's self-commentary usually dates before the point when time had distanced a work and before theory could have matured distinctly from it. When a work was completed Lawrence, with only a few exceptions, lost interest in it, and his interested comment would turn immediately to what he was next immersed in. For "To every man who struggles with his own soul in mystery, a book that is a book, flowers once, and seeds, and is gone".¹ Lawrence's commentary, however, partial and prejudiced as it could be in

¹ Ph p. 235 Using a different image, Lawrence said elsewhere: "I am a great admirer of my own stuff while it's new but after a while I'm not so gone on it - like the true maternal instinct that kicks off an offspring as soon as it can go on its own legs." CL p. 172 Both images, it may be noted, are drawn from life in the organic sense.

the heat of the event, frequently contained seeds of the thoughts which matured at greater distance in theoretical essays and formulations - though these may appear to have no direct relationship with any one book.

Nevertheless, it is fair to start from the point of development which Lawrence himself indicated; and, after all, some of the self-commentary is well developed, in that the heat of the event rendered it penetrating, and it was articulated close to the moment of discovery. Before embarking on discussion of these, however, it is of interest to examine that early essay which Lawrence wrote before shedding all preconceptions in order to develop his theory as an abstraction from his own creative experience.

"Art and the Individual" is ostensibly a paper delivered to a study group whose main preoccupation was socialism. Of its style, Lawrence said "Don't let the tone offend you; I confess I am a school teacher".¹ In spite of some connection, in content, with his later criticism, it certainly differs from his most typical criticism in both style and tone. In the opening of the paper, Lawrence speedily moves away from socialism, and only perfunctorily returns to it at the end. The main part, sandwiched between, begins from and returns to, the subject of education, and the part which art has to play in this. Lawrence begins by quoting an argument about where specialisation should begin to train the peculiar qualities of the individual for his particular part in the social machine - the mechanical image he employs is one which he develops and continues to use in his later "philosophy", the bicycle image in fantasia of the

¹ Ibid. p. 28

Unconscious, for example. Then he quotes another point of view, that the ultimate goal of education is to produce an individual of high moral character.¹ This he develops by saying that he supposes moral character consists in "a good sense of proportion, a knowledge of the relative effects of certain acts or influences, and desire to use that knowledge for the promoting of happiness".² Already he appears to understand morality as something to do with awareness of relatedness, rather than awareness of an absolute. However, at this stage, he is speaking more of behaviour in society, than of individual responsibility to "life". He continues by saying that awareness of proportional values (relatedness) requires width of sympathy, and concludes his opening considerations by saying that to gain a wide sympathy, a many-sided interest, "is the immediate goal of education".³ Although Lawrence is not yet using the word in the more specialized sense, it comes immediately to mind that Lawrence later felt that "here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead."⁴ Sympathy, in Lawrence's use, was to develop in meaning in such a way as to imply the clear, unsentimental knowledge, of the freely moving "life" standard.

The train of Lawrence's argument stops after his point about sympathy, and having thus cleared his ground a little, he turns to the

¹ EyLf p. 250

² Ibid. p. 251

³ Ibid. p. 251

⁴ LCL p. 104 Also notable is the emphasis on this word in the final version essay on Walt Whitman - SCAL p. 165 ff.

author whose phraseology has marked his influence on Lawrence's argument so far: "Let us look at Herbart's classification of interests, adding one that he overlooked."¹ Herbart classes interests arising from

¹ Op. Cit. p. 251 "Herbart" was Johann Friedrich Herbart, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen. Born in 1776, he wrote, among many other works, The Aesthetic Revelation of the World, in 1804 and The General Principles of the Science of Education, in 1806. These appeared, in one volume, translated into English by Henry and Emmie Felkin, in 1892. This volume was quite probably on the syllabus of the teacher-training course which Lawrence attended at Nottingham University. The Preface, by Oscar Browning, speaks of the lack of trained teachers, the poverty of teacher-training so far existing in Britain, and the lack of any science of education. This book was to fill part of that gap.

Herbart was a true German polymath, versed in psychology and philosophy, but whose main interest, after a number of years teaching in various circumstances and capacities, was in the science of education. He appears to have been, in practice, a sensible and clever teacher - such as Lawrence himself was - but the theory which grew out of his practice was expressed in abstractions which are most German. Indeed, the translators frequently put his German term in brackets after the translation, recognising the inadequacy of the English language in expressing the abstracting generalities of the German.

The term "many-sidedness" of interest, from which Lawrence's argument departs, and to which it returns, appears to be especially Herbartian. Lawrence's resumé of Herbart's classification of "interests", covers Book II, Chapter 3, of The General Principles of the Science of Education (pp. 132-135). It seems, however, that he has utilized the condensed formula, given by the translators in their "Introduction", (Ibid. p. 50). The explanatory development of the terms, and the concrete examples which he gives, are Lawrence's own, though governed by the line of Herbart's thought.

Herbart's definitions, though abstract, are short and readable; they are based on a complex of psychology, philosophy, and experience - similar to the fluent mixture which ran through Lawrence's thought and expression. The German differs in that he raises his observations into "Principles" in a rather more heavily Teutonic way than Lawrence "philosophised" from his. Nevertheless, Herbart may well have been an early and lasting influence on Lawrence. He is interested in "conditions of mind" rather than in objects, just as Lawrence was to be interested in conditions of being, rather than the "object" of a personality. Herbart draws distinctions between Knowledge and Sympathy, in which any reader of Fantasia of the Unconscious, the final version of the essay on Walt Whitman (in Studies of Classic American Literature), or the aspects of Lawrence's thought emphasised in this thesis, might see the germ of Lawrencian theory.

Herbart writes:

Knowledge imitates what lies before it in Idea. Sympathy transports itself into the feeling of another.

In Knowledge there is an antithesis between the thing and the idea. Sympathy, on the contrary, multiplies the same feelings.

The objects of knowledge are wont to be at rest, and the mind goes from one to the other. Feelings are wont to be in movement, and the mind in touch with them accompanies their course.

(The General Principles of the Science of Education pp. 132-3)

The influence of Herbart on Lawrence may well be worth further examination on another occasion. I have received the copy of his work too late to include it in the argument with the status which I suspect it deserves.

knowledge (Intellectual) as i) Empirical; ii) Speculative; iii) Aesthetic, and interests arising from Sympathy (Emotional) as iv) Sympathetic; v) Social, and vi) Religious. Lawrence defines these in turn by example or elaboration. When he comes to v) Social, he writes (based on Herbart) that this is "Growing comprehension of the incorporation of the individual in the great social body whose interests are large beyond his personal feelings."¹ In defining the Religious, his argument continues:

When this extended sympathy is directed to the history (origin) and destiny of mankind, when it reverentially recognises the vast scope of the laws of nature, and discovers something of intelligibility and consistent purpose working through the whole natural world and human consciousness, the religious interest is developed and the individual loses for a time the sense of his own and his day's importance, feels the wonder and terror of eternity with its incomprehensible purposes. 2

"This, I hold it", says Lawrence "is still a most useful and fruitful state." Here is intellectual recognition, if not yet actual perception through the experience of his art, of the "beyond" which plays its part in the life standard as described in the previous chapter. It might be recalled, moreover, that one of the best descriptions of it quoted there was indeed from Lawrence's pseudonymous Movements in European History.

Having concluded his abstract of Herbart's definitions, Lawrence goes on to ask which of the given categories is most apt to be neglected. He takes Herbart's definition of the Aesthetic, "approval of harmony and adaptability to an end", which is classed as an Intellectual interest. Lawrence first of all points out that approval of harmony is a pleasurable experience which could equally well be classed in the "emotional" group

¹ Ibid. p. 253.

² Ibid. p. 254.

of interests. He takes a position which is a clear and early forerunner of his mature definition of criticism discussed earlier. Here he says "the ultimate test of all harmony, beauty, whatever you call it, is in personal feeling".¹

Lawrence then examines the "vague and unsatisfactory" definition of aesthetic interest on another head and, in so doing, reiterates his intellectual recognition of a "beyond" yet again. Approval of adaptability to an end is also approval of harmony, and even, he implies, as he outlines its intellectual content, might well move into the area of the definition of religious interest. "We see a good purpose in sure and perhaps uninterrupted process of accomplishment. It is gratifying - we are glad - why? Because I believe, we are ourselves almost unconscious agents in a great inscrutable purpose, and it gives us relief and pleasure to consciously recognise that power working out in things beyond and apart from us."²

It is interesting to note this approving recognition of a "religious" element in the early essay on art. Perhaps "mystic" would be a better word, for there is no hint of any particular denomination or cult. Lawrence wrote to his sister in 1911: "Jehovah is the Jew's idea of God, not ours. Christ was infinitely good, but mortal as we. There still remains a God, but not a personal God: a vast shimmering impulse which waves onwards towards some end, I don't know what - taking no regard of the little individual, but taking regard for humanity."³

¹ Ibid. p. 255

² Ibid. p. 256

³ CL p. 76

Jessie Chambers describes Lawrence's secession from Christianity during his student days - after his early reading of "the agnostics J.M. Robertson, T.H. Huxley and Maeckel".¹ By 1915 he wrote to Bertrand Russell - "I am rid of all my Christian religiosity. It was only a muddiness."²

It has been assumed, by Lawrence's sister, that "Art and the Individual" was written in Croydon during Lawrence's first years away from home.³ It must, in fact, have been written before he went. His job in London began in October 1908,⁴ and he mentions the paper in a letter in June of that year.⁵ The paper was therefore written for a Nottingham or Derbyshire group; perhaps for the Pagans, or more probably, for a group of fellow students, training with him on the teaching course at the University of Nottingham.⁶ The paper reveals, however, that the religious element in Lawrence, which he passionately laid claim to at the time of writing The Rainbow,⁷ is to be associated with his literary thought from the earliest record that we have, in spite of his secession from Christianity. The much later essay, "On Human Destiny", contains the same element, and it may be assumed

¹ E.T.: A Personal Record, pp. 83-6

² CL p. 352

³ EyLf p. 247

⁴ Poste Restante, p. 27

⁵ CL p. 12

⁶ The Pagans were the lively group of young people who formed Lawrence's circle at home. Had the paper been written for them Lawrence's sister, Ada, a prominent member of the Pagans, would certainly have known. In view of the educational bias, and the assumption that Herbart was an author known to the listeners, it seems likely that this was a paper delivered to a student discussion group, at the then University College.

⁷ CL p. 273

that the numinous element, though often tacit or quiescent, was always a part of the value system of the life standard. The affinity between the concept outlined in his letter to his sister, and the philosophy of Thomas Hardy, on whom he was three years later to write the best of his earliest critical essays, is clear.

Having pointed out the proper placing of the aesthetic interest under both intellectual and emotional headings, Lawrence goes on to propound a complex in art which almost parallels the complex this thesis has outlined as the heart of criticism. He, also, uses the word "mystical" rather than "religious" for the element just discussed: "In the interpretation we have accepted, these two, the mystical and the sensual ideas of Art are blended. Approval of Harmony - that is sensual - approval of Adaptation - that is Mystic." The parallel is with the argument of Chapter One that in criticism, as in general, thought is inter-dependent with perception - it has been seen how Lawrence's "thought" had a "mystic" element. A more direct relationship exists between this "blend of the mystical and the sensual" and the later "passional basis of the numinous" life standard. "Of course, none of this is rigid" he adds, a first hint of the man committed to flexibility or spontaneity, who would later attack "classifying and analysing" as "mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon".¹

Having examined an imaginary example of aesthetic interest in nature, Lawrence turns to human productions of art, and from his consideration of them draws his argument for that "interest" which Herbart's classification overlooked. Of the examples he takes, he

¹ Ph p. 539

claims that "They express - as well perhaps as is possible - the real feelings of the artist. Something more then, must be added to our idea of Art - it is the medium through which men express their deep, real feelings ... So Art is the second great means of communication between man and man, as Tolstoy says."¹ The idea or concept of communication is then re-expressed as sympathy - only the word has now a further dimension (the waxing and waning of layers of meaning in the same word, which marks much of the later literary critical philosophising, thus makes its debut):

The essence then of true human art is that it should convey the emotions of one man to his fellows. It is a form of sympathy and sympathy is in some measure harmony and unity, and in harmony and unity there is the idea of consistent purpose ... so it works back to the old definition. 2

The notable point about this movement of the argument, from discussion of mystic relationship to the more social guise of personal relations, is that it parallels and foreshadows a similar movement in Lawrence's thought-connected-with-experience-through-his-art at the latter end of his career.

A digression which perhaps will jump the gun, will nevertheless make my meaning clearer. There is a definite movement in Lawrence's art, and the theory which develops from it, from predominantly mystical preoccupations (The Plumed Serpent) to preoccupation with interhuman relations (Lady Chatterley's Lover). I would suggest that there is not necessarily any volte face involved, but that the necessity to relate oneself to "life", outlined in the previous chapter, took on a richer

¹ EyLf pp. 260-1 Lawrence later consistently uses the spelling "Tolstoi".

² Ibid. p. 262

dimension as Lawrence mellowed, that he finally began to see that relatedness with "life" could operate or reverberate throughout the whole of a man's being. This exists just as much, if not more, in relationships with fellow beings. If the hub of a man's relatedness is that which he endeavours to maintain with the non-personal God or "life" of Lawrence's mystic vision, that which centres on and proceeds out of it is the tissue of his every day living experience of interpersonal human relationships. It was after Lawrence had pursued the idea of mystic relatedness alone to its farthest point, in "The Plumed Serpent", that he began to realise his lack of relatedness in this necessary human dimension. He wrote to Trigant Burrow:

What ails me is the absolute frustration of my primeval societal instinct. The hero illusion (surely an allusion to The Plumed Serpent in which the pursuance of mystical relatedness by human beings, requiring a human vehicle produced the hero idea) starts with the individualist illusion, and all resistances ensue. I think societal instinct much deeper than sex instinct - and societal repression much more devastating. There is no repression of the sexual individual comparable to the repression of the societal man in me, by the individual ego, my own and everybody else's. I am weary even of my own individuality, and simply nauseated by other people's. ¹

Lawrence up to this point, had tried to counteract individuality in trying to polarize or relate it with a non-personal beyond. He found that paradoxically the lone-wolf quality of the effort resulted in the "hero" ideal and an even more nauseating emphasis on individuality. Moreover, it resulted in repression of the "societal" instinct. Lawrence had begun to write Lady Chatterley's Lover eight months previously to the letter to Trigant Burrow quoted above. I interpret that novel as first stirring in Lawrence awareness of, and then giving expression to, the

¹ CL pp. 989-90 My interpolation.

need in mankind for a more social, personal, and human dimension to the mystic relatedness which Lawrence postulates as morality in art and in life. The human relationships in The Rainbow and Women in Love period were described in "a-human" terms of "polarity". Now, awareness of the other dimension is growing. Similarly, I would say that the risen man in The Escaped Cock is not only seen by Lawrence to be taking up the necessary sensual perceptual parts of life, but, pre-eminently, as learning to engage in a human qua human relationship. In one sense, this kind of interpretation reveals Lawrence as retreating from the great achievement, in The Rainbow and Women in Love, of a mystic non-personal element in the English novel, but in another more "human" sense he is moving towards a richer conception of the morality of relatedness with "life".¹

¹ It is true that Lawrence frequently, in his letters, called Lady Chatterley's Lover "a truly phallic novel" - but this does not preclude relationship or relatedness in the sense used in this thesis. His belief, as expressed in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" is in the profound necessity for a new relationship between men, and men and women, and that it could be born first of all of new awareness between the latter. He sees the phallic mode of sympathetic awareness and communication as the most basic and far-reaching, blending the physical and the spiritual. Relationship flowers completely only in it, and is most far-reachingly furthered in it. (See "A Propos", Sex, Literature and Censorship, p. 223)

The weight of my interpretation of Lady Chatterley's Lover, as a novel about a new awareness of relatedness expressed in the field of human relationships, is supported by the detail of the novel as well. It is not Clifford's impotence which is the point (except indirectly as symbolic of the absence of the medium of relatedness, which the novel takes as the main medium) - it is the lack of communicative sympathy, or relationship between him and his wife. It is not the appearance in print of four-letter words, nor even a man's freedom to use them, which is the point - it is the fact that Mellors was able to be aware of the whole of Connie, and that in their relationship the whole of their awareness was communicable. His point is a real one, though such awareness and complete relatedness does not need to be put into words to exist.

However, the point I wish to make here is that in Lady Chatterley's Lover, the impersonal dialectic of attraction with resistance and repugnance, which characterizes relationships between the characters of Lawrence's previous novels, is at last being resolved. Lawrence has grown past the time when that truth about human relationships was uppermost in his mind. Now he was reaching a time when he could imagine the possibility of a relationship encompassing wider, human, personal, awareness. Lawrence called it "tenderness", an awareness which did not come into the relatedness to a non-personal "beyond". Relatedness with life, a polarized circuit of awareness with a deeper than personal, and therefore impersonal life (as explored in Women in Love) used communication with another being as an instrument. In Lady Chatterley's Lover there is not just a further dimension of responsibility to the "beyond", but a new sense of responsibility to the means, to human personal relationships. Thus the societal instinct began to grow, become unrepressed.

Lawrence was guilty of technical misjudgment as to how he could best make the point that the sympathy which facilitates, or even is, this new personal and human relatedness, is all-embracing. The thing may be technically impossible as the author has, perforce, to use words - and words sometimes force the issue when the essence of some kinds of sympathy is that it remains tacit, or, at least, non-public. This is particularly so in the dimension of awareness to which Lawrence's four-letter words refer. Lawrence clearly believed that the life qualities of the relationship he was creating and revealing would infuse and cleanse the words he used to express it. But words are more intractable than that. They are in far wider currency than a single novel, in one decade and one language. Moreover one novel is only among hundreds in a reader's experience, and the reader's experience reaches far beyond his literary experiences. However, that the point, for Lawrence, was the relationship rather than the word is clear from his remark that the horror which Swift expresses through one of the taboo words reveals that "his sympathies were too weak". (CP p. 419) Where sympathy, in Lawrence's sense, is weak, so is communication and relatedness.

These considerations, which properly belong to a later date in the chronological sequence, are occasioned by the strange comprehensiveness of the early paper on art. Its comprehensiveness even includes, as the argument moves, comments on style and technique which reveal Lawrence's awareness of the methods and dynamics of expression and perception. Art is the expression of feeling, but not all who feel deeply can express themselves. This, he says, is because they do "not understand what effect certain words have on readers".

This in itself, and quite simply, indicates an awareness of the activity of language as communication, better than would any technical jargon about the rhetoric of persuasion. He addresses the aspiring failure: "You didn't find the picture word, you didn't use a quick, spirited, vigorous style, so your letter is not art, for it does not express anything adequately."¹ His deputing of expression to the picture word reveals his early awareness of the value of percept beyond that of concept in communication, and the words "quick" and "spirited", used of the style of successful art, are, in their root sense, prophetic of Lawrence's later developing insistence on a living quality in artistic expression, to catch the quality of the "life" which is pursued. It was for this kind of reason that metre withdrew before expressive form, in his verse, for example.

Lawrence then turns to technique in a wider sense which again he says is a question of "pleasurable feeling" or percept. He makes here a balanced appraisal of the relationship between the ephemeral life or

¹ EyLf p. 264

spirit of a work and the actual effects, which the tools and materials the artist necessarily employs have on beholder or recipient. Implicit in this account, is the awareness of pattern or habit in perception which, though fading immediately after this essay, began to return to Lawrence's "life" theory from Fantasia of the Unconscious, to "Art and Morality" and "On Human Destiny". In this early formulation Lawrence says:

We can excellently well criticise what we call the "spirit" of the thing ... But we are not so well able to understand, or even appreciate, the techniques. That needs study. 1

Lawrence is not about to become a forerunner of the New Critics' linguistic and analytic reaction from the "appreciative" criticism of the turn of the century. He is thinking of a finer, disciplined, discriminative awareness of the sensibilities - that which he later enjoined on the critic who must be "emotionally educated".² On the present occasion Lawrence quotes Hume: "The chief triumph of art is to insensibly refine the temper and to point out to us those dispositions which we should endeavour to attain by constant bent of mind and by repeated habit." Lawrence elaborates the way of acquiring these habits of perception:

If we bend our minds, not so much to things beautiful, as to the beautiful aspect of things, then we gain this refinement of temper which can feel a beautiful thing. 3

"We are too gross" he continues, "a crude emotion carries us away - we cannot feel the beauty of things ... You must train yourself ... become

¹ Ibid. p. 264

² Ph p. 539

³ Opus cit. p. 265

refined ... And what is refinement? It is really delicate sympathy."¹

From this point Lawrence leads to a conclusion which combines the mystic and the social aspects of relationship described above:

What then is the mission of Art? To bring us into sympathy with as many men, as many objects, as many phenomena as possible. To be in sympathy with things is to some extent to acquiesce in their purpose, to help on that purpose. We want, we are forever trying to unite ourselves with the whole universe, to carry out some ultimate₂ purpose - evolution, we call one phase of the carrying out ... ² through Art we may be brought to live many lives. ³

In this quotation Lawrence indicates both the aim of life for the "beyond" ("we are forever trying to unite ourselves with the whole universe, to carry out some ultimate purpose") and the impulse to do this in large measure via relations with the physical world of things, and other men. "The passion of human beings to be brought into sympathetic understanding of one another is stupendous ..." he concludes. Finally, there is the idea that through art we can be enriched in life. Although there are not yet quite the same overtones, this is the forerunner of Lawrence's argument, around 1923, that art should make the whole man alive tremble.

The ideas about art which here, at the outset of Lawrence's literary career, appear together and co-ordinated, were rarely to so appear on any later one occasion. He appeared to forget this early credo, and then learn each item, one by one through laborious personal experience. Gathering the items as they emerge, and as more begin to appear together, through a career of creative discovery of them, Lawrence eventually appears at the end of his life to have arrived in that position from which he began. However, it is held here that the formulations in

¹ Opus cit. p. 265

² Ibid. pp. 265-266

³ Ibid. p. 267

"Art and the Individual" were largely intellectual conjecture, divorced from any real experience. That was probably why they could all appear in the same essay. Had they been derived from life experience they could not have done so; life is not as comprehensive as that, all at one go. The process of creative and critical writing, teaching everything direct from the pulse of the perceptual experience of it, made Lawrence's conclusion organised from and in the experience itself, finally richer, in texture and weight, and in ability to touch and harness complex awareness in the reader. One has only to remember Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Escaped Cock, to realise that it is the experience of creating them which lies behind, and renders persuasive, the impassioned plea for a new approach to human awareness and relationships in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover". Recall then, in comparison, the rather anaemic and perfunctory statements about sympathy with men and objects in "Art and the Individual", and gauge something of what was gained in the passage through the full circle.

B. Beginnings in Experience: Poetry, up to 1919

According to his own testimony,¹ Lawrence first began writing poems in 1905, at the age of twenty. His first volume of verse, Love Poems and Others, was published in 1913. The running commentary on his own productivity, his letters, begins in our latest collection, in 1903. Record in Lawrence's letters of his earliest poetic creations is almost non-existent, however - possibly because, as he recalled in 1928² he

¹ CP p. 27

² Ibid. p. 849

felt for some reason ashamed of the activity, and tried to hide it. However, in 1908 he mentions it shamefacedly to Blanche Jennings - "It goes without saying, of course, that a fool with my variety of follies should have turned his capering wits to the trapeze of verse."¹ He then hastens on "my verses are tolerable - rather pretty, but not ~~suave~~; there is some blood in them".² It is notable that although these remarks were made after his "dithyrambs on Aesthetics", he is not thinking in terms of harmony and adaptability but, in his intimate connection with actual creation of his own, in terms of organic life. Quickly he shies away into generalities about modern verse, and then on to Verlaine whom he translates: "Let us have music before everything, and, to obtain it, we will choose a subtle irregularity with nothing which balances and makes weight."² Lawrence comments, "I like it, but will not practise it. Before everything I like sincerity, and a quickening spontaneous emotion. I do not worship music or the 'half-said thing'".³ Already, ideas of the "quick" and of "spontaneity" are present in his critical attitude.

The next comment on his own poetry in the letters is not until 1913 and the appearance in print of Love Poems and Others. "I am fearfully keen to know what folk will say about my poems ... It is ripping to feel one develops in one's work don't you think?" he writes to Edward Garnett,⁴ in the first flush of enthusiastic realization of the way art grows. A little later in the year he defines the kind of growth which he has experienced to Edward Marsh:

¹ CL p. 20

² Ibid. p. 21

³ Ibid. p. 21

⁴ Ibid. p. 190

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. And if the mood is out of joint, the rhythm often is.

This is a statement of awareness of art moving according to the rhythms of the gestating inner life of the artist. The way is clear to perceiving art as having rhythms of life, and life, of its own. Lawrence continues:

I have always tried to get an emotion out in its own course, without altering it. It needs the finest instinct imaginable, much finer than the skill of a craftsman. Remember skilled verse is dead in fifty years. 1

Lawrence is no longer speaking of Hume's passive "refinement" of awareness, but of the action of creative formation of a skill which is living, "instinct". This is the first which we have, of Lawrence's attempts to formulate his theory of expressive form and free, living, spontaneous poetry. And it is an attempt which leads, undoubtedly, from discussion of his own creative experience. Apart from a comment, in 1923, that he considered Birds, Beasts and Flowers as his best book of poems² the only other immediate comment upon his own work which remains is that, in 1917, on Look! We Have Come Through:

I am doing out a last book of poems; real poems: my chief poems and best. This will be the last book of poems I shall have for years to come. I have reaped everything out of my old notebooks now. I think I shall call this: Poems of a Married Man. 3

Here one notices that alongside the close, almost tacit connection, of his living experience with his artistic production, Lawrence is also the artist who hordes and uses, reaping in his notebooks. It is

¹ Ibid. p. 221

² Ibid. p. 737

³ Ibid. p. 499

salutary to note here, that in spite of all the present interpretative emphasis on "life" in Lawrence's work, he was nevertheless an artist involved in all the practical, mundane, methods and usages of the job.

Besides letters which comment on Lawrence's own work, there are two other letters which should be examined here. In them, theoretical, general statements are made in the course of commenting on the poetry of other people. As Lawrence appears to be in the main disagreeing with both the correspondents concerned, it seems most likely that he is bringing to bear the closely discovered and faithfully consolidated experience of his own work. In the first of these two letters, that to Edward Marsh in 1913, Lawrence says: "I find it frightfully easy to theorise and say all the things I don't mean, and frightfully difficult to find out, even for myself, what I do mean."¹ This surely indicates in Lawrence a conscious attempt to make sure what he thinks, as close to the real moment of creative discovery as possible.

This first letter is mainly about rhythm. It is a development of Lawrence's earlier point about getting "an emotion out in its own course", for he is now discussing received technical structures which tend to hamper this. He elaborates an approach to metre, which does not do away with it, but shows how it can contain, and sustain, the free movement of "emotion in its own course". Thinking of his own poetry, Lawrence says: "I think I read my poetry more by length than by stress - as a matter of movements in space than of footsteps hitting the earth. ... I think more of a bird with broad wings flying and lapsing through

¹ Ibid. p. 244

the air, than anything, when I think of metre." Lawrence then goes on to give examples of on-foot scansion of Cynara, followed by scansion of the same piece of verse as a "matter of movements in space". He expresses preference for the latter, and then makes a direct connection between the "emotion in its own course" of the earlier letter, and rhythm as explained in the present letter:

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. It doesn't depend on the ear, particularly, but on the sensitive soul. 1

The ear, he continues "gets a habit, and becomes master, when the ebbing and lifting emotion should be master, and the ear the transmitter". Consequently, "I can't tell you what pattern I see in any poetry, save one complete thing".² This perception of course is a necessary preliminary to Lawrence's later perception that, the dynamism of art being life, division of it into parts in analysis only kills. In the meantime, Lawrence comments "This is the constant war, I reckon, between new expression and the habituated, mechanical transmitters and receivers of the human constitution". He thus reveals a momentary and early awareness of the continual friction in perception, between old and new experience, which lies at the heart of criticism and is the key to creative growth.

The next letter which is of interest is that to Catherine Carswell in 1916, concerning her poetry: "The graveyard poem is very good" says

¹ Ibid. p. 243

² Ibid. p. 244

Lawrence. "I do wish, however, you didn't use metre and rhyme." Lawrence's dislike of the flourish of pattern poised against feeling, or form against emotion, his preference for poetry which is "one thing" in which form and emotion are one, leads him to the conclusion "that this is the line which poetry will take, a free essential verse, that cuts to the centre of things without any flourish".¹ In pursuit of this idea, having in the previous letter argued metrical form into an identity with the movement of emotion, he now proceeds to demote rhyme: "why use rhyme when you don't use metrical rhythm? - which you don't - you'd lose all reality if you did. Use rhyme accidentally, not as a sort of draper's rule for measuring lines off."² The notions of "emotion in its own course", form freely moving to express it, unmarked by arbitrary rhyme, have now all appeared in Lawrence's thought about poetry, and the way is prepared for his statement of the essential nature of poetry, as Lawrence sees it, in his "Introduction to New Poems".

It must undoubtedly be agreed that, as Lawrence said, Birds, Beasts and Flowers contained his best poems up to 1923, but his first major essay on poetry, relating to his own work, was written just after Look! We Have Come Through. It was published in 1920 as an introduction to a new American edition of the 1918 New Poems.³ In this essay, written in 1919, Lawrence differentiates his purpose as poet from a sensitively described norm: "Poetry is, as a rule, either the voice of the far future, exquisite and ethereal, or it is the voice of the past, rich

¹ Ibid. p. 413

² Ibid. p. 413

³ CP p. 181 The sub-title description of the essay, as printed in the de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts edition of Complete Poems, is misleading. It runs "Introduction to the American edition of New Poems". [1918]

and magnificent." For the Greeks the Iliad and the Odyssey were ^{the} past calling in their hearts, or the future rippling its time-beats in their blood. "With us it is the same ... Only the poor, shrill, tame canaries whistle while we talk. The wild birds begin before we are awake, or as we drop into dimness out of waking ... But whilst we are in the midst of life, we do not hear them." The poetry of the past and the future must have the perfection of all that is far off, and such perfection is conveyed in exquisite form "the perfect symmetry, the rhythm which returns upon itself". But "there is another kind of poetry: the poetry of that which is at hand: the immediate present" and that requires a different form.

Written some ten years after "Art and the Individual" this theoretical essay smacks not at all of the Aesthetic which was the solemn concern of the earlier piece. The style is no longer one of reasonable argument but is impregnated with persuasive imagery and emotive thought. The content of the argument is a philosophic elaboration, with a godly fervour, of the thoughts more prosaically expressed in the earlier letter: about getting an emotion out of its own course and rhythms being dependent on this. But as he attempts to define the "poetry of the present" we become aware that Lawrence is now generalising from the particular experience of getting an emotion out clear in its own course, in his own work, to a wider philosophical truth; that he is attempting, in short, to define life, or an imaginative apprehension of it. In contrast to the past and the future, which, separated from each other, are not life, "the living plasm ... inhales the future, it exhales the

past, it is the quick of both, and yet it is neither".¹

In the following quotation the image of the water lily contains the epitome of Lawrence's idea of a work of art, something which is essentially an expression of and in a living moment which, though it is this and nothing more, somehow reveals life which is also a great power, beyond the moment and beyond us:

The whole tide of all life and all time suddenly heaves, and appears before us as an apparition, a revelation. We look at the very white quick of nascent creation. A water lily heaves herself from the flood, looks round, gleams, and is gone. We have seen the incarnation, the quick of the ever-swirling flood. We have seen the invisible. We have seen, we have touched, we have partaken of the very substance of creative change, creative mutation. If you tell me about the lotus, tell me nothing changeless or eternal. Tell me of the mystery of the inexhaustible, forever unfolding creative spark. Tell me of the incarnate disclosure of the flux ... ¹

It is necessary to understand that Lawrence's prose is not precise or steadfast in its meaning, that the meaning of his words can wax, wane, even change, and that this is part and parcel of the metaphorical way he communicates, fluently developing and changing themes of thought, arguing by suggestion and variant elaboration. It is necessary, because to take Lawrence's words literally is often to be left meaningless or with distorted meaning. But there is a danger in combating the danger: in recognising the method of communication by insinuation, rather than by direct statement we may ignore the element of actual meaning. In evaluating a piece of writing as emotively true, the real things or real ideas it is discussing may be obscured. Any attempt in this thesis to pinpoint shifting meaning in Lawrence's use of words is based on the premise that he was talking about something, even if his thought and

¹ Ibid. p. 182

style meandered round it instead of sticking to one way of looking at it. The essay of Lawrence's under present discussion is not in precisely this case, but it may be only too easily read as a series of images circling towards a main idea, that is, that Lawrence wanted to make a case for a form of verse which would spontaneously follow the forms of free spontaneous emotion. As the quotation just given shows, he is talking about something much more particular - art capturing a non-intellectually-shaped moment of life as a revelation of Life. There is clearly a numinous quality about this life, or "nascent creation". The vocabulary of the "incarnation" and "the mystery of the inexhaustible, forever unfolding creative spark" makes this clear. Art is "revelation" in a numinous context. There is confusion in our minds about this because Lawrence antithetically opposes to this vocabulary the qualities of the changeless and the eternal, words which are traditionally connected with God-ideas. But Lawrence makes this odd new meaning, and his alignment, clearer when he says later that "Eternity is only an abstraction (from the actual present) ... Infinity ... is man-made" whereas "The quivering nimble hour ... This is the immanence" a word usually suggesting numinous power.

Although such a numinous element appeared in the argument of "Art and the Individual" in the guise of a "purpose", it has here taken the guise of intimate connection, even identity, with the nature and pulse of experience. It thus carries more closely connected to itself, and further developed, the idea of "quickness" of expression and flexibility ("wide sympathy") of awareness, which in "Art and the

Individual" could only be placed alongside the idea of Purpose. The moment forever bubbles out of the stream of time, it is "the quick of all change and haste and opposition ... There must be the rapid momentaneous association of things which meet and pass on the forever incalculable journey of creation; everything left in its own rapid, fluid relationship with the rest of things".¹ The element of movement dominates Lawrence's new awareness of life (revealed in the quick, the progression of each moment) as opposed to Purpose; the element of relationship is one on which emphasis was later to grow. This new awareness of motion as essential in life has not yet been thought right through, the necessary ratifications have not yet been discovered. At this stage Lawrence cheerfully says: "We can break the stiff neck of habit. We can be in ourselves spontaneous and flexible as flame ..."² This strikes the note by which his criticism can easily be characterised, but it is one which has to be qualified. Quite apart from the psychology of perception Lawrence himself eventually realised the limitations of his discoveries, sometimes leaving previously gained ground out of present consideration.

This then is the guise in which the values of the life standard appeared in Lawrence's first extended essay on literary theory, written from the fruits of the experience of his own writing. The practical comments which he makes, consequent upon this philosophy, on the nature of verse form, are expressed in a less private and more generally

¹ Ibid. p. 183

² Ibid. p. 184

acceptable sense. Free verse, he says, has its own nature. "To break the lovely form of metrical verse, and to dish up the fragments as a new substance, called vers libre, this is what most of the free-versifiers accomplish." But, in contrast, what should be achieved is that "The law must come new each time from within".¹ These short, penetrating, comments on free verse are also born of experience. A.A. Alvarez has nicely shown how even in the earliest poems (although Birds, Beast and Flowers which did not come until after this essay, are the most consummate example) Lawrence was managing to set free the law of the form, from within the emotion he was writing about.²

It is worth marking, almost as a footnote, that Lawrence's dislike of metrical form was connected with his dislike of the "artificial conduits and canals"³ of habit and that he indirectly attacks such habit as something we cling to because of fear. "There is no static perfection, none of that finality which we find so satisfying because we are so frightened."³ In short, although the main purpose of this thesis is to combat the idea of "spontaneity" and to reveal Lawrence's retreat, from entire belief in it, to a richer and closer awareness of perceptual activity, the main impetus of his critical theory, as it combats mere habits of perception, is in a direction which Mrs Abercrombie's psychological findings, reported in Chapter One, suggested are most necessary to education - teaching the perceiver not to fear and retreat from, or consolidate against, but to face up to and live in awareness of instability and

¹ Ibid. p. 185

² The Shaping Spirit, p. 144 ff.

³ CP p. 184

change. Lawrence's insistence on new forms of expression to carry a new ~~version~~ vision of constant flux and change in life is not merely a personal characteristic - it touches upon one of the deepest lessons to be learned in life. In the present century, more perhaps than in any other it is forcibly brought home to us that life requires us to find stability by learning how to adapt continually in the midst of constant change.

C. The Novel: Lawrence's comments on his own work, up to 1927

Having thus led up to the first essay on his own literary theory, written in 1919, the thesis now returns to the year 1910 to approach, via his self-commentary from the earliest novels on, Lawrence's next major theory essays, those on the novel, written between 1923 and 1925. For convenience Lawrence's self-commentary will be taken up to 1927 and The Plumed Serpent, before the theory is examined. As might be expected of a young writer, Lawrence was much more preoccupied with, and talks more about, his earliest work than later work, written when his self-confidence as a writer was assured. A note of embarrassed awkwardness marks his first comments on The White Peacock (Laetitia was its prepublication title) but he is much less secretive about it than he was about his verse. Clearly he regards writing as his life and anxiously talks round and round his first novel. Later works such as Kangaroo and The Plumed Serpent are scarcely mentioned.

Lawrence had written the first draft of Laetitia before he finished college. In May 1908 he described the beginning to Blanche Jennings:

... when my boyhood ... began to drop from me as the grains drop one by one from a head of oats, or ten at times when rudely shaken, then I began to write. Consequently I wrote with crude sentimentality, being sick, having lost the health of my laddishness, all the humour that was the body of my mind's health dead. I finished the first writing last June - since then I have written the whole thing again. But I have been busy at Coll. this year - and I have been irritated between duty to swot Latin and Trigonometry and my impulse to write. So, much of Laetitia is poor stuff, I fear, and I shall have to do it over again. 1

From the beginning it seems that Lawrence recognised organic shape in his work, from his settling immediately on the method of re-writing the whole, to his use of organic, natural imagery in describing his relations with his works. At the same time, however, he is anxious, in a way which soon disappeared, for the objectivity of another's criticism. "My mind is sore, and it waits for the ointment of somebody's sincere criticism." Jessie Chambers "is valueless because she approves too much - valueless as a critic ..."2

When Lawrence next writes to Blanche Jennings he remarks "As for my forte, nothing and everything is my forte. I could write a good novel, if I thought about it enough ... I could write crits. - but who wants me to - who would have 'em? How shall I squeeze my jostled, winded way into journalism, who kick everybody that cramps me and confines me and am a vulgar selfish lout."3 This early, isolated comment about his ability as a critic crudely strikes a note which many would claim did indeed chime in his later criticism; it also marks his search from the beginning for what suited him, rather than trim his sails in order to be acceptable. These comments which first directly link his creative

1 CL p. 9 One is reminded of Keats' apology for "Endymion".

2 Ibid. p. 9

3 Ibid. pp. 11-12

and critical ideas, are immediately followed by critical appraisal of his own novel, forging the link between the activities more intimately. In Laetitia, he says, "there is some beautiful writing, such as I shall not write again". Both these points are true, but true for reasons different from those which Lawrence was thinking of. At this distance of time we can see passages of a lyrical Georgian grace and natural beauty in the novel which become more vibrant in tone in the immediately succeeding novel but thereafter tend to disappear. But Lawrence, at the same time, saw the novel as having the seed of the future, and he defends his work along the lines of his later theory. A mutual friend, Mrs. Dax, had complained of his bad style and his defence is, first of all, that of insecurity, claiming whimsicality ("How can I be wilful and whimsical in good English!"); but then he claims more firmly that different rhythms of life are at work in his novel than the perceptions of his critic could receive: "How can a woman whose feelings flow in such straight canals follow me in my threadings, my meanderings, my spurts and my sleepings!"¹ Thus Laetitia, which, as The White Peacock, is the most consciously "literary" of Lawrence's productions, was nevertheless one of the causes in him of his earliest thoughts about "spontaneity" or "recoil and flow".¹

Lawrence's next comments on this novel show him paying attention to detail as it plays its part in the whole, though this is not true of his hurried dismissal of the Lawrence-figure as "a young fool at the best of times, and a frightful bore at the worst". Clearly Lawrence's

¹ Ibid. pp. 11-12

failure to establish this character thoroughly was the result of self-consciousness; he is still hoping to hide behind "whimsicality" which he feels is precluded by the use of the first person in narration.¹ His comments on the other characters, however, reveal his earliest awareness of character as instrumental in working out deeper ideas; also he reveals early intimations of the kind of ideas with which his later novels were to be increasingly concerned. He speaks of George's "sympathetic discrimination which lent him his nobility"² and of Lettie as having "a far finer soul than the majority of women; and George, for his part, than men".³ The character of Lettie, however, works out a more elaborate argument. Using an image of melody which is abstract and aesthetic, Lawrence explained "Laetitia, you see, responded, and that very weakly, to Leslie, only in the sex melody. It needed that the other chords of her nature, the finer, should be jangled in an agony of discord before she realised how much she was sacrificing."³ This appears to be an early forerunner of the search for the "polarized" relationships which emerged in the writing of later novels. By the end of the letter in which he says this Lawrence suddenly loses patience with his characters, possibly because he has realised the unformed quality both of his purpose, and of their conception. "I will write the thing again, and stop up the mouth of Cyril ... I will give Lettie a few shakings".⁴

Lawrence next turns his attention to incident. "Have you anything to say on the Annable part? Is it really coarse ...? Shall I introduce

¹ Ibid. p. 19

² Ibid. p. 22

³ Ibid. p. 23

⁴ Ibid. p. 25

more characters?"¹ Here he is dubious, posing the question, but by the following letter he is writing of the value of incident in working out the argument of the book: "The Father incident is not unnecessary - there is a point; there are heaps of points ... I will re-write some time ..."² Lawrence seems to have got carried away with point-making, for it is this technique which makes the novel so self-consciously literary. It was not sufficiently remedied in the version which was eventually published, and Lawrence's final criticism of the earlier version may equally well apply to it. It is a balanced comment, and it reveals him reacting against "literary" techniques and beginning to clarify his approval of action before words as expression - a preliminary step towards his preoccupations with symbol, with cutting to the essential, and with movement and change:

I have nearly read Laetitia. It bores me mightily in parts. You can none of you find one essence of its failure: it is that I have dragged in conversation to explain matters that two lines of ordinary prose would have accomplished far better; I must cut out many pages of talk, and replace them with a few paragraphs of plain description or narrative; secondly, one is cloyed with metaphoric fancy; thirdly, folk talk about themes too much; slight incidents - such as the sugar in Eugénie - should display character, not fine speeches; fourthly, I don't believe Lettie ever did break her engagement with Leslie - she married him. The construction - changeable and erratic as it is - is defensible; there are some fine swift bits, e.g., the latter half of the party; there are some strong scenes, e.g. the Churchyard scene with Annable, the motor accident, and, for a moment, Leslie's appeal to Lettie when he comes to her sick, also the death of the father; there is some rare suggestiveness - the burial of the keeper, the idiot girl "Christmas". The "father" scene is not ugly and superfluous. I will defend my construction throughout. The characters are often weak - the men - George and Leslie especially. Lettie herself is not bad. The rest are undeveloped. What the whole thing needs is that the essential should be differentiated from the non-essential. I will have

¹ Ibid. p. 25

² Ibid. p. 27

another go at it this winter. The theme is abominable -
I blush for myself. ¹

Having learnt these things from his own work, Lawrence did not have occasion to mention them in later self-criticism. His comments are usually on the discovery of the moment. What is learnt in the past he takes for granted; he is absorbed rather with the growing tip of knowledge and experience. A similar attitude operates in his criticism of other authors. He is not interested in how they do what he takes for granted, but in what they have which is new for him. Consequently, he tends to ignore such things as style, construction, characterization, the careful matching of these to theme and so on. He is frequently content to say that something is "lovely", "wonderful" or "good" or, especially in Studies in Classic American Literature, to let long quotations speak for themselves. I mention this here because his criticism of The White Peacock suggests that Lawrence's criticism of others must have been supported at least by this early awareness of the intimate dependency of theme on artistic tools and techniques; at later dates he did not necessarily circumvent these things, leaping directly to intuitive reaction - they may simply have registered tacitly in his consciousness - having joined those patterns of awareness which are so engrained they operate below the source of awareness. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that it could be otherwise in a man who worked in literature himself and knew from use, how it is made. Having learnt so much about the tools of literary creation from the writing of his first novel, Lawrence makes no further comment upon The White Peacock

¹ Ibid. p. 36

except to the effect that he had been young when he wrote it, and that was his apology,¹ and that, by 1911, he no longer cared for it.²

Lawrence's next novel, The Trespasser, was known in manuscript form as The Saga of Siegmund. It is a slight work and is, deservedly, little attended to. Lawrence's comments about it in his correspondence do not reveal that he learnt much either in the writing of it, or in the re-consideration of the process afterwards. Lawrence's self-criticism is, except in the case of the first and last of his novels, an echo of the majority of opinion of other critics. He comments most on those in which he breaks worthwhile new ground: The White Peacock, Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, and Lady Chatterley's Lover. The Peacock and Lady Chatterley are not regarded highly in general but break rewarding new ground in the first case because it was his initiation into the art, and in the second case, because it was the initiation of a new awareness in his conception of human relationships. The middle three are his best achievement.

Lawrence is already engaged with the first of these, Sons and Lovers, when his first comment on The Trespasser appears in 1910. It was perfunctory: "It contains, I know, some rattling good stuff",³ but he had not felt urged to write about it earlier. His further comments are mainly favourable only because he is defensively trying to get it into print. Though it has an "inconsequential style" and "is based on brief notes made from actuality", nevertheless "I swear it has true form".⁴

¹ Ibid. p. 73

² Ibid. p. 78

³ Ibid. p. 66

⁴ Ibid. p. 86 The Trespasser was a re-writing by Lawrence of a novel sketched out by Helen Corke, and later published, in her version, under the title Neutral Ground.

Such remarks do not reveal any increasing critical awareness; it is not surprising to hear next - "At the bottom of my heart I don't like the work." He cannot quite dismiss it: "I'm sure it has points, and I don't think it retrograde from The White Peacock. It surprises me by its steady progressiveness" but "I hate it for its fluid, luscious quality".¹ In the re-writing which followed it seems that Lawrence may have learnt something more about distancing and discipline for "I hope the thing is knitted firm" he comments "I hate those pieces where the stitch is slack and loose" and "I give myself away so much, and write what is my most palpitant, sensitive self, that I loathe the book, because it will betray me to a parcel of fools".² It is not only that his pride dislikes betrayal of himself, but that any such betrayal is unpleasing. He instances Richard Jefferies and says "I don't like The Story of My Heart".³ Lawrence's only other comment on The Trespasser is to Helen Corke, whose personal experience the novel was based upon. He claims that in re-writing he has not essentially changed the first draft and says that the content must seem false to her: "The necessity is not that our two views should coincide, but that the work should be a work of art."⁴ It is not, and Lawrence's comments on it reveal no furthering of his critical perception apart from recognition that works somehow take on a life of their own: "It really isn't bad, is it? - but too florid, too chargé. But it can't be anything else - it is itself.

¹ Ibid. p. 93

² Ibid. p. 94

³ Ibid. p. 94

⁴ Ibid. p. 97

I must let it stand. At any rate, not many folk could have done it, however they find fault."¹

Lawrence's first comment on Sons and Lovers in the course of writing, differentiates it from both The Trespasser and The White Peacock.

"... my third novel, Paul Morel, which is plotted out very interestingly (to me), and about one-eighth of which is written. Paul Morel will be a novel - not a florid prose poem, or a decorated idyll running to seed in realism: but a restrained, somewhat impersonal novel."² In spite of the fact that it was to be largely autobiographical, the writing of this novel first brought before Lawrence the notion of impersonality, while his later discussion of it shows him becoming even more interested in the rhythms or patterns human relationships fall into (as opposed to interest in character or action):

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. It follows this idea: a woman of character and refinement goes into the lower class, and has no satisfaction in her own life. She has had a passion for her husband, so the children are born of passion, and have heaps of vitality. But as her sons grow up she selects them as lovers - first the eldest, then the second. These sons are urged into life by their reciprocal love of their mother - urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they can't love, because their mother is the strongest power in their lives, and holds them. It's rather like Goethe and his mother and Frau von Stein and Christiana - as soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split. William gives his sex to a fribble, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him, because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul - fights his mother. 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, with the son as object. The mother gradually proves

¹ Ibid. p. 97

² Ibid. p. 66

stronger because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother go for passion. He gets passion. Then the split begins to tell again. But, almost unconsciously, the mother realizes what is the matter, and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends to his mother dying. He is left in the end naked of everything with the drift towards death. ... Now tell me if I haven't worked out my theme, like life, but always my theme. Read my novel. It's a great novel. If you can't see the development - which is slow like growth - I can. 1

It has been pointed out by other critics² that Lawrence was wrong in saying the novel leaves Paul Morel with a drift towards death. The closing paragraphs distinctly give the impression that, having looked over the brink, as he hurries back towards the lights of the town Paul is turning his face back towards life. But though Lawrence can be faulted on such a detail, the argument of the whole passage clearly reveals an important step forward in his development of critical theory based on knowledge of his own creative discovery. It is clearly only a small step further to describing the pattern of human relationships in the "carbon" and "magnet" letter which the writing of The Rainbow produced. The rhythm in relationships which the above quotation described, and the notion of impersonality in the previous quotation, marry in the neutral imagery of The Rainbow letter. The Sons and Lovers letter also contains the first move towards identifying a novel's theme with "life", and reveals perception of the damage of a split of "soul" from "passion", a variant on our theme of the ill wisdom of dichotomy between thought and perception.

¹ Ibid. pp. 160-1

² e.g. R.P. Draper in his D.H. Lawrence, p. 49

Apart from the above major commentary on Sons and Lovers Lawrence's earliest remark on this book reveals him conscious of a problem, other than of form: "The British public will stone me if it ever catches sight ..."¹ But later, he says: "Have I made those naked scenes in Paul Morel tame enough? You cut them if you like. Yet they are so clean - and I have patiently and laboriously constructed that novel."² This contains hints of the literary problem which was to concern him in the latter part of his career, but, meantime, he is speaking of the process of creating the form described above. In the earliest stages he knew that "Paul Morel is better than The White Peacock or The Trespasser", but though "inwardly very proud of it" he knew that he hadn't yet "licked it into form".³ In re-writing he "made the book heaps better - a million times".⁴ It was in the process of this, surely, that he learnt about the nature of his kind of form:

These damned old stagers want to train up a child in the way it should grow, whereas if it's destined to have a snub nose, it's sheer waste of time to harass the poor brat into Roman-nosedness. They want me to have form; that means, they want me to have their pernicious ossiferous skin-and-grief form, and I won't. 5

The imagery Lawrence uses here reveals again his perception of creative work in terms of life. Three years later, he returns to the same point, after the writing of The Rainbow; the expression is more neutral and and theoretic on this occasion in a way which also marks Lawrence's more lengthy discussion of the novel:

¹ CL p. 74

² Ibid. p. 161

³ Ibid. p. 147

⁴ Ibid. p. 153

⁵ Ibid. p. 172

Tell Arnold Bennett that all the rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels. A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults, he being an old imitator, I call characteristics. 1

Of Sons and Lovers Lawrence had earlier said: "Sons and Lovers is supposed technically to have no construction. The world is full of technical fools."² Lawrence is clearly aware that he is writing a new sort of novel with a new kind of form, organic and integral, with life of its own, as opposed to an abstract pattern. This knowledge is probably the main impetus behind his urge to write as much theory as he did - a large amount by most novelists' standards, and particularly so, for such an anti-abstracting, predominantly creative author like himself. The theory essays will be examined in the next part of this chapter; meanwhile, of character drawing, in relation to this form, although he says that in Sons and Lovers he gets people in his grip,³ he is beginning to realise the change which was to emerge in the writing of The Rainbow. Of Sons and Lovers he writes:

It is rather a good novel - but if anything a bit difficult to grip as a whole, at first. Yet it is a unified whole, and I hate the dodge of putting a thick black line round the figures to throw out the composition. Which shows I'm a bit uneasy about it. 4

Consequently, although "I reckon it is quite a great book, I shall not write quite in that style any more. It's the end of my youthful period."⁵ In the course of his next period, the writing of The Rainbow and Women

¹ Ibid. p. 399

² Ibid. p. 651

³ Ibid. p. 186

⁴ Ibid. pp. 190-1

⁵ Ibid. p. 205

in Love, Lawrence learns more about the use of character in the new kind of form which is beginning to emerge in his work. New thought about it is to appear, in close connection with a more abstracted and clarified theory of those rhythms in human life which had been implicit in his comment on Sons and Lovers.

While Edward Garnett was tidying up Sons and Lovers for publication, Lawrence wrote to him apologetically: "I must go on producing, producing, and the stuff must come more and more to shape each year. But trim and garnish my stuff I cannot." At the same time he wrote "I'm simmering a new work that I shall not tell you about, because it may not come off. But the thought of it fills me with a curious pleasure - venomous, almost. I want to get it off my chest."¹ - which comments bring us close to the process of creation. The new novel must have been the earliest draft of The Sisters which was eventually to become The Rainbow and Women in Love. As he begins the writing of it, Lawrence's comments indicate that the change in method, which was heralded by his comments on Sons and Lovers, is taking place:

I have done 100 pages of a novel. I think you will hate it, but I think, when it is re-written, it might find a good public amongst the Meredithy public. It is quite different in manner from my other stuff - far less visualised. 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

¹ Ibid. p. 176

art, but it is what they want, need, more or less. But I needn't talk about it, when only 106 pages are written. 1

This quotation also reveals Lawrence's awareness of deeper purpose than literary expression alone. At this point it is neither purpose in the heavy sense of the "Art and the Individual" essay nor the numinous purposefulness of the essay "On Human Destiny". On the point of discovering it in his work, it is to Lawrence simply an as yet undefined "need", which possibly could be merely a social need.

As the writing of The Sisters goes on, the difference from Sons and Lovers becomes more defined:

... nobody will ever dare to publish it. I feel I could knock my head against the wall. Yet I love and adore this new book. It's all crude as yet, like one of Tony's clumsy prehistorical beasts - most cumbersome and floundering - but I think it's great - so new, so really a stratum deeper than I think anybody has ever gone, in a novel. But there, you see, it's my latest. It is all analytical - quite unlike Sons and Lovers, not a bit visualised. 2

Apart from the usual implication about the way his form emerges, this quotation marks the point at which Lawrence begins to see the implications of the development of the "unvisualised" technique. It can explore a deeper level of experience, can locate the "need" at a deeper level, and ultimately leads to a realisation of that level of life itself, which is the basis and undercurrent of all individual lives.

¹ Ibid. p. 183 Lawrence's interlocutor here, as in most of the letters quoted above (except those concerning The White Peacock) was Edward Garnett. The virtual cessation of Lawrence's self-commentary after the final working out of The Sisters, in Women in Love, until Lawrence was provoked into further discussion by the Lady Chatterley's Lover controversy, may well have been partly due to the lapse of correspondence with Garnett after the latter's disapproval of The Rainbow. The self-commentary which is on record up to that point was, in best, elicited by Garnett's tutelary interest along with Lawrence's interested observation of his own emerging powers.

² Ibid. p. 193

Strangely enough, in the midst of this fascinating quest, Lawrence was almost diverted: "I've got 200 pages of a novel which I'm saving - which is very lumbering - which I'll call, provisionally, The Insurrection of Miss Houghton. That I shan't send you yet, but it is, to me, fearfully exciting. It lies next my heart, for the present. But I am finishing The Sisters. It will only have 300 pages." The novel which nearly eclipsed Lawrence's best work was eventually laid to one side to be taken up later and become The Lost Girl. The 300 pages promised to The Sisters in eclipse became some 1,000 odd, and two full length novels into the bargain. At this time, Lawrence is saying "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 ..." ¹ In The Rainbow and in Women in Love the relation between men and women is the medium through which the undercurrent and the need are explored or reached towards. In Kangaroo, Aaron's Rod, and The Plumed Serpent it is the hero idea and the relation between man and man, which had played only a small part in earlier novels, which become the medium of exploration.

Lawrence's next comments on The Sisters mark his recognition of weaknesses in the first draft, and his wonder as its newness becomes clearer to him while he re-writes. His next longer discussion is concerned with the detail of the novel:

I agree with you about the Templeman episode. In the scheme of the novel, however, I must have Ella get some experience before she meets her Mr Birkin. I also felt that the character was inclined to fall into two halves - and graduations between

¹ Ibid. p. 200

them. It came of trying to graft on to the character of Louie, the character, more or less, of Frieda. That I ought not to have done. To your two main criticisms, that the Templeman episode is wrong, and that the character of Ella is incoherent, I agree. Then about the artistic side being in the background. It is that which troubles me most. 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. I have to write differently. I am most anxious about your criticism of this ...

Thus it can be seen that, at this time, even discussion of detail wheels back inevitably to preoccupation with his new form and method, the "exhaustive method", which Lawrence said he would abandon in order to write its antithesis "a story with a plot ... pure object and story" if this venture did not come off. The antithesis pinpoints indirectly what Lawrence is getting at, by indicating what the new novel is not.

The ground swell on which the novel under discussion was written was a transition stage in Lawrence himself:

I do not much mind if I put all this novel in the fire, because it is the vague result of transition. I write with everything vague - plenty of fire underneath, but, like bulbs in the ground, only shadowy flowers that must be beaten and sustained, for another spring. I feel that this second half of The Sisters is very beautiful, but it may not be sufficiently incorporated to please you. I do not try to incorporate it very much - I prefer the permeating beauty. It is my transition stage - but I must write to live, and it must produce its flowers, and if they be frail or shadowy, they will be all right if they are true to their hour. 2

This contains many hints of future theory. The preference for a "permeating beauty", as opposed to the demarcation of "incorporation" reflects Lawrence's growing interest in the rhythm of the whole from which individuals take their life. The image in which he expresses his thought (Cont'd.)

¹ Ibid. p. 263

² Ibid. pp. 263-4

is again drawn from life, and is, in fact, a close cousin of the dominant "flowering" image in the Study of Thomas Hardy which Dr Lindenberger has described as "that strange dialogue with himself which he (Lawrence) carried on while working on his two greatest novels ..."¹ The close connection between Lawrence's critical thought about his own work, and his critical thought about other authors is seen here at its clearest.² Other interesting aspects of this quotation are the appearance of the idea of art revealing truth-to-the-moment in time, (we have already seen this in maturer form, in the 'Introduction to New Poems' which was written four years later) an idea which leaves the way open for later preoccupation with "relatedness" (the moment in time is itself by virtue of its relation with, and differentiation from, what goes before and after) and, finally, with the "recoil and flow" of sympathy. This truth to the hour is consequent upon art flowering from life, and is facilitated as such by the weakening of the artificial elements of "incorporation". These considerations offer theoretical substantiation to Lawrence's critical practice of overlooking such aspects as character drawing and other usual elements of technique when examining the work of others. Thus Lawrence's self-commentary not only lays bare the gathering elements of the life standard which appears in his criticism, but also helps to explain some of his omissions and practice.

Lawrence's next lengthy comment is at the point when he has confidently grasped the new "depth", of which he had vaguely been aware. A numinous dimension begins to permeate his awareness of this depth.

¹ A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, p. 329

² The Study of Thomas Hardy will be examined in the next chapter.

(This letter, written in 1914, is the precursor of the thought in "Introduction to New Poems" which distinctly contained the numinous element):

I am sure of this now, this novel. It is a big and beautiful work. Before, I could not get my soul into it ... 1

Lawrence then goes on to speak of a reality which he perceives to be working itself out in him, as coming from the depths of him, and, so doing, having a quality of religious experience and expression:

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 ... the first Sisters was flippant and often vulgar and jeering. I had to get out of that attitude and make my subject really worthy ... primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depths 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. 2

Lawrence later said of The Rainbow, after its rejection: "But a work of art is an act of faith, as Michael Angelo says, and one goes on writing, to the unseen witnesses."³ In spite of his claim to be primarily a religious man, Lawrence's novels are not primarily religious works. They are first and foremost art, exploring the human condition, happening, from time to time to touch the depth at which the numinous dimension is revealed; it is only in this consequent way that the life standard must be seen as, from time to time, containing this element. Moreover, it must be said it is very much more an element of numinous awareness than

¹ CL pp. 272

² Ibid. p. 273

³ Ibid. p. 449

of "religiosity" - awe is the mark of it rather than devotional practices, or obedient sexual and social virtue.

Lawrence expressly disconnects himself from this kind of religious quality in art in the letter which finally draws together all that has been slowly emerging into his consciousness during his writing up to this point. The impersonal, neutral images, catch the quality of this awe of, and obedience to, that of which he has become aware:

I don't think the psychology (of The Wedding Ring) is wrong: it is just that I have a different attitude to my characters, and that necessitates a different attitude in you, which you are not prepared to give ... I think the book is a bit futuristic - quite unconsciously so. But when I read Marinetti - "The profound intuitions of life added one to the other, word by word, according to their illogical conception, will give us the general lines of an intuitive physiology of matter" - I see something of what I am after. I translate him clumsily, and his Italian is obfuscated - and I don't care about physiology of matter - but somehow - that which is physic - non-human, in humanity is more interesting to me than the old fashioned element - which causes one to conceive a character in a certain moral scheme and make him consistent. The certain moral scheme is what I object to. In Turgenev, and in Tolstoi, and in Dostoevsky, the moral scheme into which all the characters fit - and it is nearly the same scheme - is, whatever the extraordinariness of the characters themselves, dull, old, dead. When Marinetti writes: "It is the solidity of a blade of steel that is interesting by itself, that is, the incomprehending and inhuman alliance of its molecules in resistance to, let us say, a bullet. The heat of a piece of wood or iron is in fact more passionate for us, than the laughter or tears or a woman" - then I know what he means. He is stupid, as an artist, for contrasting the heat of the iron and the laugh of the woman. Because what is interesting in the laugh of the woman is the same as the binding of the molecules of steel or their action in heat; it is the inhuman will, call it physiology, or like Marinetti - physiology of matter, that fascinates me. I don't so much care about what the woman feels - in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care about what the woman is - what she is - inhumanly, physiologically, materially - according to the use of the word: but for me, what she is as a phenomenon (or as representing some greater, inhuman will), instead of what she feels according to the human conception. ... You mustn't look in my novel for

the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable ... don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters: the characters fall into the form of some other rhythmic form ... ¹

Thus the examination of the greater, inhuman will, which is seen at work in the bar of steel, and the laugh of a woman, and which provides the "other rhythmic form" into which characters in Lawrence's novels fall, is examined by Lawrence via characters who do not have a distinct line drawn round them, neither the line drawn by a fixed moral scheme nor the line drawn by the usual understanding of character as an individual with personal feelings. In this novel the clear lines of characters are broken down in a way which Lawrence describes as "a kind of working up to the dark sensual or Dionysic or Aphrodisic ecstasy, which does actually burst the world, burst the world-consciousness in every individual".² Characters who are not drawn in clear lines, fall more naturally into the "form of some other rhythmic form" and thus provide a window to the inside of "some greater, inhuman will". But this greater will is not the kind postulated by the fixed moral schemes of Christianity as in Turgenev, Tolstoi, and Dostoievsky; its contradistinction from that is suggested by its ability to contain the qualities of the gods of the "Dionysic or Aphrodisic ecstasy". But, though the "something other" is inhuman in the social dimension of the term, it is still perceived by Lawrence as "life". Marinetti speaks of what Lawrence is after when he speaks of "the profound intuitions of life added one to the other,

¹ Ibid. pp. 281-2 My underlining

² Ibid. p. 519

word by word ...". This quotation contains both what Lawrence is searching towards (life), and his method of searching (with words). Lawrence is convinced of the life-variety of the novel, even though it is a statement in words, not only because of the life it tried to reach towards, but also because of the life-quality of the shape which the expression took. "You see a novel, after all this period of coming into being, has a definite organic form, just as a man has when he is grown. And we don't ask a man to cut his nose off because the public don't like it: because he must have a nose, and his own nose, too. Oh God, I hope I'm not going to have a miserable time over this book, now I've at last got it pretty much to its real being."¹

"There is another novel, sequel to The Rainbow, called Women in Love. I don't think anyone will publish this, either. This actually does contain the results **in** one's soul of the war; it is purely destructive, not like The Rainbow, destructive, consummating. It is very wonderful and terrifying, even to me who have written it."² Women in Love was part of the original Sisters which finally became big enough to subdivide and provide material for this novel as well as for those parts which became The Rainbow. Unfortunately, that most informative literary correspondence with Edward Garnett lapsed after Lawrence's long defence of The Rainbow quoted above. Consequently, although Women in Love is in many ways a very different novel from The Rainbow there is very little record of Lawrence's thought about this novel. The piece just quoted is the most informative. Other comments are to the effect that the world of his

¹ Ibid. p. 334

² Ibid. p. 519

novel is a big and fearless world in which he can live apart;¹ that it is "terrible and horrible and wonderful."² "The book frightens me: it is so end-of-the-world. But it must be the beginning of a new world too."³ The last quotation suggests that even though Lawrence perceived his work as having the life of a world apart, the social dimension still showed its head in his purpose, hinting at the more determined do-gooding of Lady Chatterley's Lover at a later date and at the death and resurrection element in Lawrence's perception of life. The only other comment is to the Carswells: "I am glad Don likes the novel. About the Gerald-Work part: I want it to come where it does: you meet a man, you get an impression of him, you find out afterwards what he has done."⁴ This at the same time reveals Lawrence as still aiming at following the rhythms of perception in life; but the polite curtness of his dismissal of criticism reminds us that his tutelage is over. On this occasion Lawrence was writing to someone who deferred to his advice. He was not again to write to a man of letters to whose judgment he deferred and before whom he liked to defend himself.

Very little further remains to be gleaned from his self-commentary, to throw light on the development of Lawrence's critical thought. Lawrence's meagre commentary on The Lost Girl has already been mentioned. Of The Boy in the Bush he mentions liking for the original, written by Molly Skinner.⁵ After he had written through it himself, his comments

¹ Ibid. p. 477

² Ibid. p. 480

³ Ibid. p. 482

⁴ Ibid. p. 493

⁵ Ibid. p. 772

show that he had brought some of the things he had learned himself to bear, although not in immediately recognisable form: "You may quarrel a bit with the last two chapters. But after all, if a man really has cared, and cares, for two women, why should he suddenly shelve either of them? It seems to me more immoral to drop all connection with one of them, than to wish to have two."¹ This may well reflect Lawrence's private preoccupations - conducting, at the time, relationships with more than one woman. The moral he put, however, shows that he is, at this point, puzzling at the question of relation. Finally, "I think The Boy is a fine book. It runs on to its inevitable conclusions"; this reflects Lawrence's firm conviction that life is beyond and impersonal, and cannot be altered by man; also that a novel has its own living form which cannot be marred.

Of Lawrence's comments on Aaron's Rod, there are only two which have anything of interest, but they are not of particular interest to critical development. Rather, Lawrence is in a defiant mood - sufficiently defiant not to speak seriously: "Instead of bringing him (Aaron) nearer to heaven, in leaps and bounds, he is misbehaving and putting ten fingers to his nose at everything. Damn heaven. Damn holiness. Damn Nirvana. Damn it all."² Nevertheless, jocose though the comment is, Lawrence can't help aiming his cheeky gesture at ^{the} "beyond". His last comment on Aaron's Rod, "I'm afraid it is

¹ Ibid. p. 782

² Ibid. p. 653

gentian root or wormwood stem. But they've got to swallow it sooner or later: miserable tonicless lot"¹ reveals indirectly Lawrence's commitment to a purpose, and a human purpose, in his work. His comments on Kangaroo, "a weird thing of a novel,"² having nothing even of this confirmatory quality. The earliest comments on The Plumed Serpent amount to nothing beyond statements of faith that this is, to Lawrence, at that time, his greatest work. His last comment, however, written after longer consideration again shows him thinking about the problem of relation and relatedness:

The hero is obsolete, and the leader of men is a back number. After all, at the back of the hero is the militant ideal; and the militant ideal, or the ideal militant, seems to me also a cold egg. We're sort of sick of all forms of militarism and Miles is a name no more, for a man. On the whole I agree with you, the leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore. And the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men and men and women, and not the one up one down, lead on I follow, ich dien sort of business. ³

The move towards a new concept of relationship in the pursuit of life is clear. The theme of Lawrence's next and last novel, Lady Chatterley's Lover, is here forming in reaction from The Plumed Serpent which had been an exploration of the possibility of relation directly and almost exclusively with the sources of

¹ Ibid. p. 687

² Ibid. p. 709

³ Ibid. p. 1045

life. The new relatedness is to be through, or include, interhuman, societal, relationships, which do not become an end in themselves, only a new means or a more inclusive means to the same end; that of discovering and maintaining relationship with "life" in all the complex meanings it has for Lawrence.

D. Theory of the Novel, 1923 and 1925

At this point the argument returns to Lawrence's essays about the novel, written during the period just described. There is a gap of nine years between Lawrence's most important formulation by way of self-criticism - the "carbon" letter of 1914 - and the writing of these essays. In 1923, after having written Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious in 1921 and Fantasia of the Unconscious in 1922, Lawrence published an essay called "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb". in the Literary Digest International Book Review.¹ In view of its placing, it is not surprising that it is mainly concerned with the modern novel, and his contemporaries. The next certain date we have is for the essays "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel".² In 1925 Lawrence wrote to Stuart P. Sherman:

¹ Ph p. 517

² Ibid. p. 521 and p. 527

I have thought many times it would be good to review a novel from the standpoint of what I call morality: What I feel to be essentially moral - Now and then review a book plainly - I will do it for your paper if you like.

To pave the way - and have some stones to pull up and throw at the reader's head - I did two little articles - "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel". 1

Stuart Sherman was at that time on the staff of the New York Herald Tribune, but both these essays appeared a few months later in the Calendar of Modern Letters.² They did, indeed, herald the beginning of Lawrence's main reviewing career. Apart from a couple of early reviews, in 1913, a lecture in 1910 or 11, an Introduction in 1920, two more reviews in 1923, and a

¹ CL. p. 846

² Lawrence had reviewed Professor Sherman's book, Americans, in the comic humorous style of the last version of Studies in Classic American Literature:

Professor Sherman once more coaxing American criticism the way it should go.

Like Benjamin Franklin, one of his heroes, he attempts the invention of a creed that shall "satisfy the professors of all religions, and offend none."

He smites the marauding Mr Mencken with a velvet glove, and pierces the obstinate Mr More with a reproachful look. Both gentlemen, of course, will purr and feel flattered.

That's how Professor Sherman treats his enemies: buns to his grizzlies.

Clearly Professor Sherman retaliated in like wise, for Lawrence later writes to him: "I was amused by your article on me and my beard ... But I like to know what you say, because you do care about the deeper implication in a novel." However, the qualified good will in this exchange did not procure a place in the Herald Tribune for Lawrence's articles. Professor Sherman, in fact, died shortly afterwards, and this was the final reason for the failure of the contact to flourish.

questionable pseudonymous one in 1924,¹ the greater part of the body of reviewing and introductions which Lawrence produced came, year after year, every year from 1925 to his death in 1930. Lawrence was doubtless encouraged to form a distinct intention of continual reviewing after the appearance of his full length studies of American literature in 1923, and also having the memory of his long work on Thomas Hardy behind him.

The best essay by Lawrence on the novel, of which the date is certain, is "The Novel" published in Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, also in 1925. There are, however, two other essays, "The Novel and the Feelings" and "Why the Novel Matters", to which no-one has yet attempted to assign a date, according to Warren Roberts' Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence.² The essays were first published in Phoenix among the group of posthumous papers edited by Edward D. McDonald. This editor's feeling for the content of the essays led him to place "Why the Novel Matters" immediately after "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel", in the section on Literature and Art, and to place "The Novel and the Feelings" quite apart from the others in the section on "Ethics, Psychology, Philosophy." My grouping of these essays according to content is rather different. Instead of separating them, I would place all these essays together as complementary, each working out one of the elements in the life standard

¹ A review of The Book of Revelation by Dr J. Oman. It "was published under the pseudonym L.H. Davidson ... On ... presumptive evidence it is included here among Lawrence's periodical publications." (A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, by Warren Roberts, p. 267.)

² pp. 161-2

complex. Speaking of development in Lawrence's thought I must attempt to place the essays in relation to each other time-wise as well as topic-wise. I have therefore attempted to suggest dating. I do this tentatively and my conjectures are only based on my personal appraisal of the essays, rather than on any irreducible factual evidence. The placing I would suggest is this: "The Novel and the Feeling" and "Why the Novel Matters" either in 1923 with "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb", or just after, and before the essays of 1925 - "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel"; I would place "The Novel" after the latter two, in the same year.¹ This placing reveals a coherent development in Lawrence's thought about the novel, and is thus useful; though it is quite possible - having seen the crab-like way so much of Lawrence's theory develops, indirectly and from many sides, - that though written near each other the essays may have been written in quite different order, according to an illogical sequence.

Quickness and simplicity in an outline of the argument is desirable. Thus I have characterised the six essays, about to be discussed, in the following way. "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb" speaks of the modern novel and argues that it is necessary for it to break a way through to some "fresh air".² "Why the Novel Matters" develops the idea of what the break-

¹ This placing is also suggested by the Bibliography and The Collected Letters. CL. p. 846 gives a July date for the writing of the first two; the Bibliography (p. 77) gives a December publication date for "The Novel".

² Ph. p. 517

through entails - the emphasis is upon life: "I am a man, and alive ... the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble."¹ "The Novel and the Feelings" stresses the necessity of listening in to ourselves to discover the movements of life in us: "listening-in to the voices of the honourable beasts that call in the dark paths of the veins of our body, from the God in the heart."² "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel" are both about relationship: "The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment."³ Finally, "The Novel" contains all these elements, objectified, in a three-fold formula. The essay claims that a novel must be (1) Quick - that is alive, so that it can make the whole man alive tremble. (2) It must be "Interrelated in all its parts, vitally, organically." - that is to say if a novel is going to reveal relationship it must consequently be related in all its parts itself. (3) It must be honourable - that is to say, according to Lawrence, the author must have listened to his inmost heart and life and been entirely honest in registering what he discovers. Thus, in an even shorter condensation: "Surgery for the Novel" is the "break-through" essay; "The Novel and the Feelings" is the "listening" essay; "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel" are the "relationships" essays; and finally, "The Novel" is the

¹ Ibid. p. 533

² Ibid. p. 755

³ Ibid. p. 521 and p. 527

"comprehensive" essay.

It is, of course, particularly relevant to the present argument about Lawrence's life standard that the novel essays fall into this kind of pattern. But there are independent reasons which argue for the same kind of ordering - first of all, on grounds of style, "Why the Novel Matters" and "The Novel and the Feelings", seem to belong after or near the 1923 version of Studies in Classic American Literature. Both the "alive" essay and the "listening" essay are written in the free, relaxed, conversational style, irreverent, lively and amusing, which marked the 1923 Studies but was not fully developed at the time of the 1920 version.¹ A further point, in favour of placing the two undated essays near to 1923 rather than earlier, is that the "listening" essay is based on an image which was

¹ The difference in the various versions of Studies will be seen in Chapter Five. Meanwhile, examples of the styles of the "alive" essay and the "listening" essay are:

Nothing is important but life. And for myself, I can absolutely see life nowhere but in the living. Life with a capital L is only man alive. Even a cabbage in the rain is cabbage alive. All things that are alive are amazing. And all things that are dead are subsidiary to the living. Better a live dog than a dead lion. But better a live lion than a live dog. C'est la vie. ... Even the Lord is another man alive, in a burning bush, throwing tablets of stone at Moses's head. ("Why the Novel Matters". Ph. p. 534)

It's the exclusiveness of it that is awful. Always the same note, always the same note! "Ah, how can you run after other women when your wife is so delightful, a lovely plump partridge?" Then the husband laid his hand on his waistcoat, and a frightened look came over his face. "Nothing but partridge?" he explained.

Toujours perdrix! It was up to that wife to be a goose and a cow, an oyster and an inedible vixen, at intervals. ("The Novel and the Feelings" Ph. p. 755)

used by Lawrence in the 1923 version of his essay on Benjamin Franklin, but which he did not use in the earlier version of the same essay.

Man is not a little engine of cause and effect. ... The cause in man is something we shall never fathom. But there it is, a strange dark continent ... our feelings are the first manifestations within the aboriginal jungle of us. Till now, in sheer terror of ourselves, we have turned our backs on the jungle, fenced it in with an enormous tangle of barbed wire, and declared it did not exist.

But alas! we ourselves only exist because of the life that bounds and leaps into our limbs and our consciousness, from out of the original dark forest within us. We may wish to exclude this inbounding, inleaping life. We may wish to be as our domesticated animals are, tame. But ... 1

Thus the "listening" essay. Now see the Franklin essay of 1923:

It is a queer thing is a man's soul. It is the whole of him. Which means it is the unknown him, as well as the known - It seems to me just funny, professors and Benjamins fixing the functions of the soul. Why, the soul of man is a vast forest, and all Benjamin intended was a neat back garden. ...

Who knows what will come out of the soul of man? The soul of man is a dark forest, with wild life in it. Think of Benjamin fencing it off.

Oh, but Benjamin fenced a little tract that he called the soul of man, and proceeded to get it into cultivation. Providence, forsooth! And they think that bit of barbed wire is going to keep us in pound forever? More fools they! 2

The style of this "Franklin" essay is rather more free even than that of the one previously quoted. Perhaps "The Novel and the Feelings" was written just before it. Certainly, the image is more condensed in the Franklin essay. The earlier, 1918, version of the Franklin essay makes the same point less vigorously and

¹ Ph. p. 757

² SCAL. pp. 10-11

without using the image: "Benjamin left out all the qualities of the Godhead, utterly dispensed with the mystery of creation."¹ is the way the same thought is expressed there.

If the undated essays can be placed near to 1923 on these grounds, they must be near to the essay "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb" which can be dated firmly as of that year.² This essay is mainly an appraisal of contemporary novelists, but it ends with a description of what the novel should be in general:

The novel has a future. It's got to have the courage to tackle new propositions without using abstractions; it's got to present us with new, really new feelings, a whole line of new emotion, which will get us out of the emotional rut. Instead of snivelling about what it has been, or inventing new sensations in the old line, it's got to break a way through, like a hole in the wall. ³

This shows an awareness of perceptual abilities of the novel, and a development of the "non-visualized" criterion of the famous "carbon" letter. That letter was written in 1914, nine years earlier than this essay. Many of the elements which that letter contained are quiescent here. Nor does this essay hint of the important "life", "listening", and "related", qualities elaborated in "Why the Novel Matters", "The Novel and the Feelings" and the morality essays. I suggest, therefore, that

¹ SM. p. 38

² It appeared in Literary Digest International Book Review in April 1923.

³ Ph. p. 520. This excerpt continues with an image which is developed further in the 1928 "Chaos in Poetry" "... you're horrified when you see a new glaring hole in what was your cosy wall. You're horrified. You back away from the cold stream of fresh air as if it were killing you. But gradually, first one and then another of the sheep filters through the gap, and finds a new world outside."

the "life" and "listening" essays were written after the "Surgery" essay. Perhaps the "Surgery" essay roused memories of thought, nine years earlier, about form and purpose in the novel. Thus the seeds of the "life" essay and the "listening" were re-awakened and developed more fully at this stage.

The question remains, could these two essays have been written after the 1925 group of "Art and Morality", "Morality and the Novel" and "The Novel"? It has already been mentioned that the first two of these three are about relatedness in art, and that the final one contains the idea of relatedness, and the idea of "life" and of "listening". The "life" essay and the "listening" essay may have been written after "The Novel" in order to elaborate the new points of quickness and honourableness. This, however, seems unlikely to me because it would mean a movement back from an objective kind of statement to a more subjective rendering of it. The developing movement of Lawrence's critical thought is usually the reverse of this: from a subjective awareness of a quality, to an objectified description of it as a theory. Thus it is more likely that the perception that a novel can make one feel "whole man alive" should become a prescription for "quickness" in a novel, and that the perception of listening truthfully to the movement of life in oneself should lead to a prescription of "honourableness" in the novel, than vice versa.

Having suggested that the two undated "life" and "listening" essays seem most likely to have been written after "Surgery" for

the Novel - or a Bomb" and before "The Novel", the possibility remains that they may have been written between "Art and Morality" ~~and~~ "Morality and the Novel", and "The Novel". The date of these three essays is certain, however; they all belong to the year 1925. I am unwilling to place the "listening" essay and the "life" essay between them, as the sequential relation which would surely exist if all five essays were written in the same year, does not seem to exist. In fact placing the undated essays anywhere between the three dated ones, breaks the strong feeling of sequence which those three themselves convey.

My own feeling is this: "Why the Novel Matters" was probably written in reaction from the kind of novels Lawrence had written about in "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb", and to define the kind of life which the "break-through" would reach; in doing this the "life" ideas which had begun to emerge in the "carbon" letter of 1914, and had been further developed in the **I**ntroduction to New Poems of 1919¹, were recalled and developed in full force. "The Novel and the Feelings" seems to me likely to have been written near the time of the "listening" idea in the Benjamin Franklin essay of 1923, and also to elaborate on the feelings which Lawrence questioned near the end of the "Surgery" essay: "What feelings will carry us through?" he had asked. Then, I suggest, having written out the "life" and "listening" (or "honour") ideas, Lawrence began to feel towards the idea of "relatedness". To this end he wrote "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel". Having worked the idea of relatedness

out in these essays, I suggest he then went on to write the essay on "The Novel" which re-embodied this idea of relatedness, and also drew in, in a more objective way, the ideas about "life" and "listening" which had been developed in earlier essays.

These suggestions are tentative, but may be substantiated by a discussion of the essays in the order outlined above. In "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb" Lawrence asks if the contemporary novel is on its death-bed or in its cradle. The novel has two faces: "On the one hand, the pale-faced, high-browed, earnest novel, which you have to take seriously; on the other, that smirking, rather plausible hussy, the popular novel."¹ First of all, he writes of the serious novel and decides that it is "dying in a very long-drawn-out fourteen-volume death-agony, and absorbedly, childishly interested in the phenomenon."

"Did I feel a twinge in my little toe, or didn't I?" asks every character of Mr Joyce or of Miss Richardson or M. Proust. Is my aura a blend of frankincense and orange pekoe and boot-blackening, or is it myrrh and bacon-fat and Shetland tweed? The audience round the death-bed gapes for the answer. And when, in a sepulchral tone, the answer comes at length, after hundreds of pages: "It is none of these, it is abysmal chloro-corymbasis", the audience quivers all over and murmurs: "That's just how I feel myself." ²

The death image begs the question. Lawrence is not setting out on an open-minded investigation. He has applied some kind of life standard to which the material did not live up - therefore it is dead. Any other qualities the material may have are simply ignored. As criticism this will not do, even though it is a

¹ Ibid. p. 517

² Ibid. p. 517

successful caricature of a dominant aspect of these authors' work.¹ The serious novel is in a death agony, according to Lawrence, because it has never grown up. It is still childishly self-conscious. Again, this dismissal is because the quality of consciousness in Joyce or Proust does not equate with Lawrence's idea of consciousness. However, Lawrence's point is that the serious novel has reached a cul-de-sac, and needs some kind of surgical operation to set it free.

Lawrence then turns to the popular novels of the time: "The Sheiks and Babbitts and Zane Grey novels". These, he says, are just as self-conscious only they have more illusions about themselves.

The heroines do think they are lovelier, and more fascinating, and purer. The heroes do see themselves more heroic, braver, more chivalrous, more fetching. The mass

¹ In response to these short remarks of Lawrence's, William Deakin has written a ponderous 20 page essay (Essays in Criticism. 7. 1957 iv, p. 383) elaborating all those virtues of Proust and Joyce which Lawrence chose to ignore and concludes that Lawrence's attack "is chiefly remarkable for the way in which it reveals its author's limitations". p. 403. I prefer to see it as making distinctly clear what Lawrence is claiming to stand for. Dr Lindenberger puts the case much more sensibly: "To complain that Lawrence did not really understand these writers (Dr Lindenberger writes in this case of Flaubert, Thomas Mann and E.M. Forster, but the point is relevant to Proust and Joyce as well) is like complaining of Charlotte Brontë's famous attack on Jane Austen: the aims and sensibilities of the writers in the two traditions are so fundamentally opposed that the statements that they make about each other, while true on one level, are ultimately beside the point." Dr Lindenberger continues, to speak of Lawrence and Joyce: "The ironic vision is inevitably anathema to a novelist of the romantic tradition; and it seems only natural that Lawrence and Joyce, the two major and complementary novelists of their time, were unable, as many of their respective critics are today, to reach a sympathetic understanding of each other's work." A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, pp. 329-30.

of the populace "find themselves" in the popular novels. But nowadays it's a funny sort of self they find. A Sheik with a whip up his sleeve, and a heroine with weals on her back, but adored in the end, adored, the whip out of sight, but the weals still faintly visible. 1

Which again is childish, says Lawrence. Adolescence which can't grow up. Got into the self-conscious rut and going crazy, quite crazy in it.

The novel, he continues, is in a rather dirty, messy tight corner - both kinds. As a solution Lawrence suggests that a bomb be put under the whole scheme of things. The question is what would one want to save. In particular "What feelings do we want to carry us through into the next epoch? ... What is the underlying impulse in us that will provide the motive power for a new state of things ...?" Lawrence's answer is that a new intimate union between percept and thought should be forged in the novel, thus providing the new impulse:

It seems to me it was the greatest pity in the world, when philosophy and fiction got split. They used to be one, right from the days of myth. Then they went and parted, like a nagging married couple, with Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas and that beastly Kant. So the novel went sloppy, and philosophy went abstract dry. The two should come together again - in the novel. 2

These are wide generalizations, indeed, but serve the purpose of displaying just what Lawrence feels about the nature of the novel: "You've got to find a new impulse for new things in mankind, and it's really fatal to find it through abstraction. ... The novel has a future. It's got to have the courage to tackle new

¹ Ibid. p. 519. Lawrence a precursor of The Uses of Literacy?

² Ibid. p. 520

propositions without using abstractions; it's got to present us with new, really new feelings, a whole new line of emotion, which will get us out of the emotional rut." This now familiar purpose in Lawrence's theory is also seen, in this essay, to have the "philosophical" dimension. The aim of the "new line of emotion" is "to break a way through, like a hole in the wall."¹

In "Why the Novel Matters" Lawrence begins by elaborating the interpenetration of body and mind in the living man - the ground on which the marriage of philosophy and fiction in the novel, mentioned above, is based. We tend, he says to divide ourselves into soul and body, or body and mind, but:

It is a funny sort of superstition. Why should I look at my hand as it so cleverly writes these words, and decide that it is a mere nothing compared to the mind that directs it? Is there really any huge difference between my hand and my brain? Or my mind? My hand is alive, it flickers with a life of its own. It meets all the strange universe in touch, and learns a vast number of things and knows a vast number of things. My hand, as it writes these words, slips gaily along, jumps like a grasshopper to dot an i, feels the table rather cold, gets a little bored if I write too long, has its own rudiments of thought, and is just as much me as is my brain, my mind, or my soul. Why should I imagine that there is a me, which is more me than my hand is? Since my hand is absolutely alive, me alive ...
Whatever is me alive is me. 2

The tacit assumptions here, as in the previous essay, are of the intimate relation of mind and percept, or thought and sensation, which was discussed in Chapter One. But, in this essay, that interconnection is the basis of the much more mysterious power of life: "Nothing is important but life. And for myself, I can

¹ Ibid. p. 520

² Ibid. P. 533

absolutely see life nowhere but in the living."¹ This essay contains the first frank and emphatic statement of the life standard in a literary context.

In order to be man alive, one must be wholly alive. Most specialists consider only an aspect of a man's life: "The saint wishes to offer himself up as spiritual food for the multitude ... But an angel-cake is rather less than man alive ... The philosopher, on the other hand, because he can think, decides that nothing but thoughts matter ... To the scientist, I am dead. He puts under the microscope a bit of dead me, and calls it me."

Now I absolutely flatly deny that I am a soul, or a body, or a mind, or an intelligence, or a brain, or a nervous system, or a bundle of glands, or any of the rest of these bits of me. The whole is greater than the part ...

For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet ...

The novel is the one bright book of life.²

Books, Lawrence continues, are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. "But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble, which is more than poetry, philosophy, science, or any other book-tremulation can do."³ Plato makes Lawrence's ideal being tremble; the Sermon on the Mount makes his selfless spirit tremble; the Ten Commandments make the Old Adam in him tremble. Lawrence likes these bits of him to be set trembling with the wisdom of life, but he does ask that at some time the whole of him shall tremble in its wholeness.

¹ Ibid. p. 534

² Ibid. p. 535

³ Ibid. p. 535

This he believes only a whole novel can do for him.

The Bible - but all the Bible - and Homer and Shakespeare: these are the supreme old novels ... They set the whole tree trembling with a new access of life, they do not just stimulate growth in one direction. ¹

This "access of life" is the only hint, in this essay on the life standard, of any power greater or beyond the individual. For the moment, Lawrence is preoccupied with the life standard in terms of actual living rather than in terms of purpose.

He continues to elaborate: the "access of life" means change. We should ask for no absolutes, or absolute. "All things flow and change, and even change is not absolute ... In all this change, I maintain a certain integrity. But woe betide me if I try to put my finger on it. If I say of myself, I am this, I am that! - then, if I stick to it, I turn into a stupid fixed thing like a lamp-post. I shall never know wherein lies my integrity, my individuality, my me. I can never know it."² Thus the life quality leads to the "recoil and flow" and change in the movement of a novel, and this in turn leads to the characters without distinct lines around them. We are back with the thought which emerged in the writing of The Rainbow.

"In all this wild welter" Lawrence concludes "we need some sort of guide. It's no good inventing Thou Shall Nots!" His answer is "Turn truly, honourably to the novel, and see wherein you are man alive, and wherein you are dead man in life ... at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you."³

¹ Ibid. p. 536

² Ibid. p. 537

³ Ibid. p. 537

It is my conjecture that Lawrence, in this essay, elaborated his theory of the life-giving qualities a novel should have, in reaction from the "death-bed" novels he had written of in "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb". I now conjecture further that "The Novel and the Feelings" was consequent upon "Why the Novel Matters" and is an attempt to work out where or what the "access of life" is. In this essay an awareness of the numinous in connection with the life standard reappears, as the "feelings" mentioned in "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb" are explored.

What is a man? asks Lawrence:

Is he really just a little engine that you stoke with potatoes and beef-steak? Does all the strange flow of life in him come out of meat and potatoes, and turn into the so-called physical energy?

Lawrence thinks not: "we ourselves only exist because of the life that bounds and leaps into our limbs and our consciousness, from out of the original dark forest within us ... The cause in man is something we shall never fathom ... the cause of us, and of our days."¹ Thus the "access of life" spoken of in the previous essay is something within man, and yet vast beyond his individual self. Because this power is not moral in the social senses of the word, "civilised" man has tried to tame it, but Lawrence claims that this leads to perversion and degeneration. To undo such damage, and to unclothe the founts of the "access of life", Lawrence argues a need to return to the free movement of spirit in the old Adam "he who is of the tame hated ... but who is held in innermost respect by the fearless."² Lawrence's

¹ Ibid. p. 757

² Ibid. p. 759

theory wanders from the literary to the poetical-philosophical, but his meaning for the life standard is clear:

In the oldest of the old Adam, was God: behind the dark wall of his breast under the seal of the navel. Then man had a revulsion against himself, and God was separated off, and lodged in the outermost space.

Now we have to return. Now again the old Adam must lift up his face and his breast and untame himself. Not in viciousness and wantonness, but having God within the walls of himself. In the very darkest continent of the body there is God. And from Him issue the first dark rays of our feeling, wordless, and utterly previous to words: the innermost rays, the first messengers, the primeval, honourable beasts of our being, whose voice echoes wordless and for ever wordless down the darkest avenues of the soul, but full of potent speech. Our own inner meaning. ¹

This essay was probably included by Edward McDonald in his section on Ethics, Psychology, Philosophy because of its preoccupation with education - the kind of education Lawrence speaks of as being necessary for the critic.² Its relevance here is that the numinous dimension of Lawrence's life standard, is unequivocally demonstrated to be, for Lawrence, intimately involved with literature. We have to educate ourselves towards our inner meaning, he says, not by inscribing tablets of stone, but by listening to the movements of that life within and beyond us, and:

If we can't hear the cries far down in our own forests of dark veins, we can look in the real novels, and there listen-in. Not listen to the didactic statements of the author, but to the low, calling cries of the characters as they wander in the dark woods of their destiny. ³

¹ Ibid. p. 759

² Ibid. p. 539

³ Ibid. p. 760

If my conjectural placing of the last two essays is correct, the next two essays, which heralded the real body of Lawrence's reviewing output, "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel", were written after another two years of consideration. The first of the two essays is mainly about painting but Lawrence wrote: "The point is easier to see in painting, to start with ... it wouldn't be so very out of the way in a literary paper."¹ The point he was concerned to make was about life as it is revealed in relationship "between ourselves and the universe". This is clearly a step forward. From being aware of life as a dynamism, Lawrence moved on to locate it within, and yet greater than, the individual. He now perceives its morality as expressed in its relatedness. Relation with something, or someone, who is on-going in life, requires flexible sympathy; this development in Lawrence's thought, therefore does not undermine any of the other previous elements. It is a relatedness which can cope with change, with which he is concerned. Due, perhaps, to the lapse of time, Lawrence approaches these essays from an apparently different angle. In so doing he uses arguments similar to those about schemata in Chapter One. The point is best seen in the first of the two essays, "Art and Morality".

"Instinct" says Lawrence "is largely habit. The moral instinct of the man in the street is largely an emotional defence of an old habit." What can there be in a Cézanne still-life to rouse the aggressive moral instinct of the man in the street?²

¹ CL. p. 846

² Lawrence was writing in 1925. I doubt if this holds good today.

What ancient habit in man do these six apples and a water pitcher succeed in hindering? They can't suggest improper behaviour, he continues, but they do offend "the slowly formed habit of seeing just as the photographic camera sees."¹ Lawrence doubts that even now the image on the retina is always photographic. The child, he argues, even if a complete photographic image is reflected on the retina must surely leave most of it out of consideration and attend only to a hieroglyph: "Two eyes, a nose, a mouth of teeth, two straight legs, two straight arms: a sort of hieroglyph which the human child has used through all the ages to represent man."² In previous ages "even in Egypt, men had not learnt to see straight. They fumbled in the dark, and didn't quite know where they were, or what they were. Like men in a dark room, they only felt their own existence surging in the darkness of other creatures."³ Slowly, however, man strove to register the image on the retina as it is.⁴ "Man has learnt to see himself. So now he is what he sees. He makes himself in his own image."³ It is this slowly formed habit which is offended by art which is not photographic. (It was this kind of habit which was also at first offended by Lawrence's non-visualised technique in The Rainbow.)

¹ Ph. p. 521

² Ibid. p. 522

³ Ibid. p. 523

⁴ This kind of argument is supported by E.H. Gombrich's account, in Art and Illusion, of the development of artistic techniques to cope with developing accuracy and refinement of objective vision.

The Cezanne still-life is contrary to the All-Seeing photographic Eye: "apples don't look like that, in any light or circumstance, or under any mood, then they shouldn't be painted like that." It is wrong, Lawrence imagines the public, whose habit of vision is offended, declaring, "Apples are always apples! says Vox Populi, Vox Dei." But, says Lawrence:

Sometimes they're a sin, sometimes they're a knock on the head, sometimes they are a bellyache, sometimes they are part of a pie, sometimes they are sauce for the goose.

And you can't see a bellyache, neither can you see a sin, neither can you see a knock on the head. So paint the apple in these aspects, and you get - probably or approximately - a Cezanne still-life.

And this is the immorality in Cezanne: he begins to see more than the All-Seeing Eye of humanity can possibly see, Kodak-wise.

The immorality, that is, to the general public Lawrence is satirizing. To Lawrence this is the morality of Cezanne's art.

What art has got to do, and will go on doing, is to reveal things in their different relationships. That is to say, you've got to see in the apple the bellyache, Sir Isaac's knock on the cranium, the vast, moist wall through which the insect bores to lay her eggs in the middle, and the untasted, unknown quality which Eve saw hanging on the tree. ¹

When an artist can reveal the qualities of these relatednesses, he "substitutes a finer morality for a grosser."

Lawrence then goes on to speak of life in its dimension greater than, but inclusive of, the individual. It has something of the stature of Hardy's vision in The Dynasts, but it does not have the latter's pessimism and irony. If anything there is an enjoyment of this quality of life.

The universe is like Father Ocean, a stream of all things slowly moving. We move, and the rock of ages moves.

¹ Ibid. p. 524

And since we move and move for ever, in no discernible direction, there is no centre to the movement, to us. To us, the centre shifts at every moment.

There is nothing to do but to maintain a true relationship to the things we move with and amongst and against.

As Lawrence continues, the concluding moral of The Anatomy of Judgment, that the aim of education should be to teach equilibrium while negotiating continual change and uncertainty, comes back to mind yet again:

Each thing, living or unliving, streams in its own odd intertwining flux, and nothing, not even man nor the God of man, nor anything that man has thought or felt or known, is fixed or abiding. All moves. And nothing is true, or good, or right, except in its own living relatedness to its own circumambient universe; to the things that are in the stream with it. ¹

The way to Lady Chatterley's Lover is beginning to open up, even though Lawrence was still engaged in completing The Plumed Serpent at this point. Relationships between men and women, who are in the stream together, are to come to the forefront, while in all the previous novels the Lawrence-figure had insisted on the secondary quality of such connections.

Lawrence concludes by bringing the argument of the essay nearer to the realm of his own literary experience:

Design, in art, is a recognition of the relation between various things, various elements in the creative flux. You can't invent a design. You recognise it, in the fourth dimension. That is, with your blood, and your bones, as well as with your eyes. ²

This, of course, is what happened in the writing of his own novels, and the justification of the present approach of taking from his comments on his own creative activity, a lead towards his theory.

¹ Ibid. p. 525

² Ibid. p. 525

In the above comment from "Art and Morality" Lawrence has definitely linked the movement of life with the movement of form in art, and the comprehensiveness of the life standard is established. Finally, in the last paragraph of the essay, Lawrence explicitly states the position postulated for him in the chapter on the life standard - that morality is not in succumbing to an absolute, given, divine law, but in maintaining relatedness: "A new relationship between ourselves and the universe means a new morality."¹

The essay "Morality and the Novel" carries straight on where "Art and Morality" leaves off. "The business of art" says Lawrence "is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment." When Van Gogh paints a sunflower "It is a revelation of the perfected relation, at a certain moment, between a man and a sunflower." Perfected relationship between a man and his circumambient universe "is life itself" for mankind.² It is momentaneous because both components move on towards other relationships,³ but at the moment of relation there is a quality of eternity and perfection: "that which exists in the non-dimensional space of pure relationship is deathless, lifeless, and eternal. That is, it gives us the feeling of being beyond life or death."² And, says Lawrence, "there is something inside us which must also be beyond life and

¹ Ibid. p. 526

² Ibid. p. 527

³ "The relation between all things changes from day to day, in a subtle stealth of change. Hence art, which reveals or attains to another perfect relationship, will be forever new." Ibid. p. 527

death since that feeling has been precious to man since time began."¹ Thus life as expressed in relatedness has a numinous quality of the "beyond".

"If we think about it" continues Lawrence, and here he makes the point that relatedness is an important aspect of the life standard, "we find that our life consists in this achieving of a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us"¹ (the underlining is Lawrence's):

This is how I "save my soul" by accomplishing a pure relationship between me and another person, me and other people, me and a nation, me and a race of men, me and the animals, me and the trees or flowers, me and the earth, me and the skies and sun and stars, me and the moon: an infinity of pure relations, big and little, like the stars of the sky: that makes our eternity, for each one of us, me and the timber I am sawing, the lines of force I follow;² me and the dough I knead for bread, me and the very motion with which I write, me and the bit of gold I have got. This, if we knew it, is our life and our eternity: the subtle perfected relation between me and my whole circumambient universe.³

In "Why the Novel Matters" the novel was important because it could make the whole man alive tremble. In the present essay the thought has developed and Lawrence now declares that its importance is that "The novel is the highest example of subtle inter-relatedness which man has discovered."³ A novel can reveal all the kinds of relationship which the long quotation above has listed.

Lawrence elaborates this point. He does not mean life in the sense of like-life - the discrimination which John Bayley made in

¹ Ibid. p. 528

² Vide the "carbon" letter on The Rainbow

³ Ph. p. 528

"The Novel and the Life Standard", - he means something more:

The ordinary bank clerk buying himself a new straw hat isn't 'life' at all: it is just existence, quite alright, like everyday dinners: but not 'life'.

By life, we mean something that gleams, that has the fourth dimensional quality. If the bank clerk feels really piquant about his hat, if he establishes a lively relation with it, and goes out of the shop with the new straw on his head, a changed man, be-aureoled, then that is life. 1

"If a novel reveals true and vivid relationships, it is a moral work, no matter what the relationship may consist in. If the novelist honours the relationship in itself, it will be a great novel."²

The question of morality has now come into the discussion. "Life" Lawrence has said "consists in achieving a pure relationship." In the previous chapter of this thesis it was stated that morality in Lawrence's life standard was not to do with an absolute moral code, but in a responsibility to seek out the relatedness with life which is life. In "Morality and the Novel" Lawrence writes:

... morality is that delicate, forever trembling and changing balance between me and my circumambient universe, which precedes and accompanies a true relatedness. 3

which is a refinement upon the cruder formulation given above. However, Lawrence does not elaborate further, but moves off to the question of morality in the novel. The corollary is obvious: if "the novel is the perfect medium for revealing to us the changing rainbow of our living relationships"⁴ then "Morality in

¹ Ibid. p. 529

² Ibid. p. 530

³ Ibid. p. 528

⁴ Ibid. p. 532

the novel is the trembling instability of the balance" and immorality is "when the novelist puts his thumb in the scale to pull down the balance to his own predilection".¹

When Lawrence continues: "the novel is not, as a rule, immoral because the novelist has any dominant idea, or purpose. The immorality lies in the novelist's helpless, unconscious predilection", the distinction does not seem to be an important one. But, allowing for the essay "The Novel" being written after the present one, it seems that Lawrence also felt some lack of clarity, for the status of a novelist's dominant "idea" or "purpose" is further discussed there. In the present essay however, he is mainly concerned with the novelist's "unconscious predilection". No emotion, says Lawrence, is supreme or exclusively worth living for. "All emotions go to the achieving of a living relationship between a human being and the other human being or creature or thing he becomes purely related to". But if the novelist's unconscious predilection weights the balance in favour of any one emotion, such as love, tenderness, sweetness, peace, and so on, Lawrence feels he has committed an immoral act, because this "prevents the possibility of a pure relationship, a pure relatedness, the only thing that matters".²

Granted, then, that "life" consists in relatedness, and morality is in achieving and maintaining relationships through the kaleidoscopic movements of life, what does this mean in general, and for the novel? It means, in general, something that Chapter One has already prepared the ground for accepting:

1 Ibid., p. 528

2 Ibid., p. 529

Each time we strive to a new relation, with anyone or anything, it is bound to hurt somewhat. Because it means the struggle with and the displacing of old connections and this is never pleasant. 1

Earlier in the same essay, he had written:

As mankind is always struggling in the toils of old relationships, art is always ahead of the 'times', which themselves are always far in the rear of the living moment. 2

Obviously, therefore:

to read a really new novel will always hurt, to some extent. There will always be resistance. The same with new pictures, new music. You may judge of their reality by the fact that they do arouse a certain resistance, and compel at length a certain acquiescence. 3

Finally, Lawrence's concluding thoughts again begin to point in the direction of Lady Chatterley's Lover. Relatedness, now established and articulated as the important quality of his life standard, the way is prepared for him to explore "the great relationship, for humanity" which "will always be the relation between man and woman".⁴ It may be argued that all Lawrence's novels, and most of his poems were, in fact, an exploration of the relation between men and women. This is, of course true, but the question is one of emphasis. In the love poetry I feel Lawrence was engaged in exploring the sensation of new experience in relationships; in the great novels I feel he was exploring the nature of reality and using relationships between men and

¹ Ibid. p. 530. The "Nightmare" chapter in Kangaroo dramatizes the breaking of old relations, with his mother, in the establishing of the new with Frieda. In his literary experience this change was worked out in the writing of the several versions of Sons and Lovers and The Rainbow. Thus this critical perception can also be seen as emerging via his literary experience.

² Ibid. p. 527

³ Ibid. p. 531

⁴ Ibid. p. 531

women as instruments in the search. In Lady Chatterley's Lover, though^{it is} a weaker novel by far than The Rainbow or Women in Love, it seems to me that Lawrence has finally arrived at examining "the great relationship, for humanity" that "between man and woman" for itself, rather than as an instrument. In the present essay, Lawrence makes preliminary description of such relation in terms, which already begin to conjure the argument of

"A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover:"

It is an absurdity, to say that men and women must love. Men and women will be forever subtly and changingly related to one another; no need to yoke them with any "bond" at all. The only morality is to have man true to his manhood, woman to her womanhood, and let the relationship form of itself, in all honour. For it is, to each, life itself.¹

The essay "The Novel" was published in the same year as "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel", in the volume Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine. The latter was published in December, 1925, the other two in November and December respectively. There is no record of when "The Novel" was actually written, but the two "Morality" essays had been written by July 1925.² I feel confident, however, that "The Novel" succeeded, rather than preceded the others. It re-gathers many themes from other novel essays right back to "Surgery for the Novel - or a Bomb": "Somebody says the novel is doomed. Somebody else says it is the green bay tree getting greener ... I am rather bored myself. It becomes harder and harder to read the whole of any modern novel. One reads a bit, and knows the rest ...".³ he

¹ Ibid. p. 531

² CL. p. 846

³ RDP. p. 103

begins. But immediately he picks up the thread of thought which had run through "Morality and the Novel". The novel is the highest form of human expression so far attained, he says. "Why? Because it is so incapable of the absolute. In a novel, everything is relative to everything else, if that novel is art at all. There may be didactic bits, but they aren't the novel."¹ The latter thought seems to remind Lawrence of the end left untied in the previous essay: the comment, even while he decried the novelist putting his thumb in the scale, that "The novel is not, as a rule, immoral because the novelist has any dominant idea or purpose."² In "The Novel" Lawrence proceeds to elucidate this seeming contradiction. In the course of it, the numinous dimension to his thought about the life standard returns in full, having almost faded in the "relationship" essays.

Lawrence first clarifies his vocabulary, and then makes his point:

What is a novelist's philosophy but a purpose on a rather higher level. And since every novelist who amounts to anything has a philosophy - even Balzac - any novel of importance has a purpose. If only the 'purpose' be large enough, and not at odds with the passional inspiration. ³

"It is such a bore", he continues "that nearly all great novelists have a didactic purpose, otherwise a philosophy, directly opposite to their passional inspiration."⁴ But it is at this point that

¹ Ibid. p. 104

² Ph. p. 529

³ RDP. p. 104

⁴ Ibid. p. 105

Lawrence sees the greatness of the novel revealed: "It won't let you tell didactic lies ... you can fool pretty nearly every other medium ... you can't fool the novel."¹ He makes his point by giving examples which, to him, are failures or successes.

Tolstoi takes the biggest beating in this essay; again and again Lawrence returns to the attack. As criticism of Tolstoi's work Lawrence's comments are not adequate. The life standard, in the particular sense in which he applies it, turns out, as John Bayley says, to be a minority party after all. We can best take Lawrence's comments on Tolstoi as indicative of the point Lawrence wishes to make, rather than as objective appraisal. In 1909 Lawrence could say no words good enough for Anna Karenina: "Read Anna Karenina - no matter, read it again, and if you dare to fall out with it, I'll - I'll swear aloud."² But in 1925, after the real development of his life standard (as opposed to that in "Art and the Individual" of 1908), he has a bitter quarrel with it. The passional inspiration of the novel comes through truly, "Nobody in the world is anything but delighted when Vronsky gets Anna Karenina" says Lawrence, in spite of Tolstoi trying to make out that the tragedy followed upon this, "the phallic sin". The real sin of Anna and Vronsky, he says, was the fear of society: "They couldn't live in the pride of their sincere passion, and spit in Mother Grundy's eye. And that, that cowardice was the real 'sin'." And in spite of Tolstoi's apparent purpose, "The

¹ Ibid. pp. 104-6

² CL. p. 54

novel makes it obvious."¹ Similarly, the novel tells the truth, in spite of Tolstoi, in Resurrection where "the would-be-pious Prince ... is a muff, with his piety that nobody wants or believes in."² In War and Peace also, Pierre "is more dull and less quick than Prince André." Tolstoi, with a purpose thus said to be at odds with his passional inspiration, Lawrence describes as "God in the machine of Christian-brotherhood, that hashes men up into social sausage-meat."³ Were passional inspiration and purpose at one it would not be immoral, in Lawrence's terms, for the novelist to have a distinct directing philosophy. In this case, says, Lawrence, they are not. The novelist put his thumb in the scale and that, to Lawrence, was immorality.

Before leaving Lawrence's opinion of Tolstoi as expressed in this essay there is an article, "Tolstoy, Lawrence and Tragedy" by Raymond Williams⁴ in which ideas about life and relationship as revealed in art are elaborated, similar to Lawrence's but with the ironical consequence of demonstrating Lawrence's failure to see how well Anna Karenina lives up to the relatedness qualities in the life standard. Mr Williams argues that Anna Karenina "is a whole structure in which all the elements are closely related, and that the complexity of this structure (rather than Lawrence's version of one of its elements) is Tolstoy's actual morality."

¹ RDP. p. 105

² Ibid. p. 104

³ Ibid. p. 112

⁴ Kenyon Review. 1963 iii p. 633

We have seen how Lawrence, in earlier essays, argued that morality consisted in relatedness or relationship, and in complexity of relationship. Mr Williams continues: "But Tolstoy, unlike Lawrence, (at least as a moralist), recognized the fact of life, to be quickened or destroyed in all individuals, not merely in selected ones who are called individuals while the rest are dismissed as society." This is unfair to Lawrence's theory, which as we have seen recognizes the possibility of relationship with something or someone else, for everyone and everything. It is probably fair comment on what happens in most of Lawrence's novels, however, and is certainly fair of his abrupt handling of Anna Karenina.

Lawrence's argument that Anna's instinctive life, hers and Tolstoi's "passional inspiration", is contradicted and denied by society or the figment of Tolstoi's "didactic purpose" is re-expressed by Mr Williams in the following way, with a different but Lawrentian conclusion:

The point here is not that Anna's instinct for life has been disproved but that Tolstoy, as a great novelist, refuses to deal with cardboard figures of the "quick" and the "dead", turning rather to the actual processes of relationship in which love and hate are confirmed and denied. ¹

An examination of processes of life rather than figures of life should surely have met Lawrence's approval. Mr Williams continues:

By letting us see this situation from each point of view in turn, rather than predicating the "quick" and the "dead" - the "quick" to be forgiven their weaknesses, the "dead" to be virtually damned - Tolstoy shows an extraordinary creative

¹ Ibid. p. 639. Lawrence and Mr Williams have adopted different spellings - Tolstoi and Tolstoy, respectively - which I reproduce, as they come.

and moral energy. The flow and stopping of life is seen as much more complicated than in the Lawrence version. ¹

Mr Williams agrees with Lawrence's point that "the social convention invoked against Anna is indeed shallow and hypocritical", but he does not feel as Lawrence does that Tolstoi used it to precipitate a false tragedy. He thinks the tragedy lay in the relationship:

... take a society in which there is no difficulty in divorce, in which an Anna would not be pointed at and avoided, and the human difficulty in substance remains. ... The tragedy of Anna is exacerbated by her society, but the roots of the tragedy lie much deeper, in a specific relationship ..²

Lawrence's life standard expressed through relationships would have been admirably adjusted to register this, but he seems on this occasion to have missed the point, and one which ought to have been peculiarly his. I must here say that I agree with Mr Williams' reading of Anna Karenina and find it a most fruitful interpretation. He continues:

here, in Tolstoy, ... the account of a relationship extends into a pattern of relationships, and beyond them into a society. ³

He instances the character of Levin: "When he is translating a 100-ruble note, lightly spent in Moscow, into the work of men in the fields, he is involved with values in a sense equally opposed to the conventions of fashionable society and the mere flouting of them. In learning this kind of connection with all that lives, he is learning something deeper than either respectability or personal

¹ Ibid. p. 639

² Ibid. p. 641

³ Ibid. p. 642

then Plato, then the New Testament, then a host of modern novelists; but:

Greater novels, to my mind, are the books of the Old Testament, Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, Kings, by authors whose purpose was so big, it didn't quarrel with their passionate inspiration. The purpose and the inspiration were almost one. ¹

Lawrence's examples of failures may have been wrong or bizarre, but the point is a good and important one. Inspiration and purpose must not quarrel - the novel must be "Interrelated in all its parts, vitally, and organically."²

Having re-stated the quality of relatedness and thus tied the loose end from the previous essay, Lawrence sets about re-gathering the "quickness" argument from "Why The Novel Matters". "You can't fool the novel" Lawrence had claimed. If the novelist's purpose contradicted his inspiration the novel would give him away. Inspiration cannot be thwarted if it is "passional" or "quick":

In every great novel, who is the hero all the time? Not any of the characters, but some unnamed and nameless flame behind them all. Just as God is the pivotal interest in the books of the Old Testament ... In the great novel, the felt but unknown flame stands behind all the characters, and in their words and gestures there is a flicker of the presence. ³

This flame of quickness is not only behind individuals and revealed in their gestures, it both contains and is them right through:

Character is a curious thing. It is the flame of a man, which burns brighter or dimmer, bluer or yellower or redder, rising

¹ RDP. p. 108

² Ibid. p. 116

³ Ibid. pp. 109-110

or sinking or flaring according to the draughts of circumstance and the changing air of life, changing itself continually, yet remaining one single, separate flame, flickering in a strange world ... 1

In these quotations, quickness ("the quick is God-flame, in everything."²) is directly identified with that life which is in and beyond individuality. The numinous dimension of this "life" or "quickness" is specifically stated:

And the sum and source of all quickness, we will call God.³
This is the first great merit of the novel, according to Lawrence, that "it can't exist without being 'quick'" and that "all that is quick, and all that is said and done by the quick, is, in some way godly."

Lawrence's argument then proceeds to establish the connection between the element of relatedness, and the element of quickness. He sees them, in fact, as inherent in each other:

The man in the novel must be "quick". And this means one thing among a host of unknown meaning: it means he must have a quick relatedness to all the other things in the novel; snow, bed-bugs, sunshine, the phallus, trains, silk-hats, cats, sorrow, people, food, diphtheria, fuchsias, stars, ideas, God, toothpaste, lightning, and toilet-paper. He must be in quick relation to all these things. What he says and does must be relative to them all. 4

Such quick relatedness requires movement and change, flow and recoil, "For the relatedness and inter-relatedness of all things flows and changes and trembles like a stream." This, says Lawrence, is the beauty of the novel; everything is true in its

¹ Ibid. p. 116

² Ibid. p. 110. Also: "God is the flame-life in all the universe." p. 121

³ Ibid. p. 110

⁴ Ibid. p. 111

own relationship and no further.¹

The quality of flow and change in the relatedness which is so intimate an element of godly "quickness" or life reveals "how immoral the absolute is."² Though now expressed in different vocabulary, this point brings Lawrence back to the necessity of being true to the passional inspiration and not putting a didactic absolute over the natural movement of life in a novel. To put it in the terms of "The Novel and the Feelings" the novelist must learn to listen truly to the movements of life within the dark forest of himself. In "The Novel" essay Lawrence finally calls it being "honourable": "the honour which the novel demands of you, is only that you shall be true to the flame that leaps in you".³ This, then, is the gathering of thought, various points of which were developed separately in earlier essays, which lay behind Lawrence's final, and comprehensive statement on the novel.

... the novel inherently is and must be:

1. Quick.
2. Interrelated in all its parts, vitally, organically.
3. Honourable. 4

This essay is the best of those so far examined for revealing the homogeneity, and subtle complexity of the life standard - in spite of the failure, to apply it fruitfully as a whole to the work of Tolstoi, which is embedded in its midst.

¹ Ibid. p. 114

² Ibid. p. 115. Lawrence considers it "imbecile to infer that, because Dante worshipped a remote Beatrice, every man, all men, should go worshipping remote Beatrices." pp. 114-5

³ Ibid. p. 121

⁴ Ibid. p. 116

E. Criticism, 1928

Chronologically, the next important piece of literary theory which Lawrence wrote was the account of his understanding of the activity of criticism, which prefaced his essay "John Galsworthy"¹ published in Scrutinies in 1928. This essay was written at the beginning of 1927, in the midst of Lawrence's career as a critic: it came after the "Study of Thomas Hardy" and the three versions of Studies in Classic American Literature; after the seven shorter pieces written between 1910 and his decision to review steadily in 1925; and after writing on four of the 35² books or authors he wrote introductions for, or reviews of, during the period between his decision to write criticisms professionally in 1925 and his death in 1930. Thus this formulation, about two years after the last of the essays on theory of the novel, was written with some experience of practical criticism behind him, and reveals Lawrence's attitude towards the sizeable amount of casual reviewing and so on, which was still to come. The main aspects of this account of critical technique have already been discussed on other occasions elsewhere in this thesis, but the items may be drawn together at this point, for continuity in the present account of overall development.

Emphasis has been placed on the esoteric complexity of the "life" of Lawrence's critical life standard, but his description of what criticism should be is prosaic and sensible. "Criticism

¹ Ph. p. 539

² The dating of two of these items is uncertain. The others can be dated precisely (see Chart on p.180) or were certainly written after 1925.

can never be a science" he says, "it is, in the first place, much too personal, and in the second, it is concerned with values which science ignores." But the consequence is not mysterious: "Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced on the critic by the book he is criticizing."¹ This seems a vague and undisciplined criterion, but the key-word is "reasoned" - the account of the feeling must be reasoned. When Lawrence tries to epitomize the argument with the phrase "the touchstone is emotion, not reason", he is not decrying reason, or excluding it from the activity, he is merely drawing attention to the fact, indicated in Chapter One, that perception is necessarily primary, and mentation or explanation can only follow. But, of course, as there has been frequent occasion to point out, the following can be so immediate as to preclude any gap. When perception (or "our sincere and vital emotion") is exercised, thinking and reasoning almost inherently come into play. If the perceptual thought which a work stimulates in a reader is complex and profound, it requires a high level of perceptive activity and skilful description in its critic. Consequently, it does not follow from Lawrence's simple definition of criticism, that the activity is in any way facile or undemanding.

Lawrence's description of the qualities required in a critic soon dispels any illusion. His description takes into full account the close interaction of thought and perception in critical activity. First of all:

¹ Ibid. p. 539

A critic must be able to feel the impact of a work of art in all its complexity and force. To do so he must be a man of complexity and force himself ... a man who is emotionally educated ...

The latter term bespeaks the intimacy, almost oneness, of feeling and its intelligent ordering. Next the critic:

must be a man of good faith. He must have the courage to admit what he feels, as well as the flexibility to know what he feels.

Given feeling and honesty, (Lawrence knows now that thinking as an activity abstracted from feeling, is also important) the critic must also be:

capable of giving us a true account of what he feels.

Lawrence recapitulates, re-orders his priorities, and condenses:

"A critic" he says, "must be emotionally alive in every fibre, intellectually capable and skilful in essential logic, and then morally very honest."¹

Lawrence, the by-now practised reviewer for a non-specialist average reading public thus writes in a way that can be easily understood. But to the present reader the requirements of "life" and "morality" in a critic have by now more specialised implications: being "alive" as a critic (in Lawrence's terms) is not simply the antithesis of being asleep - it is being able to respond to a particular kind of potency or dynamic energy in a work and being flexible enough to follow its living movements; being morally honest is not simply omitting to misrepresent feelings - it is a duty of maintaining as continual and close a relationship with a work as possible while reporting truthfully the facts of the feelings.

¹ Ibid. p. 539

Finally, Lawrence adds (and this is the justification of isolating a life standard in his own work):

Then it seems to me a good critic should give his reader a few standards to go by: He can change his standards for every new critical attempt, so long as he keeps good faith. But it is just as well to say: This and this is the standard we judge by. ¹

Of course the standards would have to change if they were to be "quick" rather than "absolute". I have argued that Lawrence's life standard does indeed modify and fluctuate according to occasion, and more examples of this will be seen in the next two chapters. However, while the man remains the same man, the standards rarely change arbitrarily or entirely. Lawrence recognizes this in the generalized examples of critical standards which he gives: "Sainte-Beuve, on the whole, set up the standard of the 'good man' ... Pater's standard was the lonely philosopher of pure thought and pure aesthetic truth. Macaulay's standard was tainted by a political or democratic bias ... Gibbon tried a purely moral standard, individual morality."²

¹ Ibid. p. 539

² Ibid. p. 539. Lawrence's favourite and ideal critic was Sainte-Beuve. Macaulay he thought brilliant but unsatisfactory. In an essay on his critical method Sainte-Beuve says many things which might apply to D.H. Lawrence's criticism, even though the essay as a whole is not at all Lawrentian in tone. Lawrence might, however, have said with Sainte-Beuve: "I do have a method; and although I did not give it an a priori theoretical formulation, it took shape as I practised my criticism ...". He might also have said "Literature, literary production, as I see it, is not distinct or separable from the rest of mankind's character and activity ... the study of literature leads me naturally to the study of human nature.", though the understanding each had of that "life" or "nature" was markedly different from that of the other.

Sainte-Beuve also had intimations of a later psychology of perception: "a day will come ... when a science of human nature

will be constituted, and the great orders and species of minds will be sorted out. Then on the basis of a mind's principal characteristics, it will be possible to deduce several others. No doubt it will never be possible to achieve in the case of man what can be achieved in the case of animals and plants: human nature is more complex. It possesses what is called "freedom", and this always presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations." This prognostication leads Sainte-Beuve to foresee a critic such as Lawrence: "Thus I conceive of someone possessing such talent, being able to make out groups or families of writers (for we are dealing with literature), being able, indeed, to make them out almost at first sight and capable of grasping their spirit and their life." (Selected Essays, pp. 281-3) The Lawrence who wrote "The Spirit of Place" and Studies in Classic American Literature is such a critic.

Lawrence expressed no other opinions on great critics and only passing comments on volumes of essays by his contemporaries. Of contemporary critics Lawrence knew well J.M. Murry and Aldous Huxley, and he was acquainted with Lascelles Abercrombie and Walter Raleigh. Their critical methods, however, do not seem to have had much effect on Lawrence, except, perhaps, in the case of J.M. Murry, an affect of reaction against.

Good to his word on this occasion, Lawrence sets about defining the standard which is to apply in his discussion of John Galsworthy's work. Needless to say, it is a life standard, in some guise, and, because of the quality of Galsworthy's work (where life, such as it is, seems to exist in the characters rather than in the dynamism of Galsworthy's whole vision) Lawrence defines his standard in connection with the characters. He cannot judge them he says, by any of the standards given above - Sainte Beuve's, Pater's, Macaulay's, Gibbon's. "One would like to judge them by the standard of the human being ... Yet not one of them seems to be a really vivid human being. They are social beings ... It remains to define, just for the purpose of this criticism, what we mean by a social being as distinct from a human being."¹ A human being is, says Lawrence, Mr Worldly Wiseman to his own degree, "but in his essential core he is naïve, and money does not touch him. Money, of course, with every man living goes a long way. With the live human being it may go as far as his penultimate feeling. But in the last naked him it does not enter." This, then, is the distinction or standard for this particular criticism: the human being remains untouched by money at the heart of him, while in the social being it goes right through the centre.

However, Lawrence elaborates on the human being he has postulated as his present standard, in a way which brings in more

¹ Ph. p. 40

than this particular about money; brings in, in fact, all the dimensions of the life standard:

While a man remains a man, before he falls and becomes a social individual, he innocently feels himself altogether within the great continuum of the universe. He is not divided or cut off. Men may be against him, the tide of affairs may be rising to sweep him away. But he is one with the living continuum of the universe. It is the essential innocence and naïveté of the human being, the sense of being at one with the great universe-continuum of space-time-life which is vivid in a great man, and a pure nuclear spark in every man who is still free.

But if man loses his mysterious naïve assurance, which is his innocence, if he gives too much importance to the external objective reality and so collapses in his natural innocent pride, then he becomes obsessed with the idea of objectives or material assurance; he wants to insure himself, and perhaps everybody else: universal insurance. The impulse rests on fear. Once the individual loses his naïve at-oneness with the living universe he falls ... 1

and becomes a social being.

Satire exists for the very purpose of killing the social being, showing him what an inferior he is and, with all his parade of social honesty, how subtly and corruptly debased. Dishonest to life, dishonest to the living universe on which he is parasitic as a louse. 2

Here are all the elements of the life standard: it is something beyond but including the individual, truth to it is a man's individuality, it comes from within, it is mysterious, and it moves and sweeps the individual along; one must remain related to it, to break the relation is immoral ("dishonest"); the morality of relation with it, and the biblical terms of "fall" in breaking that relation, suggest the numinous dimension. All that has been elaborated about the life standard up to this point

¹ Ibid. p. 541

² Ibid. p. 543

is thus implicit in a description of what is explicitly stated to be a critical standard, the necessity of such a statement in each new critical attempt having been postulated in Lawrence's account of critical activity.¹

F. Poetry, 1928 and 1929

The next group of essays on literary theory are again on poetry. Very little self-commentary appears in Lawrence's correspondence which has any reference to poetry at this time.² He was largely concerned, through 1928 and 1929, with shepherding

¹ Speaking of a human being in a novel, Lawrence says: "While man remains a man, a true human individual, there is at the core of him a certain innocence or naïveté which defies all analysis ... you can only deal with it in good faith from your own corresponding innocence or naïveté." (Ph. p. 540) You, being the critic, must also be "alive in every fibre." In SCAL p. 66., Lawrence points out that only dead protoplasm can be analysed - if we analyse we kill. This, clearly, is the rationale behind Lawrence's dislike of analysis, which he rarely practised, (in^{the} the New Critics' or academic sense) and of which he said: "All the critical twiddle-twaddle about style and form, all this pseudo-scientific classifying and analysing of books in an imitation-botanical fashion, is mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon." (Ph. p. 539) There is an essay, however, "Accumulated Mail" (Ph. pp. 799-805) in which he employs analysis, effectively but destructively, to tear to pieces an article about his own work in the Nation of 11th February, 1925, written by Edwin Muir. This kind of analysis is the antithesis of the analysis implicit in his wide, synthesizing, critical statements. ("Accumulated Mail" was written and published in 1925.)

² Similarly, little comment of any value exists, in published form, by way of self-commentary on Lawrence's plays, travelogues, or short stories.

and defending, first of all Lady Chatterley's Lover, and then his paintings. A few comments appear about his volume of Pansies, but they are connected with their seizure by the police, and publishers' attitudes, rather than with the process of their creation. Besides, as has already been said, Lawrence had no mentor, or correspondent whom he regarded as able to advise him on his creative work, since his break with Edward Garnett over The Rainbow.¹ The interest which appears markedly in the correspondence, after the "pornography and obscenity" tussles, is in the Apocalypse. No mention is made of Last Poems. Richard Aldington describes two posthumous manuscripts in which More Pansies and Last Poems appear in varying stages of development. He concludes: "I believe these two manuscripts represent two different books, one a continuation of Pansies, the other a new series leading up to the death poems, for which Lawrence had not found a general title. The two books must also have been in progress simultaneously."² One of these books was dated 23rd November, 1928.³ Lawrence, it seems, must have been involved in creative writing of poetry during the period which my discussion has now reached, though no mention of it can be found in published correspondence. He may have been otherwise preoccupied, as suggested above, or the poems may not have been, for him, sufficiently compact as yet to start discussing them as

¹ Lawrence would seek, and take, advice about publishing markets, however.

² CP. p. 592

³ Ibid. p. 591

a series. The present discussion turns immediately, therefore, to the poetry essays of this time. These essays are by no means as rich in critical and theoretical thought, as are Lawrence's essays on the novel. Neither is the question of their chronological order as problematical or interesting. The first essay to be discussed, "Chaos in Poetry" is the most interesting from the theoretical point of view; it elaborates and qualifies already familiar ideas in terms of a new image; the next two, ~~Foreword~~ and ~~Preface~~ to the Collected Poems of 1928, are largely reminiscent; and the last two, ~~Introduction~~ and ~~Foreword~~ to the two editions of Pansies in 1929, lead the discussion into the period dominated by the issues which Lady Chatterley's Lover raised. "Chaos in Poetry" appeared in Exchanges in 1929, but according to Caresse Crosby, was written on 1st May 1928.¹ The ~~Foreword~~ and ~~Preface~~ to Collected Poems are both dated 12 May of that year; thus we begin with "Chaos in Poetry".²

In his essay "Morality and the Novel", Lawrence had left one point undeveloped: "As mankind is always struggling in the toils of old relationships, art is always ahead of the 'times' which themselves are always far in the rear of the living moment." he had written.³ In the logic of the almost "organic" growth of Lawrence's critical and artistic theory this provided the growing point for the essay now under discussion. There was a gap of

¹ A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, by Warren Roberts, p. 219. The essay was ultimately re-published, with some added material, in 1931, as an Introduction to Chariot of the Sun, by Harry Crosby.

² Ph. p. 255 to halfway down p. 257

³ Ibid. p. 527

some three years between the two, however; and the action can hardly have been conscious, for the image used to develop the thought in "Chaos in Poetry" is sufficiently different as to almost obscure the relationship. This image also marks the waning of some aspects of the life standard, which, after the group of major essays on the novel, was not to reach such fullness of stature and completeness of dimension again, save in one last case.

Lawrence begins "Chaos in Poetry" by stating that poetry is a matter of words, words in "a ripple and jingle and run of colours." It is an interplay of images and an iridescent suggestion of an idea. But it is something more than that. All these things together are not poetry, only something like it. "The essential quality of poetry is that it makes a new effort of attention, and 'discovers' a new world within the known world."¹ "Discover" is used in the sense of "reveal": and the new world which is revealed by the effort of attention in poetry, is that of "chaos" which is within and without the individual, inclusive of everything, and thus seen to be an image of life, in the sense of Lawrence's life standard:

Man, and the animals, and the flowers, all live within a strange and forever surging chaos. The chaos which we have got used to we call a cosmos. The unspeakable inner chaos of which we are composed we call consciousness and mind, and even civilization ... But man cannot live in chaos ... In his terror ... he begins by putting up an umbrella between himself and the everlasting whirl. 2

¹ Ibid. p. 255

² Ibid. p. 255

The quality of relatedness, which is so marked an element in the life standard of the novel essays, does not appear in this essay on poetry, as it had not in the earlier *Introduction to New Poems*". Relatedness, as Lawrence saw it, was particularly the achievement of the novel. The poet, along with the scientist and the philosopher, is master of only part of man alive, while the novel "gets the whole hog."¹ It is thus to be expected that the whole of the life standard would not appear in an essay on poetry, and that, in particular, relatedness would not come into it. The description of life in the above quotation is even more impoverished than this: the sense of the numinous in the "mystery of the inexhaustible, forever unfolding creative spark"² has almost disappeared in the curious new and more heavy and neutral description of the life beyond as "chaos". Moreover, apart from words like "surging" and "whirl" the sense of movement, subtle and sensitive flow, and of "quickness", have also disappeared, replaced by a sense of an encircling volcanic rumbling which has none of the sinuous, fleeting grace of the earlier conception.

However, the qualities of life being in, beyond and inclusive of the individual remain, and the new less fluid, less

¹ Ibid. p. 535

² CP. p. 182

on-going and linear, image, is better adapted to displaying the sense in which art can be ahead of the "times" which are yet able to be behind the living moment:

Man fixes some wonderful erection of his own between himself and the wild chaos, and gradually goes bleached and stifled under his parasol. Then comes a poet, enemy of convention, and makes a slit in the umbrella; and lo! the glimpse of chaos is a vision, a window to the sun. But after a while, getting used to the vision, and not liking the genuine draughts from chaos, commonplace man daubs a simulacrum of the window that opens on to chaos, and patches the umbrella with a painted patch of the simulacrum. That is, he has got used to the vision; it is part of his house decoration. ¹ So that the umbrella at last looks like a glowing open firmament ... ²

Thus it is that man remains behind the times. What he sees in his glowing firmament, is not the freshest and most immediate vision of life, but those visions that have sufficiently set into the commonplaces of perception to be happily accommodated by him. The too new, the real encounter with new life, which artists make in his time, is too near to chaos for the liking of the ordinary man.

(cont'd.)

¹ "The joy men had when Wordsworth, for example, made a slit and saw a primrose ... in the full gleam of chaos. Since then, gradually, we have come to see primavera nothing but primrose ... we have patched over the slit ... Shakespeare made a big rent, and saw emotional wistful man outside in chaos ... now, alas, the roof of our vault is simply painted dense with Hamlets and Macbeths ..." (Ph. p. 256).

² Ph. p. 255

This movement of man, always lagging behind naked encounter with the newest consciousness serves as the progress of civilization:

So long as the umbrella serves, and poets make slits in it, and the mass of people can be gradually educated up to the vision in the slit: so long as this process can continue, and mankind can be educated up, and thus built in, so long will a civilization continue more or less happily, completing its own painted prison. It is called completing consciousness.¹

Now, says Lawrence, the umbrella has become absolute, and it needs some terrific wind to blow the umbrella to ribbons, and much of mankind, leaving survivors in the midst of chaos. "For chaos is always there, and always will be ..."

By now the reason for the impoverished life image is becoming clear. Lady Chatterley's Lover was published in the year this essay was written. I have argued earlier that this period in Lawrence's life and thought was one in which he began moving away from his preoccupation with the individual's direct, solitary and mystic connection with the sources of "life" to perception of the same connectedness, accomplished through a medium of more societal dimension. Thus, in the earlier essay, "Introduction to New Poems", he could express a far more fluid, sensitive, and changing awareness of movement from the sources of life, because his apprehension was that of an individual, thinking from the awareness of an individual. Since then, the essays on the novel had developed the notion of relatedness, which by the time of Lady Chatterley's Lover had developed into awareness of the necessity of societal relationships. Correspondingly, in "Chaos in Poetry" Lawrence is thinking of the condition of life awareness of people, of a civilization, of a society - a more cumbersome entity to discuss. Consequently,

¹ Ph., p.256

the image in which his thought is unfolded is less flexible, the terms of experience it tries to convey more general, the conditions described more solidly stated and physically situated.

The difference between the "Introduction to New Poems" and "Chaos in Poetry" is seen in the difference between the poetry of which they speak. Personal, individual, sole experience, rather than a social experience is described in the earlier essay:

But there is another kind of poetry: the poetry of that which is at hand: the immediate present. In the immediate present there is no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon.¹

Away with the rhythm and form which we find so fascinating because we are so frightened.² In the later essay, however, Lawrence speaks of the role of poets in the society which he has described:

What about the poets, then, at this juncture? They reveal the inward desire of mankind. What do they reveal? They show the desire for chaos, and the fear of chaos. The desire for chaos is the breath of their poetry. Their fear of chaos is in their parade of forms and technique.³

Thus the wheel appears to have come full circle. Lawrence is back again with the fear which dependence on form implies for him. But the argument is now conducted in a more "societal" dimension. At this point, Lawrence's essay turns to the discussion of Chariot of the Sun, and the remainder of it properly belongs to discussion in the next chapter of this thesis.

¹ CP, p.182.

² Ibid., p.184.

³ Ph., p.257.

The next two items, both written just eleven days after "Chaos in Poetry"¹ are even thinner than the latter essay, and surprisingly, unlike other essays by Lawrence, have no connection with their immediate predecessors. The reason must lie in the occasion of writing: both pieces were designed to be prefatory matter to the Collected Poems of 1928, and this provoked a strain of personal reminiscence in Lawrence which was the antithesis of the "societal" generalization of the previous essay. The Foreword is clearly the first draft of the Preface. As such it is more rambling and personal but parallels in content the version which was finally printed. The Foreword was not published until after Lawrence's death, when it appeared in Phoenix: the Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence.

Lawrence ends the Foreword, or first draft of the Preface to Collected Poems, with an apology for being too personal. Doubtless, this was the reason for writing a second, more condensed and less personal version of the same material. But, being the more personal, the earlier version tells us more about Lawrence's memories of creative experience. In the Preface he speaks simply of his "demon" and hopes the reader will know what he means. In the Foreword Lawrence describes the experience which gave him so strong an awareness of a defined life in him other and stronger than himself, even while it was himself. It demanded a title,

¹ If Carresse Crosby's dating of "Chaos in Poetry" is accepted.

"demon", of its own and was the genesis of the life standard:

In those early days I used to feel myself at times 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 suddenly appear, in the shape of a usually rather incoherent poem.¹ ... They (the poems) seemed to come from somewhere, I didn't quite know where, out of a me whom I didn't know and didn't want to know ...² To this day, I still have the uneasy haunted feeling ... Only now I know my demon better, and, after bitter years respect him³

In those days, there was a "commonplace me"⁴ who sometimes spoke instead of the demon and so there were faults in both the feeling and form of the poems. Corrections for the Collected Poems were mainly in order to let the demon "say the real say".⁵ Only the less immediate and more fictional poems had form which could be played with. "The demon, when he's really there, makes his own form willy-nilly, and is unchangeable."⁶ But Lawrence can help to "give it more complete expression"⁷ even now because "To the demon, the past is not past ... no more past in me than my blood in my toes or my nose is past."⁸ Doing over his poems for this edition had made Lawrence realize that "pastness is only an

¹ This experience of creativity was probably the germ of: "The whole tide of all life and all time, suddenly heaves, and appears before us an apparition, a revelation." CP, p.182.

² CP, p.849.

³ Ibid., p.850.

⁴ Ibid., p.852.

⁵ Ibid., p.850.

⁶ Ibid., p.851.

⁷ Ibid., p.850.

⁸ Ibid., p.850.

abstraction. The actuality, the body of feeling is essentially alive and here".¹ And, moreover, the poems themselves "hang together in a life".²

Thus, the haunted feeling came impersonally from within, took shape as a "demon", was stronger than Lawrence, and found its own forms willy-nilly. Finally, its expressions "hang together" in Lawrence's life, the past life of the demon existing in Lawrence's present life as inevitably and indubitably as his blood and his nose. Here clearly are the grounds of intimate personal experience out of which the life standard grew. Particularly, might be noticed, Lawrence's awareness, where life is concerned, of the action of past experience in the present whether it be the life of his commonplace self or of his demon.

The finally published second version of this essay, known as the Preface to Collected Poems is less personal and more condensed. The reader of this Preface is not aware that the creative life or "demon" came unknown but from within the poet, for Lawrence has now depersonalized and objectified the account to a degree at which the demon appears to be completely other and apart from him, perhaps a visitation from a Muse:

... When I was twenty, ... my real demon would now and then get hold of me, and shake more real poems out of me, making me uneasy.³

As Lawrence goes on to speak about form and letting the demon have its say, the greater objectivity of the statement impoverishes the earlier version's description of the demon making its own form,

¹ Ibid., p.849.

² Ibid., p.852.

³ Ibid., p.27.

and Lawrence now being able to correct his mistakes by virtue of knowing his demon better. Here, Lawrence simply says:

A young man is afraid of his demon and puts his hand over the demon's mouth sometimes and speaks for him. ... So I have tried to let the demon say his say, and to remove the passages where the young man intruded.¹

The consequence is that when Lawrence comes to state his reason for placing the poems in chronological order it seems more like an addition to the "demon" argument, than, in part, a natural result of it. The reason Lawrence gives, in both versions, is that the poems are largely autobiographical: their rationale and their development are seen much more clearly if read as autobiography rather than if taken separately. In the earlier ~~Foreword~~ it is clear that the poems sprang not only out of the everyday life of a man, but out of the life of the demon in that man, the dynamic almost organically developing creative life. The poems which thus "hang together in a life" have this double richness of connotation. The creative life (from the experience of which the life standard emerged) appears to have the upper hand, however, for Lawrence concludes: "It is perhaps only fair to give the demon his body of mere man, as far as possible."²

In the ~~Preface~~, which was finally used, Lawrence's greater objectivity breaks this thread of continuity in the argument. The reason he gives for the chronological ordering is autobiographical in the merely mundane sense of the word. The life of the demon is left out. The later version does have the added virtue, however,

¹ Ibid., p.28.

² Ibid., p.852.

of stressing the "organic" aspect of a body of literary work, and the dimension of its "societal" interrelation with a wider matrix than that of its author alone:

It seems to me that no poetry, not even the best, should be judged as if it existed in the absolute, in the vacuum of the absolute. Even the best poetry, when it is at all personal, needs the penumbra of its own time, place and circumstance to make it full and whole. If we knew a little more of Shakespeare's self and circumstance how much more complete the Sonnets would be to us¹

Thus, even in essays written on the same day (both are dated 12 May 1928) different emphases or elements of the life standard can appear in or disappear from the complex. In a comparison of the two essays, the one which was actually used, the Preface, is doubtless better in its lesser degree of personal reminiscence, for the purpose of prefacing Lawrence's Collected Poems, at that time. The earlier, unused version, the Foreword, is however, with its personal reminiscence, of more sustained interest to us now - for it is one of the few descriptions which Lawrence left of his actual, immediate experience of creative production, of that experience out of which his critical values emerged.

The next two essays, Introduction to Pansies and Foreword to Pansies, were written in January and March 1929, respectively. They appeared, however, in reverse order, as a result of publishers' timidity after Scotland Yard had seized the original manuscript of Pansies in the post. The ~~Foreword~~ therefore came out in July 1929, prefacing the first but expurgated edition, while the Introduction came out in August, prefacing the definitive unexpurgated edition. As with the previous two, these essays will be discussed in order

¹ Ibid., p.28.

of composition. The movement between the two is, however, the antithesis of the movement between the two described above. While the ~~Foreword~~ and ~~Preface~~ to Collected Poems moved from individual to a more "societal" interest, the Introduction and Foreword to Pansies move from social concerns to giving more emphasis to a diluted version of Lawrence's early individualistic theory of poetry. External circumstances are, of course, the reason behind this.

Introduction to Pansies was intended to preface the unexpurgated edition, and most of its space is occupied by a consideration of obscenity and four-letter words. The reason for this must have been the discussion roused by the publication of Lady Chatterley's Lover in the previous year. The Introduction had been written before the Pansies manuscript was seized in the post, and controversy began on that account. The ~~Foreword~~, written after the seizure and for an expurgated edition, necessarily excluded the kind of discussion which nearly filled the Introduction.

The present description of the Introduction to Pansies is not representative of the balance of the whole essay, as it is mainly confined to the literary or linguistic points it contains, bringing in only as much of the social moralizing as is inevitable. Lawrence begins by saying that he is offering a bunch of fragments, a handful of thoughts, "pensées" - perhaps with a connotation from "panser", to dress or soothe a wound.¹ He goes on to describe each little piece in terms both of expressive form, and of recognition of the intimate connection between perception or feeling, and thought. That intimate connection is closely related to the shape

¹ Ibid., p.417.

or form into which the thought-feeling falls:

Each little piece is a thought; not a bare idea or an opinion or a didactic statement, but a true thought, which comes as much from the heart and the genitals as the head.

Each thought trots:

... down the page like an independant creature, each with its own small head and tail, trotting its own little way, then curling up to sleep.

This interconnection of thought and feeling, which carries with it its own particular little form, also contains something of the movement, of the "flame" or "flicker", of the "quickness" of the life of the life standard:

A thought, with its own blood of emotion and instinct running in it like the fire in an opal ... Perhaps if you hold my pansies properly to the light, they may show a running vein of fire.¹

Lawrence does not develop this image, however; he turns instead to the "flower" image which allows him to develop his argument in the direction of his immediate, more social, preoccupation. "The fairest thing in nature, a flower, still has its roots in earth and manure", he says, and continues "we all have our roots in earth. And it is our roots that now need a little attention, need the hard soil eased away from them, and softened so that a little fresh air can come to them, and they can breathe. ... We have roots, and our roots are in the sensual, instinctive and intuitive body, and it is here we need fresh air

¹ Ibid., p.417. Lawrence also says of these thoughts: "They run through the modern mind and body, each having its own separate existence, yet each of them combining with all the others, to make up a state of mind." Perhaps it is along similar lines that Lawrence's earlier preoccupation with the individual, and his latterly preoccupation with the group, can be reconciled.

of open consciousness."¹ One of Lawrence's methods of loosening the earth around the roots was linguistic: using, and attacking the abuse of, certain individual words.

"I am abused most of all for using the so-called 'obscene' words" he says. Nobody, he continues "quite knows what the word 'obscene' itself means but gradually all the old words, that belong to the body below the navel, have come to be judged 'obscene'." Lawrence is "mystified at this horror over a mere word, a plain simple word that stands for a plain simple thing." But he goes on to examine the phenomenon and comes to the conclusion "that the words ... have been dirtied by the mind, by unclean mental associations. The words themselves are clean, so are things to which they apply."²

¹ Ibid., p.418. This is how the emphasis should be placed in any discussion of Lady Chatterley's Lover: it is, indeed, almost entirely a phallic novel (Lawrence's own description); that is its real "passional inspiration". However many critics point out the existence of criticism of industrialization, and so on, it is no adequate defence of the novel: every reader can see that the book is primarily about the relationship between Connie and Mellors, and only secondarily, and that a long way behind, about industrialization. In this novel, let us say, Lawrence is now giving attention to the roots, and loosening the hard earth of prejudice around them. To pay attention to the roots, even for a whole novel, is not to deny the existence of the flower. Many critics have pointed to Mellors' letter about chastity near the end of the novel, which demonstrates Lawrence's knowledge of a further dimension than that he had written about in detail. Lawrence wrote a phallic novel because the time seemed to him to require it. But the "passional basis" was not of exclusive or even of prime importance in Lawrence's awareness of life, as "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" was to show.

² Ibid., p.418.

Lawrence thus shows himself aware of the way language functions - words gathering connotations to themselves from the contexts of their usage. He even realizes the power of connotation gathered in continual or intensive use. Certain words become, he says, almost "taboo", as frightening and killing to civilized men as a taboo is to the savage. But even though he realizes the strength of the connotations such words have, Lawrence underestimates the problem of counteracting them. Or, rather, he overestimates the individual's, or even the group's ability to do so. "The remedy" he says easily "is ... lift off the taboo." "The simple and natural 'obscene' words must be cleaned up of all their depraved fear-associations, and re-admitted into the consciousness to take their natural place."

This is easier said than done for, as Lawrence himself says "It is the mind which is the Augean stables, not language ... cleanse the mind, that is the real job."¹ One can't "cleanse the mind" simply by repeating the old words and insisting you mean something else by them. How to "cleanse the mind" is an imponderable problem, though perhaps Lawrence tried in the right direction: a work of art in the experience it stimulates in its recipient, may freshen the mind, and perception of words used in the context of it may suffer a sea-change under its influence. But apart from its influence, the older habits will persist.

The older and stronger habits of perception govern the movements of sympathy, in Lawrence's sense of free-moving receptive life.

¹ Ibid., p.419.

Thus Swift, in his poem to Celia, is indicted by Lawrence of "weak sympathies",¹ which to Lawrence, is a denial or contradiction of the life standard. This indicates that the social preoccupations in the major part of the essay, the passionate argument against "the self divided against itself most dangerously",² the fight against the mob "in order to keep sane, and to keep society sane"³ has underlying it the working of the same life standard as in other essays, only this time in heavier disguise.

The short essay, 'Foreword to Pansies', was written to fit the requirements of an expurgated edition. As this edition did not contain the expurgated words, the discussion they gave rise to in the Introduction was out of place, and is not found in the Foreword. The Foreword corresponds therefore, only to the opening passages of the Introduction in which the life standard, minus the social dimension, was at work. This re-writing of that material brings to the surface again an aspect of the life standard which had loomed large in the "Introduction to New Poems", but which had been quiescent in the opening of ~~the~~ Introduction to Pansies - the element of momentaneity.

"I should wish these Pansies to be taken as thoughts rather than anything else" wrote Lawrence, "casual thoughts that are true while they are true and irrelevant when the mood and circumstance changes."⁴ There is none of the Introduction's description of form,

¹ Ibid., p.420

² Ibid., p.419.

³ Ibid., p.421.

⁴ Ibid., p.423.

or of the connection between thought and feeling. But with the reappearance of momentaneity, comes also the reappearance of relatedness to circumstance or environment, throughout swift, onward-fleeting movement. The ~~Foreword~~ also reveals perception of the past in the present, and carries a relic of the "roots" argument from the Introduction: "Flowers", says Lawrence, "have in their fragrance an earthiness of the humus and the corruptive earth from which they spring."¹

Finally:

I offer a bunch of pansies, not a wreath of immortelles. I don't want everlasting flowers ... A flower passes, and that perhaps is the best of it. If we can take it in its transience, its breath, its maybe mephistophelian, maybe palely ophelian face, the look it gives, the gesture of its full bloom, and the way it turns upon us to depart - that was the flower, we have had it, and no immortelle can give us anything in comparison. The same with the pansy poems; merely the breath of the moment²

Thus Lawrence's criticism has come full circle. The perception of life in this quotation is full of echoes of the first major essay on theory, the 'Introduction to New Poems' written in 1919. Its rejection of the poems of the eternities, and its contrast of the water-lily, which gleamed, looked around, and was gone are both echoed here. In both the 1919 and the 1929 essay, life is perceived as in transience, in the momentaneity of its swift and passing revelations. The mood, in the later essay, is more prosaic, but the theory behind it is the same. The life standard did not change radically as it developed, did not at any point cut itself off from what had gone before. It simply travelled onwards,

¹ Ibid., p.423.

² Ibid., p.424.

new dimensions widening, varying aspects waxing or quiescent, according to occasion.

G. Lady Chatterley's Lover, "A Propos", and "Pornography and Obscenity", 1928 and 1929.

The newness (to him) of his departure in the writing of Lady Chatterley's Lover, as well as the difficulties and controversy surrounding its publication, led Lawrence to comment upon this novel in his correspondence, with a frequency surpassing that of his commentary on any other of his work since The Rainbow. Of the 31 comments in The Collected Letters, 5 are only passing, 4 are connected with publication, and 5 are about pirated editions. The remaining 17 are to do with the genesis of the work, and its purpose, and they mark a re-surge of epistolatory commentary on the author's experience of creative activity.

Lawrence's first comment: "I'm doing a little novel - laid in the Midlands, in England - I do hope to break it off quite soon, keep it quite short"¹ reveals the unpremeditated, emergent, process of its growth. Soon it was a full length novel, and the familiar process of complete re-writing to get the novel's own shape out more clearly recurred: "I'm writing my Lady Chatterley novel over again. - the Schweigermutter must never see it."² presumably because the phallic element was becoming clear. The novel was re-written three times, other qualities in it clarifying themselves

¹ CL, p.948.

² Ibid., 1026.

for Lawrence in the process - to judge from the changes in title: "I've been re-writing my novel, for the third time. It's all done but the last chapter. I think I shall re-christen it Tenderness";¹ and later " - changed the title to John Thomas and Lady Jane which I hope you like, as it's much more suitable than the other."² From merely a short novel set in the Midlands, Lawrence became aware of the novel as being mainly about a certain important quality in human relationships, and finally became aware of it through a kind of objectifying, earthy comedy. ("The Holy Ghost bids us never be too deadly in our earnestness, always to laugh in time, at ourselves and everything. Particularly at our sublimities. Everything has its hour of ridicule - everything."³) Connie, lacking a sense of humour, felt tragic when she had a momentary perception of ludicrousness in the sexual act. Lawrence, with more humour in his eye for the ludicrous, suddenly saw man as a forked radish and wickedly changed his title though without lessening the seriousness of his purpose.

There must have been many times in the emergent growth of Lawrence's creations when he did not perceive all their qualities until afterwards. The symbol of Clifford Chatterley is a case in point: it was not until two years after beginning the novel, and in the year of completing the third version, that Lawrence was able to see it. A year later he wrote:

¹ Ibid., p.1030.

² Ibid., p.1041.

³ SCAL, p.70.

Yes, the paralysis of Sir Clifford is symbolic - all art is au fond symbolic, conscious or unconscious. When I began Lady C., of course I did not know what I was doing - I did not deliberately work symbolically. But by the time the book was finished I realized what the unconscious symbolism was. And I wrote the book three times ... The wood is of course unconscious symbolism - perhaps even the mines, even Mrs Bolton.¹

It is in just this kind of way that the life standard appears to have emerged from Lawrence's works. From this novel it came in terms of more societal, interpersonal relationships than hitherto.

This is not to plead ignorance for Lawrence, however. Although Lady Chatterley's Lover might have emerged and taken its own shape willy-nilly, Lawrence was perfectly aware of what it was doing even as it came. At the same time, however, he was sure of the virtue and worth of the creation emerging from him. Time and again, throughout the writing, he repeats his double awareness of inevitable public reaction, and the contrary intention of his art. Towards the end of the first writing, at the beginning of 1927, he wrote:

My new novel is three parts done, and it is so absolutely improper in words, and so really good, I hope, in spirit - that I don't know what's going to happen to it.²

When the first draft was completed:

I must go over it again ... I think it is utterly unfit for serializing - they would call it indecent - though really, it's most decent. Well, well, man is a forked radish.³

Halfway through the third writing, he wrote:

As for my novel, it's half done, but so improper you wouldn't dare touch it. It's the most improper novel ever written and as Jehovah you [S.S. Koteliansky]

¹ Ibid., p.1194.

² Ibid., p.964.

³ Ibid., p.970.

would probably find it sheer pornography. But it isn't. It's a declaration of the phallic reality.¹

After the conclusion of the final draft:

I wrote a novel last winter, and rewrote it for the third time this - and it's very verbally improper - the last word, in all its meanings! - but very truly moral.²

This knowledge of how publishers and public were likely to react, present from the beginning and throughout was ineffective in changing the shape of the growing novel, and did not for a moment shake Lawrence's belief in its value. It had to be a "truly moral" work since he had allowed his pen to stay as closely related to his passionate inspiration as possible.

When, after the novel had grown into its own shape, Lawrence tried to prune it for the sake of the public, his effort did not entirely succeed. Lawrence's morality, of being true to his passionate inspiration, remained clear to him even during his most concerted attempts to mute its clarity into approximation with more bourgeois morality:

The vulgar public would find it too pure and undiluted as it stands: so I am having to impurify and dilute it for the market.

But, he added "I want to publish in Florence a pure and undiluted edition, for the non-vulgar public."³ Words like "purity" and "vulgarity" are here being used largely in the sense of their ordinary social meanings. But, for the initiated, Lawrence's underlying motive and disposition as the artist who produced the

¹ Ibid., p.1028.

² Ibid., p.1033.

³ Ibid., p.1040.

work according to his private artistic morality, is also implied by these words.

The organic naturalness of that which had to be expurgated is expressed by the images, impatient and comic as they are, which Lawrence uses to describe the futility, to him, of his efforts.

I tried very hard to expurgate the two duplicate MSS: but I didn't get very far. I felt just blind to the purple of impropriety.¹

and:

Why so much fuss ... They ought to censor eggs, as revealing the intimate relations of cock and hen.²

However, Lawrence managed to expurgate one copy for the publishers, so long as he could publish his own "immaculate and blemishless", that is, unexpurgated, edition in Florence. For Lawrence felt that the novel had its own essential wholeness which could only be mutilated by expurgation. "I might as well try to clip my own nose into shape" he wrote later in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover", "the book bleeds".³

As he continues to discuss this novel in his letters, Lawrence indubitably moves away from expressing the canons of the life standard as it had been discovered to him up to this point. He writes now in wider, more generalized terms, possibly because this discussion had more general social and public implications, than the earlier private and particular discussions of literary form with Edward Garnett. Moreover, Lawrence's own personal development, away from preoccupation with the individual to more societal interests

¹ Ibid., p.1042.

² Ibid., p.1090.

³ A Propos , p.226.

would also contribute to the changing role and quality of his vocabulary, just as E.H. Gombrich describes new expression following upon new modes of feeling and thought. The movement away from the specialized arguments of The Rainbow period to the more general social discussion of the period at present under discussion was, as I have said, a decline from the heights of a mystic theory of art, but a gain in terms of normal human and social concern. Lawrence, himself, regarded this novel as a new departure. For him, as a person, it was; for the novelist it was a retreat and regrouping, with a different front, on a lower slope.

A rather wandery and muddled description by Frieda is the first mention of Lawrence's awareness of breaking new ground:

Lawrence goes into the woods to write, he is writing a short long story, always breaking new ground, the curious class feeling this time or rather the soul against the body, no I don't explain it well, the animal part. [Lawrence's addition: Ooray! Eureka!] ¹

Six months later, Lawrence says the same thing in terms of the whole of his life's work, as he sees it:

I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, instead of shameful. And this novel is the furthest I've gone.²

Even later, he described Lady Chatterley's Lover as "a bit of a revolution in itself - a bit of a bomb".³ It is my belief that Lawrence's comments on Lady Chatterley's Lover are too frequently and too exclusively taken to refer only to the fact that he has

¹ CL, p.944.

² Ibid., p.972.

³ Ibid., p.1041.

described sex relations in detail and used "taboo" words in so doing. Certainly, his emphasis is beginning to lean heavily in that direction, because it is on that level, in general, that he felt himself attacked. However, it seems to me not only possible, but logical, to read this material also as comments on the direction he felt himself to be moving artistically, as having inflexions of an underground development of the life standard into new dimensions of social and interpersonal relatedness.

"About Lady C" he wrote to Ottoline Morrell, "you mustn't think I advocate perpetual sex. Far from it. Nothing nauseates me more than promiscuous sex in and out of season. ... There is a brief time for sex, and a long time when sex is out of place."

But:

I want with Lady C to make an adjustment in consciousness to the basic physical realities.¹

Lawrence could equally well have said "a new relatedness with" without altering his meaning. Earlier he had said of this "consciousness": "it is the source of all real beauty, and all real gentleness. ... in my novel I work for them directly, and direct from the phallic consciousness, which, you understand, is not the cerebral sex-consciousness, but something really deeper, and the root of poetry lived or sung."² The root in man of the "flame that flickers" behind all the characters in a novel, the root of the novelist's "passional inspiration". And this consciousness is to exist in relatedness, and especially in the relation between human beings. For, two days before writing the

¹ Ibid., p.1111.

² Ibid., p.1046-7.

above, Lawrence had written: "the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitiveness between men and men and men and women ..."¹

The lengthy essay which grew out of the experience of writing Lady Chatterley's Lover was, of course, "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover". Consequent upon the Lady Chatterley and Pansies controversy, and the controversy caused by the seizure of his paintings,² Lawrence also wrote a general pamphlet called "Pornography and Obscenity" which, although mentioning the art of painting from time to time, seems to be largely concerned with the problem of pornography and obscenity in literature. To all intents and purposes, these two essays might well have been written simultaneously. The Lady Chatterley essay began life in a shortened form called "My Skirmish with Jolly Roger", an account of pirated editions of the novel, which prefaced the unabridged Paris edition of May 1929 which had been authorized by Lawrence. This essay was signed and dated Paris 1929³ and must therefore have been written in March of that year.⁴ "Pornography and Obscenity" was probably written in the autumn of the same year, but before 18 September.⁵ The extension to "My Skirmish with Jolly Roger", which became the essay known as "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover", was probably

¹ Ibid., p.1045.

² On 5 July 1929 police had raided Dorothy Warren's gallery in London and carried away a number of paintings by Lawrence whose work was being exhibited there.

³ A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, by Warren Roberts, p.120.

⁴ Poste Restante, by Harry T. Moore, pp.98-9.

⁵ Op.Cit., pp.121-2, and Ibid., p.102.

written after 23 of the same month.¹ In spite of the apparent concomitance of their genesis, however, the essays are essentially different: "Pornography and Obscenity is more objective a discussion of the problem in general, while "A Propos" springs directly out of Lawrence's experience in writing Lady Chatterley's Lover.

"A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" can clearly be seen to contain a development of Lawrence's life standard. Lawrence's propensity to make no distinction between literary theory and life philosophy, which resulted in the ambivalent quality of his life standard, is very pronounced in this essay. To the casual reader, only sparsely placed references to Lady Chatterley's Lover seem to mark the allegedly literary purpose for which the essay was written. So obviously sociological a piece may well seem to deserve no place in a discussion of Lawrence's literary theory. My reason for including it is this. To Lawrence, a literary purpose was a life purpose: the social dimension of the life standard (which had first peeped through as early as 1914 in the discussion of work in the 'Study of Thomas Hardy') does indeed blossom in "A Propos" into full scale discussion of a fundamental social question. It is clear to me, however, that this is a direct result of the creative work which Lawrence was engaged in evaluating for the benefit of developing his own private standard as well. Lawrence, I am convinced, meant everything he says about life, and life in society, to have complete implicit relevance to his literary experience and thought, so intimately were they connected for him. The passing and

¹Op.Cit., pp.121-2, and Ibid., p.102.

easy quality of the references to Lady Chatterley's Lover in this essay, as well as its title, are in fact indications of how completely Lawrence took for granted that "A Propos" is fundamentally about life knowledge which had grown out of the particular creative literary experience of writing that novel. The essay thus begotten by the last of Lawrence's major literary productions of which he lived to write, consciously formulates that novel's development of his thought about life and literature.¹ It is therefore here taken as the last major theoretical statement of Lawrence's life standard - the critical standard which, growing out of his own creative experience, governed his attitude to the work of other authors.

"A Propos" opens with an account of those pirated editions of Lady Chatterley's Lover which had come to Lawrence's notice. He then confesses his dislike of trying to expurgate passages from the novel. For these two reasons, in a complete and unexpurgated condition,

And in spite of all antagonism, I put forth this novel as an honest, healthy book, necessary for us today.²

The reasons, which follow this statement, comprise the main body of the essay, and fall roughly into two sections. In the first half Lawrence spends a great deal of time elaborating the fact and the necessity of close relation between thought and feeling - a point which the work of the psychologists, quoted in Chapter One, continually demonstrated. Then after writing for a while about the kind of

¹ Last Poems were still to be completed, and Lawrence did not live to write his considered evaluation of their further revelation of the life standard.

² A Propos , p.226.

unity he was thinking of, and of its presence in the relation between men and women, the second and latter part of the essay leads on to a complete re-statement of the many aspects of the life standard which have now emerged.

Lawrence begins with "the words that merely shock the eye, they never shocked the mind at all. ...People with minds realize that they aren't shocked, and never really were."¹ In the past, say in the Middle Ages, Lawrence supposes that inability to separate the thought and the act caused social violence. "Culture and civilization have taught us to separate" them. But, says Lawrence "they should be related in harmony".² "There has been so much action in the past, especially sexual action ... without a corresponding thought, a corresponding realization." The mind, he says, has to catch up in sex "and make a balance between the consciousness of the body's sensations and experiences, and these sensations and experiences in themselves".³ This is the real point of Lady Chatterley's Lover: to help men and women to think sex "fully, completely, honestly and cleanly" so that they can reach the "real and accomplished chastity, our completeness, when our sexual act and our sexual thought are in harmony".⁴ At the moment "the mind has an old grovelling fear of the body and the body's potencies. It is the mind we have to liberate and civilize on these points."⁵

¹ Ibid., p.226.

² Ibid., p.227.

³ Ibid., p.228.

⁴ Ibid., p.227.

⁵ Ibid., p.229-30.

While the mind still lags behind, keeping its old fear of the body, there have been two wrong ways of trying to handle the difficulty. There was "the puritan hush! hush! fearing the body and denying its existence" and the other extreme of "the advanced young" who "treat it as a sort of toy to be played with, a slightly nasty toy, but still you get some fun out of it".¹ Both attitudes Lawrence regards as perversion: "Life" he says "is only bearable when the mind and body are in harmony, and there is a natural balance between them, and each has a natural respect for the other."² Without such balance and interrelation "the body is, in its spontaneous natural self, dead or paralysed",³ and emotions are largely faked. "Never was an age more sentimental, more devoid of real feeling, more exaggerated in false feeling, than our own."⁴

I believe there has never been an age of greater mistrust between persons than ours today: under a superficial but quite genuine social trust. Very few of my friends would pick my pocket, or let me sit on a chair where I might hurt myself. But practically all my friends would turn my real emotions to ridicule. They can't help it; it's the spirit of the day.⁵

In this age of too wide a dichotomy between feeling and thought, "Above all things love is a counterfeit feeling"⁶ but "Sex is the one thing you cannot really swindle".⁷ It is here that Lawrence

¹ Ibid., p.230

² Ibid., p.231.

³ Ibid., p.232.

⁴ Ibid., p.233.

⁵ Ibid., p.235.

⁶ Ibid., p.234.

⁷ Ibid., p.235.

locates the first hope of the proper interconnection of thought and feeling; he also makes it the basis of the union or relation between men and women which is a further development of the life standard.

Particularizing this relation to the point of the fidelity it demands Lawrence points out that it is part of the passionate inspiration of world literature:

All the literature of the world shows how profound is the instinct of fidelity in both man and woman, how men and women both hanker restlessly after the satisfaction of this instinct and fret at their own inability to find the real mode of fidelity. The instinct of fidelity is perhaps the deepest instinct in the great complex we call sex.¹

This "great complex" is described in terms which define in it the numinous awareness often inherent in the life standard: "The act of procreation is still charged with all the sensual mystery and importance of the old past. The man is potential creator and in this has his splendour."² It is also the mode in which the individual can reflect that which is greater than him, and which is both in and beyond him: "real sex in a man ... has the rhythm of the seasons and the years, the crisis of the winter solstice and the passion of Easter."³

The Church, or shall we say, the religious communion of mankind, and the society shaped by it, is established upon this "sacramental" union or relationship between individuals. Break this "fundamental connecting link in Christian society" and "you will have to go back to the overwhelming dominance of the state."⁴

¹ Ibid., p.244.

² Ibid., p.242.

³ Ibid., p.243.

⁴ Ibid., p.246.

It is only in relation with another, and through this relation, related to the numinous beyond, that the individual achieves "the best of his freedom".¹ Lawrence calls this basic union or relationship, marriage, and praises the old Roman Church for taking its stand on the indissolubility of this union. The paean of his praise expands to embrace all aspects of the life standard: the rhythms of life, the relation of individuals within it, their relatedness to it; the momentaneity of life, its quality of change; and a numinous awareness of it as something unknown and beyond, even while it moves in and through individuals. Only lengthy quotation will do justice to Lawrence's formulation:

This is the wheeling of the year, the movement of the sun through solstice and equinox, the coming of the seasons, the going of the seasons. And it is the inward rhythm of man and woman, too, the sadness of Lent, the delight of Easter, the wonder of Pentecost, the fires of St John, the candles on the graves of All Souls, the lit-up tree of Christmas, all representing kindled rhythmic emotions in the souls of men and women. And men experience the great rhythms of emotion man-wise, women experience it woman-wise, and in the union of men and women it is complete.

Augustine said that God created the universe new every day: and to the living, emotional soul, this is true. Every dawn dawns upon an entirely new universe, every Easter lights up an entirely new glory of a new world opening in utterly new flower. And the soul of man and the soul of woman is new in the same way, with the infinite delight of life and the ever-newness of life. So man and woman are new to one another through-out a life time, in the rhythm of marriage that matches the rhythm of the year.²

So the individual no longer stands by, and sees the water-lily heave from the flood, look round, gleam, and be gone. In his

¹ Ibid., p.248.

² Ibid., p.250.

relatedness to life, through his relation with another individual, he is now part of, or involved in, the miracle of the momentaneity of life. Lawrence continues from the quality of momentaneity, to the process of continual change which he perceives life to be:

Marriage is the clue to human life, but... .
Is not a man different, utterly different, at dawn
from what he is at sunset? And a woman too? And
does not the changing harmony and discord of their
variation make the secret music of life?

And is it not so throughout life? A man is
different at thirty, at forty, at fifty, at sixty,
at seventy: and the woman at his side is different.
But is there not some strange conjunction in their
differences ... is there not, throughout it all,
some unseen, unknown interplay of balance, harmony,
completion, like some soundless symphony ... made
out of the soundless singing of two strange and
incompatible lives, a man's and a woman's? ¹

Thus relation persists through change, is in fact the condition of the kind of change which follows unknown rhythms (cf. the carbon letter.). Without the relation there are only "poor, blind, disconnected people with nothing but politics and bank-holidays to satisfy the eternal human need of living in ritual adjustment to the cosmos in its revolutions, in eternal submission to the greater laws."²

But says Lawrence the relationship, union, or marriage, in order to establish and maintain this relatedness to the greater rhythm and power which is beyond the individual, must be "permanently and basically phallic".³ For "the new impulse to life"⁴ which he felt the age to need, would come only through

¹ Ibid., pp.251-2.

² Ibid., p.259.

³ Ibid., p.252.

⁴ Ibid., p.257.

that channel. And, moreover, it is the ground of the "passional inspiration" which earlier, in connection with Tolstoi, he postulated all art and artists to have. From the phallic ground of human (societal) relation "all things human spring, children and beauty and well-made things; all the true creations of humanity."¹ Thus we can see how Lawrence perceived the life standard as the ground of all art. It was a noble vision: but it could not help becoming schematically selective when at work in the more prosaic activity of criticism.

Finally, Lawrence returns to Lady Chatterley's Lover, and in so doing brings in that aspect of the life standard which had so far not been included in the essay: morality's connection with relatedness, rather than with an absolute, given law. (It is just as much an absolute to say that morality must exist in changeful relatedness, and spontaneity in its literal meaning is still practically out of the question. But Lawrence knew that even change, once it became an "idea", would harden into a concept rather than remain a percept.) "All this" says Lawrence "is post-script, or after-thought, to my novel, Lady Chatterley's Lover."² He continues immediately after this comment on Lady Chatterley's Lover, to further define his understanding of morality in connection with the life standard:

¹ Ibid., p.254.

² Ibid., p.259. This vindicates my earlier point that the full-strength elaboration of the life standard in this essay grew out of Lawrence's literary creative experience of that novel.

There is a little morality, which concerns persons and the little needs of man: and this, alas, is the morality we live by. But there is a deeper morality, which concerns all womanhood, all manhood, and nations, and race and classes of men. This greater morality affects the destiny of mankind over long stretches of time, applies to man's greater needs, and is often in conflict with the little morality of the little needs.¹

"The tragic consciousness" he continues "has taught us, even, that one of the greater needs of man is a knowledge and experience of death Let us prepare now for the death of our present 'little' life, and the re-emergence in a bigger life, in touch with the moving cosmos."²

Our greater moral need to be in touch with the bigger life, Lawrence says "is a question practically of relationship". It is "an affair of the individual and the household, a ritual of day"; then it is a ritual "for the community, an act of men and women, a whole community, in togetherness"; and, finally, it is "the ritual of the great events in the year of stars ... for nations and whole peoples." There is need for this ritual contact and relatedness, for the human race is "cut off from the great sources of our inward nourishment and renewal, sources which flow eternally in the universe". Cut off from this relationship, denying the moral requirement of it, the human race is "vitally" dying, is "lost to life".³

Relationship, concludes Lawrence, is threefold: first, the

¹ Ibid., p.259.

² Ibid., pp.259-60.

³ Ibid., pp.260-1.

relation to the living universe; then the relation of man to woman, then that of man to man.¹ So, in Lady Chatterley's Lover, we have a man, Sir Clifford "who is purely a personality, having lost entirely all connection with his fellow-men and women, except those of usage."² Lawrence remarks that he realized that it was taking unfair advantage of Connie, to paralyse Clifford technically: "Yet the story came as it did, by itself, so I left it alone. Whether we call it symbolism or not, it is, in the sense of its happening, inevitable."³ In the same inevitable way out of his creative experience came the full, final, expression of the life standard: "a metaphysic, no where accurately stated, perhaps even unconscious" that "governed Lawrence in his time", "a vision gradually developing and gradually withering", "unfolded in life and art."⁴

If "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" is to be regarded as an essay relevant in a discussion of Lawrence's literary theory - because it elaborates on the life standard which Lawrence exercised in his criticism - "Pornography and Obscenity" should likewise appear in this discussion, but for different reasons. In it, Lawrence not only makes some penetrating observations on the nature of language but also unfolds some of the attitudes he would have taken to pre-twentieth century literature, had he ever written extensively about it; and also his attitude to the literature of his

¹ Ibid., p.263.

² Ibid., p.266.

³ Ibid., p.266-7.

⁴ FU, p.10.

own times. Written more or less at the same time as "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" it grew out of the same concerns, and in some parts constitutes a development of the arguments of that essay. Pornography and Obscenity cannot claim any direct connection with Lawrence's creative experience, however. Nevertheless, from many points of view, it can be read as an essay on literary theory or general literary considerations.¹

"What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another"² Lawrence begins, making immediately the point that there is inevitably an entirely subjective element in any controversy on this matter. But even before confusions arise from the subjective use of the word, there are ambiguities in the word itself. We are told, Lawrence says, that the word means "pertaining to harlots". But if a harlot is a woman who takes money for going to bed with a man, most wives married for the same reason in the past. Moreover, to Lawrence, if a woman hasn't "a tiny streak of the harlot in her, she's a dry stick as a rule. And probably most harlots had somewhere a streak of womanly generosity."³ Words, this argument implies, are not cut and dried.

Discussing the word "obscurity" Lawrence goes on to point out that a word's meaning is dependant upon its use: "the meaning of a word has to wait for majorities to decide it. If a play shocks

¹ Pornography and Obscenity was reviewed by Richard Rees in New Adelphi, 1930, Vol.III, No.4. He complained that Lawrence had "said or implied more effectively elsewhere" all that is good in it (p.318). I do not know of any other occasion when Lawrence made his argument in connection with 19C and 20C literature, in a more orderly and comprehensive fashion.

² P & O, p.195.

³ P & O, p.195.

ten ... and doesn't shock ... five hundred; ... the play is not obscene by majority."¹ he comments ironically. Also, the meaning of a word fluctuates through history: "Man is a changeable beast, and words change their meanings with him." Similarly with literature or drama: "Hamlet shocked all the Gomwellian Puritans, and shocks nobody today, and some of Aristophanes shocks everybody today and didn't galvanize the later Greeks at all, apparently."² But, from the point of view of using language in the present moment of time, "the meaning of your words is the mob meaning decided by the majority".³

That, continues Lawrence, is if you are talking to a wide audience, "Because there are two great categories of meaning, forever separate. There is mob-meaning, and there is individual meaning."⁴ Similarly, "every man has a mob self and an individual

¹ Ibid., p.195.

² Ibid., pp.195-6.

³ Ibid., p.196.

⁴ Ibid., p.197. Lawrence is probably thinking here of the distinction between generic and particular meanings of words, for he gives as an example the word "bread" and contradistinguishes the many different kinds of bread. However, if one were addressing a mass meeting one is more likely to use generic meanings than highly individual or particular ones. Lawrence's description is probably fair, therefore.

In this essay, Lawrence anticipates, by four years, Culture and Environment (1933) by F.R. Leavis and Denys Thompson, when he cannily points out that: "when a word comes to us in its individual character and starts in us the individual responses, it is a great pleasure to us. The American advertizers have discovered this, and some of the cunningest American literature is to be found in advertisements of soap-suds, for example. These advertisements are almost prose poems. They give the word soap-suds a bubbly, shiny individual meaning, which is very skilfully poetic, would, perhaps, be quite poetic to the mind which could forget that the poetry was bait on a hook." P & O, p.198.

self, in varying proportions"¹ and "the reaction to any word may be, in any individual, either a mob-reaction or an individual reaction. It is up to the individual to ask himself: Is my reaction individual, or am I merely reacting from my mob self?"²

When it comes to the so-called obscene words, Lawrence continues, "I should say that hardly one person in a million escapes mob-reaction", indignation and condemnation. If the individual has second thoughts and realizes "No, I am not shocked ... I know the word, and take it for what it is" and won't be jockeyed into mob-reaction, then, says Lawrence the use of a few so-called obscene words is "well and good". "Word prudery is so universal a mob habit that it is time we were startled out of it."³ I regret I am unable to feel Lawrence's crusading vigour on behalf of two or three little words. That is clearly the uppermost feeling in these comments of Lawrence's, but I report them here for their value in showing Lawrence's understanding of the way words work, and the variety of ways in which perception responds to the stimulus of words.

More comments, revealing general critical acumen, appear as Lawrence's argument moves on. Having tackled obscenity, Lawrence says that the problem of pornography goes deeper.⁴ "When a man is startled into his individual self, he still may not know, inside himself, whether Rabelais is or is not pornographic: and over Aretino or even Boccaccio he may ... puzzle in vain, torn between

¹ Ibid., p.198.

² Ibid., p.199.

³ Ibid., p.199.

⁴ Ibid., p.199

different emotions."¹

Lawrence speaks of an essay which came to the conclusion that art which tended to arouse sexual feeling, and which the author intended to do so, is pornographic. Lawrence dismisses both points: "It is the old vexed question of intention, become so dull today, when we know how strong and influential our unconscious intentions are ... " (This is the ground on which Lawrence in other places advises us to listen to the novel, rather than the novelist,² and the ground on which he is free to detect an under-current in American literature, which had not been noted before, by critics who had taken it at surface value.) Conscious intention does not necessarily have anything to do with whether a work is pornographic, and unconscious intention is difficult to pinpoint or decry. Secondly, Lawrence points out that art which arouses sexual feeling is not necessarily base or unpleasant. It can "warm us, stimulate us like sunshine on a grey day."³ In defending this point, Lawrence is defending his conception of "passional inspiration" of art being basically phallic: "Half the great poems, pictures, music, stories of the world are great by virtue of the beauty of their sex appeal. Titian or Renoir, the "Song of Solomon" or Jane Eyre, Mozart or "Annie Laurie", the loveliness is all interwoven with sex appeal, sex stimulus, call it what you will."⁴ Lawrence is here taking the criterion developed in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" and showing that it can also be objectively

¹ Ibid., p.200.

² RDP, p.121 and SCAL, pp.2-3.

³ P & O, p.200.

⁴ Ibid, p.201.

applicable in cases external to his own.

What is pornography, if it isn't sex appeal or deliberate intention on the part of an artist to stimulate sexual feelings? asks Lawrence, and then declares forthrightly that "even I would censor genuine pornography rigorously".¹ This would not be difficult because pornography can be recognized by its quality of secrecy, ("it doesn't come into the open") and the insult it offers to sex and the human spirit: "The insult to the human body, the insult to a vital human relationship."² It is in this latter point, the insult to an important aspect of Lawrence's life standard that he sees an "ugliness to make you cry" to "make you ill."³

The insult to the human spirit, and to the human relationship, Lawrence traces to the following cause: "sex functions and the excrementory functions in the human body work so close together, yet they are ... utterly different in direction. ... our profoundest instincts are ... of opposition between the two flows."⁴ When the profound controlling instinct collapses, the two flows become identical, and the human being degraded. Lawrence sees something of this in Jane Eyre and in Tristan:

Wagner and Charlotte Brontë were both in the state where the strongest instincts have collapsed, and sex has become something slightly obscene, to be wallowed in, but despised. Mr Rochester's sex passion is not "respectable" till Mr Rochester is burned, blinded, disfigured and reduced to helpless dependence. Then, thoroughly humbled and humiliated, it may be merely admitted. All the previous titillations are slightly indecent, as in Pamela

¹ Ibid., p.202.

² Ibid., p.203.

³ Ibid., p.203.

⁴ Ibid., p.205.

or The Mill on the Floss or Anna Karenina. As soon as there is sex excitement with a desire to spite the sexual feeling, to humiliate it and degrade it, the element of pornography enters.

For this reason, there is an element of pornography in nearly all nineteenth-century literature ...¹

The other aspect of pornography, its quality of secrecy, leads to the problems of twentieth century literature, as Lawrence sees it: "Without secrecy there would be no pornography,"²

the plain and simple excitement, quite open and wholesome, which you find in some Boccaccio stories is not for a minute to be confused with the furtive excitement aroused by rubbing the dirty little secret in all secrecy in modern bestsellers.³

Yet "You can't so easily expose it, because of its very furtiveness and its sneaking cunning. So the cheap and popular modern love-novel and love-film flourishes and is even praised by moral guardians"³ Lawrence's point is a good one, but he neglects to cover the argument from the point of view raised by C.S. Lewis in An Experiment in Criticism. The other half of the question is how does the reader read a book. Lewis' point would be that a good book will not allow one to read it badly: therefore, if a book demands good reading from you, the book is a good one. Taking only the most superficial part of this position, it must be pointed out that a certain kind of reader could read Boccaccio for pornographic pleasure. However, Lawrence was clearly thinking only of correct, reading-of-what-is-there, and not considering mis-readings.

Lawrence sees this furtive, secretive, aspect of pornography

¹ Ibid., p.206.

² Ibid., p.206.

³ Ibid., p.207.

not only as pulling the wool over the eyes of modern readers, but as accounting for a deeper modern malaise. The secrecy, he says, leads to masturbation, which is an exhaustive activity, nevertheless releasing a certain mental energy in some people. It is this kind of mental energy which appears to Lawrence to produce modern literature:

... it is mental energy which manifests itself always in the same way, in a vicious circle of analysis and impotent criticism, or else a vicious circle of false and easy sympathy, sentimentalities. The sentimentalism and the niggling analysis, often self-analysis, of most of our modern literature, is a sign of self-abuse. ... The outstanding feature of such consciousness is that there is no real object, there is only subject. ... The author never escapes from himself, he pads along within the vicious circle of himself. There is hardly a writer living who gets out of the vicious circle of himself - or a painter either. Hence the lack of creation, and the stupendous amount of production.¹

Thus one half of Lawrence's definition of pornography accounts for some qualities of nineteenth century literature, and the other half for some qualities of twentieth century literature. The life standard just showed its head in the account of the nineteenth century, which one feels to be illuminating, on some points, and not entirely unfair, in relation anyway to some of the examples Lawrence gave. Lawrence's standard, in full bloom, is clearly behind the account of twentieth century literature, and again causes Lawrence, not simply to leave large areas out of account as he did in speaking of the nineteenth century, but to appear to damn all its qualities, those which his selective schema is blind to, among the rest. Moreover, while the drift of his argument is clear,

¹ Ibid., pp.210-11.

though narrow, it might be pointed out that the artist, just as the critic, has to work with his own consciousness - and no-one utilized his self-consciousness in his art to a greater degree than Lawrence himself did. What Lawrence is getting at, however, is the desirability (expressed by the life standard) of breaking out of self-circling consciousness, and adventuring beyond.

"How to get out of it? There is only one way: Away with the secret! No more secrecy!"¹ Lawrence is speaking of the secrecy which leads to "the terrible mental itch about sex", which in turn he felt had led to over self-consciousness in the modern novel. There are two ways of trying to kill the secret which he had encountered: "by being wise and scientific about it, like Dr Marie Stopes"¹ - but this only "disinfects" the secret; or the "free" love of "emancipated bohemians" for whom "the dirt still sticks" while "the thrill of secrecy is gone".² The danger of the "scientific" attempt is that in killing the secret, dynamic sex is killed altogether;³ the danger of the "free love" effort is that not only the secret is killed, but everything else is killed too.⁴ "The novels of Marcel Proust with everything there in detail"⁵ is an example of the one, and the "Don Juan of modern days"⁶ is an example of the other.

¹ Ibid., p.213.

² Ibid., p.214.

³ Ibid., p.214.

⁴ Ibid., p.214.

⁵ Ibid., p.217.

⁶ Ibid., p.217.

Lawrence's answer to the problem, for people and for literature (for both have been continually and alternately involved in the one argument) is, of course, the life standard. First of all says Lawrence, you must "fight the sentimental lie of purity and the dirty little secret wherever you meet it", inside yourself or in the world outside:

Then secondly, in his adventure of self-consciousness a man must come to the limits of himself and become aware of something beyond him. A man must be self-conscious enough to know his own limits, and to be aware of that which surpasses him. What surpasses me is the very urge of life that is within me, and this life urges me to forget myself and to yield to the stirring half-born impulse to smash up the vast lie of the world and make a new world.¹

Though the life standard is not expressed in its entire complexity, its basic impetus is present in this "answer" to the problems of modern life and literature.

¹ Ibid., p.218.

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1929		late V.V. Rozanov	
1930		early F.Dostoievsky	

This Scheme is based on the final column, "Other Literature", of the Chronological Chart on p. 140. Bracketed items are extra, short, comments.

CHAPTER 4 AND CHAPTER 5

Chapter 5

American

European II

Miscellaneous

Early	SCAL Version 1		
Apr.	SCAL Version 2		
Early	SCAL Version 3		
May	S.P. Sherman		
		Mar. G. Verga	Apr. Dr J. Oman
			End "Accumulated Mail"
Apr.	W.C. Williams		Jan. J.A. Krout
end	I. Glenn		May E.D. Dekker
one review	(Apr. C. van Vechten		Jan. R.B. Cunningham-
	" W. White		Grahame
	" J. dos Passos		" H.M. Tomlinson
	" E. Hemmingway		Nov. T. Burrows
		Feb. G. Verga	
		(G. Flaubert)	
		Apr. G. Deledda	
		? Duc de	
		Lauzun	
		? "The Good	
		Man"	
			Nov. M.L. Ernst
Early	E. Dahlberg	Mar. A.F. Grazzini	End Apocalypse
			Beg. F. Carter
			Mar. E. Gill

CHAPTER FOUR

LAWRENCE'S CRITICISM OF THE WORK OF OTHER AUTHORS
(seen against the background of the development
described in the previous chapter.)

In tracing the emergence of the life standard the aptness of Lawrence's description of man living and seeing "according to some vision gradually developing and gradually withering",¹ has become clear. The psychologist's proposition, that concentration is only possible on one part of a given field at a given moment, may account for the absence from the life criterion of numerous occasions, of an element which had previously been well-developed. Lawrence, it is supposed, would on the whole only keep in mind those aspects of the life criterion which the immediate object of his attention had stimulated, or which any number of other imponderables had caused to be uppermost in his mind at that moment. So wide a criterion as Lawrence's could only rarely be completely active, all at once.

Another reason for the uneven appearances of the criterion's influence is the development described in the previous chapter. A useful analogy is that of the growth of a child. All limbs and all achievements do not grow simultaneously and at uniform speed. One child will talk quickly but lag in learning to walk; another will walk early and speech be slower in following. Legs may lengthen speedily, the rest of the body filling

¹ FU., p. 10.

out later, and so on. Eventually, the mature body has caught up with itself in balanced achievement of growth and skills. Thus Lawrence's life standard appeared to emerge: some elements would shoot ahead and then lapse; while circumstances would cause another to shoot in another direction; until, eventually, all aspects had made their appearance. There, the relevance of the growth analogy comes to an end, and the analogy from psychology takes over. The life standard does not come to a point of complete fruition, which is maintained, thereafter, fully and steadily. It comes, indeed, to a point of full growth, but different elements then dominate in turn, according to occasion, thus obscuring the breadth of the whole "vision" or "metaphysic".

In this chapter and the next, the relevance of both analogies will come into play. In Lawrence's criticism of other authors, examined chronologically, the appearance or exercise of the life standard varies, first of all according to its stage of growth, and then according to which aspect has been selectively stimulated by the object of attention, or according to which element is selectively uppermost in his mind on that occasion for any other reason. There are some cases, such as the Studies in Classic American Literature, when a "scanning" technique, such as psychologists have described, enables Lawrence to take in a whole field at once, exercising, as he does so, the whole width of his criterion. Such scanning of a whole field, however, is still in practice, governed by

a dominant selective schema.

In such a case the point is fairly clear, but in the majority of cases, where the life standard is present in part, both its stage of development, and the element called to the surface by selective perception, are variables. Clearly it is impossible to tease these variables out in every case and comment with precision. Examples of life criteria in Lawrence's criticism often seem disconnected but are related. To use a description of Lawrence's from elsewhere, they behave like:

...thoughts which ... each having its own separate existence, ... each combine with all the others to make up a complete state of mind.¹

Lawrence's criticism often seems:

...to have its state of mind made up of apparently irrelevant thoughts that scurry in different directions yet belong to the same nest.²

I have endeavoured to describe the "nest", and have borrowed and modified John Bayley's term, the "Life Standard", to do so.

Having defined the life standard in Chapter Two, and described its genesis and gradual emergence in Chapter Three, the following chapters describe how, in some wise or other, or at whatever stage of its growth, the life standard is the nest to which all Lawrence's ~~scraps~~ of critical commentary scurry back.³ A description of Lawrence's criticism in strict chronological fashion would not reveal a logical, unbroken, developing sequence

1 CP., p. 417.

2 Ibid., p. 417.

3 There are occasions, such as in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover", when it is presented as a complex, wide-sweeping, poetic criterion, working effectively, and as a whole.

of criteria in action. Moreover, the material Lawrence covered is so varied that if there were not some ordering according to its kind the result would be confusing. I have therefore divided the material into sections according to the scheme preceding this chapter. The content of each section is chronological, and the sequence of the sections themselves, from Poetry to Miscellaneous, is roughly chronological, though with a great deal of overlapping. The sequence of Lawrence's criticism of other authors now to be described should still be seen against the background of the development described in the previous chapter. It is unfortunately in the nature of the material under discussion that commentary upon it cannot avoid unevenness.

A. Poetry

Lawrence's earliest critical interest in the work of others was in poetry. Between the years 1910 and 1915 he was frequently engaged in evaluating fellow-poets. Thereafter, apart from solitary occasions in 1923, 1927, and 1928, his interest in poetry waned, and his uppermost critical interest was in novelists. There is one marked and continuing exception to this generalisation, and that is Lawrence's interest in the work of Walt Whitman. This culminated in the essay on Whitman in Studies of Classic American Literature. It is notable that Whitman is the only poet Lawrence writes on in this book.¹ The reason may be

¹ Lawrence also wrote on Edgar Allan Poe, but it was the short stories which interested him. He does not mention the poetry for which Poe is perhaps better known and admired today.

that Lawrence tacitly felt Whitman's work to be better illuminated by the terms and values of his novel criticisms; even though he does not, in fact, designate Whitman as a novelist - as in his essays on the novel he was to designate Shakespeare, Homer, and the authors of the Bible. Lawrence finds, in Whitman's verse, those qualities which he postulates for the novel. One quality in particular, "sympathy", Lawrence developed further in the 1925 group of essays on the novel in which he expounded the element of "relatedness" in the life standard. The quality of the sympathy described by Lawrence in the final version of his essay on Whitman, also clearly heralds the later expansion of the notion of "relatedness" to life to include relationship with fellow creatures, the particular province of the novel. Lawrence's criticism of Whitman is not therefore included in this section on poetry, but will be examined in the context of his discussions on American literature.

The earliest formal criticism by Lawrence which we have is the text of a talk he gave to a Croydon "English Association", on the poetry of Rachel A. Taylor. In November 1910 Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Taylor, "Our English Association" - vague, middle-class Croydonians, mostly ladies, lingering remnants of the Pre-Raphaelites - asked me to give a paper on "A Living Poet".¹ He told her that he admired the Fiammetta ("esoteric creature") and wished he had her art; asking if he could borrow her other volumes of verse, he rattles "wittily" on, "those old ladies would love me

¹ CL., p. 63.

to describe you .. (but) .. I will keep you vaguely in the upper air, as a poetess should be".¹

Lawrence continued to correspond with Mrs. Taylor over the following month or so - saying, honestly, what he thought of her poems, but concluding, "To the Croydon folk - who are not old ladies, really, but mainly educated men - I shall say nothing of you but good. What I said, I meant and mean: but the much more I did not say is the greater part of my meaning".²

These comments imply that in private correspondence Lawrence had been more critical than in the paper which was to be delivered in public. On the platform Lawrence clearly made conscious and tactful allowance for the average critical modes of the time, the feelings of his living subject, and the kind of audience to which he was speaking. The contents of the paper support this surmise. Lawrence, it seems, was unhappy when less than frank: irony crept in to qualify what he said and his compromise was marked by the flaws which show up in his argument. In the paper as we have it Lawrence first of all panders to his audience by describing Mrs. Taylor - as a remote Rossettian in appearance and a medieval Romanticist by temperament.³ Into his description he deftly weaves an outline of her down to earth background, lonely childhood, present circumstances, and literary formation. At the same time an evaluation of Mrs. Taylor's literary qualities is given. It is in terms of a "life" image carrying an edge of the irony with

1 Ibid., p. 64.

2 Ibid., p. 68.

3 EyLf., pp 233 - 5.

which Laetitia or The White Peacock was marked. In these early days (1910) the ironic or whimsical tone was frequently the protective clothing for that which was most important to Lawrence. The life image in this early paper is defensively guarded in this way and seems already therefore, to be important to Lawrence's critical sensibility. This, he says of Rachel Annand Taylor's poetry:

is raw green fruit to offer you, to be spat out without much revolving and tasting. It is impossible to appreciate the verse of a green fresh poet. He must be sun-dried by time and sunshine of favourable criticism, like muscatels and prunes: you must remove the crude sap of living, then the flavour of his eternal poetry comes out unobscured and unpolluted by what is temporal in him - is it not so? 1

With the knowledge we already have of Lawrence's typical critical values, and with his own clever intrusion of a final quick little question, immediately undermining and rendering ambiguous all he had previously stated, it seems to us, even if it eluded Lawrence's audience at the time, that he is walking a delicately-strung tight-rope of ironic ambivalence, guarding a value which he dare not yet bring right out into the open. Inherent in the irony of the last phrases about "eternal poetry" polluted by the temporal, is Lawrence's future rejection of the "poems of the eternities" in the 1919 "Introduction to New Poems", and, moreover, throughout the whole of the quoted passage runs an awareness put into words many years later, that it is difficult to read something new.

1 Ibid., p. 234. My underlining.

The ambiguity of tone in this paper is muted, however - perhaps differentially to Lawrence's audience and his times. Again using a "life" image, Lawrence makes it serve to applaud what he would doubtless have later found precious, "Left to herself" he says, Mrs. Taylor:

.. developed as a choice romanticist. She lived apart from life, and still she cherishes a yew-darkened garden in the soul where she can remain withdrawn, sublimating experience into colours.

This is her value, then; that to a world almost satisfied with the excitement of Realism's Reign of Terror, she hangs out the flag of Romance, and sounds the music of citterns and viols. 1

Clearly Mrs. Taylor's verse did appeal to Lawrence to a certain extent perhaps because she is an "ironical romanticist",² which Lawrence, at the time of The White Peacock, liked to think himself to be.

Mrs. Taylor's verse, has, according to Lawrence, an autobiographical basis, which, in the early stages, is apparent. Continuing the life image ("A broken heart does give colour to life")³ Lawrence describes the overall development of the three books he had to hand:

Mrs. Taylor takes the pageant of her bleeding heart, first marches ironically by the brutal day light...

but:

then lovingly she draws it away into her magic, obscure place apart where she breathes spells upon it, filters upon it delicate lights, tricks it with

1 Ibid., p. 235.

2 Ibid., p. 236.

3 Ibid., p. 237.

dreams and fancy, and then re-issues the pageant.¹

These quotations catch the drift of the argument:- Poems 1904 contain full and heavy, but impersonal, the drama of the broken heart; Rose and Vine the transformation of the experience beyond recognition. Lawrence's approval now begins to waver: he calls the drift to dream and fancy "unfortunate"² and the symbols expressing it "esoteric",³ although he had earlier approved of romance in an age of realism. Mrs. Taylor's third volume, a group of sonnets, apparently carried the use of symbol to an extreme; this Lawrence criticizes, and goes on to launch a rather clumsy attack on symbolism in general. Returning to his subject he comments that nevertheless "Some of these sonnets are very fine" and then, as a good occasional lecturer should, he concludes the paper on a provocative note: Rachel Annand Taylor's sonnets, he says "stand apart in an age of 'open road' and Empire thumping verse".⁴

A recognizably Lawrentian preference for "life" rather than "dream" guided the underground development of the argument in this talk, but Lawrence's comments on verse and form demonstrate the premise that it reveals Lawrence at a turning point.

1 Ibid., p. 238. It is frequently unclear at some points, which of the three volumes of Rachel Annand Taylor's verse Lawrence is talking about. The copy of the paper which we have seems more like an outline or a set of notes on which the paper was based. It may well have been clarified and elaborated in delivery.

2 Ibid., p. 241.

3 Ibid., p. 241.

4 Ibid., p. 243.

Does this contain a derogatory reference to Walt Whitman?

His own characteristic schemata appear to be already at work, but older and more orthodox ones still have some hold.

Mrs. Taylor, Lawrence remarks, apparently approvingly:

is indeed, an exquisite craftsman of verse. Moreover, in her metres and rhythms she is orthodox. She allows herself none of the modern looseness, but retains the same stanza form to the end of a lyric.

"I should like more time to criticize this form of verse" he says weakly, and criticizes it not at all.¹

Possibly this weakness, and the earlier self-contradiction, are the result of Lawrence being uneasily aware that his own attitudes were not yet clearly and soundly developed (it was to be another two years or so before his theory of verse form began to clarify itself); possibly, as a still rather conventional and perhaps shy young man, he shunned the extremity of discussing or approving new and contraversial techniques in a public forum.

The comment which led Lawrence into this paragraph on form was that Poems of 1904 "is emotionally insufficient, though splendid in craftsmanship."² It was this kind of perception which was to lead to the theory of expressive form - form which should fit closely and cleanly, like a glove, to the shape of the emotion expressed. Lawrence did not on this occasion pursue his perception of what would later seem to him a disastrous dichotomy. Again, the reason may have been the incomplete state of his thought on these matters; or a feeling that a suburban

1 Ibid., p. 239.

2 Ibid., p. 239.

audience of 1910 would not have been able to follow such thought anyway; or, perhaps, deference to Mrs. Taylor's feelings.

The latter is not merely a vague possibility, for in the more relaxed atmosphere of correspondence, where time, space, and lack of public formality allowed, Lawrence had in fact made a closer more organized and penetrating formulation of this criticism of Mrs. Taylor's work. Even before he gave the lecture, Lawrence had written to Mrs. Taylor:

I like Rose and Vine - but not so much as Fiammetta. The former are very choice and charming and curious and careful. But they are rather like the clothes a woman makes before her first baby is born; they have never been worn; they cleave not to the mould. One longs for a touch of harshness. - And I don't like your arrangement of vowel sounds - it is not emotional enough - too intellectual. One can get good Swinburnian consonant music by taking thought, but never Shakespearean vowel-loveliness, in which the emotion of the piece flows. 1.

In defence of this comment, he later elaborated:

....for myself, I know it is always hard to get my verse cut close to the palpitating form of the experience - and all I meant was that some of the poems in Rose and Vine seemed made to fit experiences which you have hidden in yourself and then dreamed different, so that the verses seem fingered by art into a grace which the experience does not warrant. 2.

The paper on "Rachel Annand Taylor" reveals Lawrence's critical theory and practice oscillating uneasily between traditional ways of perception, and those emerging patterns of perception which are to be characteristically his own. The criticisms just quoted, however, formulated privately and beforehand, are close

1 CL., p. 67.

2 Ibid., p. 68.

and confident, based on a more settled attitude of critical perceptions, than that displayed in the paper. The privately expressed perception, though swift and confident, is fresh and new. Lawrence had not yet drawn out into theory the implications of his own kind of perception; nor had these particular kinds of perception been sufficiently frequently activated to become habitual schemata. The great strain of considered and lengthy public statement perhaps forced issues which were synthesized in swift, private exercise of critical acumen. In this early paper on Rachel Annand Taylor, Lawrence lacks the support of clearly thought-out theory and firmly selective schemata. The benefit remains, however, that it gives us an opportunity to observe Lawrence's traditionally conditioned perceptions jostling with his newly developing perception.

A letter to Ernest Collings, a fellow poet, in 1912, reveals Lawrence again deftly ticking off critical points in private. He gives short quotations from Collings' work "that nearly made poems in themselves"¹. Lawrence does not analyse them to support his contention and show why; he relies upon his immediate intuition of what he was later to call "one thing". On the whole, he did not find Collings' poetry satisfactory. The reason is similar to the reason he gave in his letters to Rachel Annand Taylor: the form or expression is divorced from, or inadequate for, expressing the poetic feeling.

¹ Ibid., p. 159.

Perception of this failure is described by Lawrence on this occasion in a different way. Commenting to Rachel Annand Taylor he had used an image of clothes, garments which "cleave not to the mould". To Collings he writes:

I can see all the poetry at the back of your verse -
but there isn't much inside the lines. It's the
rhythm and the sound that don't penetrate the blood -
only now and then. ¹

The difference in critical expression of similar ideas suggests that Lawrence is not yet "applying" a schema. It suggests that he has submitted his perceptions to Collings' work^{as} freshly and "naïvely" as he could, intuitively registered its qualities for their own worth, and then come up with an answer, which in essence is a more compact statement of that which his intuition unconsciously but growingly seeks in poetry. Poetry, he now says, must get inside the lines, not ~~be~~ just be closely clad by its verse forms.

A richer year for Lawrence's commentary on poetry, was the following one, 1913. In March he wrote a review of Georgian Poetry 1911-1912. As criticism, it is a rather unbalanced piece - a paean to joy, allegedly the joy of Georgian poets of love and hope, after the night of oppressive dreams of "The nihilists, the intellectual hopeless people - Ibsen, Flaubert, Thomas Hardy". It is more probably the joy of Lawrence's own first months of freedom and happiness in Europe with Frieda, after the long depression which had settled on him subsequent to the death of his mother. Discounting the ebullience of the piece, what remains is a state-

¹ Ibid., p. 159.

ment that life, just being, is a mystery and a joy. These poets, Lascelles Abercrombie, Rupert Brooke, John Drinkwater, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, John Masefield, all catch something of this joy. There is no question whether they are good poets or bad. They have something of life, "hope and religious joy", which is joie d'être, joie de vivre, "exceeding keen relish and appreciation of life". ¹

There is Mr. W.H. Davies's lovely joy, Mr. De La Mare's perfect appreciation of life at still moments, Mr. Rupert Brooke's brightness, when he "lived from laugh to laugh", Mr. Edmund Beale Sargant's pure, excited happiness in the woodland - it is all the same, keen zest in life found wonderful. In Mr. Gordon Bottomley it is the zest of activity, of hurrying, labouring men, or the zest of the utter stillness of long snows. ²

I do not perceive the same halo and glory around these poets. But in the flow of Lawrence's enthusiasm the elements of the life criterion haphazardly emerge in every line. "Quickness" and movement are noted in the poets described above; and as Lawrence goes on to philosophize about life, life qualities of which they appear to have made him aware, more elements in the life standard appear and Lawrence becomes full of "awe" at the life which is in him.

Everything that ever was thought and ever will be thought lies in this body of mine. This flesh and blood sitting here writing, the great impersonal flesh and blood, greater than me, which I am proud to belong to, contain all the future. What is it but the quick of all growth. ³

1 Ph., p. 305.

2 Ibid., p. 306.

3 Ibid., p. 306.

It reminds me, continues Lawrence, of Rupert Brooke's "moment triumphant in its eternality"; rather, be it noted, than of the eternal triumphing over the moment. Earlier in the same piece Lawrence had written: "Now the warmth of blood is in everything, healthy, passionate blood". This theme combines with the element of awe to produce a conclusion in which the passional basis and the numinous dimension of the life standard are one:

If I take my whole passionate, spiritual and physical
love to the woman who in return loves me, that is how
I serve God. And my hymn and my game of joy is my work.

"All of which" says Lawrence amazingly enough, "I read in the anthology of Georgian Poetry".¹

It is fair to say that, even though Lawrence seems to be more than usually carried away from the point in this review, it was a constant mark of his criticism, throughout his life, that he set aside critical carping about good or bad in a writer and simply enthused about him, if for Lawrence, he had one spark of genuine life. It is also the mark of a greater part of Lawrence's criticism that he regularly departed from the immediate object of it to general discussions about "life" from many points of view. On both these points this strange paeon of a review is typical of Lawrence's criticism. Also typical are the elements, or early suggestions of the life standard: quick, passional, awe-some, numinous, in but greater than the individual; also its momentaneity, and its function as the source of onward-moving and

¹ Ibid., p. 307.

flowering growth. The muddled manner in which all this tumbled out suggests that Lawrence was writing in a state of tension. Such a state might also account for the sudden and momentary uprush into Lawrence's consciousness of material which, from the Study of Thomas Hardy in the following year, onwards, was to be more and more soberly re-written, and more and more gradually integrated into the literary criticism which was usually its pretext or precipitant.

After the 1913 review of Georgian Poetry 1911-1912, however, most of these elements subsided, and the gradually developing use of the life standard in Lawrence's criticism of poetry, appeared to take up where it had broken off in the letter to Ernest Collings in November of 1912. Six months after the Georgian Poetry review, Lawrence wrote to Edward Marsh the letter in which he spoke of rhythms in his own poetry fitting his mood and of his endeavours to "get an emotion out in its own course". October found him again writing to Edward Marsh, this time a letter containing criticism of W.H. Davies and Ralph Hodgson. Lawrence quarrels with the poverty of the life-feeling of the one, and the inadequacy of form in the other. Of Davies he writes:

Poor Davies - he makes me so furious, and so sorry.
He's really like a linnett that's got just a wee little sweet song, but it only sings when its wild. And he's made himself a tame bird - poor little devil. He makes me furious. I shall be all right now the winter is coming, he writes, 'now I can sit by the fire and work'. As if he could sing when he's been straining his heart to make a sound of music, for months. ...I think one ought to be downright cruel to him, and drive him back, say to

him, Davies, your work is getting like Birmingham tin-ware; Davies... then... he might grow his wings again, and chirrup a little sadder song. 1

Here Lawrence is searching out and evaluating the "life" in the artist's work, and it must be natural, keen, wild, life, nothing tame, or put-on.

In Ralph Hodgson, Lawrence complained of banal utterance. The feeling is there right enough - but not in itself, only represented.... it is the currency of poetry, not poetry itself. "There's emotion in the rhythm, but it's loose emotion, inarticulate, common - the words are mere currency".

It is exactly like a man who feels very strongly for a beggar, and gives him a sovereign. The feeling is at either end, for the moment, but the sovereign is a dead bit of metal. 2

Here Lawrence's life standard is seeking out, not finding, and requiring not only lively emotion, but close, apt, expression which not only fits the feeling, but does so to the degree at which feeling and expression become one, and the expression itself becomes "quick" - rather than a piece of poetic currency acting as a kind of heavy metal intermediary between the feeling expressed by the poet, and the reader as recipient. Thus, even within one letter, in 1913, different aspects and complexities of the matrix of Lawrence's ^{life} schemata appear to be operative in conditioning and articulating Lawrence's perceptive and critical response to poetry.

1 CL., p. 236.

2 Ibid., p. 236.

The following month, again to Edward Marsh, Lawrence wrote the letter, quoted in the previous chapter, about the nature of form: the ebbing and lifting emotion should be master not former perceptual habits of hearing; poetry is "one thing" and speaks to the "sensitive soul" rather than to the ear. Scarcely two weeks later Lawrence is writing more poetry criticism in his letters, this time of Richard Middleton. Fusion of emotion and expression into one thing, with the emotion shaping the expression, has become in this letter the fusion of "one's physical and mental self right down to produce good art".¹ This entrance of the poet's self into the theory brings with it the possibility of the "passional" basis of the life standard. It begins to appear in fact, even as Lawrence continues writing in the same letter.

← Of Middleton, Lawrence said: "there was something in him that wouldn't fuse - like some dross that hindered him, that he couldn't grip and reduce with passion".

By way of explanation Lawrence diverges for a moment; "It seems to me a purely lyric poet gives himself right down to his sex, to his mood, utterly and abandonedly ..." but "He has nothing that goes on, no passion, only a few intense moods, separate like odd stars, and when each has burned away, he must die..." In the light of this Lawrence places Middleton as a "half lyric poet":

His lyrics are far, far before his prose, of course. But

¹ Ibid., p. 251.

he had exhausted most of his moods... That heavier, more enduring part which wasn't a lyric poet but a man with dramatic capabilities, needed fertilising by some love. And it never was fertilised. So he destroyed it, because perhaps it had already begun to be corrupt. ¹

The passional element in Lawrence's life awareness recognizes an answering quality in Middleton's work, but is not satisfied by it. Thus, another element in the life standard is coming into evaluative play. ²

The next piece of poetry criticism, again in a letter to Edward Marsh, was mainly about Lascelles Abercrombie. It was written a month after Lawrence's first important letter about the Sisters novel, and a couple of weeks before the "carbon" letter. The life standard as it functioned in criticism of poetry at that time had by no means caught up, if it ever did, with the penetration and complexities it developed in the essays on the theory of the novel. The letter on Abercrombie describes a now familiar perception of lack of relation between feeling and form. "There are some fine bits of rhetoric, as there always are in Abercrombie. But oh the spirit of the thing altogether seems mean and vulgar."³ This critical perception of dichotomy at the heart of an author's work is becoming more habitual and confident. (It does not necessarily follow that it is wrong.) Lawrence goes on to describe

¹ Ibid., p. 251.

² In the review of Georgian Poetry 1911-1912, this passional element had been stated but not active in a process of evaluative critical placing.

³ Ibid., p. 278. Lawrence was thinking particularly of one poem, "End of the World", which had appeared in a recent edition of New Numbers. The letter is dated 24th May 1914.

"the spirit of the thing" in Abercrombie's poetry. The burden of the criticism is tacitly, that one must be true to the life in oneself:

Why, why, in God's name, is Abercrombie messing about with Yokels and Cider and runaway wives? No, but it is bitterly disappointing. He who loves Paradise Lost must don the red nose and rough-spun cloak of Masfield and Wilfried (Gibson)... Abercrombie, if he does anything, surely ought to work on rather noble and rather chill subjects. I hate and detest his irony with its clap-trap solution of everything being that which it seemeth not.

Here speaks the man who has grown through the need to guard himself, and qualify his statements, with an ironic garb.

Abercrombie's irony was something different, however, implying a kind of "know-all pessimism" about life which is the complete antithesis of the eager optimism of Lawrence's life awareness.

If Lawrence is needled by what seemed to him an insult to life, his critical life standard was not merely private and personal. It had the impersonal ability to sense a man being untrue to his own kind of life - even if that kind of life were anti-pathetic to Lawrence's own:

What is the matter with the man? There's something wrong with his soul. Mary and the Bramble and Sale of St. Thomas weren't like this, they had a certain beauty of soul, a certain highness which I loved... But here everything is mean and rather sordid, and full of rancid hate... What has happened to him? Something seems to be going bad in his soul... But what is the matter with him?... What has happened to the man? I wish to heaven he were writing the best poems that were ever written, and then he turns out this. 1

Clearly Lawrence is shaken and upset - he is reacting with his

1 Ibid., p. 279.

whole sensibility. Yet that which it hurts him for his life criteria to reject, is untruth to a life quality, "chill", "high" and "noble", with which his own life awareness "quick, healthy, passionate" had no kin. He is personally, sometimes passionately, involved in his criticisms, but his criteria can still have a quality of impersonal validity.

Twelve months later Lawrence is writing to Eleanor Farjeon, about her poetry. On this occasion the fusing of one's physical and mental self, right down to the passional truth, which the life standard had postulated during Lawrence's criticism of Richard Middleton, is re-evoked: "I think there is real poetry" in your work, he writes to Eleanor Farjeon, but:

It is strange, in you, that you never seem to fight things out to their last issue - and things which seem to me so amazingly potentially good. You have far finer and more beautiful poetry in you than Margaret (Radford) has, even than such men as de la Mare and Davies. But they get theirs really smelted out, and you never burn yours in the last fire... if you gave your real passion to it you would save your poems from their clichés.¹

Lawrence goes on to speak of the facility which traditional verse forms encourage in a poet and adds "I wish you had never read a line of Elizabethan poetry in your life, and then we might have had a pure utterance from you".² Lawrence's critical sensitivity to life qualities in poetry reacts against the faint untruth to feeling which is the poet's dishonesty. It also senses and points out that marring caused by the demands of form. In

1 Ibid., p. 343.

2 Ibid., p. 344.

Miss Farjeon's poetry he feels that unreal feelings are too easily elicited in order to fill out too-well-ingrained patterns of given form.

Lawrence worked out for himself and tried to perceive similar realization in the work of others, that poetry is an impulse of living truth - its essence, as he wrote in the following year, being "stark directness, without a shadow of a lie, or a shadow of deflection anywhere".¹ After this point, the opening of 1916, Lawrence's commentary on poetry died away. The great formulation of poetic theory, the "Introduction to New Poems", came three years later. But it was not until 1923, and after he had concluded the final version of Studies in Classic American Literature, and at the beginning of his, from then on, pretty steady output of reviewing, that Lawrence again wrote on the poetry of other people. This time it was a review of A Second Contemporary Verse Anthology which appeared in the New York Evening Post Literary Review.

After the considerable lapse of time, the change in Lawrence's reputation, and the different point of view from which he is writing (ie. as a reviewer, rather than a private correspondent) the tone is more authoritative, distanced, and entertaining. Close working out and self-discovering is no longer the order of the day. The review is a neat blend of skilful quotation and amusing presentation - which helps the usual amount of Lawrentian

¹ This was in a letter to Catherine Carswell, quoted in the previous chapter, about the nature of rhythm and rhyme.

philosophizing to slip down a little more easily.

The review came out in September of 1923; the American studies had been completed the winter before. In that collection of essays there was one, "The Spirit of Place", in which Lawrence had developed his awareness of "life" which is in, yet beyond, and all around the individual, having different characteristic qualities in varying localities. Thus life expressing itself in and through the American continent, involving and conditioning the individuals living or born there makes them in their life qualities characteristic of the place in which they live and breathe. Thus Americans arise; thence American literature comes.

It is no mere chance, therefore, or the need to begin from somewhere, anywhere, which leads Lawrence to take as his theme in this review, an idle sentence from the blurb on the wrapper of the book. "It is not merely an assembly of verse" it apparently said "but the spiritual record of an entire people". As a matter of fact, Lawrence easily and immediately replies, the book "is a collection of verse, neat and nice and easy as eating candy".¹ Nevertheless, the review continues to be about the "spirit" of the people; "spirit" is interpreted as "consciousness", by which Lawrence means awareness of life - life, of course, as he perceives and understands it.

"Naturally", begins Lawrence, "any collection of contemporary

¹ Ph., p. 322.

verse in any country at any time is bound to be more or less a box of candy ... If we had a good representative anthology of the poetry of Whitman's day, and if it contained two poems by Whitman, then it would be a fairly true spiritual record of the people of that day ... the bulk ... would be candy: sweet nothings, tender trifles, and amusing things. For such is the bulk of the spiritual experience, of any entire people". The Americans have always been good at "occasional" verse, but "today ... Life is still earnest, but a little less real ... The spirit of verse prefers now a 'composition salad' ... Odds and ends of feelings smoothed into unison by some prevailing sentiment".¹

Lawrence then points the difference between "candy" and poetry by clever antithesis:

The river boat had loitered down its way,
The ropes were coiled, and business for the day
Was done -

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where - 2.

What is there, he asks, in the mere stringing together of words? For some mysterious reason, there is everything. He quotes from the anthology:

When lilacs last in the door yard bloomed
"It is a string of words, but it makes me prick my innermost ear.
So do I prick my ear to 'Fly low, vermilion dragon'. But the next

1 Ibid., p. 322.

2 Ibid., p. 333.

line, 'With the moon horns', makes me lower that same inward ear once more, in indifference". The image Lawrence uses is an apt description of his answer to the question: What is there in a mere stringing together of words? "There is an element of danger in all new utterance. We prick our ears like an animal in a wood at a strange sound".¹ The great poetry of the past, such as that which Lawrence used in the juxtapositions quoted above, is great perhaps by virtue of its power still to make us prick the inward ear. In contemporary poetry only the utterance which is new will have the same effect. There is only "a modicum of strange sound" in A Second Contemporary Verse Anthology, and it is not of a kind which interests Lawrence.²

The Deity, continues Lawrence, "made man an adventurer into the everlasting unknown of consciousness" but only very few "step into the grisly dark, which is forever dangerous and wonderful".³ It is disliked because it endangers the status quo of the soul. But it has to happen, the contemporary spiritual record may warble about the wonder of the blue skies, but:

The actual heavens can suddenly roll up like the
heavens of Ezekiel. That's what happened at the
Renaissance. The old heavens shrivelled and men
found a new empyrean above them. 4

* * * * * *

We are at the phase of scientific vision. This

1 Ibid., p. 323.

2 Ibid., p. 323.

3 Ibid., p. 324.

4 Ibid., p. 324.

phase will pass and this vision will seem as chimerical to our descendants as the medieval vision seems to us. 1

We are at the moment, Lawrence argues "prisoners inside our own conception of life and being. Our ideas, our emotions, our experiences are pot-bound". There is nothing new under the sun, once the consciousness becomes pot-bound. "And this is what ails all art today. But particularly American art".² That is why there is little in this anthology to make Lawrence prick his ear.

There are many elements of the life standard in this argument: its pristine non-personal quality (of the animal in the wood pricking to strange sounds); its antagonism to habitual patterns of perception; its unknown quality beyond the individual; wonderful - in the sense of awesome - and Deity-connected, with large encompassing motions, embracing man, and whole ages, in history.

Lawrence returns to the anthology:- there is nothing of all this in it. It is "Old soup of old bones of life".

There is nothing new under the sun, but you can have a jolly good old time all the same with the old things. A nut sundae or a new beau, a baby or an automobile, a divorce or a troublesome appendix. My dear, that's life! 3

"The spiritual record of an entire ... What?" He concludes ironically. It is notable that ironic ambivalence in Lawrence's criticism is no longer, as it was in the earliest days, a sign of weakness, a shield for that which he felt sensitively but was

1 Ibid., pp. 324-5.

2 Ibid., p. 325.

3 Ibid., p. 326.

uncertain of. Here it is a useful technique for tempering the demands of his life awareness, when it outstrides inadequate material.¹ He has said at the beginning that little could be expected - but teasing ambivalence turned at times into straightforward comic debunking when faced with really bad verse:

Why do I think of stairways
With a rush of hurt surprise?
Space → and indent Heaven knows, my dear, unless you once fell down.²

Lawrence's next piece on poetry came four years later, in 1927. It is classed by Edward D. McDonald as an occasional piece, and appears in the "Nature and Poetical Pieces" section of Phoenix. Lawrence's theme is the wrongness, inadequacy, or oddity of human patterns of perception when encountering bright, vivid life. He takes as an example that "noisiest, most inconsiderate, most obstreperous and jaunty bird"³ the nightingale, whom the Greeks heard "sobbing", and who made John Keats, in a mood of drowsy numbness, want to cease upon the midnight with no pain.

Yet:

...in sober fact, the nightingale sings with a ringing, pinching vividness and a pristine assertiveness that makes a mere man stand still... The birds are so triumphantly positive in their created selves, eternally new from the hand of the rich, bright God, and perfect. ⁴

Lawrence goes on to discuss the reaction of human perception to this "life". The rippling assertion of a perfect bit of creation he says makes men angry or melancholy according as it

1 Later we will see it reconciling deeper divisions in Lawrence's critical reactions.

2 Ibid., p. 323.

3 Ibid., p. 40.

4 Ibid., p. 41.

assails the eye or the ear. "The ear is much less cunning than the eye".¹ The eye is so "shrewd and rapid",² we "get" the peacock's "showy male self-assertion" immediately and sneer at his gleam of life-pride. "But when we hear the nightingale, we don't know what we hear, we only know we feel sad, forlorn. And so we say it is the nightingale which is sad."³

Then follows a line by line commentary on Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale" in the light of the antithesis between the "sad, beautiful poetry of the human male" and the life-perfect, assertive shouts of pristine maleness from the bird. The sum of the commentary is: "Poor Keats, he has to be 'too happy' in the nightingale's happiness, not being very happy in himself at all ... the sad human male still tries to break away, and get over into the nightingale world ... He doesn't succeed, however; the viewless wings of Poesy carry him only into the bushes, not into the nightingale world".

The nightingale never made any man in love with easeful death, except by contrast. The contrast between the bright flame of positive pure self-aliveness, in the bird, and the uneasy flickering of yearning selflessness, forever yearning for something outside himself which is Keats. 4

"To cease upon the midnight with no pain" quotes Lawrence. And then "How astonished the nightingale would be if he could be made to realize what sort of answer the poet was answering to his song.

1 Ibid., p. 41.

2 Ibid., p. 42.

3 Ibid., p. 42.

4 Ibid., p. 43.

He would fall off the bough with amazement".¹

The final development of the theme in this short piece of 1927 is one of relatedness to another being:

Of course, the nightingale is utterly unconscious of the little dim hen, while he sings. And he never mentions her name. But she knows well enough that the song is half her; just as she knows the eggs are half him.²

It is, of course, not the dimension of human relationship which is involved in Lady Chatterley's Lover or the Walt Whitman essay. Although the thought does pass through Lawrence's mind that the nightingale's song is more satisfying to the hen than Keats' "humble moan" was to Fanny. The question of "relatedness", and later "relationships", in the life theme had interested Lawrence since the time of The Rainbow. It is a quality which is not usually explored in poetry, and this may account for Lawrence's waning interest in the poetry of others after 1915. He was drawn back into writing about it only in the one review; by an occasional piece (the essay on Keats had started out as a description of place - "Tuscany is full of nightingales" - but had sub-consciously drifted from the spirit of the place, to life qualities, to criticism); and, finally by the direct request of an acquaintance, Harry Crosby, to write an Introduction to his Chariot of the Sun.

Lawrence's commentary on Chariot of the Sun was immediately preceded by that essay discussed and described above, as "Chaos in Poetry". In writing about Crosby's verse, therefore, Lawrence

¹ Ibid., p. 43.

² Ibid., p. 44.

applies the life criterion worked out in that essay. The image, as in his review of A Second Contemporary Verse Anthology, that of consciousness being pot-bound in an ornamental vase, becomes in this essay an image of an asphixiating parasol which man pretends is a firmament, but is in fact merely patched over with simulacrum of any vision which had ever genuinely smashed through the parasol to the real chaotic firmament beyond. Crosby it seems was not a poet, but at least Lawrence could say of him that he "shuts up all the little and big umbrellas of poesy and importance" for his verse "has no outstanding melody or rhythm or image or epithet or even sense. And we feel a certain relief".¹

The poems Lawrence calls "a sheaf of flimsies". They can't be evaluated in the traditional way - there is no "incantation of sweet noise" and "no particular jewellery of epithet".² They are difficult to evaluate by Lawrence's standard, there is "no subtle ebbing of a theme into consciousness, no recognizable vision, new gleam of chaos let into a world of order".³ It means nothing and it says nothing "yet it has something to say. It even carries a dim suggestion of that which refuses to be said".⁴ If it is not a real "gleam" or "vision" of chaos, it is a "glimpse of the living untamed chaos. For the grand chaos is all alive, and everlasting. From it we draw our breath of life ... the vast chaos of God..."⁵

1 Ibid., p. 259.

2 Ibid., p. 257.

3 Ibid., p. 257.

4 Ibid., p. 258.

5 Ibid., p. 258.

To explain the "glimpse" which is not yet a "gleam" from this chaos, Lawrence uses a description which the psychologist of perception would not misunderstand. It is a "glimpse" but not a "gleam" because: "It is poetry at the moment of inception in the soul, before the germs of the known and the unknown have fused to begin a new body of concepts".¹ The poems are "too nebulous and not there" but "a new act of attention" is being made.²

Vaguely Lawrence perceives qualities of the life standard. Movement and flow seem to be there in the "iridescent confusion of sense-impression, sound and touch and sight all running into one another" which "liberates the soul, and lets a new flame of desire flicker delicately up" thus faintly suggesting the passional ground, the "vital" soul or "life", and its quality of flickering momentaneity. Finally, there is a faint intimation of the numinous, for "In this there is faith, soft, intangible, suffused faith that is the breath of all poetry, part of the breathing of the myriad sun in chaos".³

This essay was written two months after the essay on "John Galsworthy" when Lawrence had first aired one aspect of his life criterion under the guise of "naïveté". The value and the word is re-iterated here, as Lawrence says of Crosby's verse -

1 Ibid., p. 259.

2 Ibid., p. 259.

3 Ibid., p. 260.

"Through it all runs the intrinsic naïveté without which no poetry can exist ... This naïveté is the opening of the soul to the sun of chaos ... In this act, and this alone, we truly live".¹ But Lawrence could not alter the fact that he did not really think the poetry good. However:

What does it matter if half the time a poet fails in his effort at expression! The failures make it real. The act of attention is not so easy. It is much easier to write poesy. Failure is part of the living chaos. And the groping reveals the act of attention. 2

This is the kind of reason which may lie behind Lawrence's attention to, and enthusiasm for, authors ~~who~~ do not seem to most people to merit much critical attention - Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur or Dana, for instance. The reality of the effort wins the approval of the life standard, it is a living effort; besides that, failure to really bring the thing off is insignificant.

B. European I

Lawrence's first two pieces of formal criticism, the paper on "Rachel Annand Taylor" and the review of Georgian Poetry 1911-1912, were followed in July 1913, by an essay on Thomas Mann. It is the first item in the next group of Lawrence's

1 Ibid., p. 261. "Naïveté" is a word ultimately related to "Spontaneity" and is perhaps as ultimately unreal a psychological possibility. "Spontaneity" describes the movement from the "naïve" source. The naïveté is "Tender, but purring like a leopard that may snarl ... What is more chaotic than a dappled leopard trotting through dappled shade? And that is our life, really". (p. 262).

2 Ibid., p. 261.

written criticisms chronologically examined here, his criticisms of European literature: apart from a couple of very early comments on French literature and the review of Thomas Mann, this first European group is mainly concerned with Lawrence's opinions of Russian literature.

Lawrence's first noteworthy comments on European, other than English, literature are in praise of Balzac. Of Eugénie Grandet he writes:

She is exceedingly beautiful. I consider the book as perfect a novel as I have ever read. It is wonderfully concentrated; there is nothing superfluous, nothing out of place. The book has that wonderful feeling of inevitableness which is characteristic of the best French novels. ¹

Later in this same letter Lawrence criticizes his own Laetitia in that "I have dragged in conversations to explain matters that two lines of ordinary prose would have accomplished far better" and in that it is "cloyed with metaphoric fancy". ² Lawrence is clearly appreciating Balzac in contrast with his own work - the critical criterion emerging from his personal experience is here directly transferred and used in the criticism of another author.

Lawrence continues writing about Balzac:

It is rather astonishing that we the cold English, should have to go to the fleshy French for level-headed, fair unrelenting realism. Can you find a grain of sentimentality in Eugénie? Can you find a

¹ CL., p. 35.

² Ibid., p. 36.

touch of melodrama, or caricature, or flippancy? 1

These are qualities which Lawrence was conscious of having to eradicate from his own creative output.² Also, at this time, Lawrence was consciously adopting a whimsical attitude in Laetitia, as a kind of self defence. But Eugénie:

... is all tremendous earnestness, more serious than all the profundities of German thinkers, more affecting than all English bathos. It makes me drop my head and sit silent. 3

This early criticism of Balzac is thus a mixture of judgment by the classical ideal of "Nothing too much"⁴ and by critical knowledge of his own experience of creativity. But even so early - this is 1908 - the critical criterion of Lawrence's later days made itself felt:

Balzac can lay bare the living body of the great life better than anybody in the world. He doesn't hesitate at the last covering; he doesn't point out the absurdities of the intricate innumerable wrappings and accessories of the body of life; he goes straight to the flesh; and, unlike de Maupassant or Zola, he doesn't inevitably light on a wound, or a festering sore. Balzac is magnificent and supreme. 5

Lawrence is beginning, in contradistinction from anclassical formalism, to require a "living" quality in art, and a numinous quality in that life. Already also, that life has a quality of health, even if it is impersonal life, which discriminates against

1 Ibid., p. 35.

2 Ibid., p. 273 "- my Cockneyism and commonness are only when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead, and sentimentality and purplism".

3 Ibid., p. 35-6.

4 I am indebted to Mr. G.S. Fraser (The Modern Writer and his World, p. 376) for this phrase.

5 Ibid., p. 36.

those trends in modern literature which he later forcefully denounces.

Lawrence, as a young critic who had already learnt from personal experience of the difficulties of creation, was full of wondering awe for the great achievement. Clearly, he read so wholeheartedly, that "life" was not a criterion he applied, but an encounter he genuinely experienced in literature:

The true heart of the world is a book; there are sufficient among your acquaintances to make a complete world, but you must learn from books how to know them. A book is better than a meeting. The essence of things is stored in books ... 1

Even a friend's objection to "homilies" and "gush" in Balzac,² did not damage the quality of Lawrence's awareness.

In countering Blanch Jennings' criticisms Lawrence began to try and develop his idea of life in literature, but his tentative exploratory formulations were, as yet, rather flabby and weak:

As for the 'gush' about the kiss - it was a crisis in Eugénie's life. A most productive crisis. Somehow, I think we come into knowledge (unconscious) of the most vital parts of the cosmos through touching things. You don't knew how I feel my soul enlarged through contact with the soft arms and face and body of my Hilda Mary - who is 9 months old today.

Herbartian phraseology is clearly embarrassing the clarity of Lawrence's criticism; Lawrence himself calls it "vague and impossible". But he battles on:

1 Ibid., p. 38.

2 Ibid., p. 39-40.

... there must be some great purposeful impulses impelling through everything to move it and work it to an end. The world says you feel the press of these impulses, you recognise them, in knowledge - science - but I, joining hands with the artists, declare that also and supremely the sympathy with and submission to the great impulses comes through feeling - indescribable and, I think, unknowable. There is something of this idea behind Balzac's homily on the kiss, I think. ¹

The adjectival and superlative qualities of this statement reveal critical criteria suffering from the uncertainty of growing pains. But Lawrence is, nevertheless, vaguely gesturing in the direction in which his critical judgement was later to develop. The "enlargement of his soul" was through physical, sensory contact or experience. His criteria still needed to become clearer, and when they did, the wondering humility of his earlier criticisms faded fast.

Five years after these comments on Balzac, Lawrence wrote in 1913 a review, "German Books - Thomas Mann" which was the first of his substantial and formal critical comments on European literature. It is Lawrence's first formal prose criticism, as his talk on "Rachel Annand Taylor" had been his first formal criticism of verse. The first longer criticism of poetry, written three years earlier in 1910, had revealed Lawrence uncertain and in a stage of transition. The essay on Thomas Mann also reveals Lawrence in a stage of transition, but this time the case is different. The essay on Thomas Mann is a

¹ Ibid., p. 40.

much more confident public statement than the lecture on Rachel Annand Taylor. It is not simply that the one is a completely written review, and the other is possibly an incomplete set of notes from which the speaker elaborated. In the earlier piece on poetry basic attitudes were in the process of transition: Lawrence seemed not to know whether Mrs. Taylor's verse was good because it was new, because it was romantic, because it was raw green fruit, or because it hung out the coloured flag of bygone values of another age, in the midst of colourless realism of the twentieth century. In those lecture notes, Lawrence can be seen working towards some kind of conclusion.

In this review of Thomas Mann, however, Lawrence has his basic values more settled from the beginning:

"Nothing outside the definite line of the book", is a maxim. But can the human mind fix absolutely the definite line of a book, any more than it can fix absolutely any definite line of action for living being? 1

And:

... There are the other artists, the more human, like Shakespeare and Goethe, who must give themselves to life as well as to art. And if these were afraid, or despised life, then with their surplus they would ferment and become rotten. Which is what ails Thomas Mann. He is physically ailing, no doubt. But his complaint is deeper: it is of the soul. 2

These quotations are from the first page or so of the review, and reveal Lawrence's life standard at work and that he knows

1 Ph., p. 308.

2 Ibid., p. 309.

from the beginning what he feels about the work of Thomas Mann, or its life quality. This accounts for the greater degree of basic confidence with which this essay is written.

The transition observed in progress in this essay during the pressure of writing is not so much one of thought, but one of method. Lawrence moves from careful "academic" to forthright "life" criticism; from objective appraisal to subjective judgment; from qualified sympathy to rejection and disgust. It should be noted in passing that differing methods of exposition reveal the critic's opinion in different ways - some more forcibly than others. At first reading it may appear as if Lawrence changed his mind in the course of writing. However, the quotations above from the beginning, match quite closely opinions which Lawrence expressed at the end of the essay. The transition from a formal method to a more personal method was able to release the more personal elements in Lawrence's critical response which naturally appear to be different from more impersonal judgments - even while the thought underlying both may be the same.

The review, "German Books: Thomas Mann",¹ falls into three parts. Writing on Thomas Mann inevitably raises the question of form, and, at the time of Lawrence's writing (after the completion of Sons and Lovers and near the beginning of the Sisters), it was a question which was of considerable interest to him. The first

1 Ibid., p. 308.

third of the review maintains a neutral tone, while filling in the necessary background details and then proceeding to examine Thomas Mann's attitude to form. It is useful to keep the form argument of the "carbon" letter (still to come) and also that letter's description of life movements, in mind, to understand the first and summary point of Lawrence's discussion of form here. "It is as an artist rather than as a story-teller that Germany worships Thomas Mann" he writes:

And yet it seems to me, this craving for form is the outcome, not of artistic conscience, but of a certain attitude to life.

In this case the attitude is a "passionate desire for the mastery of the medium, that will of the writer to be greater than and undisputed lord over the stuff that he writes". But "form is not a personal thing like style. It is impersonal like logic" and the impersonal logic of life cannot be fixed. That is to say an artist with a will to dominate will try to fit his book into a fixed aesthetic form. But the "definite line" of a book cannot be fixed any more than life can, albeit life is impersonal and moves according to its own logic.

The impersonal will to dominate in an artist is not the impersonal quality of life. An artist of this kind is limited by the unreal sterile, and rigid quality of the impersonal aesthetic demand. Thomas Mann is a painful mixture: the impersonal aestheticist whose subject matter is his live self.

Lawrence expands, describing the nature of aesthetic formalism neither dutifully because he felt the critical medium required it or because it touches on his own preoccupations at that time. He quotes extensively from Flaubert, a master of this kind of form, on the writing of the leitmotive and its influence. Then he quotes from Thomas Mann on the same theme of word by word composition. Thus the more academic, or neutral, part of his exposition concludes.

Lawrence turns then to the story of Thomas Mann's Der Tod in Venedig whose hero was an author of the kind under discussion. He begins by unfolding the story and its symbolic overtones. He is no longer discussing an abstract formulation with an unmoved competence, he is submitting his sensibility completely to the purpose of registering and transmitting the life qualities and actuality of the work under review. His "quick" vital emotion, which is "the touchstone not reason", is thus first exercised; it then begins to come uppermost until its own distinctive schemata take over and denounce the life quality of the work which are inimical to Lawrence's perception of life:

And even while he has a rhythm in style, yet his work has none of the rhythm of the living thing, the rise of the poppy, then the after uplift of the bud, the shedding of the calyx and the spreading wide of the petals, the falling of the flower and the pride of the seed-head. 1

"His expression may be very fine. But by now what he expresses is stale".² This is the note, one of personal prejudice, on which Lawrence concludes the essay.

1 Ibid., p.313.

2 Ibid., p.313.

There is one point in the essay however, where the objective and subjective methods for a moment blended together, and Lawrence gave the balanced judgement which Death in Venice invites; Thomas Mann:

portrays himself, as he is, with wonderful skill and art, portrays his sickness. And since any genuine portrait is valuable, this book has its place..... we know it is unwholesome - it does not strike me as being morbid for all that, it is too well done...¹

This is one of those rare moments at which Lawrence is a good critic because his schemata of vision and expectation are carefully adapted to receiving his material, and a suitable blend of methods of communicating critical perception was ready at the tip of his pen.

Lawrence's great moments as a critic are perhaps those when his life schema in full throe finds an answering life sufficiently antagonistic to his own to stir him to polemical brilliance in seeking it out and attacking it. This is true of some parts of Studies in Classic American Literature and it could easily have been true of Lawrence's essay on Thomas Mann. However, this 1913 review is the only essay on another author in which Lawrence pays *more* marked attention to matters of artistic tools and practical technique. Almost invariably his criticism is engaged in "life" critiques, but, as I mentioned earlier, this essay was written at the time when Lawrence's major preoccupation with form in his own work was about to begin, or was beginning.

¹ Ibid., p 312.

Nevertheless, form in Thomas Mann's work, as in the famous letter about The Sisters, is still for Lawrence, in an artist of stature, unfaillingly connected with life in some way. That form, in Thomas Mann's work, is "the outcome...of a certain attitude to life",¹ is a qualified statement of approval.

Chronologically, the next European author (and the first Russian) about whom Lawrence wrote was Leo Tolstoy. Criticism of Anna Karenina appears in the midst of the 1914 Study of Thomas Hardy. The first mention of Tolstoy in this essay is in connection with tragedy,² and the second in connection with metaphysics in the novel.³ The first of these two occasioned a long essay by Raymond Williams, "Tolstoy, Lawrence and Tragedy". This essay has already been mentioned in "the previous chapter for its fine elucidation of the complex relatedness to life unfolded in Anna Karenina. Its main burden, however, is Lawrence's understanding of tragedy. Mr Williams quotes the earlier passages about Tolstoy in the Study of Thomas Hardy:

... in Hardy and Tolstoy the lesser human morality, the mechanical system is actively transgressed, and holds and punishes the protagonist, whilst the greater morality is only passively, negatively transgressed, it is represented merely as being present in the background. 4

Mr Williams goes on to point out that Lawrence asks "Of Anna," as of Hardy's tragic heroines:

1 Ibid., p 308.

2 Ibid., p 419.

3 Ibid., p 479.

4 Ibid., p 420.

... what was there in their position that was necessarily tragic? Necessarily painful it was, but they were not at war with God, only with Society. Yet they were cowed by the mere judgment of man upon them, and all the while by their own souls they were right. And the judgment of men killed them, not the judgment of their own souls or the judgment of Eternal God.

Consequently,

... their real tragedy is that they are unfaithful to the greater unwritten morality, which would have bidden Anna Karenina be patient and wait until she, by virtue of greater right, could take what she needed from society; would have bidden Vronsky detach himself from the system, become an individual creating a new colony of morality with Anna. 1

Lawrence then cites such heroes, Oedipus, Hamlet, and Macbeth, who refused to surrender their real, potent life and were therefore destroyed by the morality of life itself. This, says Mr. Williams "is profoundly ambiguous. How does it happen that these heroes, who will not surrender their real, potent life, are destroyed - and not by society but by nature?"²

To solve this problem Mr. Williams presents an elaborate argument which involves him in claiming that Lawrence made a "misreading as a critic and a moralist" of Anna Karenina, but that "when he came to his own novels he remembered what Tolstoy had written and saw the issue quite differently".³

Mr. Williams then presents his own reading of Anna Karenina, and continues with an analysis of Women in Love and a few comments on Lady Chatterley's Lover which reveal Lawrence as a novelist of the

1 Ibid., p. 420.

2 Kenyon Review, 1963, iii. p. 636.

3 Ibid., p. 637.

"tragic disintegration", the "final division between society and the individual".¹

Setting aside Mr. Williams' interpretation of Lawrence's novels and attending to his strictures on Lawrence the critic, I would argue that Mr. Williams is wrong in describing Lawrence's statements, quoted above, about tragedy and Anna Karenina, as his "misreading" as a critic. Lawrence's opinion may seem relatively wrong, as Mr. Williams has made a reading which is more full, more apt to the facts. Lawrence's opinion of the novel is based on an arbitrarily instructed and perhaps narrow threshold of perception and is therefore limited. It is not necessarily a "misreading", however, for he articulates one, if only one, kind of possible critical reaction. Lawrence set up certain critical standards at that point in the Hardy Study, and what he said is relevant to them. Other standards might have been better suited to the occasion - but Lawrence's are not entirely impossible.

As a critic, Lawrence "changed his standards" or shuffled the aspects of his one very complex standard" for every new attempt".² The standards given in the Hardy Study are the standards of the Lawrence of 1914. He is not yet seeing the art of the novel as "one thing",³ but he is interpreting the novels of Hardy and Tolstoy in terms of a kind of metaphysical dialectic, between two anti-pathetic moralities.⁴

1 Ibid., p 650.

2 Ibid., p 539.

3 It was only three months earlier that he had realized, in a letter to Edward Marsh, that he saw poetry as "one thing."

4 This will be fully described in the discussion of the Study of Thomas Hardy. For the moment only sufficient information is given to qualify Raymond Williams' strictures on Lawrence's opinion of Tolstoy in 1914.

A breakdown in the dialectic, the clash of one "given" with another "given", Lawrence, at this point, defines as "tragedy".¹

In Lawrence's talk of tragedy Mr. Williams noted a "profound ambiguity"² in the argument. This particular ambiguity seems to me to disappear on closer reading. Certainly Lawrence says that Anna, and Hardy's heroes, courted their tragedy by submitting to a smaller human morality, thus proving unfaithful to their "real, potent life" and the greater non-human morality. Lawrence, indeed, goes on to say that Oedipus, Hamlet, and Macbeth refuse to surrender their real, potent life and were therefore destroyed by the greater morality. But there is no ambiguity: these heroes, according to Lawrence, did not surrender their potent life; not in the face of the smaller human morality. But they were killed "when they found themselves, daggers drawn, with the very forces of life"; for this life is "invincible".³ The heroes' real life must be at one with the greater morality against human morality if necessary, but never set against the greater life force itself. The tragedy of Oedipus, Hamlet and Macbeth, says Lawrence, is that, full of life, they used it to defy the greater life. The tragedy of Anna, and Hardy's people, is that full of life they were unfaithful in a different way - succumbing to a smaller morality. The real hero, implies Lawrence's argument, is he who full of "real, potent life" can live in accord

1 As the life standard develops the concept of tragedy diminishes in Lawrence's critical thought: the two concepts are mutually exclusive. (See appendix 2)

2 Kenyon Review 1963, iii p. 636.

3 Ph., p. 420.

with the greater morality, whether or not he clashes with the smaller morality, in so doing. Thus the ambiguity which Mr. Williams saw in Lawrence's definition of tragedy has disappeared.

Mr. Williams goes on to substantiate his mistaken argument by quoting Lawrence's opinion of Tolstoy as it appears in an essay on Giovanni Verga written fourteen years later. As Mr. Williams sees it, Lawrence is still saying precisely the same thing as in the Hardy Study. Certainly Lawrence is still puzzling about the same continued feeling of unease about Anna Karenina, but there is a radical change in the rationale which now lies behind the criticism he expresses. In between 1914 and 1928 Lawrence had written the series of essays which culminated in "The Novel" in 1925. The life standard is fully developed, and behind the 1928 comments Mr. Williams quotes there are no metaphysical divisions of a smaller human morality set against a larger morality, or of the transgression of either or both, and no consequent discussion about tragedy. ¹

¹ I speak here of Lawrence's use of the life standard in a purely literary context. It will be remembered (p. 325 above) that in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover, which was written after the essays of 1925 and 1928, Lawrence wrote: "There is a little morality, which concerns persons and the little needs of man: and this alas, is the morality we live by... But there is a deeper morality which concerns all...." (p. 259). This does not prove that there never was such a development in Lawrence's critical thought as I have described, nor is it a recantation, or a relapse. It is a passing social comment, upon facts which he has not been able to change, nor the development of his own literary criterion could obscure. It is immediately followed by a plea for the conciliation of the greater and lesser morality, in the kind of unitary perception and expression which lies behind the life standard: "Let us prepare now for the death of our present 'little' life, and the re-emergence in a bigger life". (pp. 259-60). It was the growth of this latter kind of thought which correspondingly reduced the hold or likelihood of any serious theory of tragedy in Lawrence's mature critical thought.

Lawrence now sees the fault he senses in Anna Karenina, as a fault in the life impulse which the artist shaped into the novel. According to Lawrence, Tolstoi tried to twist his natural life feelings against their grain, and the result is a distorted life quality and vision in his art. The 1928 piece quoted by Mr. Williams has this kind of thought behind it. Out of context, and ignoring the lapse of fourteen years with the consequent development of Lawrence's thought, the change can be overlooked, and the quotation made to serve Mr. Williams' argument.

I have thought it important to quarrel with these details in Mr. Williams' essay because they otherwise seem to contribute impressively to his main argument that Lawrence's use of the word tragedy in criticism has fascinating implications and ambiguities; and that Lawrence misreads tragedy as a critic, but becomes a tragedian of Tolstoian kind in his novels, thus contradicting his criticism. Lawrence's thought about tragedy was finally unusual, but entirely uncomplicated, as Appendix 2 shows. Even in 1914 it does not really have the complexities Mr. Williams describes.

At the next point in the Study of Thomas Hardy at which Lawrence mentions Tolstoi it is even clearer that in 1914 Lawrence's critical thought has not yet matured to the stage which has been described as the life standard. "Every work of art" he wrote "adheres to some system of morality".¹ Later in 1925 Lawrence wrote "nothing is true, or good, or right, except in its own living relatedness to its own circumambient universe".²

1 Ph., p. 476.

2 Ibid., p. 525.

Here the work itself is its own morality. But in 1914 Lawrence was still in the hold of patterns of thought which postulated "a system" to which a work "adhered". In the second set of 1914 comments related to Tolstoi Lawrence is, however, beginning to struggle out, towards the new pattern of thought that was to be the life standard. In so doing he uses the metaphysical vocabulary of abstract "principles".

The adherence to a metaphysic does not necessarily give artistic form. Indeed the:

...overstrong adherence to a metaphysic usually destroys any possibility of artistic form. Artistic form is a revelation of the two principles of love and the law in a state of conflict and yet reconciled, pure motion struggling against and yet reconciled with the Spirit: active force meeting and overcoming and yet not overcoming inertia. It is the conjunction of the two which makes form and since the two must always meet under fresh conditions form must always be different. Each work of art has its own form, which has no relation to any other form. ¹

Behind the metaphysical language the more empiric conceptions Lawrence was struggling towards are apparent. In the meantime, he judges Tolstoi in the terms of his stage of development in 1914. Novelists and dramatists, says Lawrence, have the hardest task in reconciling their living sense of being to their metaphysic. The metaphysic should always subserve the artistic purpose. The danger is that "a man shall make himself a metaphysic to excuse or cover his own faults" and "the novelist proceeds to apply the world to this instead of applying this to the world". Tolstoi is a flagrant example of this. (cont'd)

¹ Ibid., p. 477.

He was "a child of the Law, he belonged to the Father" above all things ¹ he had "a marvellous sensuous understanding". Consequently, in his metaphysic he had to deny himself. "Reading the reminiscences of Tolstoi, one can only feel shame, at the way Tolstoi denied all that was great in him".

"What difficulty is there in writing about how an officer fell in love with a married woman?" he used to say of his Anna Karenina; "there's no difficulty in it, and above all, no good in it". ²

The next mention of Tolstoi is in an undated essay, "Resurrection" in the "Ethics, Psychology, Philosophy" section of Phoenix. ³ The essay is thus placed by Edward McDonald with more justice than "The Novel and the Feelings". There resurrection Lawrence is speaking of is one for all men, and the essay a hymn to a new kind of life. The Cross, says Lawrence, was the first step; the second step was into the tomb; the third is to roll back the stone and step out into new life. The War was the Cross on which "as Christians, we have died"; the aftermath was the time in the tomb... Now, he continues, "The Lord is risen... There is a new body and a new law". And he repeats it: "There is a new law. The Man has disappeared into the God again".⁴

¹ At this stage in Lawrence's developing philosophy to be a child of the Father, a child of Law, was to know and live in the passional and sensuous reality of life. Lawrence's shifting metaphysic in the Study of Thomas Hardy will be clarified in section C of this chapter.

² Ibid., p. 479.

³ I would place the essay between 1918 and 1925. Lawrence remarks in it that "I have just read, for the first time, Tolstoi's Resurrection". In "The Novel" (1925) he mentions the characters in it as a matter of course. Also, Lawrence mentions the war, several times, and twice remarks "Since the war". Ibid., p. 737.

⁴ Ibid., p. 737.

The essay, continues, urging mankind towards new life - the weight of the essay is in that direction. But from the point of view of Lawrence's developing thought affecting his literary critical thought, the quotations just given are an apt metaphor for the change which has taken place, by the time Lawrence next writes on Tolstoy, in 1925.

In the "Resurrection" essay, meanwhile, Lawrence evaluates Tolstoy's novel of the same name in the critical terms of the present stage of his thought. Tolstoy,¹ he says "writhed very hard on the Cross. His Resurrection is the step into the tomb. And the stone was rolled upon him". We are left to assume that Lawrence feels Tolstoy is great enough to perceive the death and the sojourn in the tomb. But instead of following the life rhythm through to the new life, he got only so far, and then kept retracing his steps:

But Christ is not put twice on the Cross. Not a second time. And this is the great point Tolstoy missed. 2

This is not sufficiently specific to constitute literary criticism, however. The main interest of the essay is that it shows Lawrence contemplating the possibility of the merging of the Man into the God, and the consequence of a new law.

The "greater impersonal" and "smaller human" moralities (the latter being metaphysics of the kind Lawrence in 1914 declared works of art to adhere to) are, in the essay "Resurrection", in the process of blending in Lawrence's mind into the "life" which is in

1 Contrary to his usual practice, this is the spelling Lawrence adopts in this essay.

2 Ph., p 737.

and is beyond, the individual, with both numinous and passional dimensions. The principle of love is in the process of being subsumed into the passional ground of this life; and the principle of law, is, in the new law, in the process of becoming the only morality in Lawrence's mature thought - that of relatedness to life. These assumptions are supported by the difference in texture and spirit, between the Study of Thomas Hardy and "Resurrection". In the Study Lawrence is passionately abstracting and setting up Principles, divisions which would be alien to his later perception of the wholeness of life. In the "Resurrection" essay he creates more the impression of awareness of life.

Lawrence's next comments on Tolstoy, are in "The Novel" in 1925. Basically his evaluation is still the same. Several aspects however, have changed, the style of writing, the vocabulary and the kind and quality of the theory. Life, "quickness" and "honorableness" are now the counters in the critical discussion. Though as terms they seem more naïve, they indicate qualities of something which is "one thing", rather than parts of a sum of things, and thus reflect the radical change in Lawrence's thought. They are also more flexible in registering varying responses than the earlier terms of a "metaphysical system", "adhered to" by a work of art produced by a "sensuous" man. In the Study of Thomas Hardy Lawrence diagnosed a contradiction between Tolstoi's metaphysic and his own nature. In "The Novel" he is saying that as "a man with a philosophy" Tolstoi "wasn't true to his own character" but "being a great creative

artist he was true to his characters" in the novels. He had a metaphysic, but the artistic life in him would not allow itself to be forced to run in its own groove, "could not exist without being 'quick'". Some of Tolstoi's characters are quick in spite of him:

All that is quick, and all that is said and done by the quick, is in some way godly. So that Vronsky's taking Anna Karenina we must count godly, since it is quick. And that Prince in Resurrection, following the convict girl, we must count dead. The convict train is quick and alive. But that would-be-expiatory Prince is as dead as lumber. 1

Thus Lawrence's new terminology and fresh way of looking at art enables him to make closer discrimination than did his earlier approach. Earlier he had to say that because Anna did not realize which of two metaphysics she should have clung to, there was a dichotomy - something was wrong. Now speaking of a living flowing thing he can say that sometimes the novel runs lifelessly, and sometimes it is quick. The ^{possibilities of} ambiguity about tragedy has disappeared as there are no metaphysical formulations to contradict one another.

When Lawrence moves on in the same essay to the element of relatedness in the life standard, he expresses even more subtle discriminations; this time, for example, between the differing life quality of one character, at different times, or in relationship to different things:

... Pierre, for example, in War and Peace ^{is} more dull and less quick than Prince André. Pierre is quite nicely related to ideas, tooth-paste, God, people, foods, trains, silk-hats, sorrow, diphtheria, stars.

But his relation to snow and sunshine, cats, lightning and the phallus, fuchsias, and toilet-paper, is sluggish and mussy. He's not quick enough. ¹

But, Tolstoi, the philosopher, set Pierre up for a hero, preferable and desirable, "when everybody knows that he wasn't attractive, even to Tolstoi." Therefore, Lawrence calls War and Peace "downright dishonourable." ² Nevertheless, with such qualifications, he gives Tolstoi the palm. "How boring" he says, "in a great man."

Lawrence's next comments on Tolstoi come three years later, in 1928, in an essay on the Italian novelist Giovanni Verga. His consciously delineated values have now merged and become a "frame of mind" behind his comments. The basic evaluation is the same still; it emerges more pungently and condensed than before, in the context of discussion of societal elements in Verga and Tolstoi:

It may be urged that Verga commits the Tolstoian fallacy of repudiating the educated world and exalting the peasant. But this is not the case. ... What Tolstoi somewhat perversely worshipped in the peasants was poverty itself and humility, and what Tolstoi perversely hated was instinctive pride or spontaneous passion.

But:

As a true artist he worshipped, as Verga did, every manifestation of pure, spontaneous, passionate life, life kindled to vividness. As a perverse moralist

¹ Ibid., p. 112.

² Ibid., p. 116.

with a sense of some subtle deficiency in himself, Tolstoi tries to insult and damp out the vividness of life. Imagine any great artist making the vulgar social condemnation of Anna and Vronsky figure as a divine punishment. Where now is the society that turned its back on Vronsky and Anna? Where is it? And what is its condemnation worth today? 1

This is not a reversion to the argument of 1914 even though the elements sound similar. Here, in 1928, there is no mention of "tragedy" or transgression of a separate smaller human morality, set against the background of a greater morality, also apart and absolute. Lawrence is describing the "life qualities" of that which the artist Tolstoi produced; and, at this more mature stage, also evaluating the weakness of the societal qualities of that life.

In 1916, two years after his first discussion of Tolstoi in the Study of Thomas Hardy, Lawrence wrote a letter in which he first discussed the work of Dostoievsky at length. In 1909 he had declared Crime and Punishment "a tract, a treatise, a pamphlet, compared with Tolstoi's Anna Karenina or War and Peace". 2 In 1915, reading Dostoievsky's letters, he wrote "there was not a grain of the passion of love within him-- all the passion of hate, of evil.... But he is a great man and I have the greatest admiration for him". 3 But, by 1916, he was writing to Koteliansky: "I was bored rather by The

1 Ph., pp. 246-7.

2 CL. p. 54.

3 Ibid., p. 332.

Possessed. The people were not possessed enough to be really interesting" and "I could do with Dostoievsky if he did not make all men fallen angels. We are not angels. It is a tiresome conceit.... People are not important: I insist on it".¹ Two days later his letter on Dostoievsky to J. M. Murry and Katherine Mansfield was written.

"I find I've gone off Dostoievsky and could write about him in very cold blood" begins Lawrence, and proceeds to write some "notes" on Dostoievsky.² The main theme of these notes, as in his comments on Tolstoi, is that there is a division, a self-contradiction in the man and the art. In Dostoievsky the contradictory elements are different in quality however: Tolstoi's contradictory impulses were Christian social virtue and his passional, sensuous, love of life; Dostoievsky's are the Christian mystical ecstasy, and the dark, sensual ecstasy. Dostoievsky "has a fixed will, a mania to be infinite, to be God,"³ but there are two kinds of infinity and two kinds of godliness at war within his fixed will. The Idiot shows the last stage of "the Christian ecstasy, when I become so transcendently super-conscious that I am bodiless, that the universe is my consciousness". Karamazov is concerned with the last stages of sensuality: "I reach such a pitch of dark sensual ecstasy that I seem to be, I myself, the universal night that

1 Ibid., p. 429.

2 Ibid., p. 430.

3 Ibid., p. 430.

has swallowed everything".¹ This last, says Lawrence, was Dostoievsky's real desire.

It is clear that, so far, the criticism has been concerned with the life qualities of Dostoievsky's work. Lawrence's critical perception has subserved rather than dominated the illumination of the author and works under discussion. It is a typical mark of Lawrence, the critic, that he should be pre-occupied with qualities of life - but, up to this point in his letter, he has unfolded to the reader the qualities of Dostoievskian life.

Towards the end of his letter, however, some of the characteristic qualities of his own life standard begin to show. Lawrence's vocabulary gives him away. Of the two kinds of life in Dostoievsky's work he says of the one:

... the full sensual ecstasy is never reached except by Rogozhin in murdering Natasha. It is nipped in the last stages by the will, the social will. When the police stripped Dmitri Karamazov naked, they killed him in the quick of his being.....²

The other kind of life, the impulse towards Christian ecstasy, is quickly passed over by Lawrence, or perhaps it becomes that which he perceives as "the pure mental, social, rational absolved will". This is seen in Dostoievsky's novels in:

The men who represent the will.... represent the last stages of our social development, the human being

¹ Ibid., p. 431.

² Ibid., pp. 431-2. My underlining.

become mechanical, absolved from all relation. ¹

"They are great parables, the novels" concludes Lawrence, "but they are false art." The irreducible antagonism between the artist's real physical and sensual impulse, and his lust for a contrary spirituality makes the failure inevitable.

Lawrence's only full length essay on Dostoievsky was written some years later. E. W. Tedlock suggests around 1929; his guess is based on the likeness of its manuscript to others which can be dated specifically. Warren Roberts feels it might be dated earlier, at a time when co-operation with S. S. Koteliansky was in full swing (circa 1920). ² I suggest that this essay may well have been written earlier than 1929 because in it, Lawrence still supports the "hero" or "leader" idea, which had its final grand statement in his novel The Plumed Serpent of 1926. After this, the idea rapidly lost stature in Lawrence's eyes, and disappeared during 1927 and the writing of Lady Chatterley's Lover. The "leadership" ideal is supported in Lawrence's "Introduction to The Grand Inquisitor" with resignation, as a necessity, rather than the glorious ideal it had been in 1926. It was probably written, therefore, while the idea was on the wane in Lawrence's imagination - that is during 1927.

However, Lawrence's review of V.V. Rozanov's Solitaria,

¹ Ibid., p. 432.

² A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, pp. 215-216.

dated July 1927 states:

One gets tired of being told that Dostoievsky's Legend of the Grand Inquisitor "is the most profound declaration which was ever made about man and life".... I have read the Grand Inquisitor three times, and can never remember what it is really about. 1

When Lawrence wrote the "Introduction to The Grand Inquisitor"¹ he said:

... I first read The Brothers Karamazov, in 1913, how fascinated yet unconvinced it left me.... Since then I have read (it) twice, and each time found it more depressing.... Now I read the Grand Inquisitor once more, and.... I hear the final unanswerable criticism of Christ. 2

Consequently, the Introduction must have been written after July 1927. Because of the "leadership" argument, I would guess that it was written between late 1927 and the turn of the year. There is, in the first few pages of it, however, an undercurrent of sadness and resignation which is not typical of other 1927 criticisms by Lawrence; the line of thought is also more wandery and difficult to clarify than in any earlier piece. These two points may support E.W. Tedlock's dating of the essay as 1929 - very near to Lawrence's death.

As with several of his pieces of criticism, Lawrence begins this essay in one frame of mind, and in the course of it, writes himself into another. The basic argument does not change: throughout Lawrence agrees with Dostoievsky's Inquisitor that men have need for a despot or "hero". He

1 Ph., p. 367.

2 Ibid., p. 283.

begins, however, his heart sinking through his shoes, thinking it is a bad thing; but by the end of the essay he is strongly feeling it to be a good thing. Similarly, he begins with almost complete submission to Dostoevsky's description of the Inquisitor and only a tiny reservation about the satanic element; but he ends by saying forthrightly that the satanic direction is quite wrong. Dostoevsky, concluded Lawrence, should have been glad that he had found an old truth again. The change of outlook corresponds to a gradual, and then fast growing, emergence of his own life standard, which fights down his initial awareness^{of} and submission to the Dostoevskian vision of life. Lawrence begins by confessing that at first, in 1913, he had thought The Grand Inquisitor merely a piece of cynical-satanical showing off. In the course of three more readings he had found it more dearly true to life:

I still see a trifle of cynical-satanical showing off. But under that I hear the final and unanswerable criticism of Christ. And it is a deadly, devastating summing-up, unanswerable because borne out by the long experience of humanity. ¹

Lawrence's criticism of Dostoevsky has clearly mellowed since 1916. His critical divisions are less forceful and more blurred. He reads The Grand Inquisitor as "one thing", although he cannot quite shake off his awareness of duplicity in Dostoevsky.

Lawrence first of all outlines Dostoevsky's argument.

¹ Ph., p. 283.

The Grand Inquisitor, he writes, is Ivan - "the thinking mind of the human being in rebellion, thinking the whole thing out to the bitter end". He is also Dostoievsky in his thoughtful, as apart from his passional and inspirational self.

"Dostoievsky half hated Ivan. Yet, after all, Ivan is the greatest of the three brothers, pivotal. The passionate Dmitri and the inspired Alyosha are, at last, only offsets to Ivan".¹ The Inquisitor speaks Dostoievsky's final opinion of Jesus, and both Jesus and Alyosha (Dostoievsky's "inspired" self) acquiesce in his diagnosis of their inadequacy and leave the "thoughtful" one to "accept the responsibility of complete adjustment".

Man, says the Inquisitor as Lawrence reads it, cannot endure unless his three demands on life, "heavenly bread", "mystery", and someone before whom all men must bow, are satisfied. These are the "weaknesses" and the "limits" of the nature of the majority of men. "Man can but be true to his own nature. No inspiration whatsoever will ever get him permanently beyond his limits."² The christian ideal is too much for men. The Grand Inquisitor loves mankind tolerantly and contemptuously, loves it for what it is, limited and unfree. Jesus loved it less truly. He loved it for what it ought to be and is not, limitless and free. The Grand Inquisitor contends

1 Ibid., p. 283. Such importance for the thinking part of man, was also predicated by Lawrence in "On Human Destiny".

2 Ibid., p. 284.

that it is a kinder love to do as he has done, and establish the Church and State on the other great Spirit, Satan - even if it means annihilation.

Lawrence comments sadly on all this. First of all "We have to submit, and agree that men are like that". But:

It seems a strange thing that men, the mass of men, cannot understand that life is the great reality, that true living fills us with vivid life, "the heavenly bread", and earthly bread merely supports this... They cannot see the distinction between bread, or property, money, and vivid life.... Only the few, the potential heroes or the "elect" can see the simple distinction. ¹

Lawrence agrees with the Grand Inquisitor (or Dostoevsky) that men have a psychological need for authority; that ultimately they "bow down to the man, or group of men (the "heroes" or "elect") who can and dare take over the hoard, the store of bread, the riches, to distribute it among the people again".²

The "riches" Lawrence sees as that which is produced by the rhythm of life and work in the cyclical round of the year - the "mystery" of life with which men must keep contact. As the elements of his life standard emerge and take hold, so Lawrence's heart rises. As yet, he continues to agree with Dostoevsky. The man, or men, the elect, who took over the riches become:

The lords, the givers of bread. How profound Dostoevsky is when he says that the people will forget that it is their own bread which is being given back to them. While they keep their own

¹ Ibid., p. 285-6.

² Ibid., p. 289.

bread, it is not much better than stone to them - inert possessions. But given back to them from the great Giver, it is divine once more, it has the quality of miracle to make it taste well in the mouth and the belly. 1

But his spirits thoroughly risen by now, Lawrence emphatically repeats the reservation he had made earlier that Dostoievsky is in part wrong and perverse. For one thing the wise old governor of men who is speaking would never have been an Inquisitor.² Moreover, the take-over by the elect is not diabolic; and it is not man's "weakness" that he needs someone to bow down to: "It is his nature, and his strength, for it puts him in touch with far, far greater life than if he stood alone".³

Ivan, Lawrence, goes on need not have been so tragic and satanic. "Most ~~men~~ cannot choose between good and evil ... let the especially ~~gifted~~ few make the decision ... and establish life-values against money-values. And let the many accept the decision with gratitude What is there diabolical or satanic in that?" Let them be glad, concludes Lawrence, they've found the truth again.⁴

Lawrence's first criticism of Dostoievsky was in 1916. His next written criticism of Russian literature was in 1919, his ~~Fore-~~word to All things Are Possible", by Leo Shestov. The ~~Foreword~~ is only two pages in length and seems typical of Lawrence's criticism in that it isolates the life quality of Russian literature and des-

1 Ibid., pp. 289-90.

2 Ibid., p. 287.

3 Ibid., p. 290.

4 Ibid., p. 291.

cribes Shestov's work in images taken from life.

This, however, is one of the occasions when Lawrence has, in fact, re-written the work of the author he is criticizing. Usually Lawrence, in doing this, radically alters the view point of the original author in order to impose a Lawrentian meaning on it instead, thus implying a radical criticism. In this case, Lawrence does not change the idea - he polishes it up, and serves it up anew.

It is worthwhile demonstrating this point, because the paragraphs on Russian literature in these two pages may easily be taken as another of Lawrence's penetrating aperçus into the spirit of a whole literature. It is especially likely, as the Foreword is included in Anthony Beal's edition of D.H. Lawrence's Selected Literary Criticism. This is the only single volume in which the best and most useful of Lawrence's criticism is brought together; as such, it is probably at present the major vehicle in disseminating Lawrence's influence as a critic.¹ The Foreward to Shestov is printed there in full as an example of Lawrence's criticism of "Continental", whereas very little of the content of this essay

¹ It is most valuable that such a collection of Lawrence's criticism was made available by Mr. Beal's initiative. I have to quarrel with his editing, however, in that within the sections into which the material appeared naturally to fall, Mr. Beal did not preserve chronological order. Sections II, III, IV and V all suffer this dislocation, section III and V particularly. This editing obscures the coherence of Lawrence's achievement in criticism, and possibly contributes to prolonging the usual evaluation of his criticism as erratic.

is in fact genuinely Lawrence's alone.

The Russian title of All Things Are Possible really meant The Apotheosis of Groundlessness. The author, Leo Shestov, was a literary critic-cum-philosopher, much as Lawrence himself was. Shestov's book was a collection of observations, some longer than others, which had continuity of a kind. Though, as Lawrence remarks, the "unification lies in the reader's own amusement", rather than "in the author's unbroken logic".¹

"Scratch a Russian" writes **Shestov** "and you will find a Tartar", and he continues:

Culture is an age-long development, and sudden grafting of it upon a race rarely succeeds. To us in Russia, civilization came suddenly, whilst we were still savages ... In a short time we were swallowing in enormous doses of those poisons which Europe had been gradually accustoming herself to, gradually assimilating through centuries. Thanks to which, the transplanting of civilization into Russia turns out to be no mild affair. A Russian had only to catch a whiff of European atmosphere, and his head began to swim. 2

This comes from the beginning of Part I of Shestov's book, no where near Shestov's paragraph on the Russian Spirit near the end of Part II, to which Lawrence draws attention before describing the Russian spirit himself.

Yet assuredly it is the original of the major part of Lawrence's short Foreword. "European culture is a rootless thing in the Russians" says Lawrence, and continues:

They have only been inoculated with the virus of European

1 Ph., p. 217.

2 All Things Are Possible, p. 39.

culture and ethic. The virus works in them like a disease. And the inflammation and irritation comes forth as literature. The bubbling and the fizzing is almost chemical, not organic. It is an organism seething as it accepts and masters the strange virus. What the Russian is struggling with, crying out against, is not life itself: it is only the European culture which has been introduced into his psyche, and which hurts him.

Lawrentian vocabulary slips in for a moment, with "it is not spontaneous utterance. It is not the flowering of a race" but he soon returns to reproducing Shestov's thought even if the image is elaborated upon and, at some points in the above quotation, rather tighter than Shestov's.

Lawrence goes on:

Since Peter the Great Russia has been expressing nothing inherently Russian ... What she has actually uttered is her own unwilling, fantastic reproduction of European truths. ¹

"Other people's experience is not ours" protests Shestov, in Part II. "We(Russians) are not bound by their (the Europeans) conclusions".² Of the Europeans, Shestov remarks: "They are nearer the end, we are nearer the beginning ... Probably neither the old age of Europe nor the youth of Russia can give us the truth we seek".³ Of Russia, Lawrence says "What she has really to utter the coming centuries will hear. For Russia will certainly inherit the future. What we already call the greatness of Russia is only her pre-natal struggling".⁴ Lawrence's image, and thought, is again more forceful.

1 Ph., p. 215.

2 All Things Are Possible, p. 234.

3 Ibid., p. 240.

4 Ph., p. 216.

While Shestov speaks of the old age of Europe and the youth of Russia and the odd dependance of the one upon the other, which is gradually disappearing, Lawrence says:

Soon her new, healthy body will begin to act in its own reality, imitative no more, protesting no more, crying no more, but full and sound and lusty. Real Russia is born. She will laugh at us before long. Meanwhile she goes through the last stages of reaction against us, kicking away from the old womb of Europe.

In Shestov, says Lawrence, one of the last kicks is given.¹

Having re-written Shestov's opinion of the life quality of Russian culture, Lawrence goes on to describe Shestov's philosophy in terms which seem so indubitably Lawrentian that the latter half of the Foreword must surely be his at least. But here is Shestov's philosophy as he describes it himself:

... we should doubt so that doubt becomes a continuous creative force, inspiring the essence of our lives. For established knowledge argues in us a condition of imperfect receptivity. The weak, flabby spirit cannot bear the quick, ceaseless change ... It needs the support and the security of habit. But the well-grown soul despises your crutches. He is tired of crawling on his own cabbage patch, he tears himself away from his own "native" soil, and takes himself off into the far distances, braving the infinitude of space. 2

And:

Nature demands individual creative activity from us... Why should not every grown-up person be a creator, live in his own way at his own risk and have his own experience. 3

And:

1 Ibid., p. 216.

2 All Things Are Possible, pp. 90-1. Note parallel image in Study of Thomas Hardy, Ph., p. 403.

3 Ibid., p. 219.

Once a man cares nothing for God, and seeks only to make the best of his life, you will not tear his attention away from the immediate moment. 1

Lawrence condenses and adds a dynamic touch of his own:

The human soul itself is the source and well-head of creative activity. In the unconscious human soul the creative promptings issue first into the universe. Open the consciousness to this prompting, away with all your old sluice-gates, locks, dams, channels. No ideal on earth is anything more than an obstruction, in the end, to the creative issue of the spontaneous soul. Away with all ideals. Let each individual act spontaneously from the forever incalculable prompting of the creative well-head within him. 2

"This is the ideal which Shestov refuses positively to state, because he is afraid it may prove in the end a trap to catch his own spirit", says Lawrence. It is true that Lawrence's version eliminates "doubt as the creative force" and states the formulation positively. But it also seems true to say that, apart from the few words about Shestov's style which conclude Lawrence's Foreword, neither the first half on the Russian spirit, nor the latter half on Shestov's philosophy, is anything more than a re-rendering of Shestov's own words, and in no sense a criticism - not even the kind of criticism implicit in rewriting from a different point of view.³

Seven or eight years after his literary encounter with Leo

1 Ibid., p. 222.

2 Ph., p. 216.

3 There is reason to believe that an even larger number of Shestov's formulations were silently absorbed and reproduced by Lawrence in his own thought (see Appendix 3 on Shestov's influence on Lawrence, and the binding containing illustrative extracts from Shestov's book).

Shestov, and before he had written what were to be his last views on Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, Lawrence wrote a review of Solitaria, a book by another Russian, V.V. Rozanov. It appears to have been of the same literary form as All Things Are Possible. Lawrence describes it as "a sort of philosophical work, about a hundred pages, of a kind not uncommon in Russia, consisting in fragmentary jottings of thoughts which occurred to the author ..."¹ Lawrence's review falls, once more, into two halves. The first half is largely an expression of distaste, occasioned by the "Critico-Biographical Study" by E. Gollerbach which prefaced Solitaria, and partly by Solitaria itself. Lawrence suspects in Rozanov "a pup out of the Dostoievsky kennel".²

Lawrence appears to mean by this that he senses an unhealthy over-preoccupation with "the tragic nature of the human soul" usually accompanied by an ambivalent attitude in the artist who apparently seeks unspeakable self-humiliation, calling it Christ-like, on the one hand, while committing "some dirty little crime or meanness" on the other.³

... I come to the end of Gollerbach's "Critico-Biographical Study" sick of the self-fingering sort of sloppiness, and I have very much the same feeling at the end of Solitaria, though occasionally Rozanov hits the nail on the head and

1 Ph., pp. 367-8. There is a strong possibility that Lawrence's own Pansies or "Fragmentary jottings of thoughts" were more the result of near contact with this Russian mode than with Pascal's Pensées or La Bruyère to whom he refers in the Introduction and Foreword to Pansies.

2 Ibid., p. 367.

3 Ibid., p. 367.

makes it jump. 1

Up to this point Lawrence's tone has been wearied and bored, but suddenly there is a sharp change. Here lies the value of the life criterion in criticism - if the critic is skilled, sensitive and flexible enough to use it. Although the greater part of the book has caused only boredom in him, the moment a new quality of life creeps in Lawrence senses and registers it. "It is not of vast importance, what he (Rozanov) was personally" Lawrence remarks, and as far as Lawrence's critical method goes this is true. Though nevertheless, in launching critical attacks, Lawrence invariably had to join battle with the personality of the author as the source and propagator of the life which Lawrence felt to be unhealthy or wrong.

Lawrence's weary disgust, with only a spark of approval, turns to enthusiastic approval in this review, as he comes to twenty pages from Rozanov's The Apocalypse of Our Times which were included in Solitaria. With his approval appear the values and the vocabulary of the life standard. Lawrence sees here in Rozanov, "a real thinker" and "a real man". The book from which the extracts were given appears to be an attack on Christianity, but this time:

There is no canting or recanting in it. It is passionate and suddenly valid. It is not jibing or criticism or pulling to pieces. It is a real passion. Rozanov has more or less recovered the genuine pagan vision, the phallic vision...

"For the first time we get what we have got from no Russian neither

1 Ibid., p. 369.

Tolstoi nor Dostoievsky nor any of them, a real positive view on life". It seems to be a view of life which fits Lawrence's limited definition, and can exclude the life vision of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky.

Lawrence appears to have forgotten Shestov when he continues that Rozanov is "the first Russian, as far as I am concerned, who has ever said anything to me"; but if Lawrence means that Rozanov is the first Russian who has spoken positively to him, it is true that Shestov's gentle irony must be pale beside the qualities of which Lawrence says:

... his vision is full of passion, vivid, valid. He is the first to see that immortality is in the vividness of life, not in the loss of life. ¹

Shestov gently said life should be creative, but he did not speak of vividness and immortality. Perhaps Rozanov was the first to speak directly to Lawrence's "sincere and vital emotion".² While Shestov's influence spoke indirectly, through the intellect.

Lawrence continues writing about The Apocalypse of Our Times:

When Rozanov is in this mood, and this vision, he is not dual, nor divided against himself. He is one complete thing. His vision and his passion are positive, non-tragical. ³

There is here, an implicit dissociation of the tragical from the qualities upheld by the life standard, and a statement of that life's antipathy to dualism. Lawrence's life standard sought for art which is "one thing" yet, paradoxically much of his success as a

1 Ph., p. 369.

2 Ibid., p. 539.

3 Ibid., p. 370.

critic was when he was ~~involved~~ in diagnosing dualistic qualities in the life vision of any given art.

Two years later, in 1929, Lawrence was again reviewing a book by V.V. Rozanov. This time it was Fallen Leaves. Lawrence was writing late in the year, a matter of months before his death in the following March. There is still the same complex of preliminary dislike, followed by liking and approval. But both moods are tempered now: the vivid strokes of critical acumen and decisiveness in the earlier Rozanov review blend into each other until modified dislike and qualified approval begin to seem the same. Consequently the tone of the piece is more even throughout than that of the previous Rozanov review. Fallen Leaves, it seems, was fittingly less sensational anyway: "it is on the whole quiet and sad, and truly Russian ... the true Russian voice, become very plaintive now".¹

But it was not simply the difference in the book - Lawrence's mood was certainly mellowing too. For he mentions, along with Fallen Leaves, the earlier and despised Solitaria. "Perhaps" says Lawrence resignedly "he was a liar to the end who knows? Yet Solitaria and Fallen Leaves are not lies, not so much lies as many more esteemed books".

Fallen Leaves are also jottings, scraps of thoughts which Rozanov recorded wherever he happened to be, and labelled accordingly. Reviewing Solitaria Lawrence had ridiculed this:

¹ Ibid., p. 388.

... the thought that comes in a cab might just as well have come in the W.C., or "examining my coins", so what's the odds? If Rozanov wanted to give the physical context to the thought, he'd have to create the scene. "In a cab", or "examining my coins" means nothing. 1

Now he finds an excuse for, and even mildly praises, the technique:

Perhaps to avoid any appearance of systematization, or even philosophic abstraction these little addenda are useful. Anyhow, it is Russian and deliberate, done with the intention of keeping the reader - or Rozanov himself - in contact with the moment, the actual time and place. 2.

It seems that Lawrence has changed his mind; but he had in the previous year, claimed for the critic the right to change his mind, as long as he gave each time the standards by which he judged. On the occasion of both of the Rozanov reviews Lawrence's standard was the life standard: "contact with the moment" is part of the life standard as is "vivid and passionate" utterance. If Lawrence changed his mind, and his standards, on these two occasions it amounted only to applying different aspects of a very complex concept, according to his mood and his living response of the moment.

Rozanov apparently claimed that with Solitaria he had introduced a new tone into Russian literature, that of a man talking to himself "so constantly and attentively and passionately that apart from this (he) practically hears nothing". 3

1 Ibid., p. 368.

2 Ibid., p. 388.

3 Ibid., pp. 388-9.

Lawrence comments that the description is just, but that fortunately Rozanov on the whole refrains "from performing in front of himself". Lawrence quotes Rozanov "I came in to the world to see, and not to accomplish" and remarks: "That is his trouble, that he felt he was always looking on at life rather than partaking in it". As he felt this was a humiliation "in his earlier days, it had made him act up":

That was the condition of the Russians at the end: even Chekhov, being terribly emotional, terribly full of feeling, terribly good and pathetic or terribly evil and shocking, just to make yourself have feelings when you have none. ¹

This is the extent of Lawrence's disapproval of Rozanov in this review, but the disapproval is tempered with understanding.

Understanding of Rozanov's limitations leads also to the qualification of Lawrence's approval. He no longer sees part of Rozanov's effort as "vivid and passionate": he sees a man who has "left off 'acting up'", ² who has diagnosed his compassion as "pseudo-compassion, with an element of perversity in it". ³ How Rozanov would like to have escaped it, "and just to feel simple affection" says Lawrence. Even as he watched his wife die, Lawrence sensed "somewhere an element of mockery" in Rozanov, but, that finally his grief was real. And:

It was a great achievement after all, for the most difficult thing in the world is to achieve real feeling, especially real sympathy, when the sympathetic

¹ Ibid., p. 389.

² Ibid., p. 389.

³ Ibid., p. 390.

centres seem, from the very start, as in Rozanov, dead.

At the beginning of Fallen Leaves, says Lawrence, Rozanov is often "sentimental and false, repulsive", but he did achieve a "certain final purity, or genuineness, or true individuality, towards the end".¹

Thus to a limited extent Rozanov can be seen, by Lawrence, in the terms of the life standard, but the criterion is toned down to suit the limitations of the subject. A wiser, more compassionate Lawrence, no longer condemning because what he criticizes does not live up to his life standard in full, sees Rozanov measuring up to it as far as his nature will let him. As a further example of this Lawrence quotes a long passage from Fallen Leaves in which the author condemns himself for a kind of "dreaminess" in which he is "all stone". This, says Lawrence "is the clue to the whole man's life" - the clue which Lawrence's critical criterion always tries to seek out. Lawrence concludes compassionately:

Anyone who understands in the least Rozanov's state of soul, in which apparently, he was born, born with this awful insentient stoniness somewhere in him, must sympathize, deeply with his real suffering and his real struggle to get back a positive self, a feeling self: to overcome the "dreaminess", to dissolve the stone.²

This, then is Lawrence's qualified approval. The man who has, somewhere, a stony insentience, cannot live up to the "quick" and "passional" demands of the life criterion which is

¹ Ibid., p. 390.

² Ibid., p. 391.

particularly Lawrence's.¹

1 Fr. William Tiverton, in D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence (pp. 90-94) has quoted extensively from Rozanov whom he feels may have been a possible influence on Lawrence's thought. The tone of Lawrence's reviews, except for his enthusiasm for The Apocalypse of Our Times does not seem to substantiate this. It may be, as I have argued elsewhere in connection with All Things Are Possible, that Lawrence's acute intellect picked out and transmuted what was suitable to his theorizing of the moment. It seems less likely to me in this case, however, because Lawrence felt "repulsed" by Rozanov's Dostoievskian qualities of perversity. Though irritated by Shestov from time to time, it would have been easier for Lawrence to lift ideas from his gentle irony, than to rifle ideas from work which repulsed him initially. Both the reviews, dated 1927 and 1929 respectively, are rather too late for Solitaria or Fallen Leaves themselves to have influenced Lawrence directly. However, Fr. Tiverton may well be right in suggesting Koteliensky as a mediator of Rozanov's ideas: from the passages which Fr. Tiverton quotes from Rozanov, however, I would say that Koteliensky, would have needed to change the tone of them considerably if Lawrence's thought were to assimilate Rozanov's influence via him.

With, possibly, only the Introduction to The Grand Inquisitor" still to come, this late review of Rozanov is the last of Lawrence's critical writing on Russian literature.¹

C English I: H. G. Wells and Thomas Hardy

Between his earliest criticism in 1908 and the Study of Thomas Hardy written in 1914, Lawrence's primary critical interest had been in poetry. The three or four comments on English writers other than poets, express a vigorous young man's reaction against resignation, and a determination not to be dominated by his predecessors. The only exception is H. G. Wells. Lawrence's early comments on this author were not only more favourable than his comments on any other author at this time, but his interest in Wells appears to have lasted longer. In 1926 Lawrence wrote a review of The World of William Clissold; this may, of course, have been fortuitous, but respect for Wells and his other novels is twice made specifically clear, even though the review is in the main a piece of ironic debunking of a ponderous work.

In March of 1909, Lawrence writes that he has "just finished Wells's Tono-Bungay". He declares that it is the best novel that Wells has written, but that it made him so sad. "Wells is a terrible pessimist. But... on the whole, so true".² So much so, that he can stir Lawrence to "a bitter little struggle" with his "faith in the ultimate goodness of things".³

1 Since writing this I have discovered (CL., p.1233) that "The Grand Inquisitor" must have been written in early January 1930, or just after.

2 CL., p. 51.

3 Ibid., p.51.

It is notable that, even at this early point, Lawrence does not reject a "pessimism" that makes him "sad". He respects it for it has made him struggle with himself - a faint foreshadow of the later approving implication in the comment that it is always hard to read something new. But, says Lawrence, one thing Wells lacks, - and it is something which belongs to the life standard - "the subtle soul of sympathy of a true artist":

He rigidly scorns all mysticism; he believes there is something in aestheticism - he doesn't know what; but he doesn't do his people justice. To be sure George Ponderevo's uncle is a little bladder, but Wells need not scoff at the little fellow's feelings when he is stirred to the full depths of his soul. Everybody is great at some time or other.....¹

"The subtle soul of sympathy" it seems, recognizes the being of another creature in its most concentrated self, and this somehow involves mysticism (implications both of the "numinous" and the "beyond"). The complex of the life standard is here, in 1909, unknowingly beginning to separate itself out of the matrix of Lawrence's general critical sentience.

A couple of months later, in a swift gesture, Lawrence declares his likes and dislikes amongst "Wells' works. He says to a correspondent: "you've just read what's not worth reading of Wells; War of the Worlds and such-like arrant rot - because they are theoryish. Read Kipps, Love and Mr. Lewisham, and read Tono-Bungay, it is a great book".² Even so young (20) Lawrence is a subtly discriminating critic. He does not, because he likes Wells, like all of Wells, nor because he sees Wells is sometimes great, is Lawrence prevented from

¹ Ibid., p. 51.

² Ibid., p. 54.

making judgments as to where Wells is not great. The distinction Lawrence makes between the good and the bad is that the latter is "theoryish" - again a sign if not a distinct one, of the path along which Lawrence's sense of discrimination would fully develop.

Four years later, in 1913, when reading New Machiavelli, Lawrence again experienced a mixture of distress and respect. In 1909 Lawrence articulated critical qualification; here he elaborates approval mixed with sadness. Though the book is both "depressing and too long" it is "awfully interesting":

I like Wells, he is so warm, such a passionate declaimer or reasoner or whatever you like. But ugh! - he hurts me. He always seems to be looking at life as a cold and hungry little boy in the street stares at a shop where there is hot pork. I do like and esteem him, and wish I knew half as much about things. ¹

Lawrence is responding to a vivid and passionate declaimer - someone who feels deeply and strongly, a life quality which Lawrence always respects. And yet also Lawrence responds sensitively to a more subtle life feeling, both warm and sad. In writing on H.G. Wells Lawrence already shows an ability to exercise his standard at different levels of intensity and moreover he is already beginning to exercise what in his later criticism would become a marked capacity for "double response", an ability to register and express antithetical co-existing, and, in his perception of the oneness of a work, inseparable responses.

The letter quoted above was written in the spring of 1913. By autumn Lawrence was "distancing" his appreciation of Wells, and the

¹ Ibid., p. 203.

weight of his criticism is coming down on the side of artistic censure, though a "fondness" remains. Lawrence is no longer "deeply moved" and he is beginning to "typify" Wells as "a writer of books of manners. He seizes the typical manners of a class". The consequence is that the characters have "no personality - no passion". This being so, the feeling "wanders loose" in the book instead of being channelled in dynamic, passionate individuality. The "feeling" Lawrence still likes, "the sensation - warm, small human longing" but Wells:

.... is like Dickens. Not one of his characters has got a real being - Wesen - is a real being.....¹

The force of this kind of critical condemnation was not to be made clear, until in the following year Lawrence began working out in earnest, in the Study of Thomas Hardy, the importance of "being" and "individuality" in the life of a work; the consequent status of these words, as counters of critical discussion in which the criterion is Lawrence's life standard, only functions here in retrospect.

Having arrived at a "distanced" evaluation of H. G. Wells' work as early as 1913, there is no retraction in later years, as there was to be in the case of Thomas Hardy, of Lawrence's earlier opinion. If anything, Lawrence's 1926 review of The World of William Clissold is a straightforward development of the opinion expressed at the end of 1913. Lawrence has become firmer and harder in his criticism of Wells, while nevertheless recalling the debt which as a reader he owed to the Wells who could produce Tono-Bungay² and "has given us such brilliant and such very genuine novels...."³

¹ Ibid., p. 226

² Ph., p. 346

³ Ibid., p. 350

That this review is a much later piece of work is immediately revealed by its style and tone. The expose' is easily emergent, sometimes laconically dramatized; the tone and manner are a combination of the ludicrous and whimsical; together they are so flexible that it is only a scarcely noticeable change of gear, near to the end, which puts Lawrence into a position to make his final serious critical charge.

The World of William Clissold is, we are told, a novel. We are assured it is a novel, and nothing but a novel. We are not allowed to think of it even as a "mental autobiography" of Mr. Wells. It is a novel. 1

"Let us hope so" continues Lawrence, in respect of the two further volumes which were apparently yet to come while he reviewed volume one. Of volume one Lawrence is quite sure: "If Tono-Bungay is a novel then this is not one". Lawrence then embarks upon an ironic description of the contents of volume one. "A Note before the Title-Page" forbids the reading of the book as anything but a novel (fiction), and implies that characters must not be identified with any living people. This, says Lawrence, is "very easy to obey", for:

... there are no created characters at all....
One would welcome any old scarecrow of a character
on this flinty hillside of abstract words. 2

Then follows Book I: "The Frame of the Picture" in which William Clissold tells what he believes about God. Lawrence comments on the structure.

1 Ibid., p. 346

2 Ibid., p. 346

Mr. Clissold, being somewhat of an amateur at making a self-portrait and framing it, has got bits of the pictures stuck on to the frame, and great angular sections of the frame occupying the space where the picture should be.

"But patience!" he adds, in one of the mock-hushed asides which are his chief weapon in this piece, "It is a sort of futuristic interpenetration perhaps";¹ thus Lawrence refers to the flash-backs to childhood which intrude upon the "frame", the adult's outline of his mental position in volume one. Of the flashback to "The Treachorous Forget-me-nots" Lawrence comments:

As for a child thinking that the sapphire-eyed day had turned on him - what a dreary old-boy of a child, if he did! But it is elderly gentleman psychology, not childish. 2

Book II, "The Story", which appears to complete the extent of the first volume in the first edition, Lawrence characterizes as "a much duller résumé of Mr. Wells' Outline of History"³ and moves on quickly to the "slim slip of a red-haired Clem" who, by interrupting William Clissold's revery, brings about the abrupt ending of the book. William sighs that "she knows no more about my substantial self than the water-insect knows of the deeps of the pond".⁴ Lawrence comments: what a pity she didn't write the novel.⁵

Thus Lawrence began by saying there are no "created" characters in the book, went on to say that some of its psychology is "elderly gentlemanly", and concludes with a marked preference for

1 Ibid., p. 347

2 Ibid., p. 347

3 Ibid., p. 348

4 Ibid., p. 348

5 Ibid., p. 349

the one splash of vivid colour in the red-haired Clementina. Lawrence's search for "life" or "quickness" in the book is thus traced. He concludes specifically: "There is not one gleam of sympathy" and "not one breath of passionate rebellion" in the whole book. That is to say it has not the vivid gleam of life.

Lawrence tries to diagnose why. Perhaps it is Mr. Clissold's insistence on the Universal Mind - emotions to him are irritating aberrations:

Yet even he admits that even thought must be preceded by some obscure physical happenings, some kind of confused sensation or emotion which is the necessary coarse body of thought and from which thought, living thought arises and sublimates. 1

← This is a statement or description of the close "living" alliance between sensation and thought which Lawrence's life standard compassed, implied, or required, when it had fully matured. By this standard he measures and dismisses the book:

....this work is not a novel, because it contains none of the passionate and emotional reactions which are at the root of all thought, and which must be conveyed in a novel. 2

Having leaped ahead of Lawrence's early critical outlook, by following his interest in Wells to the end, the thesis now returns to the years between 1908 and 1914 when Lawrence was, in passing, expressing his reaction from his predecessors and the spirit of their work.

1 Ibid., p. 349

2 Ibid., p. 350

In October of 1912, reading Anna of the Five Towns in Italy made Lawrence "feel fearfully queer". As far as he could produce a criticism in unapt surroundings, Lawrence wrote:

I hate Bennett's resignation. Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery. But Anna of the Five Towns seems like an acceptance - so does all the modern stuff since Flaubert. I hate it. I want to wash again quickly, wash off England, the oldness, and grubbiness and despair. 1

Just over three weeks later, Lawrence was making the same complaint about Conrad. The criticism this time is a degree more complex. Lawrence distinguishes two clear reactions in himself, but he has not yet at his command the tone of ludicrous irony which, much later, enabled him to register both like and dislike in one expressive comment. Here the two judgments remain separate:

The Conrad after months of Europe, makes me furious - and the stories, are so good. But why this giving in before you start, that pervades all Conrads and such folks - the Writers among the Ruins. I can't forgive Conrad for being so sad and for giving in. 2

A month after writing this, Lawrence was writing of Mark Rutherford:

I've read the Revolution in Tanner's Lane and find myself fearfully fond of Rutherford. I used to think him dull, but now I see he is so just and pluckey and sound - and yes, perhaps I like his dullness - when one lives in a whirl of melodrama, as I seem to do just now, one is glad of a glass of good porter, like Rutherford. 3

What is noticeable about all three of these comments is that they speak of the spirit of the thing rather than of its technique; and that Lawrence's environment or circumstances as he reads and comments appear to play some part in the judgment.

1 CL., p. 150

2 Ibid., p. 152

3 Ibid., p. 164

Two months later, Lawrence articulates the frame of mind which these criticisms imply. In the course of writing about his own plays he goes off at a tangent:

I am sure we are sick of the rather bony, bloodless drama we get nowadays - it is time for a reaction against Shaw and Galsworthy and Barker and Irishy (except Synge) people - the rule and measure mathematical folk. But you (Edward Garnett) are of them and your sympathies are with your own generation, not with mine. I think it is inevitable... But I don't want to write like Galsworthy nor Ibsen, nor Strindberg, nor any of them, nor even if I could. We have to hate our immediate predecessors, to get free from their authority. 1

The underlining is my own. Lawrence had written out the elaborate idyll and selfconscious realism of The White Peacock, the pot-boiler of The Trespasser, and the more conventional Sons and Lovers. In 1913 he was preparing really to shake off present past-masters and break new ground.

Lawrence was in the midst of writing and re-writing The Rainbow when he began his Study of Thomas Hardy. He had already written the "carbon" letter, and had realised that he was after something beyond, behind, deeper than character: "don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters" he had written, "the characters fall into the form of some other rhythmic form...."² Lawrence was not really sure in what the "some other" consisted: this was probably at least half the reason why the "carbon" letter had expressed thought in metaphor, or, indeed, a mixture of metaphors. The overbalancing

1 Ibid., p. 182

2 Ibid., p. 282

element of philosophy in the Study of Thomas Hardy, coming just three months after the "carbon" letter, appears almost certainly to be Lawrence's effort to further define the "something other" he was reaching for, and even something of its rhythmic pattern and form.

The war, which broke upon England in 1914, soon had many literary critics engaging themselves in war literature.¹

Lawrence in contrast wrote: "what a miserable world. What colossal idiocy this war. Out of sheer rage I've begun my book about Thomas Hardy".² Paradoxically, in the midst of death his book was about life. But Lawrence's comments on Compton MacKenzie three months later make it seem less of a paradox after all:

I am glad of this war. It kicks the paste board bottom in of the usual 'good' popular novel. People have felt much more deeply and strongly these last months, and they are not going to let themselves be taken in by 'serious' work whose feeling is shallower than that of the official army reports. Mackenzie was a fool not to know that the times are too serious to bother about his Sinister Street frippery. Folk will either read sheer rubbish, or something that has in it as much or more emotional force than the newspaper has in it to-day. I am glad of the war. It sets a slump in trifling. ³

Doubtless the reaching for a vision of life in the Study of Thomas Hardy was a far cry from the rallying Anglophobia and dignified death-glorification of Walter Raleigh and

J. M. Robertson (one of the few critics who could sting Lawrence

1 Eg. England During the War, by Walter Raleigh; Thoughts on the War and More thoughts on the War, by Arthur Clutton-Brock; Some Political Ideas and Persons, by John Cam Bailey; Britain versus Germany, by J. M. Robertson; and Santayana's Egotism in German Philosophy.

2 Ibid., p. 290.

3 Ibid., p. 296.

by his strictures, though they never met), but it was Lawrence's way of facing up to issues, raised by his own creative exploration, and precipitated by the "collosal idiocy" of the war. Less practical than thoughts about winning the war, the Study was a more profound response in that it led Lawrence to wrestle with the age-old question of what life is about:

Indeed, well may we talk about a just and righteous war against Germany, but against ourselves also, our own self-love and caution. It is no war for the freedom of man from militarism or the Prussian yoke; it is a war for freedom of the bonds of our own cowardice and sluggish greed of security and well-being, it is a fight to regain ourselves out of the grip of our own caution.

Tell me no more we care about human life and suffering. We are, every one of us, revelling at this moment in the squandering of human life as if it were something we needed. And it is shameful. And all because that, to live, we are afraid to (risk) ourselves. We can only die. 1

As Lawrence ruefully said, the Study is "about anything but Thomas Hardy, I'm afraid - queer stuff - but not bad".²

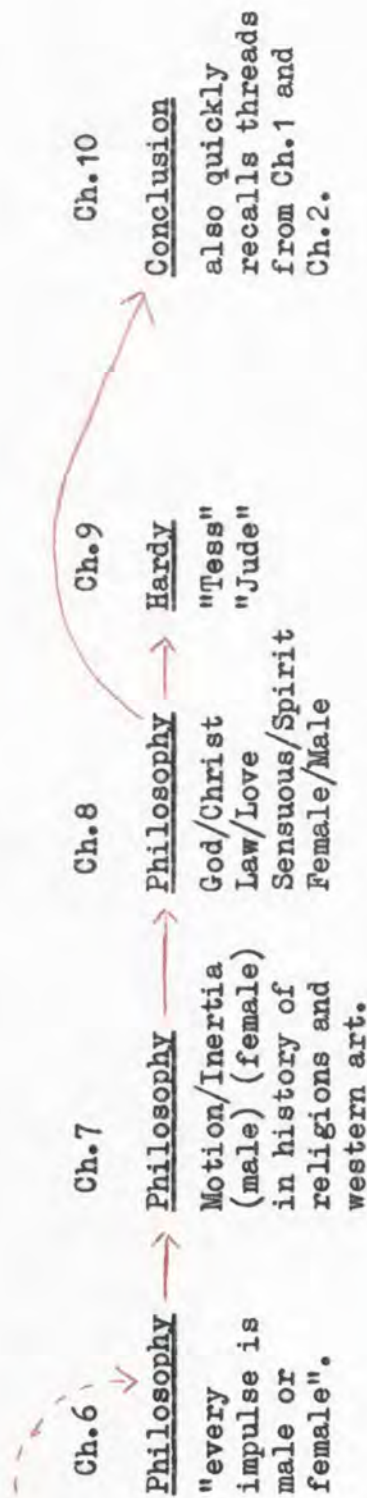
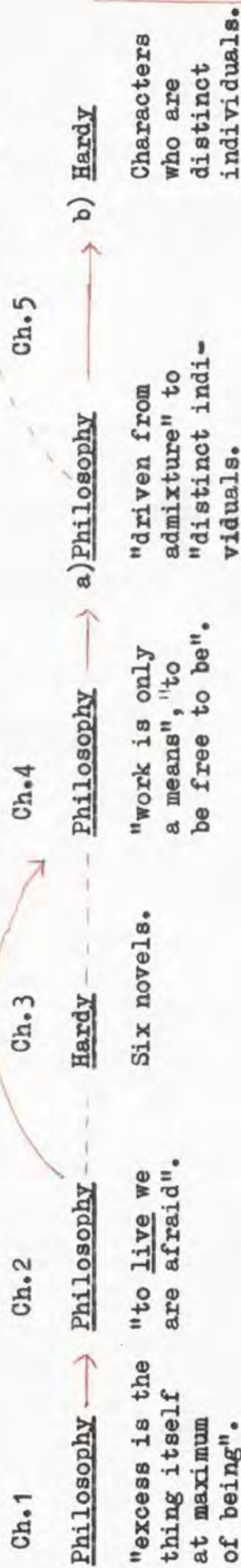
Of the 117 pages which the Study takes up in Phoenix, about 47 are on Hardy's novels. In the remainder Lawrence is occupied in defining "life" and exemplifying or developing his notions with divagations into the history of religion and art. There is also some stray commentary on Tolstoi and Shelley. That the main body of the Study should be an attempt to define life does not seem nearly such a wilful and arbitrary non sequitur from the literary purpose, when Lawrence's life standard is kept in mind. The logic of the life standard's development as a

1 Ph., p. 407.

2 CL., p. 290.

STUDY OF THOMAS HARDY

an indicator, simplified, breakdown.



→ indicates fairly clear development from one chapter to next.

- - - indicates tenuous, almost negligible, connecting thread.

|| indicates the half way mark, after which content of "philosophy" has a distinctly new element added to it, and critical method of writing on Hardy changes.

literary criterion almost demanded such a conjunction at some point.

This rather lengthy essay of ten chapters falls into two parts. The first five chapters work out preliminary ideas about life, and the two of them which are on Hardy's novels adopt a kind of "classifying" technique - the first Hardy chapter characterizing whole novels, the second taking characters out of the context of the novels to which they belong, and sorting them into groups or "classifications". The second half of the Study, the last five chapters, works out an essentially phallic basis to the "life" theory propounded in the first half and gives a potted history of religion and art to demonstrate the point. The very long discussion of Hardy with which it concludes adopts a different critical technique, of concentration on fully elucidating one or two novels, Tess of the D'Urbervilles and Jude the Obscure.

The first of the chapters on Hardy's novels was published separately:¹ it did not suffer from the loss of its original context; if anything its argument seems more cogent and clear when it stands alone. The "philosophy" also appears to have been separated out - re-developed first of all into the essay "The Crown" (1915),² and then further developed into the essays on "The Reality of Peace" (1917)³. This apparent dichotomy between the contents of the Study

1 Chapter 3 "Six Novels and the Real Tragedy" appeared in Book Collector's Quarterly Jan. - Mar. 1932. Warren Robert's Bibliography (p. 161) mistakenly implies that it comprised the whole Study.

2 RDP., p. 1 and ff.

3 Ph., p. 669 and ff.

conceals a deeply laid relationship between them which Lawrence teases to the surface of his thought by the end of the Study. The "philosophy" certainly overweighs the criticism of Hardy, for Lawrence's thought about life works its self out slowly, by repetitive but exploratory circling towards ideas vaguely conceived at first. As he goes, moreover, Lawrence almost obscures any possible relationship between criticism of Hardy and the "philosophy" by substantiating his thought about the latter in numerous and lengthy digressions. But by the time he arrives at the second and third sections in which he discusses Hardy's work, located roughly in the middle, and at the end of the Study respectively, the gap between the philosophy and the criticism is closing. The meaning of the criticism begins to have clarity and point only in relation to the "life" thought which has preceded it.

The Study is preceded chronologically only by the two early discussions, and the 1913 reviews of Georgian Poetry and of Thomas Mann. It is not surprising, therefore, that considering its great length it displays a development in critical technique. This goes hand in hand with the growing integration of the philosophy and criticism. The first chapter on Hardy, Chapter III, dutifully begins by taking the novels, one by one, to annotate which of them reveals the early stages of the Study's philosophy - life bursting out of self-preservation and into flower. Enthusiasm for The Return of the Native diverts Lawrence into an inspired re-creation of its life spirit. Still on the crest of this enthusiasm the criticism returns eloquently to a metaphysical position, now expressed

in more conventional terms. The criticism is folded away under applied principles of transgression of greater or smaller moralities, whose connection with the kind of philosophy from which Lawrence's argument had begun is extremely tenuous.

The next section of the Study in which Hardy's work is discussed, that is the last half of Chapter V, is not such a distinctly antithetical mixture of critical methods. This time Lawrence has a criterion to which he sticks - which of the characters, he asks, are singled out human beings? But although both method and criterion are now coherent, explicit, and maintained, (as opposed to Chapter III where one criterion merged imperceptibly into another, and the method of critical exposition moved from annotation to revelation) Lawrence is still uneasy, using, on the whole an insubstantial novel-hopping method to exemplify his argument.

It was not until the third section on Hardy, Chapter IX, when Lawrence had thoroughly worked out and absorbed his own criteria until they became almost a "frame of mind", that he was correspondingly able to adopt a critical method of tuned and sensitized exploration, probing deeply, widely, and at length into the life qualities working their way out in one novel. Chapter III hangs together, in spite of the shifts in its centre of gravity, because Lawrence's intuitional enthusiasm generates that kind of dynamically cohering and persuasive power. The last part of Chapter V, though coherent in its critical purpose, uses a weak method of exposition. In Chapter IX Lawrence achieves a confident blend of criteria and method - so close a blend that it is very near to his mature critical behaviour of simply sensing out and responding

to the life of a work he is criticizing.

Nevertheless, even in Chapter IX, a classifying technique (such as Lawrence was to denounce in 1928) is still distinguishable. As a critic he is not quite yet a "tuned organism" rather than one who has "instructed his threshold". The stronger tendency (but only just) is still that of Lawrence as a younger critic to hold a theoretical requirement external to the work and select from the work to fit it. As an older critic whose sensibility was tuned to the life standard he would sense out the life in a work and then rightly or wrongly accept or reject.

Begun, as I have said, not long after the "carbon" letter announced the "rhythms of some other life", the philosophy in the Study of Thomas Hardy, contains Lawrence's first gesture towards the qualities of that life. In Chapter I they were contained in the image of the poppy, and of the phoenix. "The final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself" says Lawrence,¹ and it is in its excess that a thing is at its maximum of being:² the red flag of the poppy, the flames of the phoenix, Dido's extravagance:

The rising flower thrusts and pushes at the heart of us...Yet we must always hold that life is the great struggle for self-preservation, that this struggle for the means of life is the essence and whole of life. As if it would be anything so futile, so ingestive. 3.

1 Ph., p. 403.

2 Ibid., p. 402.

3 Ibid., pp. 40-43/44.

In the second chapter Lawrence continues, while touching on social inadequacies, that none of it would matter if the life were strong enough in us. In the present war, he declared people played "tip-cat with death" because they were afraid to live. There needed "some new courage to let go the securities, and to be, to risk ourselves in a forward venture of life, as we are willing to risk ourselves in a rush of death".¹ Like a poppy that has come to bud, a man:

When he reaches the shore, when he has traversed his known and come to the beach to meet the unknown, he must strip himself naked and plunge in, and pass out if he dare. 2

Lawrence comes then to Chapter III, and to the novels of Thomas Hardy. He establishes a link with the foregoing thought, by saying of Hardy's characters:

One thing about them is that none of the heroes and heroines care very much for money, or immediate self-preservation, and all of them are struggling hard to come into being.³

Nowhere, says Lawrence except perhaps in Jude, is there the slightest development of personal action. These people of Wessex he says "are always bursting suddenly out of bud and taking a wild flight into flower". From this, he continues, the tragedy usually develops, as it usually involves the characters in defying convention and living outside the great self-

1 Ibid., p. 408.

2 Ibid., p. 409.

3 Ibid., p. 410.

preservation scheme, in which, after all, we all must live. Unable to reconcile their new being and the self-preserving community, they are, outside the walls, like pioneers in the wilderness:

This is the theme of novel after novel: remain quite within the convention, and you are good, safe and happy in the long run, though you never have the vivid pang of sympathy on your side: or, on the other hand, be passionate, individual, wilful, you will find the security of the convention a walled prison, you will escape, and you will die, either of your own lack of strength to bear the isolation and exposure, or by ¹direct revenge from the community, or from both.

A deeper and deeper realization of this, says Lawrence, is the one theme of the Wessex novels. So he takes the novels, describing them in these terms one by one, giving a paragraph or so to each - until he comes to The Return of the Native.

Lawrence's imagination is powerfully moved by Hardy's creation, the great back-ground of The Return of the Native, Egdon Heath. Lawrence gives an imaginative re-rendering of Egdon Heath in a long description (quoted earlier pp¹²⁴⁻⁵) which reveals what Lawrence's creative perception had made of the imaginative stimulus. As his imaginative perception takes over from the thinner philosophy which had preceded it, the argument takes on a different cast. Up to now Lawrence has distinguished

1 Ibid., p. 411.

between the self-preserving "city-within-the-walls" kind of life and the uncharted, unknown, desert, without. In Egdon Heath he sees, instead of "desert without", "the primitive, primal earth, where the instinctive life heaves up" which is the "source from whence all these little contents of lives are drawn". It "persists", it is "eternal", it is "the passionate purpose" which issues man into being.

Instead, therefore, of simply seeing, as heretofore, in this Study, convention versus individuality, Lawrence now sees:

... a constant revelation in Hardy's novels: that there exists a great background, vital and vivid, which matters more than the people who move upon it The vast, unexplored morality of life itself.... and in its midst goes on the little human morality play. 1

The scope of his interpretation suddenly widening and its centre of gravity settling towards a metaphysical dialectic of so profound a kind, Lawrence, intuitively brings the grander figures of Shakespeare, Sophocles and Tolstoi, into the argument to help carry the weight of such interpretation. —————→

← With them, says Lawrence, Hardy shares this:

setting a smaller human morality, the one grasped and formulated by the human consciousness within the vast, uncomprehended and incomprehensible morality of nature or of life itself, surpassing human consciousness. 2

1 Ibid., p. 419.

2 Ibid., p. 419.

Lawrence later condenses this distinction into a distinction between God and society, and judges that Eustacia, Tess, and Sue were at war with society not God. It is the weakness of attempts to write modern tragedy, he says, that offence against society is shown as bringing tragedy, as if it were an offence against God, or the greater unknown morality.

This line of argument precipitated by The Return of the Native interrupts the development of the life theme with which the study began. The greater unknown life power which Lawrence describes here has some of the qualities of his own life standard in its completely developed stage. The life in Egdon Heath is in and beyond the individual, it is the source, and it is that to which individuals owe allegiance. It seems to me, however, that Lawrence's description of Egdon Heath has slightly more in common with the life concept in Hardy's The Dynasts than with his own conception of life. The "sombre latent power" of Lawrence's description goes on producing, "no matter what happens to the crops". The characters of The Return of the Native are "one year's accidental crop - what matters if some are drowned or dead..."¹ The "spilling" and "wasting" of these lives might possibly tie in with the theme of "excess" in the previous chapter, but I feel it does not have the richness there implied. The "waste" of life on Egdon Heath, as Lawrence described it, does not seem to have that

¹ Ibid., p. 415.

quality of exuberant wealth of life potency which is the waste and excess in Chapters I and II.

It must be said, however, that Lawrence's vision of the life of Egdon Heath does not have the negative irony of Hardy's vision of life in The Dynasts. Suffering the sea-change of passage through Lawrence's mind, the idea comes out with a more positive and less cynical quality: "Not Egdon is futile, sending forth life on the powerful heave of passion." It cannot be futile, for it is eternal. "Moreover, the life of Egdon is rich and fecund". Though not "quick" with the lively vitality of Lawrence's "life" vision as it finally developed, Lawrence's rendering of the life of Egdon is richer and more dynamic than the abstraction of Hardy's in The Dynasts.¹ Nevertheless, something of Hardy's fully matured concept must have strengthened Lawrence's critical formulation in this chapter. Although the "carbon" letter had spoken of some other basic life, which is to the individual as carbon is to the diamond, Lawrence's own characteristic concept of life had not in 1914 developed to the advanced and settled quality of the concept of life he describes in Chapter III of the Study.

After this commentary, interesting and mature in itself, Lawrence returns, in the next chapter, to developing the line of thought which had been interrupted by Chapter III. The theme is again the excess which is life itself to the individual.

When is a man a man? When he is alight with life,
Call it excess? If it is missing there is no man,
only a creature, a clod undistinguished. 2

This line of thought could lead to the "quick" description of life,

1 The Dynasts, by T. Hardy pp. 2 - 7. (Contd.)

Footnote 1 Continued.....

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

Why doth it so and so; ever so,
This viewless, voiceless Turner of the Wheel?

SPIRIT OF THE YEARS

As one sad story runs, it lends its heed
To other worlds, being wearied out with this;
Wherefore its mindlessness of earthly woes.

A new and penetrating light descends on the spectacle,
enduing men and things with a seeming transparency, and
exhibiting as one organism the anatomy of life and movement
in all humanity and vitalized matter included in the display.

.....

SPIRIT OF THE PITIES

Amid this scene of bodies substantive
Strange waves I sight like winds grown visible,
Which bear men's forms on their innumerable coils,
Twining and serpentine round and through.

.....

These are the Prime Volitions, - fibrils, veins
Will-tissues, nerves, and pulses of the cause,
That heave throughout the earth's compositure
Their sum is like the lobule of a Brain
Evolving always that it wots not of;
A Brain whose whole connotes the Everywhere
And whose procedure may but be discerned
By phantom eyes like ours; the while unguessed
Of those it stirs, who (even as you do) dream
Their motions free, their orderings supreme;
Each life apart from each, with power to mete
Its own day's measures; balanced, self-complete;
Though they subsist but atoms of the One
Labouring through all, divisible from none.

"The rhythms of some other life"?

but has little in common with the "sombre, latent power", of Egdon or the metaphysical juxtaposition of moralities.

That the Study does not contain Lawrence's fully developed life standard is seen in his comment that man "has his excess constantly on his hands, almost every day. It is not with him a case of seasons, spring and autumn and winter".¹ This is, of course, the antithesis of the great seasonal cycle which Lawrence elaborates as of the life standard in "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover". Yet, as the argument in Chapter IV of the Study proceeds, the seeds of many of the qualities of the mature life standard can be discerned. When Lawrence says that "man is a fountain that is always playing, leaping, ebbing, sinking, and springing up"² it is not a far step to the "recoil and flow" which is the free movement of the life of the life standard. But as Lawrence elaborates the fountain image another of the more basic elements of the life standard firmly appears. "Man" says Lawrence is a well-head built over a strong perennial spring and enclosing it in, a well-head whence the water may be drawn at will, and under which the water may be held back indefinitely"³. This is clearly another image by which to express Lawrence's perception that life is both in and through, yet other and greater than the individual.

The fountain, continues Lawrence, cannot always bide permission to flow and "the suppressed waters strain at the well-head... where the source presses for utterance"⁴. The question is, how shall

1 Ph., p. 421.

2 Ibid., p. 421.

3 Ibid., p. 422.

4 Ibid., p. 422.

it be given utterance. The conscious mind says it shall be given utterance in work - in spite of Mary of Bethany. So Lawrence turns to an examination of the concept of work. "To how great a degree are 'to work' and 'to live' synonymous?"¹. Those who are frightened to live tend to exist in a vicious circle of "we must work to eat, and eat to work". For them "life" and "work" are synonymous. To Lawrence "all work is only the making of provision for that which is to follow"². For him, life is of primary importance, and work is a secondary business, but as an eminently practical person Lawrence knows that work cannot be abolished, for subsistence must be provided.

As Lawrence writes on, perception of different levels and different kinds of work begins to emerge. Lawrence first says "for the mass, for the 99.9 per cent of mankind, work is a form of non-living, of non-existence, of submergence"³. Lawrence then begins to think of skill in work. Through finding the shortest way to his end, and by repeating one set of actions "A man who can repeat certain movements accurately is an expert, if his movements are those which produce the required result"⁴. Such a man, working perfectly is still non-living to Lawrence in that "he is the perfect machine", but Lawrence can now see the living satisfaction of skilled working:

In this work, man has a certain definite, keen satisfaction. When he is utterly impersonal, when he is merely the node where certain mechanical forces meet to find their resultant, then a man is something perfect, the perfect instrument, the perfect machine.

1 Ibid., p. 423.

2. Ibid., p. 424

3 Ibid., p. 423

4 Ibid., p. 423

It is a state which in his own line every man strives and longs for. It is a state which satisfies his moral craving, almost the deepest craving within him. It is a state when he lies in line with the great force of gravity, partakes perfectly of its subtlest movement and motion, even to psychic vibration. 1

But, nevertheless, Lawrence says, it is a state man longs for release from, for he is not a machine; and when he finishes work he begins a new activity. "He wants to be free to be himself". 2

The perception of work and skill as involving the repetition of past movement's leads Lawrence to think of the wider interpretation of the function of past experience in general. Lawrence still calls it "work" however, but the meaning of the word is now exalted:

It seems to me as if a man, in his normal state, were like a palpitating leading-shoot of life, where the unknown, all unresolved beats and pulses, containing the quick of all experience, as yet unrevealed not singled out. But when he thinks, when he moves, he is retracing some proved experiences.... He moves as it were in the trunk of the tree, in the channels long since built, where the sap must flow as in a canal.

He takes knowledge of all this past experience upon which the new tip rides quivering, he becomes again the old life.... Such is man at work, safe within the proven, deposited experience, thrilling as he traverses the fixed channels and courses of life... 3

Up to this point, this more elevated description of work has had much in common with the psychology discussed in Chapter One of this thesis. Lawrence, as it were, sees new experience discovered or

1 Ibid., p. 424.

2 Ibid., p. 425.

3 Ibid., p. 424.

registered at the meeting point of the old and the new, while the new can only be approached by the channels of the old, past experience.

Here, however, Lawrence's description parts company with psychology. Psychology speaks of the patterns or schemata into which man organizes his experience, in order to work or perceive from there on. The numinous dimension which is included in Lawrence's awareness of life, causes him to say that man not only traverses the channels of past experience to bring himself up to the living moment - he is himself a channel through which life works, and in discovering past knowledge he makes himself one with the old channels through which life *has* moved. Man:

is only matter of some of the open ways which life laid down for its own passage; he has only made himself one with what has been, travelling the old, fixed courses, through which life still passes, but which are not in themselves living. 1

In the end, "this proven, deposited experience, ... this part of life" becomes a prison to a man. He satisfies his moral sense by working within the known, identifying himself with the trunk of the tree, but he is also the growing tip, the leading shoot, and "for real, utter satisfaction, he must give himself up to complete quivering uncertainty, to sentient non-knowledge".²

This freedom to be, says Lawrence, "has been the cry of humanity since the world began." It is the glamour of kings and

1 Ibid., p.p. 424-5.

2 Ibid., p. 425.

heroes, of those who were not under compulsion to serve necessity by repeating old experience, but were "the beings, the producers of new life".¹ But every man has the desire and the necessity to be himself according to his own ability. For this he needs freedom from work. Therefore, Lawrence gives honour to the machine which aims at shortening the hours of work. But when the machine is used instead to produce more and more money, more than is needed for subsistence, then it tightens the vicious circle of working to eat, and eating to work.

Implying that the State sustains this vicious circle, is built upon the money system and the self-preservation system of staying safely within the known channels of experience, Lawrence harks back to the philosophy which had preceded the discussion of Hardy's novels in Chapter III: people should leave the walled defences of the city, he says and pitch in the open. If sufficient people did "then very soon the walled city would be a mere dependant on the free tents of the wilderness". Lawrence would say "to every decent man whose heart is straining at the enclosure":

Come away from the crowd and the community, come away and be separate in your own soul and live. Your business is to produce your own real life....each man will know at length that he must single himself out, nor remain any longer embedded in the matrix of his nation, or community, or class. 2

1 Ibid., p. 426.

2 Ibid., p. 429.

This singling out of one's own self and being clearly belongs to the early, and more anti-social, or perhaps simply individualistic, formulation of the life standard. It grew out of the ideal of freedom-to-be described in those parts of the Study which led up to, and became the basis of, the prédilection d'artiste for the aristocrat which is the most penetrating part of Lawrence's contribution to Hardy's criticism in the following chapter.

Before discussing Hardy's characters in the latter half of Chapter V, Lawrence spends the first half of the chapter in condensing, clarifying, and elaborating, what he had said in Chapter IV. There are two meanings of work he says, "The lesser meaning of work is the achieving of self-preservation". But "the final meaning" is "the extension of human consciousness".¹ Man rejoices to discover in all their detail, the old, old habits of life,² for "It seems as if the great aim and purpose in human life were to bring all life into human consciousness".³ But this "is not an aim in itself, it is only a necessary condition of the progress of life itself".⁴ Extending consciousness can bring man to the brink, but at the brink and after, he is devoid of knowledge: "Altogether devoid of knowledge and conscious motive is he when he is heaving into uncreated space, when he is actually living, becoming himself".⁵ So, facing both ways like Janus:

1 Ibid., pp. 430-431.

2 Ibid., p. 429.

3 Ibid., pp. 430-1.

4 Ibid., p. 431.

5 Ibid., p. 431.

...man is given up to his dual business, of being, in blindness and wonder and pure godliness, the living stuff of life itself, unrevealed; and of knowing with unwearying labour and unceasing success, the manner of that which has been, which is revealed. 1

Lawrence predicates that being came before knowing and that "the mind itself is one of life's later developed habits".

But to know becomes a force like any other: "it is a force active in the immediate rear of life, and the greater its activity, the greater the forward, unknown movement ahead of it". 2

Moreover, this knowing or consciousness is man's greater manifestation of individuality", for:

It seems as though one of the conditions of life is, that life shall continually and progressively differentiate itself, almost as though this differentiation were a Purpose. 3

And, with his consciousness, a man:

can perceive and know that which is not himself. The further he goes, the more extended his consciousness, the more he realises the things that are not himself. 4

The "Purpose" and the "extended consciousness" have a faint Herbartian flavour, which is a further reminder that this Study is much nearer both chronologically, and developmentally speaking, to "Art and the Individual" than to "The Novel". However, the separating out of the individual, is Lawrence's development in a direction which is the antithesis of adding the world onto

1 Ibid., p. 430.

2 Ibid., p. 431.

3 Ibid., p. 431.

4 Ibid., pp. 431-2.

oneself which was what extended consciousness meant in "Art and the Individual".

Lawrence thus gives more status to mind activity, both here and in Fantasia of the Unconscious,¹ and ⁱⁿ "On Human Destiny," than frequent quotations of his words "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh as being wiser than the intellect" (January 1913)² would seem to suggest. Nevertheless, Lawrence makes clear his belief in the secondary minimal and consequent nature of mind, knowledge, consciousness, whichever he names it from time to time:

We start the wrong way round: thinking by learning what we are not, to know what we as individuals are...

Although Lawrence's argument up to this point had seemed about to lead to this conclusion, he now has a big reservation:

... the whole of human consciousness contains, as we know, not a tithe of what is, and therefore it is hopeless to proceed by a method of elimination; and thinking, by discovering the motion life has made, to be able therefrom to produce the motion it will make.³

Lawrence's qualifications about the power of mind thus springs from humility before the vastness of life. All that he can say is that according to his perception ~~of~~ life, "the new motion is not the resultant of the old, but something quite new, quite other".⁴ No amount of knowledge of the past will

1 See Appendix 1.

2 CL., p. 180. Repeated in a qualified way, in late 1915 (CL., p. 393) and, equally qualified in Fantasia of the Unconscious (1921)

3 Ibid., p. 434.

4 Ibid., p. 434.

bridge the gap which lies between mere knowledge and the life which is new and quite other. Only the word which is the spermatozoon which will "fertilize me and set me free... bring me forth and give me birth", ¹ in other words only an unknowing life force accepted blindly, in an act of faith, gives the individual the strength and power to break out of the mechanical processes of past experience, to be, or perceive new life. Both the numinous dimension of the life standard and psychology's "inductive" leap in thought or perception are here involved.

The achievement of new life just described is, in Lawrence's circling and seeking argument, the same process as producing one's own being; while producing one's own being was the same process as differentiating or singling oneself out into "utter individuality". ² Thus there is, for Lawrence, an unusually explicit and direct link in his argument when he turns back to Hardy's novels, saying:

.... it is interesting to see which of the heroes one would call a distinct individuality, more or less achieved, which an unaccomplished potential individuality, and which an impure, unindividualized life embedded in the matrix. ³

Lawrence begins dutifully to take Hardy's novels one at a time in order to comment in the light of this. His evaluation of the first one, Desperate Remedies, suggests to Lawrence a metaphor which helps him later to describe a changing and (cont'd.)

1 Ibid., p. 434.

2 Ibid., p. 432.

3 Ibid., p. 434.

developing movement through a group of novels as a whole.

"In Desperate Remedies there are scarcely any people at all"

he begins, referring to the standards he had just defined.

He then goes on: "The tiresome part about Hardy is that, so often, he will neither write a morality play nor a novel".¹

The two sentences are related. The next brings their thought together, but develops the metaphor to describe the present book at the same time by knowingly preparing the foundations of the later argument:

The people of the first book, as far as the plot is concerned, are not people: they are the heroines, faultless and white; the hero with a small spot on his whiteness; the villainess, red and black, but more red than black; the Murderer, aided by the Adulteress, obtains power over the Virgin, who, rescued at the last moment by the Virgin Knight, evades the evil clutch. Then the Murderer, overtaken by vengeance is put to death, whilst Divine Justice descends upon the Adulteress. Then the Virgin unites with the Virgin Knight, and receives Divine Blessing.

That is a morality play, says Lawrence, and if the morality were vigorous and original, all well and good. But,

"Between-whiles, we see the Virgin is being played by a nice, rather ordinary girl".²

Lawrence next moves on to discuss The Laodicean. It is during and after the discussion of this novel that Lawrence's orderly treatment of novels, one by one in chronological sequence, breaks down. Lawrence begins by saying

¹ Ibid., p. 435.

² Ibid., p. 435.

that all the way through The Laodicean "there is a prédilection d'artiste for the aristocrat".¹ The "aristocrat" in Lawrence's critical vocabulary means in this Study "a man of distinct being".² Lawrence has not wandered from the point at which he started this second section on Hardy's novels; he has merely re-expressed the initial thought in a way which enables him to use the idea of the distinct being in the matrix of a readily recognisable commentary upon, and diagnosis of, weak spots in Hardy's novels: a commentary conducted in metaphorical terms of class structure and levels. Not only are such terms still more readily recognisable in England and Europe than Lawrence's semi-private vocabulary, but they are also richer in connotation and more apt to the social dimension in which the thought and action of most novels are worked out.

Hastily dismissing The Laodicean, "a book where, the spirit being small, the complaint is narrow",³ Lawrence gives his attention to this interesting new way of expressing his thought and the central perceptions about Hardy's work which it enables him to formulate. All attempt at methodical, chronological treatment of the novels vanishes, as Lawrence falls into a method of gathering lists of characters from various novels to demonstrate the felicity of the various ramificatory formulae which he gathers haphazardly around his main insight.

1 Ibid., p. 435.

2 Ibid., p. 439.

3 Ibid., p. 435.

This main insight came close on the heels of Lawrence's recognition of the predilection for the aristocrat which is baldly expressed by the heroine of The Laodicean. Almost before Lawrence's first sentence about this unimportant novel is through he has realized its far-reaching implications:

In The Laodicean, there is all the way through a prédilection d'artiste for the aristocrat, and all the way through a moral condemnation of him, a substituting the middle or lower-class personage with bourgeois virtues in his place. This was the root of Hardy's pessimism. 1

It was not, continues Lawrence, until the late novels of Tess and Jude that Hardy even allowed sympathy for the aristocrat, the real individual, the one of distinct being. Earlier such aristocrats in his novels were wicked and therefore, condemned; and even with Tess and Jude, Hardy "sympathizes only to slay"; the aristocrat as represented by Hardy always has "some vital weakness, some radical ineffectuality".

Why, asks Lawrence, has Hardy this prédilection d'artiste for the aristocrat, and why, at the same time, this moral antagonism? He answers the first part of the question first: the artist of all time has had the predilection for an aristocrat - in Lawrence's meaning of a distinct individuality. Such a predilection is "rooted deeply in every imaginative human being":

1 Ibid., p. 435.

The glory of mankind has been to produce lives, to produce vivid, independent, individual men, not buildings or engineering works or even art, not even the public good. The glory of mankind is not in a host of secure, comfortable, law-abiding citizens, but in a few more fine, clear lives, beings, individuals, distinct, detached, single as may be from the public. 1

Socially and economically speaking "the aristocrat alone has occupied a position where he could afford to be, to be himself, to create himself, to live as himself". This is his eternal fascination, and this is why the preference for him is a prédilection d'artiste. These comments and this formulation is clearly and directly shaped by the philosophy which Lawrence has been beating out in the earlier chapters of the Study. The vocabulary, words like "vivid", "independent", "individual", "clear", "distinct", "detached", "single", made the close connection seem indisputable. Indeed, the whole passage is an affirmation both of the individualistic nature of the life standard in its earlier stages of development, and of its direct application to literature in Lawrence's mind.

Lawrence goes on next, to answer the second part of his question, - why the moral antagonism to the artistocrat in Hardy's novels? He describes a two-fold, possibility which is at the same time his twofold answer:

Is there a germ of death in these more single distinguished people, or has the artist himself a bourgeois taint, a jealous vindictiveness that will

1 Ibid., p. 436.

now take revenge, now that the community, the average, has gained power over the aristocrat, the exception? 1

It is evident that both is true, says Lawrence. He discusses first of all the "bourgeois morality" part of the answer.

In explaining his perception of what happens to the value of bourgeois morality in Hardy's novels, from Desperate Remedies to Jude, Lawrence uses the vocabulary of the morality play metaphor which he had worked out earlier.

In his early novels, says Lawrence, Hardy "makes every exceptional person a villain, all exceptional or strong individual traits he holds up as weaknesses or wicked faults". 2 The first real show of sympathy, says Lawrence using the word "sympathy" in an unusually specialized sense which he later elaborated - "sympathy nearly conquering the bourgeois or commune morality, is for Eustacia". Eustacia is in the midst of a line of villains "always becoming less villainous and more human". In The Mayor of Casterbridge, continues Lawrence "the dark villain is already almost the hero". Finally, Jude "is a complete tragic hero, at once the old Virgin Knight and Dark Villain". 3

Thus, throughout Hardy's novels, Lawrence perceives "a complete and devastating shift-over, it is a complete volte-face of moralities":

1 Ibid., p. 436.

2 Ibid., p. 436.

3 Ibid., p. 437.

The condemnation gradually shifts over from the dark villain to the blond bourgeois virgin hero, from Alec d'Urberville to Angel Clare, till in Jude they are united and loved... The condemnation shifts over at last. From the dark villains to the white virgin, the bourgeois in soul: from Anabella to Sue.

In the end, "the virgin knight is hated with intensity, yet still loved; the white virgin, the beloved, is the arch sinner against life at last".

Black does not become white, but it takes white's place as good; white remains white, but it is found bad. The old communal morality is like a leprosy, a white sickness: 1

Thus we have the white virgin Tess, whose bourgeois sense of communal morality allows herself to be condemned when, had her life been "young and strong", she had done nothing "unnatural".² It is in this blending of the white virgin unnaturally with communal morality that the latter appears to Lawrence "like a leprosy, a white sickness". Thus he concludes here that "the old, anti-social, individualist morality is alone on the side of life and health".³

Lawrence turns next to the second half of his answer to the question, why the moral antagonism to the aristocrat: is it that there is in the aristocrat, or "these more single, distinguished", separated out people, the germ of death? "The failure, the misfortune, or the tragedy, whichever it may be,

1 Ibid., p. 437.

2 Ibid., p. 440.

3 Ibid., p. 437.

was inherent in them" says Lawrence, of one handful of characters. "There is a rottenness at the core of them". Amongst these "aristocratic" heroes in Hardy's novels, Lawrence distinguishes two kinds: those "doomed by their very being" and those who "fell before the weight of the average".¹

There is, of course, a third class of hero in Hardy's novels, the "bourgeois or average hero" whose purpose is to live and have his being in the community. From the interactions of these various kinds of heroes and heroines in the novels, Lawrence thought four moral conclusions were implied:

1. The physical individual is in the end an inferior thing which must fall before the community: Marston, Henchard, etc.
2. The physical and spiritual individualist is a fine thing which must fall because of its own isolation, because it is a sport, not in the true line of life: Jude, Tess, Lady Constantine.
3. The physical individualist and spiritual bourgeois or communist is a thing, finally, of ugly, undeveloped, non-distinguished or perverted physical instinct, and must fall physically. Sue, Angel, Clare, Clym, Knight. It remains, however, fitted into the community.
4. The undistinguished, bourgeois or average being with average or civic virtues usually succeeds in the end. If he fails he is left practically uninjured. If he expires during probation he has flowers on his grave. ²

The vocabulary of "individualist", "non-distinguished" and "undistinguished" marks how close Lawrence has stayed to his purpose, stated at the beginning of this latter half of Chapter

¹ Ibid., p. 438.

² Ibid., p. 438.

V, of seeing which of the heroes, "one would call a distinct individuality", which an "unaccomplished potential", and which "unindividualized" life.

The purely individualistic philosophy of being Lawrence worked out in this first half of the study is certainly behind his final comments on Troy, Clym, Tess and Jude. They have naturally distinct individuality, says Lawrence, but, as it were, a weak life flow:

.... they cannot break away from the old adhesion, they cannot separate themselves from the mass which bore them, they cannot detach themselves from the common.

Therefore, concludes Lawrence, "they are pathetic rather than tragic figures".¹

This was to speak of the created characters in the novels, but why were they created in this way? The answer is, of course, in the uncertain and contradictory life vision of the author. Hardy, like Tolstoi, says Lawrence:

.... is forced in the issue always to stand with the community in condemnation of the artistocrat... he must, in his ultimate judgment, represent the interests of humanity, or the community as a whole, and rule out the individual interest.²

To do this, however, especially in the later novels, Hardy has to go against himself, for "His private sympathy is always with the individual against the community: as is the case with the artist." There is a consequent dualism in his work.

1 Ibid., p. 439.

2 Ibid., p. 439.

He creates a blameless individual who in some way will be destroyed by the civic idea, but to facilitate this dénouement there must be a flaw in the individual. "Hence" says Lawrence "the pessimism".¹ And also hence Lawrence's final judgment of the Wessex novels in this Chapter. "There is a lack of sternness", he says "there is a hesitating betwixt life and public opinion, which diminishes the Wessex novels from the rank of pure tragedy".² Thus concludes the final chapter in the first half of the Study.

The first chapter of the second half, Chapter VI, is very short. Nevertheless, it clearly announces the new element in the philosophic theme which distinguishes the chapters which follow, from those which went before. Lawrence opens with a complete non sequitur from the thought and content of the close of Chapter V. He begins, in fact, with a reculer pour mieux sauter to the "work" argument of Chapter IV and the opening of Chapter V and the flower images of Chapters I and II. It is from the latter that the new element in the argument takes its rise. But, in fact, Lawrence appears to gather up all the threads of the philosophy so far spun and weave them all together in the unifying new theme.

It is agreed, then, begins Lawrence, that we will do two or three hours work a day for the community, and then we will be free. "Free for what?".³

1 Ibid., p. 439.

2 Ibid., p. 440.

3 Ibid., p. 440.

What does a flower do? It provides itself with the necessities of life, it propagates itself in its seeds, and it has its fling all in one. Out from the crest and summit comes the fiery self, the flower, gorgeously.

This is the fall into the future, like a waterfall that tumbles over the edge of the known world into the unknown". 1

The same, says Lawrence, with man. He builds his own tissue and form, serving the community for the means wherewithal, and then he comes to the climax:

And at the climax, simultaneously, he begins to roll to the edge of the unknown, and in the same moment, lays down his seed for security's sake. That is the secret of life: it contains the lesser motions in the greater.

But:

.... the act, called the sexual act, is not for the depositing of the seed. It is for leaping off into the unknown, as from a cliff's edge, like Sappho into the sea.

"That she bear children is not a woman's significance":

But that she bear herself, that is her supreme and risky fate: that she drive on to the edge of the unknown and beyond. 2

"The clear, full inevitable need in me is no primary need of begetting children. It is the arriving at my highest mark of activity of being". For the woman "it is her arrival at her intensest self". 3

Thus the travelling into the unknown, at the furthest tip, the leading shoot of life; and the achievement of separated out distinct individuality ("intensest self"); both

1 Ibid., p. 441.

2 Ibid., p. 441.

3 Ibid., p. 443.

elements of the philosophy of the first half of the Study are now subsumed into what was to become the "passional basis" of the life standard. Nevertheless, this is still the thought of 1914 and not the mature life standard. At this stage Lawrence still insists, in spite of the subsumption into oneness of other elements in his philosophy, on the "separateness" between, and the "distinctness" from each other of the male and female:

Man is man, and woman is woman... As long as time lasts, man is man. In eternity where infinite motion becomes rest, the two may be one. But until eternity man is man. Until eternity there shall be this separateness...

One can hear Birkin arguing with Ursula. He insists, "... except in infinity, everything *in* life is male or female, distinct". "Birkin" makes a concession, however, that "the consciousness, that is of both: and the flower, that is of both".¹ (The next few lines of his argument I regret I cannot follow). Lawrence concludes the chapter by saying that "that which is not conscious, which is Time, and Life, that is our field".² It is to be deduced, therefore, that even in this new passional rendering of his philosophy Lawrence at this stage in his development, still lays more emphasis on the "separateness" and "distinction" of men and women than upon their human relatedness.

Having stated, in the short Chapter VI, this male/female

1 Ibid., p. 443.

2 Ibid., p. 444.

antithesis which thus lay at the heart of his then life philosophy Lawrence goes on, in a lengthy Chapter VII, to describe his reading of how it functioned in shaping the history of the essential life impulses of religion and art.

In life, then, begins Lawrence, "no new thing has ever arisen, nor can arise, save out of the impulse of the male upon the female, the female upon the male".¹ However, since "no man and no woman can get a perfect mate, nor obtain complete satisfaction at all times, each man, according to his needs must have a God, an idea, that shall compel him to the movement of his own being".² As man invariably "seeks for his complement "he must finally always call God "the unutterable and the inexpressible, the unknowable". Desire, elaborates Lawrence, admits deficiency, and the object of the desire reveals the original defect. Thus the attributes of God reveal that which man lacked and yearned for in his living - Eternality, Infinity, Immutability.

These are the qualities says Lawrence, "man feels in woman, as a principle". From her he has a sense^{of} stability: she supplies his feelings of Immutability, Permanence, Eternality. He himself is "a raging activity, change potent within change". So "life consists in the dual form of the Will-to-Motion and the Will-to-Inertia". One always triumphs over the other, however, and so, continues Lawrence, in life

1 Ibid., p. 444.

2 Ibid., p. 445.

the human effort must always be to recover balance and so to symbolize and possess that which is missing. This is the religious effort. The artistic effort is the portraying of a moment of union between the two wills, according to knowledge.¹

From this rather complicated drift of his argument it nevertheless emerges that Lawrence perceives both religion and art to have a passional basis, and that they are thus closely related though distinct. It is this kind of argumentation which lies behind, and supports, the blend of passional and numinous elements in the life standard, and in art.

Lawrence continues elaborating, saying that the Will-to-Motion and the Will-to-Inertia cause the whole of life, from the ebb and flow of a wave, to the stable equilibrium of the whole universe. As he elaborates, abstractly and metaphysically, Lawrence nevertheless touches upon the later life standard notions of "oneness" or "one-thing" and continual movement. Again Lawrence's metaphysics, although too abstract to persist into the mature life standard, gives the kind of rationale behind the co-existence of these elements in the life standard:

... it must first be seen that the division into male and female is arbitrary, for the purpose of thought. The rapid motion at the rim of the wheel (the male) is the same as the perfect rest at the centre of the wheel. How can one divide them? 2

The one-ness between these two is not, of course, the oneness

1 Ibid., p. 447.

2 Ibid., p. 448.

of the living impulse in art, and its expression; nor is the motion in this quotation the movement of recoil and flow in sympathy. But these formulations of 1914 contain the seed of the mature life standard. Perhaps the only distance between the two is a change in the method of expression from the abstract to the "quick" empirical connotations of Lawrence's later formulations. A change in the kind of expression may carry with it a change in the quality of the meaning, and new possibilities of all these variant elements settling together into one complex matrix of perception and meaning.¹

In the meantime, the laboured metaphysics of the Hardy Study have prepared the ground for a statement, in their terms, of the dynamics of life and art:

..... it is as if life were a double cycle, of men and women, facing opposite ways, revolving upon each other, man reaching forward with out-stretched hand, and woman reaching forward with out-stretched hand, and neither able to move till their hands have grasped each other, when they draw towards each other from opposite directions, draw nearer and nearer, each travelling in his separate cycle, till the two are abreast, and side by side, until even they pass on again, away from each other, travelling their opposite ways to the same infinite goal.

Thus far, the quotation is rather obscure in meaning but it engenders a sense of the basis of the description of the genesis of art which follows:

1 After a certain stage of psychological development it would be difficult to say whether different perception caused a change in the expression; or the changing, simplifying and developing expression (in the need to make oneself understood) begot changes in the quality of the meaning.

Each travelling to the same goal of infinity, but entering it from the opposite ends of space. And man, remembering what lies behind him, how the hands met and grasped and tore apart, utters his tragic art. Then moreover, facing the other way into the unknown, conscious of the tug of the goal at his heart, he hails the woman coming from the place whither he is travelling, searches in her for signs, and makes his God from the suggestion he receives, as she advances.

(Here, directly stated, is the blend, the identity of the passionate and the numinous.)

Then she draws near and he is full of delight. She is so close, that they touch, and then there is the joyful utterance of religious art. They are torn apart, and he gives the cry of tragedy, and goes on remembering till the dance slows down and breaks, and there is only a crowd. 1

It is thus, according to Lawrence, that the individual involved in a life movement which is both necessarily his (as a human male), yet which is larger and stronger than him in carrying him inevitably on, produces the passionate and numinous utterance which is art.

Always the threefold utterance: the declaring of the God seen approaching, the rapture of contact, the anguished joy of remembrance, when the meeting has passed into separation. Such is religion, religious art, and tragic art. 2

1 This wheeling of different patterns of life up to and through the point where they intersect and produce the creative utterance, is a poetic and visionary anticipation of Arthur Koestler's "intersection of matrices" which is the act of creation to a drier twentieth century mind. The circling metaphor is echoed in Lawrence's own work. Lawrence is believed to have been writing the Study while also engaged in writing The Rainbow. The opening pages of Chapter VI of that novel (especially page 145 in the penguin edition) strongly support this assumption.

2 Ibid., pp. 449-50.

It might be said that in the contact described in these quotations as the fulfilment of life and art, there is the seed of the relatedness which the later life standard required to be objectified in art. But it is also notable that if this could be called "relatedness", in the neutral metaphysical metaphors of this Study, It was not yet "relationship". And moreover the emphasis of the metaphors is more towards separateness and distinctness of the individuals.

The remainder of Chapter VII is a blend and mixture of the history of religion, and races, and pictorial art, a history of the movement of the life impulse and varying attempts at expressing the height of its vision and knowledge, described in terms of, and in order to substantiate, the passional and antinomal formulae which the first half of the chapter had elaborated and defined.

Chapter VIII continues with the same matter, but in its earlier pages makes clearer the implications which gathered around and modified the male/female and the God/man antitheses during the progress of Chapter VII. The parallelism, sometimes the meeting and merging, of these two sets of antitheses in the abstract, metaphysical metaphors of the first half of Chapter VII has, by the beginning of Chapter VIII, completely merged in a new set of terms. These terms also change as Lawrence writes on, the meaning or implications suffering sea changes in the process as they gather or lose more and more connotations; the meaning seeming always the same and yet

different.

This is difficult: to put it baldly, that which at the end of Chapter VI was male and female, became at the beginning of Chapter VII, Motion and Inertia, respectively. In the progress of Chapter VII the antitheses appears under the guise of an antitheses between God the Father (more "female" than "Inertia", definitely sensuous and approving of the law of the flesh) and Christ (definitely male, spiritual, anti-pathetic to the flesh, singled out and pure.)

This brings us to the beginning of Chapter VIII, and yet a further change in terminology:

In the Father we are one flesh, in Christ we are crucified, and rise again, and are One with Him in Spirit. It is the difference between Law and Love. 1

The law is the immediate law of the body, and "the necessity of each man to know himself, to achieve his own consummation, ... be satisfied and fulfilled in the body".² But through Christ:

.... it was at last declared that in the physical act of love, in the begetting of children man does not necessarily know himself, nor become God-like, nor satisfy his deep, innate desire to BE. 3

Lawrence had previously asked: what is love? He answered that it is man's deepest desire and greatest aspiration for the "momentary contact or union of male with female, of spirit

1 Ibid., p. 465.

2 Ibid., p. 466.

3 Ibid., p. 466.

with spirit and flesh with flesh, when each is in himself or in herself complete and single and essential". As such, "Love is only a closer vision of the Law".¹ But the new commandment of love requires that "man shall find his consummation in the crucifixion of the body and the resurrection of the spirit". Therefore, love:

.... is a larger interpretation of the Law, but, also, it is a breach of the Law. For by the Law, Man shall in no wise injure or desecrate his living body of flesh which is of the Father. 2

The rest of Chapter VIII contains further minute ramifications of the philosophy, and more of the history of art and religion. The above quotation brings the logic of the main argument up to the point from which Chapter IX departs.

Lawrence, wryly and apologetically, entitles Chapter IX "A Nos Moutons", but it nevertheless takes him three pages to arrive at Hardy's novels. The point Lawrence departs from is that:

Most fascinating in all artists is this antinomy between Law and Love, between the Flesh and the Spirit, between the Father and the Son. 3

Remembering the philosophy of the earlier chapters of the Study, that of life running out into being, to the point of excess which is the individual at the intensest quality of his being, and the judgment of Hardy's work against it, it is clear that the discussion of Tess and Jude which follows upon this

1 Ibid., p.p. 465-6.

2 Ibid., p. 467.

3 Ibid., p. 476.

quotation has a life philosophy, far richer in connotation, behind and tuning the critical elucidation. This richer philosophy has many more of the elements of the mature life standard, but nevertheless departed from, and still contains, the earlier.

Before embarking on his final criticisms of Hardy, however, Lawrence tidies up, for the time being only, some questions of morality and form in art. In the process we can see the younger theorist in Lawrence begin to show signs of his later development. Every work of art, he says, adheres to some system of morality, but it must also contain the essential criticism of that morality. In the later theory there would be no question of a system. However, Lawrence says this on one page and on the next he writes:

Artistic form is a revelation of the two principles of Love and Law in a state of conflict and yet reconciled: ... It is the conjunction of the two which makes form. And since the two must always meet under fresh conditions, form must always be different. Each work of art has its own form, which has no relation to any other form. ¹

Although talk of "principles" still needs to disappear before the life standard clearly emerges, this quotation shows Lawrence's thought much nearer to the "form which must come new each time from within" than the "systems" "adhered to" on the previous page.

Shortly after the formulations just quoted, the antinomy

¹ Ibid., p. 477.

between Law and Love, Flesh and Spirit, Father and Son, becomes an antinomy between a metaphysic or "theory of being and knowing" and one's "living sense of being". It is, says Lawrence, the novelists and the dramatists who have the hardest task in resolving this antinomy by reconciling the two. The danger is "that a man shall make himself a metaphysic to excuse or cover his own faults or failure".¹

"Tolstoi is a flagrant example of this" says Lawrence, but the man under present discussion is Hardy. Hardy is somewhat like Tolstoi. Lawrence defines Hardy's philosophy as saying:

There is no reconciliation between Love and the Law. The Spirit of Love must always succumb before the blind, stupid, but overwhelming power of the Law. 2

But Hardy was interpreting the Law, not as Lawrence does, but as at its worst "a weak craven sensuality" and at its best as a "passive inertia".

Such a metaphysic is almost silly, says Lawrence. "If it were not that man is stronger in feeling than in thought, the Wessex novels would be sheer rubbish, as they are already in parts".³ Fortunately, Hardy's feeling "his instinct, his great and deep, deeper than that, perhaps, of any other English novelist".⁴ It is the same cry all through Hardy,

1 Ibid., p. 479.

2 Ibid., p. 480.

3 Thus speaks in 1914 the Lawrence who was perhaps anticipating in germ the changed opinion of Hardy which he expressed in 1928: "What a commonplace genius he has; or a genius for the commonplace, I don't know which. He doesn't rank so terribly high really". (CL. p. 1069).

4 Ibid., p. 480 - see again the preceding footnote.

concludes Lawrence, "this curse upon the birth in the flesh, and this unconscious adherence to the flesh".¹

Having thus begun his final discussion of Hardy by giving a summary of his general and overall opinion of Hardy's work, Lawrence begins to discuss Tess and Jude, in the light of all that has gone before, from Chapter I of the Study on. In concept of understanding, begins Lawrence, Hardy "depreciates and destroys both women and men who would represent the old primeval Law - the primeval Female principle shall not exist". Thus "Tess sets out, not as any positive thing, containing all purpose, but as the acquiescent complement to the male".²

However, Lawrence continues, bringing back into the discussion an element from the first half of the Study, Tess is an aristocrat: "She knows that other people are outside her.... And out of this attitude to the other person came her passivity". She knows she is herself incontestably, and she knows that other people are not herself. This is a rare and aristocratic quality, leading to self-acceptance and self-indifference. In an unequal civilization this is almost a weakness. Others do not respect her right to be as she accepts theirs.

Alec d'Urberville is only a physical aristocrat; as

1 Ibid., p. 481.

2 Ibid., p. 482.

such he represents the female principle of Law; he is an enemy of the male principle of self-subordination, even to the fulfilling of some purpose or utterance:

With a natural male, what he draws from the source of the female, the impulse he receives from the source he transmits through his own being into utterance, motion, action, expression. ¹

No ordinary man could have betrayed Tess: Alec d'Urberville could "take the deep impulse from the female: In this he is exceptional".² But some perverse will prevents him from submitting to it, from becoming instrumental to it. Thus what he ~~draws~~ from the depths of Tess' being, he betrayed. That "was why Tess was shattered by Alec d'Urberville, and why she murdered him, in the end".³ The murder was botched by Hardy, says Lawrence, but it was true.

The question remains, however, why Tess, an aristocrat of life, could not draw from the springs of the great well to give herself renewal. It was not Angel Clare's fault that generations of ultra-Christian training left him utterly male and spiritual and with an inherent aversion to the female. This aversion ^{is} affirmed in him and keeps him from Tess when he learns of her betrayal.⁴ As an aristocrat in life Tess should have been able to draw from the Spring, to receive help whence it comes. "For it is only by receiving from our fellows that we are kept fresh and vital". But "the aristocratic

1 Ibid., p. 484.

2 Ibid., p. 484.

3 Ibid., p. 484.

4 Ibid., p. 485.

principle had isolated Tess".¹ She could give, but she could not receive. She was, in herself, cut off from Angel Clare, as her being had been betrayed by d'Urberville. Between these two extremes Tess was destroyed.

There remains, however, an ambiguity. Tess was not entirely destroyed by d'Urberville alone. She was partly destroyed by something inherent in her very nature. Possessing the aristocratic quality of isolate individuality, which Lawrence's earlier life theory had claimed to be the peak of existence and BEing, it was nevertheless that which cut her off from the sources of help and contributed to her destruction.

Raymond Williams' perception of ambiguity in this Study, which was discussed in the earlier section of European literature, was not a mistaken one. He wrongly located it in the minor paragraphs on tragedy, when, in fact, the ambiguity lies at the heart of the philosophy which runs through the whole Study. It was to be resolved only by the later development of the life standard.

The philosophy, throughout the Study, comes down on the side of ultimate clarity and wealth of being; the realising of one's own self, was consequent upon the singling out of oneself from the matrix of undifferentiated being. The ambiguity of this philosophy is that the height of such singling out, produces the isolate individual whose isolation can destroy him or, at the least, is his Achilles heel. Lawrence himself

1 Ibid., p. 486.

noted this ambiguity when he sensed that there was always a "rotteness at the core" of an aristocrat. He had realized this by Chapter V of the Study, but could not see his way to resolving the problem. It was, of course, resolved when the element of "relatedness" followed by the dimension of human "relationship" entered the matrix of his life philosophy. Lawrence's remark, in connection with Tess, that "It is only by receiving from all our fellows that we are kept fresh and vital"¹ is in this Study by Lawrence the seed for future security laid down in the philosophical rush over the edge of the cliff. The difficulty in elucidating this Study is caused by the "excess" of the fresh, enthusiastic venture into philosophy, combined with the uneasy shifting for position, which, I feel sure, was a consequence of unhappy awareness of the ambiguity not yet resolved.

I have introduced ~~this~~ concluding commentary on the Study as a whole, at this point, because it seemed to follow more clearly from Lawrence's discussion of Tess. His Study is by no means concluded. The remainder of Chapter IX is a discussion of Jude, beginning from the position that:

Jude is only Tess turned round about. Instead of the heroine containing the two principles, male and female, at strife within her one being, it is Jude who contains them both, whilst the two women with him take the place of the two men to Tess. Arabella is Alec d'Urberville, Sue is Angel Clare. These represent the same pair of principles. ²

¹ My underlining.

² Ibid., p. 488.

In his usual way Lawrence unfolds the tale of the novel in the light of his interpretation, it is a lengthy repetition of his analysis of Tess, containing several refinements and ramifications, to display a greater degree of complexity both in the story, and in the artist's feelings for his main characters.

The seven pages of Chapter X which conclude the Study bring together as many themes and images, as will easily co-exist, from the preceding nine chapters. The effect is a hotch-potch of ideas, thrown together haphazardly, but nevertheless in the light of all that has gone before carrying a persuasive aura of unity.

D. English II: John Galsworthy and Others

After the Study of Thomas Hardy (1914) there is a gap in Lawrence's full length commentaries on English literature until his review, in 1925, of the novel Hadrian VII by Fr. Rolfe alias "Baron Corvo",

This period, 1914 to 1925, saw the several writings of Studies in Classic American Literature, 1918 to 1923; and the writing of the essays on the novel, 1923 to 1925. From 1914 to 1918 Lawrence was engaged primarily in creative work notably The Rainbow and poetry. But there was, of course, in 1916, Lawrence's first critical commentary on Dostoevsky.

With all this and eleven years between the criticism of Hardy, and the "Scrutiny" of John Galsworthy together with a

handful of reviews, a marked difference might be expected. Lawrence is more confident and relaxed, less anxious about his philosophy. Moreover, reviewing requires a different technique from that of a semi-private searching out of one's critical life values. But the difference is not radical. The life standard is still the criterion, if sometimes tacit now; its only change is a gain in flexibility, and ability to become more "societally" orientated.

A year or two earlier than the review of Hadrian VII (nearer to it than to the individualism of the Thomas Hardy Study) Lawrence made just two passing comments on his contemporary, and ours, E.M. Forster. Both comments have "societal" bias but at different levels. In the autumn of 1922 Lawrence wrote to Mr. Forster:

Yes, I think of you - of your saying to me, on top of the downs in Sussex - 'How do you know I'm not dead?' Well, you can't be dead, since here's your script. But think you did make a nearly deadly mistake glorifying those business people in Howard's End. Business is no good. 1

It is amusing to see that even in this semi-jocular mixture of prosaic prejudice and literary comment, being alive or dead is the rough, unshaped, theme; and the "mistake" of "glorifying" business people foreshadows the later essay on John Galsworthy, which works out more precisely in a literary context the relative rather than absolute position of worldly wealth

1 CL. p. 716.

in relation to the life standard.

The second comment on E. M. Forster came two years later, in a letter to John Middleton Murry. Lawrence writes this time of A Passage to India and its implications for the deeper societal level of the community:

All races have one root, once one gets there. Many stems from one root: the stems never to commingle or 'understand' one another. I agree Forster doesn't 'understand' his Hindu. And India to him is just negative - because he doesn't go down to the root to meet it. But the Passage to India interested me very much. At least the repudiation of our white bunk is genuine, sincere, and pretty thorough, it seems to me. Negative, yes. But King Charles must have his head off. Homage to the headsman. 1

This seems to me one of the rare occasions when Lawrence managed sympathetically to evaluate an author whose work one would have thought antipathetic to all Lawrence's life standard would require of it.² But the life standard is still the criterion in this criticism of Forster: Lawrence takes, as it were, one step back and appraises the work from the point of view of what needs to be done before "life" can come into play. A Passage to India does not yet "reveal" life anew, it does not even have life pulsing through it, but as Lawrence reads it, the novel makes a valuable contribution by undermining some of the social shibboleths by which life is stifled or obscured.

In December of the following year, 1925, Lawrence reviewed Hadrian VII, by "Baron Corvo". He begins by saying that

1 Ibid., p. 811.

2 The novels of E. M. Forster could hardly be described as "vivid", "quick", "vital", "passionate" or "alive".

"A man must keep his earnestness nimble, to escape ridicule" but [^]Baron Corvo^o "reaches heights, or depths, of sublime ridiculousness". But, and here the life standard emerges in the first paragraph:

It doesn't kill the book, however. Neither ridicule nor dead earnest kills it. It is extraordinarily alive, even though it has been buried for twenty years. Up it rises to confront us. ¹

And, continues Lawrence, it does not date: "Only a first-rate book escapes its date".

Its date was "the nineties of the Yellow Book, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Simeon Solomon, and all the host of the godly. The whole decade is now a little ridiculous". Apparently it was said of Frederick Rolfe ([^]Baron Corvo^o) that he was possessed of a devil. "At least" comments Lawrence "his devil is still alive, it hasn't turned into a sort of golliwog, like the bulk of the nineties' devils". This, and Lawrence's concluding sentence to the review that "if some of it (Hadrian VII) is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish", ² show that the life of Lawrence's life standard is [^]chameleon life, with guises both fiendish and bizarre when occasion demands. It is a far cry from the "Heavy" or "moral" standard exercised by Matthew Arnold or F. R. Leavis.

Having immediately stated his opinion, that the book is "alive", and placed it in its period, Lawrence goes on to

¹ Ph. p. 327.

² Ibid., p. 330.

describe its author and suggest that the book is "largely an autobiography of Frederick Rolfe"; the main character is "about the age of forty, a highly-bred, highly-sensitive, super-aesthetic man, ascetic out of aestheticism, athletic the same, religious the same". Thwarted in his ambition to become a Roman Catholic priest by priests and clergy who had "dropped him like the proverbial snake in the bosom" his anger was inflamed against them and it had become "so complete as to be pure".¹

The first half of the book continues Lawrence, describes the lonely man, feline, aloof, self-sufficient in his London lodging. Until by some freak of fate, a "fantastic choice, by the Way of Compromise", George Arthur Rose is elected by the cardinals to be Pope. Then in the second half of the book the "fantasy and failure" begins. "George Arthur Rose, triple-crowned and in the chair of Peter" is still perfectly consistent, the same man. The dénouement will depend on the kind of man George Arthur Rose, become Hadrian VII, is. The remainder of the review Lawrence therefore employs in defining the life quality of this extraordinary character.²

Hadrian, says Lawrence, was really a Super-Protestant:

.... while he is in a state of pure protest, he is vivid and extraordinary. But once he is given full opportunity to do as he wishes, and his raison d'être

1 Ibid., p. 328.

2 Ibid., p. 328.

as a Protestant is thereby taken away, he becomes, futile and lapses into the ridiculous. 1

In the first place, Hadrian "has no inward power, power to make true change in the world".² Like most modern men, Lawrence continues, everything he comes into contact with he must criticize and react from. Hence, respectively, his knack of authority and his powerlessness "to construct something out of men by making a new unity among them, swarming them upon himself as bees upon a queen..."³

In the second place, not only does Hadrian lack the "inward power" in himself, he is blind, for all his analytical insight, to "the real old Adam" that is in his cardinals, "the old male instinct for power".⁴ His critical insight makes him a politician on "a vast and curious scale" but:

He simply has no conception of what it is to be a natural or honestly animal man, with the repose and the power that goes with the honest animal in man. 5

"The time has come for stripping" says Hadrian but he goes "on and on and on peeling the onion down" until at last there is "blank nothing" between his hands; his critical intellect "has stripped himself and everything else till nothing is left but absurd conceit". Assassinated in the streets of Rome by a Socialist, he dies supported in the arms of three Majesties.

Hadrian prayed "Lord be to me a Saviour, not a judge".

1 Ibid., p. 329.

2 Ibid., p. 328.

3 Ibid., p. 329.

4 Ibid., p. 329.

5 Ibid., p.p. 329-30.

Why, Lawrence's mature critical irony enquires, should such a white streak of blemlessness need saving so badly?¹ Besides "The brave man asks for justice: the rabble cries for favours". Why, asks Lawrence, does Hadrian go in with the rabble? "It is a problem", he concludes.¹

It is, perhaps, still the same problem as that of the Hardy Study. A novel, such as Hadrian VII, entirely about an individual, naturally touched off the individualist aspects of Lawrence's life criterion - even though the societal dimension has on other occasions, already begun to appear. On the individualistic plane Lawrence is still left with the problem of the final bourgeois weakness in thoroughly and clearly singled out individuality. Applying the logic of the life's standard in its completeness, and as a whole, the answer to the problem would be that Hadrian had no inward power, and finally collapsed into nothingness, because of his failure or inability to achieve relatedness, either to other people, to a "beyond", or to both.

The next book by an Englishman, which Lawrence reviewed in January 1927, was Saïd the Fisherman, by Marmaduke Pickthall. This was again a novel about an individual, but unlike Hadrian VII it did not call the individualist aspect of Lawrence's life awareness to the surface. On the contrary, as a novel by an Englishman about an Arab, the book alerted Lawrence's life

1 Ibid., p. 330.

awareness to wide and deep similarities and differences in the life quality of different races. Lawrence's more detailed awareness, of anomalies apparently consequent upon the novelist identifying himself with his chief character, results in a closer definition of the differences. Said the Fisherman seems to have been a novel entirely suitable to the kind of subtle and precise diagnoses Lawrence's life standard equipped him to make. Though of course, it must be said that the differences Lawrence perceives sound more like his own differences with his contemporary Englishman, by the end of the review.

From the days of Lady Hestor Stanhope to Colonel T. E. Lawrence, begins Lawrence, there seems always to have been some Englishman, or woman, "Arabizing among the Arabs". Perhaps, he continues, there is an instinctive sympathy "its root way down in the religious make-up of both peoples. The Arab is intensely a One-God man, and so is the Briton". But the Briton is "mental and critical" in his workings and the Arab is "uncritical and impulsive". In the Arab, says Lawrence, the Englishman sees himself with the lid off. He goes on to quote T. E. Lawrence's distinction between the Englishman in the East who "goes native", and the one who "penetrates to the heart of Arabia.... but remaining an Englishman". Marmaduke Pickthall, says Lawrence, is one of the latter. Therein lies the flaw in the novel, even though "in imagination" the author goes native, "And that thoroughly".

It is not easy for a man of one race entirely to identify himself with a man of another race, of different culture and religion. 1

says Lawrence, setting the background for his final criticism.

After this introduction Lawrence describes the action of the book, making critical or interpretative comments as he goes. The novel is about a "young, strong-bodied, and lusty" fisherman called Saïd; it is in two parts, The Book of his Luck and the Book of his Fate, "Fate in the old meaning, of revenge of the gods".² Saïd is robbed of his savings, but thus destitute, sets off to Damascus and comes upon a "sudden glory of impudence and luck".³ He is beginning to show that "recklessness" which Lawrence had said in the Study of Thomas Hardy was involved in being at the growing tip of life, when the novelist reveals him also as mean, common, vulgar, - qualities which Lawrence's life criterion rejects. Yet, according to Lawrence, Mr. Pickthall still manages to infuse a certain glamour into the character and "to force our sympathy" for him.

Remembering "Morality and the Novel", we are not surprised that Lawrence begins here to be critical:

It is the thing one most resents in a novel: having one's sympathy forced by the novelist.... 4

Saïd is a "handsome, strong lusty scoundrel" with whom Lawrence could get on very well indeed if every now and then he did not

1 Ibid., p. 351.

2 Ibid., p. 351.

3 Ibid., p. 352.

4 Ibid., p. 352.

display a "cold, gutter-snipe callousness". As a reader, he demands revenge on this character, but when it comes, it comes for the wrong reason. Here a typical Lawrentian critical subtlety appears which could only be sensed and defined by the Lawrence life awareness.

The author, Marmaduke Pickthall, basically "a good moral Englishman"¹, is uneasy inside the skin of Saïd, so closely has he identified. Saïd must therefore, be punished so as to satisfy Mr. Pickthall's English morality. So when Saïd's well deserved Fate arrives it is shown as punishing Saïd for "immorality" when his was really a non-morality. It's a risky thing, says Lawrence:

.... to hold the scales for a man whose moral nature is not your own. Mr. Pickthall's moral values are utilitarian and rational: Saïd's are emotional and sensual. 2

Mr. Pickthall is wrong to make fate punish Saïd for leaving his wife. By the "emotional and sensual" morality Saïd was right to leave her, says Lawrence, for she was a dead weight round his neck. Punishment for this is "a white man's judgment on a dark man", an Englishman's "false sympathy" for the "poor abandoned woman at the expense of the energetic man".

The real quarrel, continues Lawrence in accordance with the "emotional and sensual" morality, is that Saïd was a "slack fool",

1 Ibid., p. 352.

2 Ibid., p. 353.

he was not "alert", a "bit wary and cautious". His vulgar, cold-callousness, deadened his wariness; foolish and impudent, he leapt before he looked. He went to London, which caution and wariness should have made his kind avoid. There he "fell into the nightmare of that city" and lost his reason for ever.

Lawrence feels that Mr. Pickthall gave an extra gratuitous "shove to the mills of God" but he acquiesces in the latter representation of the effect one life or civilization had upon the other. Said's punishment followed because he was sufficiently stupid and insensitive to go to London, just as he had been callous and unalert in other things.

Lawrence's review, some six months later, of The Peep Show, by Walter Wilkinson is an amusing antithesis to his review of Said the Fisherman. In reviewing The Peep Show Lawrence seems almost at a loss to discover its relevance to his life criterion, and yet he has to admit it is a book. In order to do justice to its complete difference from, or lack of, the kind of life vitality which he can usually put a finger on immediately, Lawrence appears almost consciously to be struggling with his schemata. He feels his way cautiously into the review by trying to tease out some standard, as a good critic should, "to say: This or this is the standard we judge by".¹

¹ Ibid., p. 539.

Recalling first of all the critical talk of his youth (Lawrence was now 42), Lawrence writes:

There was a subtle distinction drawn, in those halcyon days of talk "about" things, between literature and the human documents. The latter was the real thing, mind you, but it wasn't art. The former was art, you must know, but - but - it wasn't the raw beef-steak of life, it was the dubious steak-and-kidney pie. 1

The talk Lawrence was writing of, was the talk of the littérateurs of Ford Hueffer's London. It is interesting to hear that "life" was a value in the critical coinage of the 1910's, but that it was not even remotely the "life" of Lawrence's mature criterion is clear from the tone in which he writes. The "life criterion" of the littérateurs of 1910, seems, moreover, to have had an even weaker and looser meaning than any usual critical use.

To Lawrence literary talk was always like "a rattle that literary men spun to draw attention to themselves", but The Peep Show reminded him of this early jargon:

They would have called it "A charming human document" and have descanted on the naïve niceness of the unsophisticated author... "Oh, he's not a writer, you know! That's what makes it so delightful!" 2

It is apparently "a simple and unpretentious account of a young man who made his own puppets and went round for a few weeks in Somerset and Devon.... in the holiday season, giving puppet shows". The author believes in the simple life. It was "a simple lifer's simple book", one can almost hear Lawrence groan and add "Ugh!"

1 Ibid., p. 372.

2 Ibid., p. 372.

Lawrence is, however, extremely fair. His life awareness is faintly, just faintly, touched and he listens acutely to see how and why. "Curiously" he says "the record of those six weeks makes a book". As for how it becomes or is a book, Lawrence's acute attention to its quietness registers so close a marriage of style and matter that the whole takes on a funny little life of its own. The Peep Show is a "masterpiece of clichés", there is "an inevitability about its banality", and the word "inevitability" belongs to the vocabulary of approval in the exercise of Lawrence's life criterion:

The style is, in a sense, amateur - yet the whole attempt is amateur, that whole Morris aspect of life is amateur. And therefore, the style is perfect: even in the long run, poignant. The very banalities at last have the effect of the mot juste 1

It is what the "ordinary" young man who has "a certain limpidity of character", and there are "thousands and thousands" of them, will write.

Lawrence cannot help making here, the large qualification that his own life awareness would make, but he keeps it under control so that it does not become a stick to beat The Peep Show with:

You have to have something vicious in you to be a creative writer. It is the something vicious, old-adamish, incompatible to the "ordinary" world, inside a man, which gives an edge to his awareness....2

and makes it impossible for him to write as Walter Wilkinson does.

1 Ibid., p. 373.

2 Ibid., p. 373.

The puppet showman, continues Lawrence, "has not got this something vicious, so his perception lacks ~~/~~ fine edge" but it is "owing to the true limpidity and vicelessness of the author" that the "ordinariness becomes" almost vivid; and "The book is a book".¹ "Vivid" is another word in the approving vocabulary of the life standard.

It is also amusing to note that the longest of the two quotations which Lawrence gives from the book is a "simple" version of Lawrence's own philosophy, as in his Study of Thomas Hardy. It must have been galling to Lawrence to read:

If I were a philosopher expounding a new theory of living... I should call myself a "holidayist"... There is no doubt whatever what sort of life nice people want to lead. Whenever they get the chance, what do they do but go away to the country or the seaside, take off their collars and ties and have a good time playing at childish games and contriving to eat some simple food very happily without all the encumbrances of chairs and tables. This world might be quite a nice place if only simple people... would turn their backs on these pompous politicians and ridiculous Captains of Industry who, when you come to examine them, turn out to be very stupid, ignorant people, who are simply suffering from an unhappy mania of greediness; who are possessed with perverse and horrible devils which make them stick up smoking factories in glorious Alpine valleys....etc....etc....

If only simple people would ignore them and behave always in the jolly way they do on the sea-shore what a nice world we would have to live in. 2

What a parody of Lawrence's own philosophy! I give Lawrence credit for not approving The Peep Show because the author thought a little bit in his own way, but for holding down the squirm, and going on to try and evaluate the book precisely for its own

1 Ibid., p. 374.

2 Ibid., p. 374.

worth in spite of it.

Having said how the "book is a book", by sensing that its little life is conveyed by its just marriage of ordinary expression to ordinary feeling, Lawrence goes on to say why. After all, banal expression of banal feeling doesn't always have life. This book, says Lawrence, is "curiously true".

... it has therefore its own touch of realization of the tragedy of human futility: the futility even of ordinariness. It contains the ordinary man's queer little bitter disappointment in life, because life, the life of people, is more ordinary than even he had imagined. ¹

It is enough, says Lawrence, to embitter any man, to see people gape at a show then melt away when the hat comes round. But the showman remembers those who do pay, even as much as sixpence, and says people are "nice" to him on the whole. "My self, I should want to spit on such niceness" says Lawrence characteristically. But the showman accepts it with determined cheerfulness, and here Lawrence's life standard comes approvingly into play, albeit on a muted level. To put yourself at the mercy of the nice holiday-making crowd and "then come home, absolutely refusing to have your tail between your legs", this is what gives the book its determined little life of Lawrence's life standard quality. But Lawrence can't help concluding: "God save me from being nice".²

After the Study of Thomas Hardy, Lawrence's next longest criticism on an English author, was written at the beginning of

¹ Ibid., p. 375.

² Ibid., p. 376.

1928, six months after his review of Walter Wilkinson's The Peep Show. This time Lawrence was writing on John Galsworthy for Edgell Rickword's collection of Scrutinies by Various Writers. It is one of his rare pieces on a well-known author and should perhaps count as Lawrence's most sustained piece of criticism on English literature if the occasional nature of his essays on Hardy, buried away in the Study's philosophy, is recalled.

Parts of this long essay have already been examined in previous chapters of this thesis. The opening page or so outlines Lawrence's theory of criticism (see above Chapter Three, p. 228⁴) this being pertinent to the occasion for which he was writing. The two pages which follow outline Lawrence's distinction "for the purpose of this criticism" between what he meant by "a social being as distinct from a human being".¹ These were discussed in Chapter Two (see above, p. 127) to show how Lawrence was capable of adapting his main schema of thought and perception to the occasion on hand. The present discussion of the essay on Galsworthy, picks up where the earlier one left off (Ph. middle of p. 544) to show further ramifications of Lawrence's life standard at work in his perception and elucidation as the "Scrutiny" continues.

It will be remembered that Lawrence had thought of The

1 Ibid., p. 540.

Man of Property as having the elements of a great novel, and a great satire. It possessed "sincere creative passion, something quite new" and was executed with "consummate skill", done "from the inside". It began as "a real effort to show up the social being" as "a parasite on the body of life", but then "it fizzled out" because Galsworthy "had not quite enough of the superb courage of his satire".¹ Lawrence goes on now to ask more precisely, why the attempt fizzled out, and to say what happened to the Forsyte novels as it did.

Perhaps, says Lawrence, the overwhelming numerousness of the Forsytes ("of this world", understood) frightened Mr. Galsworthy from utterly damning them. "Or perhaps it was something else". Here, the mystic element in Lawrence's life vision, muted up to this point, in this essay, begins to come tacitly into play. The question is one of "being"; the Forsytes were social beings, they were not of "the whole body of life of really living individuals" - this much has already been said; but up to now in the "Scrutiny" it has not been implied that there must be something more than social being of the Forsyte kind. Lawrence now suggests that Galsworthy could not press his satire right home because, "something more serious in him", there was an "utter failure to see what you were when you weren't a Forsyte".

There is a being necessary in mankind, beyond "social" being, and it is a fatal blindness not to be able to see or

1 Ibid., p. 542.

contact it. Lawrence conveys both its necessity and its dimension beyond individuality, in the panic he attributes to Galsworthy, face to face with his own blindness, and the desperation with which Lawrence sees him as trying to fill the void:

What was there besides Forsytes in all the wide human world? Mr. Galsworthy looked, and found nothing. Strictly and truly, after his frightened search, he had found nothing. But he came back with Irene and Bosinney, and offered us that. Here! He seems to say. Here is the anti-Forsyte! Here! Here you have it! Love! Pa-assion! PASSION. 1

Notable here are Lawrence's shorthand, stylistic ("concrete?") mannerisms which convey his meaning, his complex perception, immediately. This technique was fully developed in the 1923 version of Studies in Classic American Literature; by now, in 1928, it is a tool of critical expression which Lawrence uses easily and flexibly from time to time, just when he wants it.

There is, of course, a "passional" basis in the life standard, so why should Galsworthy's answer not have been at least a step in the right direction? However, it seems that:

It is when he comes to sex that Mr. Galsworthy collapses finally. He becomes nastily sentimental. He wants to make sex important and he only makes it repulsive. Sentimentalism is the working off on yourself of the feelings you haven't really got. 2

"Faked feelings" and "sentimentalism" are a far cry from the "passional" quality in art. Consequently, Lawrence feels that

1 Ibid., p. 545.

2 Ibid., p. 545.

Galsworthy found no answer to fill the void. He only patched it with an anti-Forsytism which is as bad as Forsytism itself, or worse:

Bosinney is a property hound, but he has run away from the kennels, or been born outside the kennels, so he is a rebel. So he goes sniffing round the property bitches, to get even with the successful property hounds that way. 1

One cannot help preferring Soames Forsyte in a choice of evils, says Lawrence.

It was in his description of Galsworthy's attitude to sex, or rather his heroes' attitudes, that Lawrence's comments illuminate the difference between the "social" creature and the "societal" qualities which, in his critical vocabulary are respectively disapproving and approving.

While the individual remains an individual, sex remains a vital and supremely important thing. But once you have the fall into social beings, sex becomes disgusting..2

It becomes disgusting because "all the human correspondence" is lacking;³ or because, as Lawrence says of Shelton in The Island Pharisees, the girl, Antonia "can be an angelic vision to him a little way off, but when the poor thing has to be just a rather ordinary middle class girl to him, quite near, he hates her..." and never for a second "feels a moment of gentle sympathy with her".⁴ The social being is dead, but the live, passional being is itself in relatedness of a "societal" kind, in "human correspondence". The "gentle sympathy" is definitely

1 Ibid., pp. 544-545.

2 Ibid., p. 547.

3 Ibid., p. 546.

4 Ibid., p. 545.

post-Lady Chatterley's Lover and Lawrence's renewed interest in the societal being. This was contrary to the "singled out" individualistic being of 1914, of which Lawrence tired in 1926.

The last part of the "Scrutiny" of Galsworthy is an example of the shifting uses of Lawrence's critical vocabulary of metaphor - while the meaning remains basically the same. In the Walt Whitman essay of 1923 Lawrence spoke approvingly of the venture of leaving the open road:

ONE DIRECTION! toots Walt in the car, whizzing along it.
Whereas there are myriads of ways in the dark, not to mention trackless wildernesses, as anyone will know who cares to come off the road - even the Open Road. 1

In the essay on Galsworthy, however, Lawrence says that the social consciousness sees life as a high road between two hedges - "And the only way out is gaps in the hedge and excursions into naughtiness". Nine times out of ten the gap-breaker slinks back, but "the rare figure side-tracking into the unknown we do not see".² But "the whole figure is faulty at that point", says Lawrence, for:

If life is a great highway, then it must forge on ahead into the unknown. Side-tracking gets no where. That is mere anti. The tip of the road is always unfinished, in the wilderness. 3

In juxtaposition these two ^{paradox} seem contradictory: but, in fact, Lawrence's meaning in the context emerges clearly each time. The wilderness at the tip of the road in the one, is the same

1 SCAL. p. 158.

2 Ph. p. 548.

3 Ibid., p. 549. The "leading shoot of life" in the philosophy of the Study of Thomas Hardy appears to have been subsumed into this critical metaphor of 14 years later.

as the myriad ways, the trackless wilderness in the dark at the side of the road, in the other. The reader of Lawrence's criticism must keep his interpretative faculty nimble not to be confused.

In the Galsworthy essay, "popping through the gaps in the hedge at the side of the road, thus sidetracking", is Lawrence's way of pinpointing the meaninglessness of Forsyte life and Forsyte rebellion. In his concluding pages Lawrence drives this conclusion home. The three early novels, The Island Pharisee, The Man of Property, and Fraternity, had indeed seemed to Lawrence about to "break through the blind end of the highway with the dynamite of satire". It didn't go off, however, because the sex ingredient, the "passional inspiration" - was damp and muzzy and the explosion gradually fizzled off into sentimentality. By the later novels the explosive powder is in diminishing quantities, only "fizzling as silly squibs". In To Let "The story is feeble, the characters have no blood and bones, the emotions are faked, faked, faked".¹ There is no real life, not even the life in which "Things happen but we bob up". The final fake, "because nothing can happen to the degraded social being", is to "pretend it does, and then bob up".²

Later, in the same year, Vogue sent Lawrence a motley

1 Ibid., p. 549.

2 Ibid., p. 550.

bundle of four books to review. This review Lawrence dutifully produced by July, although it is clear that only one of the four books, if that one, was of a kind Lawrence would normally have read from cover to cover, and much less would he have bothered to put pen to paper about. As the review is reprinted in Phoenix, the first of the four books Lawrence writes about, which appears to be a kind of travelogue, takes up two pages. The second, a sociological study, takes roughly a page and a third; the third, a novel of Maurice Baring's, about half of a page; and finally a little more space is taken up by his comments on Somerset Maugham's spy story, Ashenden. This is a rough indication of the diminishing order in which Lawrence found the books interesting, and also the relative extent to which each interested him.¹

1 It is just possible, I suppose, that Lawrence coming to the end of his space, suddenly realised he had two more books to write on and simply squashed them in. I would almost commit myself to saying that this is unlikely - even though Lawrence predominantly writes in an "emergent" fashion and does not usually allot so much space for beginning, middle, and end, in a nice balance. I say this because it seems to me that Lawrence switched pretty easily into an almost necessary reviewing pattern and technique. All his reviews are of about the same length, and although within a review Lawrence often says unconventional things in an unconventional way - a kind of relaxed semi-serious journalese - he nevertheless usually follows a pattern of (i) immediately taking a line on the book (ii) saying something about its author or background (iii) describing the contents and atmosphere of the book (iv) coming to a conclusion. Lawrence, like most reviewers, did this kind of work only as a side-line. As a versatile and accomplished man of letters he was well able to turn out an exercise based on a generally accepted pattern. In the review under present discussion the space seems to have been easily allotted, in order to give all four books an adequate share while also indulging the reviewer's natural preferences among them at the same time.

Of The Station: Athos, Teasures and Men, by Robert Byron, Lawrence began by saying: "Athos is an old place, and Mr. Byron is a young man. The combination for once is really happy". Because he is young, Mr. Byron "is not more than becomingly impressed with ancientness"; he "settles on it like a butterfly, tastes it, is perfectly honest about the taste, and flutters on". Lawrence adds "And it is charming". Knowing Lawrence's later tendency towards irony in criticism, which came to its height in 1923, one immediately suspects in those last words a touch of sarcasm. If there is, Lawrence in this case speedily covers the process, often noticeable in some of his introductions and reviews, of writing himself into a better mood with his subjects as he goes along. "It is amusing" he says almost immediately "to watch a spangled beauty settle on a rose, then on a spat-out cherry stone, then with a quiver of sunny attention, upon a bit of horse droppings in the road".¹

The phrase I have underlined is an equivalent of the approving adjective of "quick". It is noticeably muted to catch the weak or delicate quality of the quickness in this particular work, but nevertheless is a sign of stirring mobilization of the life standard.

The sarcastic Pansy, "The Oxford Voice", indicates the effort Lawrence probably had to make to gain a sympathetic

1 Ibid., p. 383.

insight into even this book, which of the four was apparently most congenial to him. For as his awareness of life qualities in the book begins to fasten on particulars it is in spite of, and expressed in conjunction with, one of his innate prejudices. It seems that Robert Byron unfolds his travelogue from various points of view, by taking on the journey to Athos three other companions all with varying interests. Together they are, says Lawrence:

four young gentlemen with the echoes of Oxford still in their ears, light and frivolous as butterflies, but with an underneath tenacity of purpose and almost a grim determination to do something. 1

It is clear that this is ^{an} approving and not ^{an} ironic emphasis (the underlining is Lawrence's) for as the review goes on Lawrence's life standard burgeons in full, and begins to mark other qualities in the novel which are particularly in tune with itself.

The four young men, it seems, visited the monasteries of Mount Athos, and describing Robert Byron's account Lawrence suddenly senses "quickness" in the interchange between the monks and the men, and a powerful, physical awareness of place:

The obstinacy and grudging malice of some of the monks, whose one pleasure seems to have been in thwarting and frustrating the innocent desires of the four young men, makes our blood boil too. We know exactly what sewage is like, spattering down from above on to leaves and rocks. And the tortures of heat and fatigue are very real indeed. 2

As he goes on, however, Lawrence reigns in his own kind of

1 Ibid., p. 383.

2 Ibid., p. 384.

predilections among life qualities and returns to Robert Byron.

Everything in Athos is "purely Byzantine" and:

Byzantine is to Mr. Byron what Baroque is to the Sitwells. That is to say he has a real feeling for it, and finds in it a real kinship with his own war-generation mood.

Lawrence's withdrawal from the life qualities which have not really interested him is marked by the sentence which concludes this quotation:

Also, it his own special elegant stone to fling at the philistine world. 1

Lawrence goes on losing interest as he concludes that the "unfailing humoresque of the style" becomes tiring. Nevertheless, he ends on an upward note, congratulating himself that the book might have been written by "some honest-to-God professor" - than whom, he would "infinitely prefer Mr. Byron".

The next book, in this little bunch, which Lawrence braves writing about was England and the Octopus, by Clough Williams-Ellis. Lawrence can clearly be seen to write himself into a better mood with his author as he begins to see how his life standard can tune in with the work. He begins wearily:

When we leave Mr. Byron we leave the younger generation for the older; at least as far as style and manner goes. Mr. Williams-Ellis has chosen a thankless subject: England and the Octopus: the Octopus being the millions of little streets of mean little houses that are getting England in their grip, and devouring her. It is a depressing theme, and the author rubs it in.... Look! Look! says Mr. Williams-Ellis, till we want to shout: Oh, shut up! What's the good of our looking! We've looked and got depressed too often. Now leave us alone. 2

1 Ibid., p. 384.

2 Ibid., pp. 384-5.

The elder generation still feels responsible for all humanity, says Lawrence, with an ambivalent undertone, "And Mr. Williams-Ellis feels splendidly responsible for poor old England: the face of her at least". 1

Having written out his irritability at the author's conscious virtue, Lawrence begins to improve in ~~aim~~ability. From describing the author's style and manner as "elderly", Lawrence makes almost a complete volte-face:

And he's quite right. His little book is excellent: sincere, honest, even passionate (life-approving word!) The well-written, humorous book of a man who knows what he is writing about. 2

The change in mood again heralds the moving into action of the life standard, although Lawrence's comment "And when we begin to look around us critically and intelligently, it is fun. It is great fun," is a bit strained, and suggests that the match between the qualities of the book, and the kind of the life of Lawrence's standard, is not exactly perfect.

Nevertheless, there is no mistaking the force of Lawrence's criterion as it comes through:

The point is that we should all become acutely conscious of what is happening.... Because, as a nation, it is our intuitive faculty for seeing beauty and ugliness which is lying dead in us... People who live in mean, despicable surroundings become mean and despicable. The chief thing is to become properly conscious of our environment. 3

Elements of the life standard which operate in casual reviews .

1 Ibid., p. 385.

2 Ibid., p. 386. My interpolation.

3 Ibid., p. 386.

for a casual reading public are, as in this quotation and the preceding ones, not as highly particularized as in Lawrence's "private" criticism expressed to correspondents familiar with his patterns of thought, or in the more condensed and deliberated critical writing involving serious and sustained attempts to get at the truth, or bringing Lawrence's vision of a truth cleanly and distinctly out from its matrix.

In the rest of the review at present under discussion Lawrence's life criterion could not be distinguished by a reader whose perception were not tuned to teasing it out. Even to the reader who is, it appears only to be functioning, as it were, negatively. Neither Maurice Baring's Comfortless Memory nor Somerset Maugham's Ashenden had the qualities which could stir and engage life awareness in Lawrence of any kind, even after preliminary dislike. Life awareness being unmoved in Lawrence the life criterion still, nevertheless, activates the judgment. The point is clearer when we come to Lawrence's critique of Ashenden. In the meantime he says of Comfortless Memory:

It is faked seriousness, which is utterly boring...
A dull, stuffy elderly author makes faked love to a bewitching but slightly damaged lady who had "lived" with a man she wasn't married to!!! 1

Someone reading Lawrence for the first time may be forgiven for thinking the exclamation marks to be consequent upon the extra-marital relationship. But, of course, they are attendant

1 Ibid., p. 386.

upon the powerful ambivalence which the inverted commas give to the word "lived". The inverted commas are not a polite apology for using an immoral expression. They are a double emphasis on the antithetical implication which is Lawrence's deft and abrupt summary and dismissal of the book.

There is more respect for the author in Lawrence's discussion of Ashenden. But nevertheless Lawrence's life awareness is left unmoved by the book. He diagnoses the central character's "sense of responsibility towards humanity" as "oddly inverted". He is "almost passionately" concerned with proving that all men and women are "dirty dogs or imbeciles": if they are clever they must be crooks; if they are straightforward they must be stupid. It is when he turns to write of the author that Lawrence's non-awareness¹ "quickness" in the book positively formulates the judgment. Mr. Maughan^m, says Lawrence:

Can bring before us persons and places most excellently. But as soon as the excellently observed characters have to move, it is a fake.... We find they are nothing but puppets, instruments of the author's pet prejudice. ¹

The author's pet prejudice being "humour", says Lawrence, parodying the inverted values of Mr. Ashendenⁿ, it would be hard to find a bunch of more ill-humoured stories.

The last English novel which Lawrence wrote about at any length was Aldous Huxley's Point Counter Point. His most

¹ Ibid., p. 387.

detailed criticism of it was in a letter to the author written in October of 1928. On this occasion, writing to a friend, Lawrence begins by trying to write impressively of the life qualities of the book and either, being ill, loses stamina to sustain the argument, or, in reverse motion from that in the review of the first two books just described, writes himself out of awe into fretting disapproval.

"I have read Point Counter Point with a heart sinking through my boot-soles and a rising admiration".¹ The rising admiration was because, according to Lawrence, Huxley had managed to diagnose the life-quality of his generation and his times. Remarking that it must have taken ten times more courage to write Point Counter Point than Lady Chatterley's Lover Lawrence goes on to say:

I do think that art has to reveal the palpitating moment or the state of man as it is. And I think you do that terribly . 2

If the public knew what it was reading, Lawrence goes on, it would throw a hundred stones at Huxley, to one at Lawrence himself.

Making a silent transitus from the qualities revealed in the book to the author's nature (for Lawrence assumes that Huxley could only reveal what was also in himself) a rising disgust at the life of the man and his times takes hold of Lawrence. "But what a moment! And what a state", he continues:

1 CL., p. 1096.

2 Ibid., p. 1096.

if you can only palpitate to murder, suicide, and rape, in their various degrees - and you plainly state that it is so - caro, however, are we going to live through the days? Preparing still another murder, suicide, and rape? But it becomes of a phantasmal boredom and produces ultimately inertia, inertia, inertia and final atrophy of the feelings. 1

"Atrophy" is the strongest word of disapprobation which the life standard brings out of Lawrence. Besides this, those active feelings which Lawrence senses in the book, as opposed to the atrophy which they will produce, all amount to crimes against life: murder, suicide and rape.

However, Lawrence goes on trying to say something about the book which is not entirely damning even though it offends his whole feeling for life:

... if murder, suicide, rape is what you thrill to, and nothing else, then it's your destiny - you can't change it mentally. You live by what you thrill to, and there's an end of it.

Still it's a perverse courage which makes a man accept the slow suicide of inertia and sterility, Lawrence continues, and then begins to react against the book and its life qualities, for it is against the grain in him to even try and accept it.

If I don't find some solid spot to climb out of, in this bog, I'm done. I can't stand murder, suicide, rape....

He concludes, irritably, that all he wants to do is smack Lucy across the mouth, that Rampion is a gas-bag, and Huxley's attempt at "intellectual sympathy" is disgusting.² But Huxley is a

1 Ibid., p. 1096.

2 This was Huxley's attempt at intellectual sympathy with Lawrence's way of thought. He had tried to glorify Rampion in Point Counter Point, the character who was based upon Lawrence.

friend and Lawrence feels "caught"; he feels like saying goodbye to Huxley.

Two months later, writing of Point Counter Point to another friend, for whom he has to make no effort to try and be in sympathy with the book Lawrence dismissed it with a phrase "A bit cheap sensational I thought".¹ But in another two months, again writing to someone other than Huxley, Lawrence's reaction has cooled and he recognizes the life quality in Huxley's book without such recoil: "No, I don't like his (Huxley's) books; even if I admire a sort of desperate courage of repulsion and repudiation in them". But again, he continues recognizing the living being behind the life in the book: "I feel only half a man writes the books - a sort of precocious adolescent. There is surely much more of a man in the actual Aldous".² Thus run, just over a year before his death, Lawrence's last comments on the work of English authors.

1 Ibid., p. 1105.

2 Ibid., p. 1123.

CHAPTER FIVE: CRITICISM OF OTHER AUTHORS (Cont'd.)

A. Preliminary

Lawrence's studies of American literature were begun in 1917. In September of that year he wrote to Cynthia Asquith: "At present I am writing essays on 'The Transcendental Element in Classic American Literature'. This is snuff to make Uncle Sam sneeze".¹ A number of these essays were published in the English Review during the following year. Except for the letter on Dostoevsky (February 1916) the American essays, in the corpus of Lawrence's criticism, follow immediately upon his other major essay, the Study of Thomas Hardy (1914).

According to Armin Arnold, the essays on Classic American literature were written first of all in Cornwall in the winter of 1917-1918; were in part revised in Sicily in 1920; and were finally completely rewritten in America in the winter of 1922-1923.² In writing about these essays, however, I am not going to follow Lawrence's comments upon each author separately from the first version to the last before going on to the next author. I have treated the material in this way up to now so that, for instance, all the criticism of Tolstoi could be brought together and the logic of its development displayed.

1 CL. p. 523.

2 SM. p. 4. I accept this dating for clarity and convenience in writing about the material, although, as I have mentioned elsewhere, I have reason to believe Lawrence wrote at these essays through 1919 as well.

In the case of the American studies, the essays in each version are so closely related to each other that together they become one book. The critical logic of the books as complete units is much stronger than the logic of developing criticism through, say, the three versions of essays on Nathaniel Hawthorne, taken for discussion apart from their book context. I am therefore taking all the essays of one version together as one book, and all the essays of the other version together as another book. The discussion will thus be of the development between the two books, rather than the development of separate essays on the same author.

Versions 1 and 2 have not survived with their full complement of essays. Dr. Arnold has collected what remains of both versions and published them in one book, which he entitled The Symbolic Meaning. There is not a startling difference between the first and second version of the essays there reproduced.¹ I will therefore treat both versions as one book - the first stage in Lawrence's interest in American literature. The second stage of that interest is discovered by the book Studies in Classic American Literature (the third version of the essays given in The Symbolic Meaning) and Lawrence's review of Americans by Stuart P. Sherman, both written in America. The third, and

¹ This lends strength to the argument that Lawrence was writing at these essays almost continually, from 1917 and 1918, through 1919, to 1920. The division between versions 1 and 2 is not a clearly defined one, either time-wise or matter-wise. ("Matter" is here a carpet-bag word for content, attitude and execution.)

final stage of Lawrence's interest in American literature is revealed in a group of three reviews and one Introduction, written after he had left America.

Lawrence's best known work of criticism is, of course, the Studies in Classic American Literature. It is on the evidence of this book that Lawrence as a critic is invariably characterized and judged. It is becoming evident in this thesis, however, how very much wider is his range of topic and critical mood. I would say, in fact, that the Studies of 1923 are unique in Lawrence's criticism, rather than representative - especially mood-wise. It seems to me that these Studies are alone in Lawrence's criticism in that they were obviously written at a time when Lawrence was in a condition of high tension and under great pressure.

Critics have said variously that this tension was caused by dislike of America, or even more personal a reason, dislike of Mabel Dodge in particular. I offer a more neutral interpretation: that Lawrence was in the middle of that touchy process of being forced to re-order his patterns of past perception to make way for, and allow new, implacable (and, at the time, harshly disagreeable) schemata of experience to impress themselves on his perceptual memory and sensibility.

Thus I characterize the stages of Lawrence's interest in, and criticism of, the art which issued from the American continent

and its people, in three ways. The Symbolic Meaning it seems to me, was conditioned by Lawrence's artistic or dream perception of America and its art - the perceptive schemata of this dream vision having deeply intrenched roots, going right back to his first reading of the classic Americans as a youth. In the second stage, re-writing the Studies while first in America in 1922, I suggest that Lawrence's perceptive schemata were in a stage of friction and upheaval, as his actual experience of the American spirit, in people and continent, attacked and undermined the old and deeply sown schemata of his earlier vision of America.¹ Finally, after two more years of getting to know America, allowing his perceptive schemata to settle after adaptation, and after a number of months away from America, the third stage of Lawrence's criticism of American literature (1926-1929) reveals him judging with an insight and understanding based upon relatively newly acquired, but now accepted perceptive schemata of American experience.

The question remains, why did Lawrence have so much longer and deeper an interest in American literature than in any other, and so much more fierce a struggle when the actuality of American consciousness proved so different from the dream. I believe that, as with T.S. Eliot, critical interest echoed or paralleled

¹ I do not intend to suggest that the 1922-1923 versions of Studies is not the important work it has almost universally been claimed to be. I only intend to place the book relatively to Lawrence's other criticism, and in the light of the terms elaborated in this thesis.

creative kind. Eliot, of course, was strongly influenced in his creative work by those authors who drew his critical interest. The same cannot really be said of Lawrence, but I feel his interest in American literature may be explained by the fact that it seemed, on the whole, to reveal the kind of thing Lawrence worked for at the height of his own creativity: the psychic patterns of life embracing and running through but under the individual consciousness; American literature seemed to reveal the carbon, whatever forgeries it perpetrated with the diamond.

In The American Novel and its Tradition Richard Chase defines the American-ness of the American novel in terms which, though clearly not Lawrentian, nevertheless are an attempt to pinpoint the same element. "Since the earliest days" writes Dr. Chase "the American novel in its most original and characteristic form, has worked out its destiny and defined itself by incorporating an element of romance". The native tradition is seen, by Dr. Chase, as springing from England but "differing from the English tradition by its perpetual reassessment and reconstitution of romance within the novel form".¹ What Dr. Chase indicates by "romance" is in large part what Lawrence saw in American literature, and what American artists had in common with Lawrence as a novelist.

¹ The American Novel and its Tradition, by Richard Chase, p. viii.

Dr. Chase is using the word "romance" in a very particular way. In his argument:

... the word must signify, besides the more obvious qualities of the picturesque and the heroic, and assumed freedom from the ordinary novelistic requirements of verisimilitude, development, and continuity; a tendency towards melodrama and idyll; a more or less formal abstractness and, on the other hand, a tendency to plunge into the underside of consciousness; a willingness to abandon moral questions or to ignore the spectacle of man in society, or to consider these things only indirectly or abstractly. ¹

Throughout the three versions of his studies of the old American writers, from Benjamin Franklin in the eighteenth century, to Walt Whitman at the end of the nineteenth century, Lawrence continually shakes off the elements of social experience in his authors' works (see the essays on Benjamin Franklin, Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, and Fenimore Cooper's European novels, for the most obvious examples of this) and traces instead the patterns of the developing American psyche and its movements in the artists' vision.

In his "Foreword" to the American edition of Studies in Classic American Literature Lawrence claimed that in doing this he was "playing mid-wife to the unborn homunculus of America".² Indeed, writing between 1917 and 1922 Lawrence did not have the advantage of hind-sight which was Richard Chase's in 1957.

¹ Ibid., pp. viii-ix. Remove from this quotation the words "picturesque", "heroic", "melodrama", and "idyll" and what is left is in essence, what Lawrence was gesturing towards by the "carbon" letter.

² I quote from memory, having only the English edition of Studies, minus the "Foreword", to hand. There is an American paper-back edition in Doubleday Anchor Books, New York, circa. 1956 which does contain the "Foreword".

Dr. Chase wrote then: "It used to be thought that the element of romance in American fiction was destined to disappear".¹

But it seems that:

... the history of the American novel is not only the history of the rise of realism but also of the repeated rediscovery of the uses of romance, and that this will continue to be so. ²

It seems that Lawrence's American homunculus was born, and continues to grow, very much along the lines which he was the first and by far the earliest to sense out. The explanation of the great degree of Lawrence's precedence in this, as for the dominant interest (among his other critical writings) which American literature seems to have held for Lawrence, is, surely, as I have suggested, the affinity between their respective modes of artistic vision or predilection.

Dr. Chase's use of the word "romance" brings the argument, indirectly and by association only, to a puzzle which it would be well to discuss before starting with The Symbolic Meaning. It is probably indisputable that, in spirit, Lawrence was more of a "romantic" than a "classical" critic. Yet, as Mr. G. S. Fraser has acutely observed, the standard which appears to be at work in Lawrence's major essays on American literature "is a classical one: 'Nothing too much'".³ Strangely enough, this brings the argument back to the life standard, or Lawrence's

¹ Opus cit. p. xi.

² Ibid., p. xii.

³ The Modern Writer and his World, by G. S. Fraser, p. 376.

Twentieth century version of Matthew Arnold's nineteenth century value.

Right through all the versions of Studies, in varying tones and degrees of emphasis, Lawrence implies that, although it was desirable and necessary for the then present state of American "life" or consciousness to disintegrate in order to make way for the new kind of life which it promised, the excesses which are the disintegration are equally if not more unpleasant and anti-life than the excesses which brought about the state which must needs be destroyed. The life standard essentially demands a healthy balance between sensation ("experience" or "perception") and mentation ("knowledge" or "consciousness" - though, in Lawrence's vocabulary, these two latter words are ambivalent and can be used approvingly or disapprovingly according to context.) If either exceeds its proper bounds or proportion, the life of Lawrence's life standard goes rotten at the core and begins to disintegrate. Thus Mr. Fraser's observation of the criterion "nothing too much" in Lawrence's American Studies puts a finger right on the heart of the matter.

The puzzle is this: is "nothing too much" necessarily a classical standard only? An overbalance of sensation or of mental stimulation surely leads to decadence in the romantic artist's imagination or the romantic critic's criticism, as does

an overbalance of the one or the other warp perception or expression of life according to Lawrence's mature standard. It seems that "nothing too much" is the key standard in both classical and romantic criticism. Classical and romantic are not thereby, essentially the same however. One's sensibility rejects such a general proposition, as promptly as it rejects the possibility of Lawrence being a classical critic.

I am hesitant to embark upon the age-old critical problem: in what do classical or romantic criteria differ? There are so many different ways of looking at the question and as many, if not more, ways of answering it. In the terms of the present thesis, if classical and romantic critical criteria can not be differentiated by the one propounding a requirement of "nothing too much" and the other not, then perhaps they differ in the generic elements of critical criteria. But this cannot be as criticism of any kind, classical or romantic, is always an exercise of the basic mode of closely interacting perception and thought.

The answer may be in something of this direction: that each critical mode, classical and romantic, looks for and requires its own delicately balanced proportional distribution of emphasis of the basic elements. To put it crudely, the classical criterion would seek a state where the balanced co-existence of perception and intellectual processing was say 2:1 in favour of the latter; and the romantic criterion would seek for a state where the balance was 2:1 in favour of perception.

If this is a gesture in the right direction, the actual proportions of the combinations are ultimately indefinable, and range through the finest shades of changing proportions in the balance, as one mode moves nearer to, or further away from the other. But in either mode, if undue emphasis on one or other of the elements ever upsets the fine balance of its characteristic relative emphasis, decadence or disintegration sets in.¹ Thus "nothing too much" is the key element in classical or romantic criticism.

It is most rash to engage in peremptory discussion of such a notoriously elusive problem, and one which ranges over more areas of experience and literary history than one short paragraph could imply. My reason for making this hazardous attempt is that, otherwise, the coming discussion of Lawrence's Studies of Classic American Literature in all their versions would be dogged continually by a tricky and awkward paradox of apparently classical requirements exercised by the critic with the completely unrelated consequence of romantic critical responses. Lawrence's American essays do not display that kind of schizophrenia; they read as the intelligible production of one mind. Some attempt had therefore to be made to clear the ground before the arrival of multiple other issues, which discussion of the texts themselves will bring up.

¹ I am indebted to Professor A.R. Humphreys for indicating a possible way out of my impasse on this point.

B. American I: THE SYMBOLIC MEANING

The Symbolic Meaning, edited by Dr. Armin Arnold, contains, first of all, the first six essays of the American studies in version 1.¹ They had been published monthly in the English Review from November 1918 to April 1919. It then contains the first version of the essay on Nathaniel Hawthorne, divided into two parts. The first part appeared in the English Review for May 1919, and the second part is the remainder of the essay in version 1 which had not been printed (probably for space considerations, as this essay was much longer than the previous ones in the series) in the English Review. After this, in The Symbolic Meaning, Dr. Arnold places version 2 of the essay on Hawthorne which develops the unpublished section of version 1. This unpublished section had been largely concerned with The Blithedale Romance. In the version 2 revision that aspect of the essay became overshadowed by more material on The Scarlet Letter. In the final version, the Studies in Classic American Literature, the material was divided into two essays, one on each of the two novels.

The next essay printed in The Symbolic Meaning is called "The Two Principles". It has, as Dr. Arnold points out, little directly to do with literature, although it clearly set out to

1 i.e. "The Spirit of Place"; "Benjamin Franklin"; "Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur"; "Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American Novels"; "Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels"; and "Edgar Allan Poe".

Annotations from essays in The Symbolic Meaning retain the American spellings of the American edition.

be an introduction to the work of R.H. Dana and Herman Melville. The material in this essay was clearly taken up and redeveloped in Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious published in 1921 and 1922 respectively. The essay on "The Two Principles" was not therefore re-written for either version 2 or version 3 of the American studies.

The essay which Dr. Arnold prints after "The Two Principles" is the version 3 essay on R.H. Dana's Two Years Before the Mast. Dr. Arnold argues for the existence of two earlier versions, now lost, on the grounds that they were mentioned in "The Two Principles" and in version 2 of the Walt Whitman essay. The final version of the essay, printed here, will, however, be discussed in the context of the Studies in Classic American Literature, and omitted from the discussion of The Symbolic Meaning.

The remaining three essays of the series, "Herman Melville's Typee and Omoo", "Herman Melville's Moby Dick", and "Walt Whitman", are printed by Dr. Arnold in versions which he claims, from internal evidence, manuscript evidence, and some biographical detective work, must be from Version 2. Version 1 of these essays were presumably lost if Dr. Arnold's arguments are correct. Writing earlier of the version 2 essay on Nathaniel Hawthorne Dr. Arnold says that certain manuscript alterations:

...lead us to believe very strongly that Lawrence, in the Sicily revision, did not or only slightly - revise the material which had already appeared in the English

Review. But he completely rewrote the unpublished second part of "the essay on Hawthorne", and revised, though probably to a lesser extent, the essay on Whitman and the two essays on Melville. 1

← The diagram opposite ^{page 526b} makes the position visually clear. What remains of versions 1 and 2 together form a complete sequence (save one, the Dana essay) of American essays, written before Lawrence arrived in America. The Symbolic Meaning is therefore discussed here as one book.

One who writes on D.H. Lawrence's development as a critic has great cause to be grateful for Dr. Arnold's edition of this book. In as far as his relative dating of the various versions of the essays in the book can be checked I can only concur with his findings.² His accounts of the content of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning relative to the content of their parallels in the final version, is also usually accurate. Dr. Arnold's assessment of the kind and value of the essays, however, is boringly inflexible and thus, in the long run, unapt: he invariably finds the earlier versions logical, serious, quiet, convincing, lucid; while comparatively speaking the final Studies have degenerated, are exaggerated, hysterical, shrieking. This opinion is itself a little exaggerated and for a

1 SM. p. 162

2 I feel unhappily that the reasons Dr. Arnold gives for stating that the last four essays in his edition are a second version are not very water-tight. However, the American scholar has access to sixteen collections of Lawrence manuscripts (to the one collection existing in England at the University of Nottingham) and his descriptions and findings about such material must be bowed to. (There is a second collection of manuscripts in England, which is not listed in the Warren Roberts' Bibliography, in the City of Nottingham Central Reference Library; it does not contain any manuscripts of the American essays, however.)

Lawrence scholar, seems strangely out of tune with its material. It is not surprising that Harry T. Moore, in his preface to The Symbolic Meaning politely dissociates himself from some of Dr. Arnold's opinions.¹ Rich, lucid, subtle and quiet though the early versions are (English Review material, as opposed to a book directed to a more popular market) in my account of Lawrence's development as a critic they are seen as an important prelude to an even more important step.

Lawrence himself felt that in these early essays he was making an important step forward. They "rejoiced his soul"², he felt they would "make all the difference"³ and, moreover, they contained "a whole Weltanschauung - new, if old - even a new science of psychology - pure science".⁴ This new view of life in the early essays was in relation to an American Lawrence had only experienced from afar, or in books. Thus the Americanness of the American Literature as described in these essays was purely speculative and ideal - based upon schemata the first or deepest lying traces of which had been laid in Lawrence's early youth.

Jessie Chambers has described this period "When Lawrence would be 16-17" as "a kind of orgy of reading. I think we were hardly aware of the outside world".⁵

1 Ibid., p.xi.

2 CL. p.538.

3 Ibid., p.562.

4 Ibid., p.596.

5 E.T. p. 94.

The first book I recollect Lawrence bringing to me was Louisa Alcott's Little Women. We thought the story delightful, and set about finding correspondences. ¹

Then Lawrence and Jessie began to go to the lending library together each week:

When I called for Lawrence to accompany me to the library, if no-one else was in the house, he would take a volume of poetry from the bookcase (Longfellow in the early days) and read to me, always, as it seemed, with one ear cocked for an alien footstep. In this way, he read to me most of 'Hiawatha'.... He seemed disappointed when I did not care for the poems he read. ²

And to say that we read the books gives no adequate idea of what really happened, continues Jessie:

It was the entering into possession of a new world, a widening and enlargement of life. There was The Cloister and the Hearth that we all tried to read together, Lawrence and those of our family who were old enough to read, almost snatching the book out of one another's hands in our eagerness to follow Gerard's thrilling adventures..... Then we read Fenimore Cooper's Last of the Mohicans and The Pathfinder, with its impression of the expanse of level lake and silence, and R.L. Stevenson's Treasure Island and Kidnapped.³

Jessie's account continues to their later reading in those years. Lawrence:

....read and liked Emerson's Essays and became wildly enthusiastic over Thoreau's Walden, especially the essay on 'The Ponds'.

I remember, she goes on, Lawrence waiting one morning of a holiday to accompany my brother who was going to work in the Greasely fields,

¹ Ibid., p. 92.

² Ibid., pp. 94-5.

³ Ibid., p. 96.

.... telling us meanwhile how Thoreau built himself a hut in the woods and lived beside a pond.

It was a still, sunless morning, says Jessie, with a brooding light over the landscape, and the atmosphere Lawrence conveyed in his description seemed to tally perfectly with that particular morning.¹ Lawrence also discovered W.H. Hudson's South American Sketches and "passed it on as a wonderful find". And, all the time, Whitman's Leaves of Grass was one of his great books.²

These then were the first traces of American impressions which Lawrence received. When he later re-read American classics before writing the first versions of his American studies, Lawrence's perceptive schemata *for* American literature were modified, but the earlier ones were not rooted out. It seems to me, Lawrence wrote to Waldo Frank, in 1917, that;

.... the trouble with you Americans is that you have studied the European Word too much and your own word too little. As for us Europeans, I know our attitude 'those Americans are such children', - But, since I have known some Americans pretty intimately, and since I have really read your literature, I am inclined to think 'those Americans are so old, they are the very painted vivacity of age'. - 'Pourrie avant d'être mûre' some Frenchman said seventy years ago, about America³ U.S.A., that is - You have been perfectly articulate.

It was from a mixture of this kind of schemata and those previously described that The Symbolic Meaning was written.

1 Ibid., p. 101.

2 Ibid., p. 122.

3 CL. p. 524.

The first essay in The Symbolic Meaning is the 1917-18 version of "The Spirit of Place". Remembering once more that this series of essays were the first major work to follow upon the Study of Thomas Hardy, it is interesting to speculate if Lawrence's reading of The Return of the Native and his perception of the life quality of Egdon Heath were the seed in him of this major critical theory of the Spirit of Place. "All art" says Lawrence "partakes of the Spirit of Place in which it is produced".¹

Whether or not this is so, Lawrence begins his argument with another seemingly "borrowed" perception surely gained from Leo Shestov via Koteliansky.² Just as "Africa, seething in Roman veins" uttered "the infant cry of Tertullian, Augustine, Athanasius.... prelude to a new era" he says:

In the same way America, the new continent, seething in the English veins, has produced us the familiar American classics, of Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, or Fenimore Cooper, for example.³

But, continues Lawrence, we read the English utterance without getting the alien American implication: "our ears have been shut to the strange reverberation of that speech. We have not wanted to hear the undertone, the curious foreign, uncouth suggestion, which is in the over-cultured Hawthorne or Poe or

1 SM. p.16.

2 See Appendix 3.

3 Ibid. p. 16.

Whitman".¹

The knowledge that we are no longer one, says Lawrence, is difficult and painful for us to acquiesce in - as, of course, is all radically new knowledge or experience. It is time for us now, he goes on, to see that our great race experience is surpassed and exceeded. Our race idea may seem to hold good in the American mind, but our way of feeling is superceded. "It is this change in the way of experience, a change in being, which we should now study in the American books".² We can do this because art-speech is a language of pure symbols:

But whereas the authorized symbol stands always for a thought or an idea, some mental concept, the art symbol or art-term stands for a pure experience, emotional and passional, spiritual and perceptual, all at once. The intellectual idea remains implicit, latent and nascent. Art communicates a state of being. 3

Here it can now be seen plainly why Lawrence's critical life standard was perfectly apt to his perception of art.

However, it is not always straightforward, for "American art-speech reveals what American plain speech almost deliberately conceals". The deliberate ideas of the man conceal and obscure that which the artist has to reveal. This kind of perception Lawrence has had before, and was to have many times.

1 Thus in 1917 Lawrence anticipated by 36 years T.S.Eliot's address to Washington University in 1953, on "American Literature and Language" in which Eliot makes the point that: "The English reader of the day, certainly, would hardly have recognized in Natty Bumppo a new kind of man: it is only in retrospect that such differences are visible." (To Criticize the Critic, p.52).

2 SM. p.17.

3 Ibid., p.19.

again. This quality of duplicity, which runs through so much of the art of the modern world, Lawrence says, is almost inevitable in an American book.¹

What happens is this: first there is "the didactic import given by the author from his own moral consciousness" and then there is "the profound symbolic import which proceeds from his unconscious or subconscious soul." As it is this latter which carries and communicates the state of being "we must wake and sharpen in ourselves the subtle faculty for perceiving the greater inhuman forces which control us". For "great motions carry us and bring us to our place before we can even begin to know".²

One of the aspects of these great motions - clearly the life of the life standard which is in and beyond the individual - is that there is some subtle magnetic or vital influence inherent in every specific locality: "The place attracts its own human element, and the race drifts inevitably to its own psychic geographical pole".³

Having made this point Lawrence does not continue directly to the American Spirit of Place: he diverges in order to draw in those floating semi-literary kinds which are so difficult to account for. Perhaps, he says, unconscious reaction to the vital magnetism of some far-off unknown world is what gives rise to myth.⁴

1 Ibid., p. 18.

2 Ibid., p. 19.

3 Ibid., p. 20.

4 In this case, the Atlantis myth.

Why should not myth be the interpretation of unconscious experience; why should not legend be race-clairvoyance as much as race-memory?¹

In such a case, prophecy would be no absurdity - no more so than the sending and receiving of a wireless message. "A people, or an individual, need only most delicately submit to the message which is being received all the time upon its own finest tissue".² But, concludes Lawrence, it is easier to invent sensitive machines than to avail ourselves of our own marvellous sensibilities.

Returning to the pull of the American spirit of place, Lawrence continues: "The Pilgrim Fathers did not sail to America in search of religious freedom".³ The deepest human soul will always offer specious reasons for its movement, covering beyond all knowledge the true motive. Those Fathers seem, in retrospect, to have been seeking, not liberty but a gloomy and tyrannical sense of power. They had a "dark lust for power over the immediate life itself", a lust which is latent in all religious passion.⁴

Again Lawrence diverges, this time to elaborate upon the nature of religious passion, and to suggest the first in the series of dualities which continually crop up throughout The Symbolic Meaning. So long as a people is living and generous, says Lawrence, it fulfils its religious passion in setting free

1 Ibid., p. 23.

2 Ibid., p. 24.

3 Ibid., p. 24.

4 Ibid., p. 25.

the deep desires which are latent in all human souls - Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assissi, Martin Luther were liberators, but into Puritanism and Calvinism entered the dangerous negative religious passion for vindictive power over the life issue.

"It is absolutely necessary" says Lawrence "to realise once and for all that every enthusiasm, every passion, has a dual motion: first a motion...of setting free; and secondly a motion of vindictive repression..."¹ Which, of course, is in other words what we have said of the life standard as a dynamic motion or motive in criticism.

That which Lawrence sees as "repressed" is "the living impulse", the "spontaneous being".² It is the "life" of the life standard and is here clearly stated to be, as earlier stated, mystic and with strong numinous implications. "The mysterious body of life", "the mystery of life itself", "the life issue" in, through and beyond us, "the mystic thing, life":

The life-mystery precedes us. Our simplest spontaneous movement precedes all knowing and willing. Secondly and afterwards, we are conscious, we have voluntary control.³

"There must be a measure of control, that every deep desire may be fulfilled in its own fulness and proportion. But there must never be control for control's sake".⁴ Here, in direct connection with the life of the life standard is Lawrence's first statement of the criterion of "nothing too much".

1 Ibid., p. 25.

2 Ibid., p. 25.

3 Ibid., p. 26.

4 Ibid., p. 27.

However, Lawrence goes on, there lies latent in the soul of every man the desire to reverse the order of volition subsidiary to "spontaneous arrival". And so it was with the Pilgrim Fathers: the desire for volition first was uppermost. Thus when they were New Englanders "wielding the sword of the spirit backwards" they struck down the primal impulsive being in every man. In so doing they destroyed the living bond between men, "the spontaneous passion of social union", leaving mechanical, automatic units instead.¹

Now part of this was the doing of the Spirit of Place. The place "attracts its own", and it attracted the gloomy Pilgrim Fathers with a will to repress, "a tyrannical sense of power". We see later, in the Introduction to Bottom Dogs, the rationale of the American place drawing this type to itself. In the unknown America these men "walked a new earth, were seized by a new electricity". They had come like migrating birds on a magnetic current, and once there "Their subtlest plasm was changed under the radiation of new skies... their first and rarest life-stuff transmuted".² Uprooted from native soil, planted in strong aboriginal earth, the impulsive being withered, and for the time being, the self-determined being appeared in its place.³

Lawrence recognizes now, beyond the idyllic vision of his boyhood, a fiercer grain in the American place, its people

1 Ibid., p. 27.

2 Ibid., p. 29.

3 Ibid., p. 28.

and its literature. But, in The Symbolic Meaning, his vision retains some of that youthful glamour of idyll. For he is, overall, optimistic. Every great locality, he says expresses itself perfectly at last: in its own flowers, its own birds and beasts, lastly its own men, with their perfected works. In America:

At present there is a vast myriad branched human engine, the very thought of which is death. But in winter even a tree looks like iron... we cannot help being afraid... Yet the lovely cloud of green and summer lustre is within it.

"We wait for the miracle, for the new soft wind".¹

Meanwhile, we can only stand and wait. "We can listen" in American books "to the sad weird utterance of this classic America, watch the transmutation from men into machines and ghosts, hear the last metallic sounds." "And then perhaps we can see as well "glimpses of the mystic transubstantiation".² This is the rhythm of the philosophy which unfolds the sequence of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning. It is Lawrence's first statement of the living rhythm of dying into new life, which belongs to the mystic, numinous, and religious (as long as it is closely involved with the passional ground) dimensions of the life standard.³

The next essay in The Symbolic Meaning is the 1917-1918 version of the one on Benjamin Franklin. In Franklin Lawrence sees the epitome of the mechanical product of the automatized (Cont'd.)

1 Ibid., p.30.

2 Ibid., p.31.

3. This is not the death of sensual darkness at the extreme. That is only one half of one of the many dualities which Lawrence elaborates as appertaining within, overwhelmed by, the larger motion of death towards life.

American will, and the essay describes Franklin ~~pe~~joratively from that point of view. I want to start with the middle of this essay, in which section Lawrence outlines the antithetical kind of life against which he measured Franklin. This section does not appear in the 1923 version (which was first published in Amerca) - for the good reason, I suggest, that in the main it had already appeared in America as the "Introduction" to the 1920 American edition of New Poems.

This point is interesting for it reveals the stage (i.e. 1917-1918) at which Lawrence's life standard began to move away from the metaphysical abstract "principles", from wheels and hubs in perfect stillness and "eternality" of motion, and from "polarity" and "isolation". The movement towards momentaneity, relatedness, and then relationship, is by no means completed in The Symbolic Meaning; it is only beginning, only slightly on the way. I will argue later that the tension, and the compression of thought and material in which it resulted, in the 1923 re-writing of these essays precipitated the development and produced most of the typical Lawrentian qualities of the life standard as it was to be outlined in the theory essays written between 1923 and 1925. The precise nature of this advance is obscured, however, by the tone and mood *in which* the last versions of the essays, ~~by which~~ the Studies in Classic American Literature, were written.

The passages in the 1917-1918 Benjamin Franklin essay which, so strongly ~~fore~~shadowing the "Introduction to New Poems" written in

1919, reveal one of the growing points in the development of Lawrence's theory from the stage it was at in the Study of Thomas Hardy to the mature fullness of "The Novel" in 1925, are these:

all our knowledge

The religious truth is the same now as it has ever been: ~~that~~ preceding or will or effort is the central creative mystery, out of which issues the strange and forever unaccountable a strange emanation of creation... We cannot know where the quick of next years roses lies, within the tree. 1

So, within the living body of the universe, and within the living soul of man... lies the Presence, never to be located, yet never to be doubted, because it is always evident to our living soul, the Presence... prompting... new being, eternal creation which is always Now. 2

These ideas, expressed in perhaps a slightly different way, show no other difference from the philosophy of the Study of Thomas Hardy. But as Lawrence goes on, describing "the mystery of Now, the creative mystery, what we have called the Godhead" the quality and kind begin to change. This is seen in the imagery which is both new and yet the same. The Godhead:

...pulses for ever, in the motion of creation, drawing all things towards itself. And the running waves, as they travel towards the perfect centre of the revealed, now are buds, and infants, and children: further back, they are seed-scales and moving seed-leaves, and caterpillars; and further back, they are sun and water and the elements moving towards the centre of pure Now, of perfect creative Presence. 3

Thus the circling image of the Thomas Hardy Study which had been the ground of polarity between men and women, and the context of a conjunction which caused the creative cry or utterance of art, is changing into a circling, not of an abstract male or female but of incarnate creations; and the circling is not along parallel

1 Ibid., pp. 38-39

2 Ibid., p. 39

3 Ibid., p. 39.

circumferences, but inward towards the creative "quick".

As Lawrence elaborates the next half of the image, of the rippling back from and away from the quick, the geometrical circular quality begins to fade, and the chaos and plasmic momentaneity of "Introduction to New Poems" begins to dominate: incarnation and actuality continue to hold their place:

... in the outflow, the waves travel back. And the first waves are the people with hair tinged with grey, and flowers passing into fruit, and leaves passing into water and fire and mould, and the elements ebbing asunder into the great chaos, and further than the chaos into the infinite. 1

As Lawrence continues the incarnate quality of the mystic, numinous Now, in all its expressions, is even more firmly established. "The reality of realities is the rose in flower, the man and woman in maturity, the bird in song, the snake in brindled colour, the tiger in his stripes. In these, past and present and future are at one, the perfect Now. This is wholeness and pure creation."

So there is a ripple and shimmer of the universe, ripples of futurity running toward the Now, out of the infinite, and ripples of age and the Autumn glimmering back towards the infinite. And rocking at all times on the shimmer are the perfect lotus flowers of immanent Now, the lovely beings of consummation. / The quick of wholeness lies in this gleaming Now. 2

The image of the lotus flowers brings the thought here into immediate contact with the thought of "Introduction to New Poems" in which the lotus flower heaved itself from the flood, looked round, gleamed, and was gone. Even as the argument of that essay lined itself up in contrast with the gem-like poems of the eternities, so

1 Ibid., p. 39

2 Ibid., p. 40

here the argument leads to an attack on the fixed, the perfected, and Eternity. There is a false Now, as well as the mystic Now, says Lawrence, "roses that never fall are false roses".

The remaining steady, fixed, this is the false Now. And as the consummation into the whole infinite is the antithesis of pure Presence, so is Eternity the antithesis of the mystic Present, the great Now. For eternity is but the sum of the whole past and the whole future, the complete outside or negation of being. ¹

Alongside these likenesses, or perhaps even within them, however, the more abstract, less incarnate quality of Lawrence's life thought still persist. It was not until awareness of life as incarnate was established, that there was a possibility of "polarity" becoming "relatedness", and finally, through the medium of human sympathy, "relationship". The half-taken step revealed in these paragraphs of the first Franklin essay, was in the direction which would ultimately resolve the radical ambiguity of the Hardy Study.

All this was a big gun to draw up in opposition to Benjamin Franklin. It is time now to see why Lawrence felt Franklin had to be answered along these lines.

If we sift eighteenth and nineteenth century idealists' descriptions of the Perfect Man, begins Lawrence, we have the abstract of a character such as Benjamin Franklin's.

A man whose passions are the obedient servants of his mind, a man whose sole ambition is to live for the bettering and advancement of his fellows, a man of such complete natural benevolence that the interests

1 Ibid., p. 40.

of self never obtrude in his works or his desires - such was to be the Perfect Man of the future in the Millenium of the world. And such a man was Benjamin Franklin, in the actual America. 1

But it is necessary to insist, says Lawrence, "that the source of creation is central within the human soul, and the issue from that source proceeds without any choice or knowledge on our part"; 2 we can never construct or fabricate or even change our own being. The ideal being was man-created and so was Mary Shelley's monster, says Lawrence laconically: and the human will which projects itself upon a living being, and automatizes that being according to a given precept, also creates a monster.

Fairly early in life, says Lawrence, Franklin drew up a creed which was just such a given precept. Designed to "satisfy the professors of every religion" but shock none, it "left out all the qualities of the Godhead, utterly dispensed with the mystery of creation." 3 Franklin's God was no longer a creative mystery: "He was a reasonable Providence or Producer". Production as a criterion of Godliness leads to "the plausible, self-righteous, altruistic materialism of our modern world". 4

The difference between production and creation is the difference between existence and being, function and flowering, mechanical force and life itself. 5

Franklin proceeded to subdue his life to work automatically to his will. Modern virtue, says Lawrence, is machine principled,

1 Ibid. p. 36.

2 Ibid., p. 37.

3 Ibid., p. 38.

4 Ibid., p. 42.

5 Ibid., p. 43.

the endless repetition of certain sanctioned motions. "The old virtus meant just the opposite, the very impulse itself, the creative gesture, drifting out incalculable from human hands".¹

The effort to subdue one's life to an ideal Lawrence sees as part of a process of oneing:

... the process of forming a deliberate, selfconscious, self-determined humanity which in the acceptance of a common idea of equality and fraternity, should be quite homogeneous, unified, ultimately dispassionate, rational utilitarian.²

In Europe, according to Lawrence, the ideal remained one of mystic, exalted consciousness of oneness - in America it became a practical unison for the producing of the means of life.

To Franklin it did not seem to matter that he was an intrinsic being. He saw himself as "a little unit in the vast total of society".³ He liked comeliness and cleanliness but could not see each man is mystically himself and distinct. As far as affairs went, Franklin was admirable: "As far as life goes he is monstrous". Even his "Poor Richard" cartoons were flagrantly material and always derided³ "the spontaneous, impulsive or extravagant element in man".

Nevertheless, concludes Lawrence's discussion of Franklin, the life process required "this process of attaining to unison by conquering and subduing all impulses" for "it is not until man has utterly seized power over himself, and gained complete knowledge of himself... that he can really begin to be free".

1 Ibid., p. 43.

2 Ibid., p. 42.

3 Ibid., p. 46.

3 Ibid., p. 46.

Only then:

...will he learn to make the great choice, the choice between automatic self-determining and mystic, spontaneous freedom. ¹

When man has satisfied his will-to-power he will recognize that neither knowledge nor power is the ultimate attainment, but only being. Then "we shall know so perfectly that in fulness of knowledge we shall yield to the mystery",...we shall learn the pure lesson of "knowing not to know". ²

The next essay in The Symbolic Meaning is the 1918 version on Letters from an American Farmer, by Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur. To Lawrence they are "often tiresome and foolish, mere effusions of romantic egoism", but, he says, "Crèvecoeur had in him some of the stern stuff of an artist".³ Having insisted, in the previous essay, that our being issues from the creative source, proceeds without choice or "knowing" on our part, Lawrence now elaborates and says that it is "As creatures of duality" that we issue from the creative unknown. The duality is that of dynamic spiritual consciousness, and dynamic sensual consciousness.⁴ Both of these can be idealized. Within the Christian tradition Franklin had idealized the spiritual ethical impulse and Crèvecoeur had idealized the emotional sensual impulse.

1 Ibid., p. 48.

2 Ibid., p. 49.

3 Ibid., p. 54.

4 Ibid., p. 56. Lawrence elaborates: through the eyes "the spirit goes forth...seeing and beholding, till the I, the self,

Footnote continued on the next page.

4 continued...

has passed into the living universe to be at one with it, one and whole"; correspondingly, within the bowels "lies the burning source of the sensual consciousness. Here the self is positive and centripetal. Here I am I, darkly and fiercely sentient. Here I am dark-centric, all that is not me roams outside, looming, wonderful, imminent perilous - but wonderful and unknown". Finally, (p.57) "I need not strive after either consummation, but can accept the profound impulse, as it issues from the incalculable soul, act upon it spontaneously; and can, moreover, speak and know and be uttering myself as a tree in full flower utters itself. There is no real self-expression till there is a whole consummation".

Crèvecoeur, however, is an artist as well as an emotional idealist, says Lawrence. "And an artist is never, in being an artist, an idealist. The artist lives and sees and knows direct from the life-mystery itself".¹

Crèvecoeur as an artist lives from the great sensual centres, his art is in terms of the great sensual understanding, dark and rich and of that reserved, pagan tenderness to which we have lost the key.²

Although "in the sensual mystery there is that impulse to trust or love which leads to worship and empire" (this is the seed which was later fully developed in The Plumed Serpent.) no free creature can bear to be sensually encompassed.

Crèvecoeur the artist:

...sees as the savages see, knows as they know, in the dark mystery of division, difference, culmination, and contest. It is true his vision is rudimentary. He can only see insects, birds, and snakes in their own pristine being... he sees the pride, the recoil, the jewel-like isolation of the vivid self, the pure tender trust which leads to culmination, and the frantic struggles for the enforcing of this culmination.³

There must have existed, says Lawrence, "between Crèvecoeur and the little winged tigers" - hornets who had rested in the American farmer's living room - "that mysterious rapport, the sensual sympathy and confidence that balanced man and wasps, and enriched both". It is this magic immediacy between Crèvecoeur and other life which is, for Lawrence, the real beauty of the letters.⁴

Other examples which Lawrence quotes are also summed up in the

1 Ibid., p. 59.

2 Ibid., p. 60.

3 Ibid., p. 61.

4 Ibid., p. 62.

approving vocabulary of the life standard. When wrens drove swallows from their nest "we can imagine Benjamin Franklin in similar case applying justice" remarks Lawrence, but Crèvecoeur^{is} only delighted in the little living drama, watching the mysterious nature of birds asserting itself in arrogance and pugnacity.¹ Describing humming birds, Crèvecoeur "sees their dark, primitive, weapon-like souls" rather than their "little singing angel" aspect of modern sentiment. Writing of quails in winter Crèvecoeur reveals the beauty of "deep, tender recognition of the life-reality of the other... the tenderness of blood knowledge, knowledge in separation".² Crèvecoeur makes no attempt to identify with the birds; they are no "little sisters of the air"; he knows them as "strange, hot-blooded concentrations of dark presence".³ The best of the letters, about snakes and humming birds, is, finally, admirable for its "primal dark veracity".⁴

However, Lawrence's approval of Crèvecoeur is not unqualified: Benjamin Franklin had, according to Lawrence's criticism, been the complete automaton in defiance of life; with Crèvecoeur, however, the theme of duplicity - the conscious statement of the artist contradicting his real life vision - begins to come in to play. Crèvecoeur:

1 Ibid., pp. 62-3.

2 Ibid. p. 64.

3 Ibid. p. 65.

4 Ibid p. 65.

...wanted to know as the Indians and savages know, darkly, and in terms of otherness. But this desire in him was very strictly kept down by a fixed will. For he was absolutely determined that Nature is sweet and pure, that all men are brothers and equal, and that they love one another like so many cooing doves.¹

Thus Crèvecoeur is "divided against himself".² It is amusing, however, continues Lawrence, to see Crèvecoeur (who dressed daintily and frequently went to Paris, yet wrote about going to live with Indians in wigwams) "calculating the dangers of the step which he takes so luxuriously, in his fancy alone".³ Even while remaining the most civilized of beings, he knew the barrenness of it, and exulted in the thought that it is easier to turn white men into Indians than vice-versa.⁴

Crèvecoeur wanted to have his cake and eat it:

...the very nice cake of the human free-will, and the human ego self-determined; the creed of the ultimate oneness of all things, in a union of love. He had his cake - kept it whole. Only he nibbled the corners. He opened the dark eyes of his blood to the presence of bees, birds and serpents. He saw them in their magnificent struggling division, and their wonderful co-existence in luminous strangeness.⁵

To demonstrate his points in this essay Lawrence used a mixture of generous quotation, allowing the work to speak for itself, with small ejaculatory comments of appreciation; a technique of communicating his imaginative appreciation, by his own sensitive re-rendering of parts which struck him as beautiful;

1 Ibid., p. 67.

2 Ibid., p. 68.

3 Ibid., p. 68.

4 Ibid., p. 69.

5 Ibid., p. 70.

and a number of shorter quotations to substantiate slightly more critical comments of his own. The last quotation from the essay, given above, also shows a tinge of ironic evaluation, distancing and capturing tolerated duplicity in the artist. This was a critical weapon in the use of which Lawrence was to reach his height in 1923.

Before leaving this essay on Crèvecoeur it seems that, if Lawrence's perception of the existence of a spirit of place and its influence in literature may have been stirred by The Return of the Native and Egdon Heath, some of the further detail of the effects which the spirit of place has on the people who live there might first have been gleaned from his reading of Crèvecoeur. Lawrence quotes this passage from Letters from an American Farmer:

It is with men as it is with plants and animals that live in the forests; They are entirely different from those that live in the plains... By living in or near the woods, their actions are regulated by the wildness of the neighbourhood. The deer often come and eat their grain, the wolves destroy their sheep, the bears kill their hogs, the foxes catch their poultry. This surrounding hostility immediately puts the gun into their hands; they watch these animals, they kill some; and thus by defending their property they soon become professed hunters; this is the progress; once hunters, farewell to the plough. The chase renders them ferocious, gloomy, unsociable; a hunter wants no neighbours; he rather hates them, because he dreads the competition... Eating of wild meat, whatever you may think, tends to alter their temper. ¹

In his essay on "The Spirit of Place" Lawrence had written:

¹ Ibid., p. 68.

After only two generations in New England the first Yankees noticed that their stock had changed. The sturdy ruddy, lusty English yeoman had disappeared, the long-jawed sallow American took his place, with a pale nervous women-folk such as England has only lately begun to reckon with.

Uprooted from the native soil, planted in strong aboriginal earth, this thing happened to the English stock. The natural, impulsive being withered, the deliberate, self determined being appeared in his place. 1

These men who had arrived like migrating birds on an electric current, walked a new earth and were laid in line differently:

They breathed a savage air, and their blood was suffused and burnt. A new fierce salt of the earth, in their mouths penetrated and altered the substance of their bones. Meat of wild creatures, corn of the aboriginal earth, filled and impregnated them with the unknown America. Their subtlest plasm was changed under the radiation of new skies, new influence of light, their first and rarest lifestuff transmuted. 2

← Of course, if the few similarities of material suggests a possible connection between Crèvecoeur's observations and Lawrence's imaginative conception, what is suggested even more strongly is the powerful transmutation of material, which Lawrence may have picked up in his reading, in its passage through his mind.

Lawrence's next essay in The Symbolic Meaning is "Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American Novels". It belongs to the first version of the essays. Lawrence begins by summarizing the theory he had outlined in the previous essays. The living self bubbles up from the inscrutable well-heads of creation; when the

1 Ibid. pp. 27-28.

2 Ibid. p. 29.

mystery is followed to its source we find that "at its very entry this motion, this being, this consciousness, is dual". Lawrence now elaborates: the fountain head of the sensual consciousness is the abdomen, that of the spiritual consciousness in the cardiac plexus. ¹ Further, there is a movement of passional or dynamic cognition from one centre to another towards consummation in "whole experience" or "whole consciousness". ² The mind is "no more than an abstract" from "the great dynamic human consciousness". ³

"It is quite certain "Lawrence states, "that the pre-Christian priesthoods understood the processes of dynamic consciousness, which is precerebral..." ⁴ Such knowledge, however, was inevitably sensual. The Greeks seemed to discover the process of conquest of the sensual consciousness by the spiritual and now, after two thousand years of effort, "we have so subjected the centres of sensual cognition that they depend automatically on the upper centres". ⁵ Having established our knowledge and experience "all in one sort" mankind is imprisoned in the "cul de sac of our mutilated psyche". What lies before us is either escape or death, and even death is no escape because "we are always faced with the problem of the immortality of the soul". ⁶

The only way out, says Lawrence, is for each man to remember

1 Ibid., p. 74.

2 Ibid., p. 75.

3 Ibid., p. 75.

4 Ibid., p. 75.

5 Ibid., p. 77.

6 Ibid., p. 77.

his own dead.¹ Lawrence believes that those who die "return to the most beloved, enter in, and at last live in peace, gladly, at one with the most beloved".²

From this Lawrence elaborates an argument which is the immediate forerunner of the "momentaneity" of his "Introduction to New Poems".

So that the living are always living. The present is one and unbreakable. The present is not a fleeting moment. Moments may feel but I am here. And with me is one who is dead and yet lives in me. So that all life is always living, and the Present is one and unbroken. 3

This is more of a belief in a concept of an eternal Present than a belief that the quick of life and creative activity is revealed in the moment as it exists in continual flux and change. But a belief in the godliness of the Present was the necessary preliminary to the vision of momentaneity revealing the quick of creation.

The thread of Lawrence's argument proceeds from the return of the peaceful dead, to the return of the dead, who died unfulfilled, either because their automatised will had frustrated their living impulses when alive (this becomes relevant in Lawrence's discussion of Poe) or (as will be relevant in his discussion of Cooper's Leatherstocking novels) because their shades are angry and unappeased in some other way. Unappeased

1 Ibid., p. 77.

2 Ibid., p. 78.

3 Ibid., p. 78

souls enter those of the living angrily and destructively,

unless we, by our active living, shall give them the life that they demand, the living motions that were frustrated in them now liberated and made free. ¹

It is plain, continues Lawrence, that the American is not at one with the Red Man whom he has lodged in his own soul. Having destroyed a vital thing out of existence, the destroyer becomes responsible for continuing and perfecting the passional soul of the destroyed.² When the soul of the dead red man is at one with the soul of the living white, "then we shall have a new race". Meanwhile, says Lawrence, how different is the automatic spiritual ego which the American demonstrates to the world, from that deep and as yet unexpressed passional self. ³

Lawrence then concludes what is virtually an introduction to both the groups of Cooper's writings (the "Anglo-American" and the "Leatherstocking" groups) which interested him:

Fenimore Cooper very beautifully gives the myth of the atonement, the communion between the soul of the white man and the soul of the Indian. He also gives the frenzied, weary running-on of the self-determined ego, the mechanical spiritual being of America. ⁴

Thus he comes to the subject matter indicated by the title of the essay, Cooper's novels about white Americans only.

These novels, says Lawrence, are thin and bloodless:

"But they are not by any means without point, for Cooper was a

¹ Ibid., p. 79.

² This is what, in art, Natty Bumppo was to do for America.

³ Ibid., p. 81.

⁴ Ibid., p. 81.

profound and clever man".¹ Throughout all these American social books Lawrence senses the same "helpless struggle with a false position". The people in them are not free to be people, to be full, spontaneous human beings, because all their passion and movement works back to the false social assumption that all men are equal. "First, they are republican, American citizens. And then, a long way behind, they are living individuals". For this reason, says Lawrence, the books are empty of life, while they are full of sharp social observations".²

The novels which Lawrence has under discussion are Homeward Bound, Eve Effingham, The Spy, and The Pilot. His comments are mainly upon the first two, but in so far as they are meant to be general comments as well they are still a more apt comment upon the Effingham novels than ^{upon} the mystery/adventure stories. In the continual confrontation of the Effinghams (clearly of aristocratic extraction) with Septimus Dodge (of vulgar, back-slapping money-making nouveau-riche kind)³ Lawrence's point is substantiated. "A man is, and can be, no more than himself: his own single, starry self" therefore "by general consent all men must be free to be themselves". Nothing, says Lawrence, could be more just and wise. But "to go on from there and declare that all men are equal, and even, ultimately, identical, is nonsense".⁴ Moreover, the assumption that "though no man is

1 Ibid., p. 81.

2 Ibid., p. 83.

3 I suspect Cooper of unfairly stacking the cards against the Septimus Dodge kind.

4 Ibid., p. 83.

higher than any other man intrinsically, still some men are superior mechanically. Some men are more productive materially than others", is worse still.¹

It is true, Lawrence had written earlier, that the aristocratic system of the past is arbitrary and false. But it is not so arbitrary and false as our present aristocratic system:²

When men are most truly themselves, then the difference is most real and most evident. And it is not only a difference in kind, it is a difference in degree. Eve Effingham is not only a finer being than Septimus Dodge, she is by nature a superior being. Septimus should yield her the reverence and respect due to a higher type from a lower. And she should implicitly command that respect. 3

The language here is rather pompous, and, although Cooper clearly reveals in the Effingham novels the tensions between the two kinds of people, none of the characters seem sufficiently distinct to emerge clearly as a separate being to merit description as "superior" to any other. However, the main drift of Lawrence's argument is substantiated by the Effingham novels. In exercising the life standard (in a guise nearer to the ideal of distinct individuality in the Hardy Study than to the ideals of "quickness" and "relatedness" in the essays on the novels) to elucidate them, Lawrence does not distort his material, yet at the same time he utilizes it to serve his theme: men should not force their "being" to subserve any ideal, much less a false one.

1 Ibid., p. 85.

2 Ibid., p. 84

3 Ibid., pp. 83-84.

"Let every man get back to himself" says Lawrence, by living "spontaneously, from the living real self".¹ For, he continues (picking up again, from the beginning of the essay, the theme of "duality") there is not only duality within us, there is duality outside of us as well. This is "the duality of life itself, the polarity of the living".²

The full eye of the deer or the rabbit or the horse would stagnate and lose its lustre, save for the keen, strange eye of the wolf and the weasel, and of man. The electric, almost magical, flash of a rabbit's mysterious passion depends entirely on the existence of the stoat.³

That is to say that the Effinghams only retain their own life quality in polarised distinction from the Dodges, and vice versa. Eve Effingham, impaled on the ideal of equality with all men, Dodges included, is depolarised. "When we depolarise ourselves we cease to live" says Lawrence. "We must return to the great polarity of the life motion".⁴

The life standard is here clearly at work, in its pre-relatedness stage of development. Lawrence's concluding sentences state that "the human soul (must) be purified in unspeakable resistance to the mass"⁵ - not yet, for Lawrence, is life itself in "relatedness to the circumambient universe". The notion of "polarity" is, however, on the way to the notion of "relatedness"- from which the notion of "relationship" eventually comes.

1 Ibid., p. 86.

2 Ibid., p. 86.

3 Ibid., p. 87.

4 Ibid., p. 86.

5 Ibid., p. 87

Next in The Symbolic Meaning is the first version of Lawrence's essay on "Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels". In these novels, says Lawrence, are mystery and passion and further progress into the unknown. If in the Effingham Cooper had symbolised his own actual and self-determined life, in Leatherstocking he symbolised "his own last being, strange and wrought to a conclusion, seeking its consummation in the American woods and the Indian race, his pure complement in the Chief Chingachgook".¹ Though as a citizen Cooper lived impeccably "his living soul moved on in passional progress".² It is amazing to Lawrence that, in spite of however great a degree of subjection, a man's "vital" reaction can still go on. Cooper lived "buried even over the head" in the old European convention, yet he still had a "last consummation to effect". It is described in the Indian novels.

Natty Bumppo is an unaesthetic figure, especially when we first see him in The Pioneers - an old uncouth, ungainly man. Yet, says Lawrence, "he is Cooper's very self of selves, the quick of his being... the passional, so-called phallic dual or Döppelgänger".³ of his soul. The "passional" "quick" of the individual is then subsumed into an all-embracing "race-soul", loosely identified with the Spirit of Place. To Cooper there was one whom he loved ceaselessly: "the aboriginal American,...the great demon, the vast Spirit of Place in the New World (which) drew him,

1 Ibid., p. 94.

2 Ibid., p. 94.

3 Ibid., p. 95.

polarized the whole of his living psyche". In the story of Leatherstocking and Chingachgook, Cooper dreamed "his true marriage with the aboriginal psyche... with whom he would be at one in the ultimate atonement between races".¹

Thus Lawrence describes the Leatherstocking sequence in contradistinction from Homer's Odyssey:

The Odyssey of Homer is the story of the unfolding of the pristine soul of a race, in the potency and wonder of the surrounding unknown, until it consummates and perfects itself like a flower in spring. The novels of Leatherstocking give us the opposite story, of the passing of the final race-soul into the unknown, towards a surpassing of the old race-being.

← At last the soul in the conqueror embraces and is at one with the ghost of the conquered and the new birth is "the birth of a new race, risen from the inscrutable consummation of two past races".²

The first book of the sequence in which this drama of the living psyche in America is unfolded, is "The Pioneers". It is set in an outpost village which Lawrence describes as:

England lost on the edge of the unknown; England more English and characteristic than England ever was, asserting itself in the toils of the great dark spirit of the Continent.³

No man could sufficiently praise the beauty and glamorous magnificence of Cooper's presentation of the aboriginal American landscape, says Lawrence. But against it is the story of pain.⁴

Leatherstocking, or Natty Bumppo, as he is called in his old

1 Ibid., p. 96.

2 Ibid., p. 94.

3 Ibid., p. 97.

4 Ibid., p. 96.

age, "is old and paltry-looking, as Odysseus in the eyes of the Ithacans on his return".¹ The splendid Chingachgook, now a Christian called John, "humiliates his grey hairs in drunkenness, and dies, thankful to be dead, in a forest fire, passing back into fire, whence he derived".² Meanwhile, Natty is also humiliated. Game laws have just been passed but as a simple old man of seventy he does not understand, shoots when he wants to eat, in the close season, is put in stocks and in prison. Once released, he leaves the woods of the east where he has hunted all his life with the Red Man and goes west "in his lonely age, departing before the advance of civilization".³ Over the whole world, says Lawrence, we hear the great wail of natural life under the triumph of civilization. "But the violated Spirits of Place will avenge themselves".⁴

The next book in the series, The Prairie, differs from the others in that it is a story more about recoil and death than about the conclusion of Natty's spiritual Odyssey. This is indeed the book in which Natty's death is described. The Indians of the west are suave and gentle. Among them the old hunter dies "in his chair on the western hills...looking far eastward, where his soul's land lies". He had gone beyond himself, there in the west, in the village of his last days.⁵ The book which follows, The Last of the Mohicans, goes backwards in time, to Natty

1 Ibid., p. 96.

2 Ibid., p. 98.

3 Ibid., pp. 98-9

4 Ibid., p. 99

5. Ibid., p. 100. The structure of the time sequence in these novels
Footnote continued on next page.

5 Continued..

read, in Lawrence's way, as a logically developing series, reminds one of Wuthering Heights: the sequence of events in time is involuted, though the spiritual Odyssey progresses straight forwardly. The structure of the time sequence here is not as complex as that of Wuthering Heights, however.

in the prime of life, but forward in the psychological progress of Natty or, as he is now called, Leatherstocking, towards atonement, at-one-ment, with the soul of the conquered Red Man, and the vast spirit of the American place. This could only happen after he had withdrawn from, and died out of, the "progress of 'civilization'".

This death out of New England civilization, however, is only a small part of the theme of The Prairie. In this novel, the violated Spirits of Place avenge themselves on the white man as Lawrence had foretold after The Pioneers. The Prairie is "the story of the recoil and death of the white element in the force of the native daimon". Ishmael and his huge sons "primitive as the Cyclops themselves" are shadowed with "a sense and a reality of crime". They are thus shadowed, and ultimately fated for it, one presumes, because with passive but ugly wilfulness they force their way forward against and across the current or force of the spirit of the place, instead of seeking polarity with it. The white man, Leatherstocking, moves on the prairie unharmed and with no aura of sin: seemingly because he polarizes his life awareness in relation to the alien power of the place. There is a difference, says Lawrence, between the west and the east. In the east "the brutal spirit of the prairie, the brutal recoil of Ishmael, these are the place-reality".¹ Day after day Ishmael and his sons roll impassively on, "but their force of penetration ebbs. They

¹ Ibid., p. 100.

are brought to a stop. They recoil in the throes of murder...";¹ and thus the spirits of the place had their revenge. They were a destructive force for those who by their living motion did not set them free.²

Turning next to The Last of the Mohicans Lawrence remarks, first of all, that it is the most imperfect of the Leatherstocking books because it hesitates between historical verity and the true impulse of creative revelation:

It is not till the book passes away from contact with history and white man's settlement and enters the confines of the Red Man that it expands into sheer significance.³

This, says Lawrence, is "biography in futurity", the record of the race-individual as he moves from the present old age of the race into re-birth, and new youth ahead. It is "the return of the aged Ithacus and ... his rejuvenation".⁴

For the first time, in this book, Cooper gives us the vital presence of women, says Lawrence. There is the dark, handsome Cora, half-English and half-Creole; and there is Alice, the fair, frail "White Lily". Cora is in love with and is loved by, Uncas, the last of the Mohicans. She is also loved by Magua, a subtle and wicked Indian who destroys them both, and is killed himself. Lawrence concludes:

There is to be no marriage between the last fiery slips of the Red and White race - no marriage in the flesh. So we

1 Ibid., p.99.

2 Ibid., p.79.

3 Ibid., p.101.

4 Ibid., p.101.

As the quotation continues to describe the mystic consummation of the two races in the persons of Natty and Chingachgook in "linear" rather than "circling" terms, the concept or awareness of "relationship" does in fact set in; the men behold each other:

...balanced in unspeakable conjunction - a love so profound, that it is unexpressed; it has no word or gesture of intercommunion. It is communicated by pure presence alone, without contact of word or touch. This perfect relationship, this last abstract love, exists between the two isolated instances of opposite race. 1

There is here the idea of relationship in a rather static form. When, however, by force of circumstantial pressures, it is blended or married with the idea of momentaneity (which has, as we have seen, begun to emerge in the earlier essays of the book), the living, changing relationship of a man to his circumambient universe, and then with the fellow men who inhabit that circum-ambience, which is Lawrence's mature life standard, finally emerges.

Nevertheless, it must needs be said that Lawrence's life standard at the stage of its development in this essay, is perfectly adapted to elucidating these novels. The later complex of the life standard (more mature in that it blends perception and idea in a fine balance, rather than over emphasising the one or the other) would not be as well fitted for the expression of Lawrence's present perception of a rather abstract mystic race-consummation. From this communion, says Lawrence:

1 Ibid., p. 103.

is procreated a new race-soul, which henceforth
gestates within the living humanity of the West. 1

So, he concludes, all new being comes into existence. First,
in the consummation within the perfected soul of a mature creature,
then in "the translation of this consummated new term of creation
into the fresh soil of succeeding life". 2

The book that follows The Last of the Mohicans is Pathfinder.
Of it, Lawrence says: "it is a beautiful and finished work, but
it has not the passional profundity of its predecessors". What
it gains in finish, harmony, unity, and beauty, it loses in depth
of significance. Cooper creates a scene of wide, glimmering
expanses of shiny water,³ the tiny and furtive Indian canoe,
steep hills and virgin shores, and then the lonely log-house
garrisoned with outpost souls - "all this makes up the American
epic".⁴

In this novel Natty is called Pathfinder, and finding him-
self "perilously departing from the season of youth into the
rigidity of age... he experiences the inevitable misgiving". He
trembles on the edge of space as the poppy did in the philosophy
of the Hardy Study.

It is a shrinking from the sheer communion in isolation,
which lies ahead... It is the inevitable denial of the
extreme mystic impulse. 5

So with a fear of the future, combated by a desire for a "determined"

1 Ibid., p. 103.

2 Ibid., p. 104.

3 cf. E.T. p.96.

4 SM p. 104.

5 Ibid., p.105.

existence, for stability rather than exposure, Pathfinder proposes to Mabel Dunham on the strength of a love which "proceeds from the head and the will" alone.¹ Fortunately for Lawrence's critical interpretation of Natty's role, Mabel refuses. Natty has a struggle with his amour propre, and then "He has got back to the right track". Lawrence draws a sigh of relief.²

Cooper's last book in the Leatherstocking series, Deerslayer is, says Lawrence, the loveliest and best. "It has the purity of achievement of Pathfinder and the passional depth of the earlier works".³ From the first words we pass straight into the world of sheer creation, continues Lawrence, "the spell must lie in the luminous futurity which glimmers as a plasm in all the landscape".⁴ In the logic of Lawrence's critical argument this "luminous futurity" must belong to the future America, the new race which is to come after Natty (or the spirit of the white man in America) has made the furthest journey towards consummation with the ghost of the old race (the responsibility for whose extinguished life Natty or the White man bears in his own soul) and, after this consummation, has travelled beyond, on into the unknown. This is the next and final stage in psychological race progression which Lawrence sees revealed in these novels.

In this novel, Natty is in his youth: his name is first of all Leatherstocking, until, having proved his prowess with the gun,

1 Ibid., p. 105.

2 Ibid., p. 105.

3 Ibid., p. 106.

4 Ibid., p. 106.

he is re-named Deerslayer. In this novel he has "a quality of virginity" together with the "terrible oldness, the old man's deliberateness, of his race". Along with these qualities he now has "a new suspended quality... the strange blankness that precedes a dawn".¹

Amongst the other characters in the novel "Cooper, like Hardy, has an inevitable break between fair and dark". He has, says Lawrence, only three types: the dark and sensual (which Cooper has to justify, presenting them as having an element of sin); the blonde and spiritual; and the mechanical, material, conventional type. Speaking of the first two types, the fair and the dark, Lawrence says:

This division into duality, and the conflict in dualism in the self, and the inevitable ensuing tragedy is Hardy's theme as well as Cooper's. Hardy had no way out. He throws his approbation in the spiritual scale, his passion in the sensual scale, and the balance is so equal and opposite that the scales themselves, the human life, can only break into death. Cooper has the same division, the same tragedy. But he has two ways out: either the material-social successfulness into which his admirable Mabels betake themselves, or the strange blank reality of Deerslayer.²

It was not until a number of years after writing this that Lawrence himself articulated a third way out, through tender, passionate, societal (as opposed to polarized) relationship, oscillating sensitively through the continual flux of life.

In the action of Deerslayer Judith Hutter, the dark, sensual, flower of sin rejects the advances of Hurry Harry, the big

1 Ibid., p. 106.

2 Ibid., pp. 107-108.

blustering woodsman with a deep quality of cowardice in his soul. Judith loves Deerslayer instead, but he "will not be sensually possessed by any woman. He is the spiritual type".¹ He sticks to his own singleness for he:

represents the heroic spirit of his race passing in singleness and perfection beyond his own race, into the pure unknown of the future.

He is "a delicate hero, frail like an autumn crocus, and as deathly, but perfect".² He remains true to the Christian tenets of humility, mercy, selflessness, and yet he can only live in the presence of danger and death.³ Thus are the two races met in him: and at the end of this his great race-journey, there is no succumbing to woman.

To finally describe this paradoxical consummation in Natty and his race, Lawrence returns to the image he used in the Hardy

Study:

...now, at the end, he sees beyond him, in face of him, that which he has been journeying away from. Beyond him and in front of him he sees the Red Man, the sensual being which for ages he has been destroying or fleeing from. And that which he has most perfectly destroyed he now most perfectly accepts across the gulf. 4

Only the spiritual being can thus destroy and then accept the sensual being. It is for this reason there is no physical mating for him - only the passage and consummation into death.⁵ For "as an individual and as a race unit he must pass utterly into

1 Ibid., p.108.

2 Ibid., p.109.

3 Ibid., p.110.

4 Ibid., p.110.

5 Ibid., p.110.

death-dissolve out". But this is a process of futurity: Natty is "the flower which burns down to mould, to liberate the new seed ... of the true future of the as yet unborn, or scarcely born, race of Americans".¹

My own reading of Cooper's novels was clearly far, far less sensitive than Lawrence's. I did not sense, and still on my own effort do not, this drama of mystic consummation in the Leatherstocking sequence. Yet in reading Lawrence's criticism, as it unfolds the vast myth, I do not feel that it has been arbitrarily imposed on the material, rather than coming out of it. Lawrence's vision of these books seems to be rooted in, or to well up out of, the depths of the novels themselves. Nevertheless, it is indubitably a Lawrentian vision.

I think perhaps nowhere else is so clearly displayed the fact that art is a communication, needing essentially both a sayer and a sayee. The experience between the two which is the point where art essentially functions and "lives" is different every time either component changes: it is even different at different times when sayer and sayee remain the same.

With a real and profound work of art, a reader of rich imaginative power will consummate a rich and profound experience. This is a slightly different way of approaching C.S. Lewis' proposition that art may be better judged by how it is read, rather than by any absolute standards postulated either within or without

¹ Ibid., p. 111

it. Only a good work can survive scrutiny by, or dialectic with, a powerful sayee.¹

Clearly, however, a work of art is not essentially relative, or uncontrollably at the mercy of its reader or beholder. It contains certain facts which cannot be denied: we can tell when a complete misreading is made. Within limits it can be asserted that such and such is or is not, true of or contained by a particular work of art. The higher the skill in perception and communication the greater degree of assertion may be valid.

But a more important point about the practice of criticism, the sine qua non or raison d'être of its continued existence, is the communal enrichment of the kind of empirical aesthetic experience and knowledge which it can afford to the unending stream of sayees in the succession of generations. The literature of criticism is a sharing of the multiple visions a work has or can consummate in multiple critics. I am glad to have read Lawrence's criticism of Cooper as my own reading of his novels is enriched thereby. Even though the experience I now have in reading a Leatherstocking book is still my own and not, alas, Lawrence's with his visionary power.²

1 This does not, however, work the other way round. A poor sayee cannot undermine the work of a valuable sayee which will persist for other sayees without his sanction.

2 T.S. Eliot said in 1953 (To Criticize the Critic, p. 52) that Lawrence had written "the most brilliant of critical essays" on Cooper. He was probably thinking of the third and final version of these essays which were more current at the time. But Eliot may just possibly have read these early versions in the English Review or had foreknowledge of the contents of The Symbolic Meaning in some other way.

The next essay in The Symbolic Meaning is the first version of Lawrence's essay on Edgar Allan Poe. Lawrence begins by saying that Leatherstocking is the last instance of the integral, progressive, soul of the white man in America; what remains is the old tree withering and seething down to the crisis of the winter death, the white race in America disintegrating in electric decomposition to the crisis where the old perishes in the denuded frame of man and the first throb of the new sets in. In the same way as the body after death decomposes in a "slow and mysterious ... life process of post-mortem activity" the great white psyche must not only die, but it "must be reduced back to its elements by a long, slow process of disintegration, living disintegration".¹

In this imagery, with which Lawrence embarks upon his discussion of Poe, it seems that the life rhythm of death and resurrection is beginning to embrace a further new aspect. Up to this point, and particularly in the previous essay, that rhythm of life had been predominantly a mystic and spiritual one. The imagery which expresses the thought in the opening of the Poe essay is gathering around it connotations of the rhythm incarnate.

For the time being, however, this notion returns to quiescence, and Lawrence takes up as his theme the more dominant connotation in the imagery: the withering, seething, electric decomposition and disintegration. Poe, he says:

... shows us the first vivid seething reduction of the

¹ Ibid., p. 116.

psyche, the convulsive spasm that sets-in in the human soul, when the last impulse of creative love, creative conjunction, is finished.

Man must be stripped of himself; the process is slow, bitter, beautiful. "But the beauty has its spark in anguish; it is the strange, expiring cry, the phosphorescence of decay".¹ —→
 ← To describe this Poe must needs be more of a scientist than an artist. "Art", says Lawrence here, "displays the movements of the pristine self, the living conjunction or communion between the self and its context."

(It is notable that this, the basis of what was to become "relationship with a circumambient universe", is still expressed in a predominantly abstract and mystic vocabulary. It seems to be exclusive of the physical and actual properties of man. When pressure drives Lawrence's perception of the physical and the spiritual into one indivisible perception of man as a living whole, rather than as a coalescence of separate elements, then the word "relationship" is steadily and specifically used - a word which implies a connectedness which only man as a whole, spiritual and actual physical self can undertake and achieve.)

If art displays the living self in connection with its context, then Poe is a scientist, for he works with the post-mortem reality. Sensation is, in Poe's work, "that momentaneous state of consciousness which concurs with the sudden combustion and reduction of vital tissue".² The movement of a "story" depends on

1 Ibid., p. 117.

2 Ibid., p. 118.

the spontaneous emotion or gesture arising causeless out of the living self. Poe must be said to write "tales". "A tale is a concatenation of scientific cause and effect".¹

The chief of Poe's tales depend on the passion of love, says Lawrence; but it is a kind of love which is a purely frictional, destructive force for it is based on the self-determined ego instead of the mystic, spontaneous self.² The motto to the tale "Ligeia" is taken from Joseph Glanville. "God is but a great will" it runs, "Man doth not yield.... save only through the weakness of his will". Lawrence protests, and in so doing clearly links that which so far, in The Symbolic Meaning, has appeared with numinous qualities as the mysterious creative source of life, with that which other men call God. "God" he says "is not a will. God is a mystery from which creation mysteriously proceeds".³

"So" Lawrence goes on to say "is the self a unit of creative mystery"; thus he prepares the ground for his attack on the lust to "know" others to a degree which is not seemly or healthy. It is this lust which brings about the phosphorescence of decay and disintegration; in that sense it inevitably plays a key role in working out the life-rhythm Lawrence has described and postulated. But in itself it is a process of excess causing decay.

"Life" in Lawrence's criterion is in one important sense dependent upon knowing and not transgressing, the proper limits of

1 Ibid., p. 118.

2 Ibid., p. 118.

3 Ibid., p. 119.

oneself. The "excess" of the Hardy Study had been a quality of running to the height of one's own being and then pushing that bit further ahead so as to become alight with new life of one's own self. It was not ~~that~~ excess which Lawrence denigrates in Poe.¹ The latter was the excess which knew not the bounds of its own distinction from others, and did not respect the bounds of their "otherness" either. It was to be the target in Lawrence's final essay on Walt Whitman, also. This was the unbalance or excess which mobilized the demand of Lawrence's critical criterion for "nothing too much". Excess of knowledge kills, and is therefore inimical to the life standard.

There are two kinds of knowledge, says Lawrence in this essay on Poe. There is that when we know in full, because we are in full. "In the fullness of our own being we are at one with the mystery; in the deepest and most beautiful sense we know it". But the other kind is the exact knowledge of the deliberate will: it is this kind of knowledge which kills; and it was on this kind of will to know that the love in the tale of "Ligeia" was based.²

In Poe and Ligeia, says Lawrence, the balance in equilibrium, which is the peace and beauty of creative love, is impossible: "Each is possessed with the craving to search out and know the other entirely".³ It was this which destroyed Ligeia, according

1 Nevertheless, Lawrence ceased to use the word in its approbatory sense almost as soon as he had written the Hardy Study. It was a word of too obvious ambivalence, for him, to use comfortably.

2 Ibid., p.121

3 Ibid., p.122

to Lawrence's perception. First it killed her, and then active and unsatisfied she returned within the soul of her husband and destroyed Rowena. At last "from the corpse of Rowena Ligeia rises fulfilled. When the corpse opens its eyes at last the two are identified, Ligeia with the man she so loved". This identification consumes their individuality: henceforth they do not exist.¹

The longing for identification with a beloved becomes a lust, says Lawrence "when the self is broken, and the mystery of the recognition of otherness fails".² Roderick in "The House of Usher" has also lost his self, his living soul, in the merging with his sister Madeline. He has become a mere sensitised instrument of external influences. It is a question, says Lawrence:

how much, once the rich centrality of the self is broken, the instrumental consciousness of man can register. When man becomes self-less, wafting instrumental like a harp in an open window, how much can his elemental consciousness express? ³

Probably, Lawrence answers his own question "a sort of dream-process where the association between parts is mechanical, accidental as far as passional meaning goes". It is of this, Lawrence goes on, that Poe is master: this vibrational or inorganic consciousness.⁴

1 Ibid., p. 124

2 Ibid., p. 125

3 Ibid., p. 126

4 Ibid., p. 127

This is best seen in "The Fall of the House of Usher".

The burying alive of the Lady Madeline and her return to her incestuously beloved brother, her frustrated life entering into him and bearing him down to death with her:

... is lurid and melodramatic, but it really is a symbolic truth of what happens in the last stages of this inordinate love, which can recognize none of the sacred mystery of otherness, but must unite into unspeakable identification, oneness in death. 1

The best of Poe's tales, says Lawrence, all have the same burden. Whether it is love or hate (cf. "the lust of Montresor utterly to devour the soul of Fortunato"²) which is inordinate, consuming, desire: "in either case the result is the dissolution of both souls, each losing itself in transgressing its own bounds."³

Lawrence concludes his essay on Edgar Allan Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination with a restatement that the triumph of love, "which is the triumph of life and creation, does not lie in merging, mingling, in absolute identification of lover with the beloved. It lies in the communion of beings, who, in the very perfection of communion, recognize and allow the mutual otherness".⁴

Nathaniel Hawthorne is the only one of the classic American authors on whom Lawrence's essays survive from all three, Cornwall, Sicily and American, versions. Nevertheless, they are not complete

1 Ibid., p. 128

2 Ibid., p. 128

3 Ibid., p. 129

4 Ibid., p. 130

parallels. The first version, which is the next essay in The Symbolic Meaning, is in two parts. Only the first part was published in the English Review for May 1919. It contains more "philosophy" and then an interpretation of The Scarlet Letter. The second part, which was not published in the Review (possibly it was guillotined by the editor because of lack of space), is here tacked on to its preceding half by Dr. Arnold. This previously unpublished continuation of the original essay completes Lawrence's earliest interpretation of The Scarlet Letter and then proceeds to a shorter account of The Blithedale Romance.

Taken as a whole, the essay begins with an elaboration of yet another kind of "duality". For someone who was later to attack "classification" as an ossific activity the Lawrence of 1918 at least was remarkably fond of this particular classification. The "duality" defined in this essay is not the "duality at the source" of life, sensual and spiritual, which could be subsumed into one consciousness of an earlier essay. This is a duality of consciousness. "First, there is the physical or primary mind" - a spontaneous centralizing of the "duality" of the Crèvecoeur essay; "Secondly, there is the ideal consciousness" which we recognize as mental, located in the brain.¹ In the highest art, says Lawrence, the primary mind expresses itself in direct, dynamic communication; but this expression is harmonious with the outer "cerebral" consciousness.²

1 Ibid., p. 135

2 Ibid., p. 136

Upon this distinction Lawrence bases definitions of myth, legend, romance, art, and philosophy. At the beginning of civilization, he says, the upper mind cannot deal adequately with the tremendous conclusions of the primary mind; the great dynamic concepts can find no reasonable utterance. So we have myth¹ - myth which, as Lawrence wrote in the earlier essay "The Spirit of Place", interprets the unconscious experience.²

Myth is the huge, concrete expression wherein the dynamic psyche utters its first great passion concepts of the genesis of the human cosmos, the inception of the human species.³

Following myth comes legend, "giving utterance to the genesis of a race psyche";⁴ this utterance of a race psyche can, according to the earlier essay again, be either in race-memory or race-clairvoyance.⁵ The next stage in the development is from legend to romance, in which "the individual psyche struggles into being, still impersonal."⁶ It is when we enter the personal plane, Lawrence concludes, that "we enter the field of art proper - dramatic, lyric, emotional."⁷

There is here, in 1918 or 1919, an important development in Lawrence's outlook, which critics who see in The Rainbow and Women in Love the height of Lawrence's artistic achievement and original contribution to the tradition of the English novel would

1 Ibid., p. 136

2 Ibid., p. 23

3 Ibid., p. 136

4 Ibid., p. 136

5 Ibid., p. 23

6 Ibid., p. 136

7 Ibid., p. 136

find it hard not to disparage. Lawrence, who in 1914 wrote in connection with The Rainbow:

I don't so much care about what the woman feels - in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care about what the woman is - what she IS - inhumanly, physiologically, materially... what she is as a phenomenon (or as representing some greater inhuman will), instead of what she feels according to the human conception.

and:

There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element.

and:

... don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters: the characters fall into ... some other rhythmic form... take lines unknown." 1

now writes that it is not until "we enter the personal plane we enter the field of art proper".

I do not think that Lawrence in 1918 would have said that The Rainbow and Women in Love were not "art proper" because in them he was trying to trace the lines and rhythms of inhuman, allotropic levels of being in the individual, rather than entering the personal plane. Neither do I think that he is necessarily flatly contradicting himself. I suggest that he

has simply progressed to understanding the "something other", which passes through and isⁱⁿ all individuality and is the same "single radically unchanged element", as a more "personal" concept.

For, Lawrence goes on to say in "Nathaniel Hawthorne I:"

... the clue or quick of the universe lies in the creative mystery. And the clue or active quick of the creative mystery lies in the human psyche. Hence, paradoxical as it may seem, if we conceive of God we must conceive of Him in personal terms. 1

In the later more mature development of his theory in "The Novel" of 1925, Lawrence maintained this line of thought, but with qualifications the source of which must have been the earlier theory of the "carbon letter": "The quick" he says "is God-flame in every thing". But "If you are too personal, too human, the flicker fades out."² The progression to an interpretation of the "something other" as more "personal" - which we have just marked in a 1918 essay - was necessary before "polarity", in Lawrence's imaginative theory, could become "relationship".

The progression of man's conscious understanding is dual, then. The primary or sensual mind³ begins with myth, proceeds

1 SM., p. 137

2 RDP., p. 110 "Nothing too much."

3 Lawrence has now slipped into equating the "primary mind" with the "sensual mind". This means that he is regarding pre-cerebral spiritual feelings or motions of life as "emotional" or "sensual" also, in contra-distinction from mental consciousness. Later in this essay Lawrence equates the spiritual with the cerebral. But he does not do this exclusively. The spiritual can be "passional" also if it comes direct from the source of being. This will be important to remember in reading the essays on Dana and Melville. Frequently, when Lawrence appears to contradict himself his meaning is in tune with his usual complex of thought, but this is obscured by the mobility and continual interchange of connotation among certain words in his vocabulary.

through legend and romance to pure, personal art. "Parallel to this, the reasoning mind starts from the great cosmic theories of the ancient world, and proceeds, by a progress in particularisation". This progress first establishes great laws, physical and ethical; then the exact relation between particular bodies and those laws; and finally moves towards gaining an inkling of the connection between scientific reality and creative, personal reality.¹

The approach to the connection between the two realities is made from either direction and in two different kinds:

The nearest approach of the passional psyche to scientific or rational reality is in art. In art we have perfect dynamic utterance. The nearest approach of the rational psyche towards passional truth is in philosophy. Philosophy is the perfect static utterance.

"When the unison between art and philosophy is complete" says Lawrence, "then knowledge will be in full, not always in part, as it is now."²

The relevance of all this to The Scarlet Letter and The Blithedale Romance is that "Hawthorne is a philosopher as well as an artist. He attempts to understand as deeply as he feels." He does not succeed, says Lawrence, and, as with Crèvecoeur and Cooper, there is a discrepancy between his conscious understanding

¹ SM., pp. 137-138. D. H. Lawrence, in the elaboration of his life standard, may be said to have approached this "connection" from the creative, personal reality, while Arthur Koestler, in The Art of Creation, approached it from the scientific reality. Lawrence, however, sees the approach from either side in a different light.

² Ibid., p. 138

and his passional understanding. To "cover this discrepancy" Hawthorne calls his work "romance".¹

The Scarlet Letter might be called "romance" in accordance with Richard Chase's definition which includes that which Lawrence had leaned towards in his "carbon" letter - "a tendency to plunge into the underside of consciousness; a willingness to abandon moral questions or to ignore the spectacle of man in society, or to consider these things only indirectly or abstractly".² But it is not romance in the "primary" and less sophisticated sense which Lawrence elaborates in this first essay on Hawthorne. Romance, he says, being the utterance of the primary individual mind is in defiance of reason; its two forms are "heroic and idyllic". It is evident that The Scarlet Letter is neither of these.³

In his greatest work, Lawrence continues, Hawthorne is neither a realist nor a novelist. He is not working in the personal plane: his great characters are abstracted beyond it.⁴ They "represent the human soul in its passional abstraction... a great dynamic mystery, nakedly ethical, nakedly procreative."⁵

1 Ibid., p. 138

2 The American Novel and its Tradition, p. ix

3 Ibid., p. 138

4 One would have to say that even if, ⁱⁿ The Rainbow and Women in Love Lawrence tried to penetrate to a level beneath that of the individual ego, his characters nevertheless remained fairly well, if not fully, realized on the personal plane. (More so in The Rainbow than in Women in Love.)

5 Ibid., p. 139

The Scarlet Letter is, in Lawrence's terms, a "legendary myth": it displays a great general pre-articulate passional human experience (myth) as it takes place in the psyche of the white race (legend). "It contains the passional or primary account of the collapse of the human psyche in the white race. Hawthorne tries to keep up a parallel rational exposition... but here he fails."¹

Lawrence proceeds to expound his own interpretation. Hawthorne, he says, is a master of symbology, and a master of serpent subtlety: his pious blame is subtle commendation; openly he stands for the upper, spiritual (in the sense of willed morality), reasoned being, and secretly he lusts in the sensual imagination. Thus Lawrence again uncovers a duality in the American artist. All Hawthorne's reasoned exposition is a pious fraud, he says.²

Hester Prynne on the scaffold in "The Market Place" chapter is seen by Lawrence to stand for the Mother of Maculate Conception: the great mother of physical fecundity with the strange difference that she is exposed and worshipped as an object of sin. She "is Mary of the Bleeding Heart standing enthroned in the dark, puritanical New England." - only the scarlet letter is not a bleeding heart, it is the burning symbol of the sensual mystery and the primal sensual psyche, roused and angry, flashing its

¹ Ibid., p. 139

² Ibid., p. 141. I am not quite in agreement with Lawrence in the latter part of this. I sensed a delicate and subtle irony which seemed to me to bespeak Hawthorne's conscious awareness

2. Cont'd.

of, if not deliberate exercise of ambivalent overtones. However, acknowledging that the critic inevitably has his own schemata of interpretation one can logically only object when the schemata are outrageously distorting material. I think Lawrence's schemata are not entirely wrong in this case and will let his argument stand as it is.

hostility.¹

Hester Prynne, continues Lawrence, is the successor of Ligeia, in whom the primary sensual self was utterly submitted to the spirit- or mind-worshipping male. The woman in Hester Prynne, having been held down long enough by the spiritual effulgence of Arthur Dimmesdale, recoils and turns, rich in lurid revenge. She seduces the saint and he is seduced. Mystically he is killed, and the child born of him is a poison blossom.² "Now at last," says Lawrence "the spiritual era is at an end, but only at the beginning of the end."³

Woman cannot take the creative lead, continues Lawrence. When she recoils from male leadership and leads herself, she moves in mystic destruction.⁴ Hester killed Dimmesdale by her possessive love; he could not conquer society or her "with a new spirit, a new idea"; he could only strike a feeble blow at the old idea (i.e. New England Puritan mores) by his last confession, and then fade into death. He dies, says Lawrence, hating Hester. For she had undermined his strength.⁵

Left to herself, Hester has no way of her own. She can only carry on the mystic destruction of the old psyche by

1 Ibid., pp. 139-140

2 Ibid., p. 142

3 Ibid., p. 143

4 Ibid., p. 144

5 Ibid., p. 145

following in exaggeration the old creed.¹ Hester out-lived Dimmesdale and went on with the work of undermining the established form of Society. "Her duplicity was purely unconscious" says Lawrence. "In all her conscious passion she desired to be pure and good, a true sister of mercy."² But "at the very quick she is in revolt; she is a destroyer, her heart is a source of the malevolent Hecate electricity." The Astarte or Hecate principle has in it, says Lawrence, a necessary antagonism to the very issue of life itself.³

The primal soul in Hester, Lawrence had written earlier, is inexorable. Hawthorne says of Hester, quotes Lawrence: "She had in her nature a rich, voluptuous, oriental characteristic - a taste for the gorgeously beautiful." This, says Lawrence, is the aboriginal principle working in her, the Aztec principle.⁴ She repressed much in herself, but her "real, vital activity" lay in her unconscious struggle with Dimmesdale, "who is polarized against her in the mystic conjunction and opposition."⁵ She is all the time "the mystic centre of the most implacable destruction" of his "white sanctity."⁶ Once she has destroyed him her dreadful spirit is more or less appeased.⁷

1 Ibid., p. 144

2 Ibid., p. 145

3 Ibid., p. 147

4 Ibid., p. 146

5 Ibid., p. 148

6 Ibid., p. 146

7 Ibid., p. 148

Lawrence's critical exposition is frequently purely emergent. By slight reordering of the sequence of his thoughts such as I have executed above it is possible to bring out an inner logic in his argument which might otherwise be overlooked. It is clear, in this first half of the first essay on Hawthorne, that Lawrence sees Hester as the symbol of primal, aboriginal America, as well as the symbol of suppressed sensuality recoiling in rebellious hate. As the symbol of the repressed or murdered aboriginal principle in America her "dreadful spirit" returns into and works its revenge upon the "white" sanctity of New England and is not appeased until that whiteness is destroyed. It is the same argument as in Lawrence's criticism of The Prairie, but the antithesis of the atonement which Lawrence sensed working out in the remainder of Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking novels.

If Hester is appeased, however, "her spirit lives on in Pearl."¹ Pearl is a strange Judas principle of betrayal, "of the neutralization of one impulsive self against the other".² She is the product of the clash between the impulsive spiritual self, and the spontaneous sensual self. "We cannot help regarding the phenomenon of Pearl with wonder, and fear, and amazement, and respect." concludes Lawrence. "For surely nowhere in literature is the spirit of much of modern childhood so profoundly, almost magically revealed."³

1 Ibid., p. 148

2 Ibid., p. 148

3 Ibid., p. 149

It is at this point in the essay that the editor of the English Review guillotined the remainder. What follows was published for the first time in The Symbolic Meaning. It continues the discussion of The Scarlet Letter by turning to the character of Chillingworth in order to emphasize the aspect, only indirectly covered up to that point, of the revenge of the spirit of place. Lawrence sees Chillingworth as representing "the sensual male being in complete subordination." He points out that when Hester asks Chillingworth "Art thou like the Black Man that haunts the forest round about us?" he tacitly accepts the charge.

The Black Man of the American forests is the aboriginal spirit of the primary, sensual psyche. The first settlers were all very conscious of this Black Man, their enemy. 1

writes Lawrence.

Hester is Chillingworth's accomplice. She has thrown down the spiritual being from his pure pre-eminence. Chillingworth, the male sensual psyche subjected and turned back in recoil (as Hester represents the female sensual psyche), proceeds with the minister's undoing.

The ruin of Dimmesdale is horrible, says Lawrence: what is he to do with his newly disturbed sensual self?

The old perfect flow, wherein the lower or primary self flows in gradual sublimation upwards towards a spiritual transmutation and expression, is broken.... The two halves are in antagonism. 2

1 Ibid., p. 150

2 Ibid., p. 151

Right to the end Dimmesdale wants his saintly triumph, while at the same time he has "an almost imbecile, epileptic impulse to defile the religious reality he exists in."¹ One half of the psyche acts malevolently against the other half.² Yet Dimmesdale snatches victory from Chillingworth at the last. "The spiritual being saves itself by confession upon the scaffold."³ The end is not quite yet.

So, Lawrence concludes his complete first version account of The Scarlet Letter: with a last bit of pulpit rhetoric "the perfect exemplar of the spiritual way" dies in America.⁴

The pathos, and the malignant satire, in Hawthorne's double language, his perfect, marvellous exposition of the very deepest soul processes, make this book one of the wonder books of the world.

And yet, says Lawrence, it is somewhat detestable, because of its duplicity.⁵

The remainder of the guillotined section of this essay is, apart from a passing comment on The House of Seven Gables and some of Hawthorne's Tales, an appraisal of The Blithedale Romance. Of all Hawthorne's work only this, says Lawrence, is really personal. I doubt if Lawrence would want to say that only The Blithedale Romance was really art. Earlier in this essay he clearly implied that he thought The Scarlet Letter to be Hawthorne

1 Ibid., p. 152. Lawrence adds that in Dimmesdale at this period

2 Ibid., p. 151-152 lies the clue to Dostoevsky.

3 Ibid., p. 151

4 Ibid., p. 152. My underlining.

5 Ibid., p. 142

at his greatest.¹ It would surely be an untenable position that a novelist's greatest work was not art, whilst his secondary work was.

Interpreting Lawrence's use of the word personal as, on this occasion, largely implying "autobiographical" rather than anything else, he is of course correct. The Blithedale Romance was in great part based upon the Brook Farm experiment. A number of advanced transcendentalists in America in the nineteenth century, Hawthorne among them:

... bought a farm, and settled themselves in... to live in common and till the land and be perfectly at one with all things, through their common labour and their common transcendence in the Oversoul.

Hawthorne, says Lawrence, "stood it" for a few weeks, and then departed. Consequently, the book is "Hawthorne's waking reality, touched up with lurid dream-colours".²

The clue to the movement, which culminated in the Brook Farm experiment, was, says Lawrence, in "the desire to subject or disintegrate the primary sensual self".³ It was a descendent of Crèvecoeur's dream of working "the sensual body from the spiritual centres"; in fact, it was a step further - an attempt to do pleasantly what Arthur Dimmesdale had attempted horribly - "the reduction of the primary, spontaneous self to pure subordination".⁴

1 Ibid., p. 139

2 Ibid., p. 153

3 Ibid., p. 153

4 Ibid., p. 154

This clue to the spirit of the movement was the clue to its failure as well, for:

Brute labour, the brute struggle with earth and herds, must rouse the dark, sensual centres, darken the mind, isolate the being in heavy-blooded separateness. Then there is an end to spiritual oneness... 1

Human beings engaged in such toil, and in such a deliberate, willed attempt to subjugate their life force "must react sooner or later against the spiritual bond of union that is superimposed".²

There are four characters of consequence in The Blithedale Romance. There is the narrator, refined and spiritual, "comparable with Arthur Dimmesdale"; and then there is Hollingsworth, "a descendent of Chillingworth", dark, black-bearded, with a monomania for criminals: these are the two men. Then there are two women, sisters, representing the now-familiar division into fair and dark, reminiscent of the women in Fenimore Cooper's novels: Zenobia is rich and superb, Priscilla is "a white weed of a sick lily."³ All four are idealists of "the spiritual one way"; all four, says Lawrence, are secretly seeking sensual satisfaction. Once more "the spiritual being (in Hawthorne is) secretly worshipping the sensual mysteries": it is the usual duplicity of American art.

Lawrence discusses the men in this foursome first. The criminal, he begins:

... is the man who, like Roger Chillingworth, is abject and down-trodden in his sensual self, by

1 Ibid., p. 153

2 Ibid., p. 154

3 Ibid., p. 154

the spiritual or social domination, and
 who turns round secretly on life, to bite
 it and poison it and mutilate it. 1

Hollingsworth, according to Lawrence's interpretation, is
 "potentially a criminal" and the actual criminals of the state,
 whom he wished to save and serve, "fixed him like a lodestone".²

Between this man and the narrator there is a connection rather
 like that between Dimmesdale and Chillingworth. The narrator
 falls ill at the farm and is nursed by Hollingsworth. At first
 there is "a strong love and blood-tenderness between them" but
 this love turns to hate as the sick man gains strength and begins
 to resist Hollingsworth's will to dominate him. Like Chillingworth
 nursing Dimmesdale, Hollingsworth "heals in order to consume".³

The relationships between the men and the women are life-
 frustrating in every way. The narrator (whom Lawrence persists
 in naming Hawthorne) admires even loves Zenobia, but he has no
 real desire. Hollingsworth appears to love Zenobia, but according
 to Lawrence, "He hates her, really. He only wants her money".⁴
 Zenobia, the powerful sensual symbol, loves Hollingsworth who,
 representing the subjugated sensual self craves to dominate her
 but cannot. Both men, rather falsely, are represented as really
 loving Priscilla.

1 Ibid., p. 154

2 Ibid., p. 154

3 Ibid., p. 155

4 Ibid., p. 155

Priscilla, says Lawrence, is an interesting phenomenon. "She is a real 'medium'." As Hester Prynne took Ligeia's revenge, Priscilla extenuates Ligeia's principle of passive submission to her husband, to the step beyond death of "destructive submission".¹ She is Ligeia's spirit, still unappeased, returned to wreak destruction.

Priscilla has the "unutterable passivity" of being in which the "mystic seal of integrity of being, is broken." She is merely a "sleeping automatic reality"² and in this she is profoundly strong:

Once the real living integrity of being is broken in her, once she becomes will-less, she is stronger, less destructible than any living being. ³

She becomes "a pole of obscene negative passion" towards which "sensual electricity runs in violent destructive flow" destroying "at the very quick the correspondent".⁴

Thus it was inevitable that she should draw both men towards her; the defeated Zenobia drowns herself in grief. Fortunately for him, the narrator, the more "spiritual" of the two men, withdraws before the negative pole has pulled him in too far. Hollingsworth, with the stronger sensual quality, perverted in its subjugation, is pulled into marriage with Priscilla who "so draws the vital electricity from the male, in a horrible sensual-

1 Ibid., p. 156

2 Ibid., p. 156

3 Ibid., p. 157

4 Ibid., p. 157

disintegrative flow, that she destroys his being as by magic.
 ... in the last processes of mystic disintegration out of being.¹

Many themes from earlier essays in the group have been subsumed into this essay: the sensual-spiritual duality; the destructiveness of the unfulfilled life; the destruction of the psyche which is at the same time a revolting business to be depreciated and the necessary mystic death preceding the new life; the creature whose "being" is destroyed being merely a mechanism; the revenge of the spirits of place; and so on. It is this continuance of theme through gradual degrees of transmutation, which makes this early sequence of essays hang together as a whole, developing almost organically, but in an emergent process.

This inner coherence among the essays suffers a break after the essay just discussed. It is at this point in The Symbolic Meaning that the remaining versions of the Sicily revision begin to appear. The Sicily version of the essay on Nathaniel Hawthorne is very much more condensed than the Cornwall version, more deliberate and much more dull. It is clear that Lawrence was determined to utilize that part of an earlier essay which had not been printed in the English Review. "Nathaniel Hawthorne II", as it is styled by Dr. Arnold, begins with four pages on Roger Chillingworth as representative of another order of knowledge and wisdom, the gist of which has been given in the above account

1 Ibid., pp.157-158

of the latter part of "Nathaniel Hawthorne I". Two pages follow, containing in meagre and condensed form those aspects of Lawrence's account of The Scarlet Letter which had already appeared in the English Review. Following upon this is a four page account of The Blithedale Romance which contains nothing which has not already been said in the previous version.

"Nathaniel Hawthorne II" is a much better balanced essay than "Nathaniel Hawthorne I". Six pages are devoted to The Scarlet Letter and four to The Blithedale Romance. In the earlier version just over three pages of "philosophy" or artistic theorizing, precede roughly fifteen pages on The Scarlet Letter which is in turn followed by just over five on The Blithedale Romance. The balance of the revised version being to such a degree more deliberate, the style and thought is considerably more clipped and neutral than that of the earlier version. The essay is also, of course, minus the interesting theorizing with which the first version had opened.

Version 2 concludes with a discussion of spiritualism and the use of a medium which does not appear in Version 1, however, but the consequence is that the point on which the essay rests is a repeated stand against "knowing" such as that made in both the remaining versions of the essay on Edgar Allan Poe. The developing logic of the sequence of the essays thus halts and returns upon itself.

The resting place of the first version of the Hawthorne essay had, on the other hand, been the continuation of the breaking down of the old psyche (to make way for the new American homunculus, is, I think, understood), constituting a continuation of the theme of preceding essays, and a necessary development in the progress of the race psyche, all according to Lawrence's overall theme of preparation for the birth of the new America.

The last sentences of "Nathaniel Hawthorne II" show, however, that even if Lawrence had nothing new to say about Hawthorne's work at that point, and even if the revision makes duller, more calculated reading, his life criterion and thought had meanwhile been subterraneously developing. The living soul, writes Lawrence:

... in its own fulness, contains all it needs to know. Impertinent inquiry is forever made useless by the perfect immediacy of all things which are in life, and by the eternal incalculability of life, and hence of phenomena. 1

This language, and hence we may deduce, this thought is nearer to the non-polarity, non-"principle"-ridden conception of life than were the essays of 1918. This new quality began to take shape in Lawrence's critical criterion, perhaps as early as post-1919 and the "Introduction to New Poems", but had emerged fully between 1923 and 1925, modulating a little thereafter. It was finally to be a concept at once less abstract, more readily and clearly expressed in "everyday" language (though of Lawrentian minting), and yet the more likely to have the particularity of its meaning overlooked.

1 Ibid., p. 172

The essay which follows the Sicily version of "Nathaniel Hawthorne" in The Symbolic Meaning followed originally upon the Cornwall version. Entitled "The Two Principles", it appeared in the English Review of June 1919.¹ It was the last of the essays which the English published. Possibly the editor felt that the audience had had a satiety; that the drift of the essays was moving away from the English Review's sphere; or, possibly, he felt that the series had reached a natural culmination. For in this essay Lawrence's tendency in the earlier half of his career as a critic, to classify (pace the Lawrence of 1928 and after) life principles, life modes, dualities, and so forth could often easily seem to be the raison d'être of his criticism. "The Two Principles" in fact epitomizes the tacit point of my previous paragraph - that the Cornwall versions of these studies emphatically belong to Lawrence's earlier, more abstract, period of criticism - even if (or, perhaps, consequently) they read more attractively than the Sicily versions.

"The Two Principles" appears, from its opening sentences, to have been intended by Lawrence as a prelude (even if his editor could conceivably have thought it a culmination) to essays which were to follow. After Hawthorne, he begins, come the books of the sea:

In Dana and Herman Melville the human relationship is no longer the chief interest. The sea enters as the great protagonist. 2

1 The truncated "Nathaniel Hawthorne I" had appeared in the English Review for the previous month, May 1919.

2 Ibid., p. 175

The sea, he goes on, is a cosmic element and the relation between the sea and the human psyche is impersonal and elemental.

Lawrence is still sufficiently near to the creative experiment and discovery which writing The Rainbow had been, for the theme here stated to have especial interest for him. Although in the majority of the essays on American literature, which he had already written, Lawrence had been pre-occupied with teasing out the rhythms of some other mode of being beyond the personal reality, he is now about to engage in discussion of authors whose interests were not in the level of human personal interchange, but were openly, self-obviously, involved and interested in cosmic drama much larger, more elemental than that in the social dimension.

Lawrence, as he was later to say the good critic should, felt the need to define the standards by which he would judge in this case:

We need to find some terms to express such elemental connections between the ocean and the human soul. We need to put off our personality, even our individuality, and enter the region of the elements. ¹

Thus he digresses into a discussion of "principles", until the digression becomes an essay itself.

Lawrence begins by making two points, both of which he has made before, but which he now makes in terms more redolent of development either to come or very nearly arrivé. The creative

¹ Ibid., p. 176

mystery, says Lawrence, which is life itself, always was and always will be. It unfolds itself in pure living creatures.¹ It is a matter of months, or perhaps only of weeks, until Lawrence is writing: "Tell me of the mystery of the inexhaustible, forever unfolding creative spark. Tell me of the incarnate disclosure of the flux..."² in his major essay on poetic theory.

The other point which Lawrence has made before is that: "The religious systems of the pagan world did what Christianity has never tried to do: they gave the true correspondence between the material cosmos and the human soul."³ On this occasion Lawrence has elaborated, however:

The primary human psyche is a complex plasm,
which quivers, sense-conscious, in contact
with the circumambient universe. 4

It was not until 1925, in "Morality and the Novel", that the "correspondence" and the "contact" with the circumambient universe, married, took on an even more mature quality, in the simple statement that "The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe at the living moment."⁵

After stating these half-familiar points Lawrence goes on to speculate on life itself - and here he plunges into a realm which is neither philosophy, psychology, religion, science, or poetry; it has, perhaps, a dash of them all. In the beginning, says Lawrence, was the creative reality, living and substantial,

1 Ibid., p. 176

2 CP., p. 182

3 SM., p. 176

4 Ibid., p. 176

5 Ph., p. 527

although apparently void and dark.¹

The living ether divides itself as an egg-shell divides. There is a mysterious duality, life divides itself, and yet life is indivisible. When life divides itself there is no division in life. It is a new life-state, a new being which appears... Only a new life-stage is created.

This, he continues, is the eternal oneness and magnificence of life, that it moves creatively on in progressive being, each state being whole, integral, complete.²

Or, Lawrence also put it the other way round: life does not divide. Instead, one could say that at each new impulse from the creative body, All come together with All: that is, the one half of the cosmos comes together with the other half with a dual result. "From the locked opposition of inanimate dual matter, another singleness is born... Dual all the time is the creative activity."³

This appears to be getting a long way from the point: but Lawrence's life standard is under scrutiny, and here, in the midst of a sequence of critical essays, is one of his many attempts to formulate the way he conceives of life. Although this particular formulation belongs to the earlier period of Lawrence's criticism, I think it expresses, albeit in a heavily abstracted way, something of Lawrence's life awareness, and thus of his critical standard, which was to persist; though after the

1 SM., p. 176

2 Ibid., p. 179

3 Ibid., p. 179

emergence of the less heavily philosophical expression and attitude in Lawrence's criticism, it was to be seen, on the surface, no more.

Lawrence's perception of life as dual yet one, resolves many dilemmas which his criticism might otherwise set us. For one thing it explains how, as a critic, Lawrence can persistently perceive duplicity in a work, radical contradictions in the author or his creation, and nevertheless perceive and describe it as a life quality which has "oneness" per se. It explains the apparent basic paradox of Lawrence's life standard which postulates that life is in the individual; that the individual is life and not just a bit of life or only partially alive; yet, nevertheless, life is greater than, beyond, something other than, the individual. It also explains for us, how Lawrence can have two different, veritably contradictory perceptions and corresponding responses, to any one author (e.g. the alternate love and disgust for Walt Whitman in Studies in Classic American Literature), and yet still claim to be responding with spontaneous motion from his "sincere, vital emotion".¹

In understanding that Lawrence perceives the life of his life standard as dual yet one, many apparent paradoxes are resolved, many strictures of incoherence and self-contradiction are counteracted, and a further degree of integral coherence in Lawrence's body of criticism is established.

¹ Ph., p. 539

"Every new thing" continues Lawrence in "The Two Principles",
 "is born from the consummation of the two halves of the universe,
 the two great halves being the cosmic waters and the cosmic fire..."

... the first and greatest law of creation is that
 all creation, even life itself, exists within the
 strange and incalculable balance of the two
 elements. In the living creature, fire and water
 must exquisitely balance, commingle and consummate,
 this is continued mysterious process. 1

Thus, in adding yet a further interpretation of the duality in
 life to those which have preceded it (spiritual: sensual;
 primary impulse: willed control; sensual: mental; and so on)
 Lawrence prepares for the new element in the complex of the life
 standard which, along with others, could be activated in criticism
 of Dana and Melville. We do not know to how great an extent this
 new dimension conditioned the first criticisms of these authors,
 as the Cornwall versions of the essays on Dana and Melville
 (also that on Walt Whitman) have been lost.²

Lawrence brings all of his several interpretations of
 duality in life together - revealing that his varying versions are
 not contradictory, mutually depreciating each the validity of the
 other, but simply "variations on a theme", one theme, life:

The ancients said that their cosmic symbols
 had a sevenfold or a fivefold reference. The
 simplest symbol, the divided circle, \mathbb{D} , stands
 not only for the first division in the living
 cosmos and for the two cosmic elements, but
 also within the realms of created life, for
 the sex mystery; then for the mystery of dual
 psyche, sensual and spiritual, then for the
 duality of thought and sensation - and so on...

1 SM., p. 181

2 I have some reservations on this point, which are explained in
 a later footnote.

How foolish, he says, to give these signs merely phallic indication.¹

The sex division, he continues however, is one of the first mysteries of creation. The coming together may be a delicate union of pure creation as in the birth of an era; or it may be a struggle and an opposition, a kind which preponderates in the crumbling and disintegration of an era. Either way new life is born, and still it is dual. "Life depends on duality and polarity".²

In all this, man, the individual is the centre of "fourfold creative activity". He is divided as a spiritual and sensual being; there is the physical correspondence of the breast and the bowels.³ But beyond these "there is a deeper and higher duality" where spiritual being runs forth into space, and where in the sensual being, deep calls to deep.⁴ When these are perfectly interrelated then "do we come into full consciousness in the mind" and the mind is again "the single in creation".⁵ Here, one might say, is the basis of a rationale for the romantic imagination: it is certainly a poetic parallel of the integration of sensation and mentation, perception and thought, which psychology to some extent reveals and to a further degree gestures towards.

The next essay in The Symbolic Meaning is the third or "American" version of the essay on Dana. As this will be discussed

1 Ibid., p. 184

2 Ibid., p. 186

3 Ibid., p. 186

4 Ibid., p. 187

5 Ibid., p. 188

in the context of the other essays of the same writing, I pass straight on to "Herman Melville's TYPEE and OMOO", which appears according to Dr. Arnold's arguments, to belong to the Sicily revision. Nevertheless, there are several points on which this essay appears to follow straight on from "The Two Principles".¹

¹ It is very tempting to suspect that the English Review did not publish more than the first eight of the first sequence of American essays, simply because Lawrence had not written them all in time. It is perhaps possible that there were only two versions of these studies, nine of the first being written in Cornwall 1917-1918. Lawrence may well have then laid the sequence aside until in Sicily in 1920, he picked up more or less where he had left off - reshaping the guillotined essay on Hawthorne, letting "The Two Principles" stand (or laying it aside for development first in Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, and then in Fantasia of the Unconscious) and then continuing with essays on Dana and Melville. Finally, after a few months' residence in America, he re-wrote the lot in one complete sequence.

If it is at all possible that there were two versions instead of three, this would mean that only one essay, the first on Dana, is missing. The present belief in three versions postulates the "loss" of eleven essays. It seems to me unlikely that Lawrence, who thought highly of these essays (CL., p. 577) would have destroyed them; it also seems unlikely that with the rush of Lawrence scholarship and publicity from the 1950s on, eleven manuscripts would continue to lie hidden.

Dr. Arnold's arguments for the existence of earlier versions (of the essays from Dana on) than those he edits in The Symbolic Meaning are rather slight - (in one case the fact that a manuscript bears the "XI" whereas in the alleged earlier version it should have been numbered X) - or they are non-existent. Dr. Arnold relies mainly on implication. Internal evidence, which he gestures vaguely at, he claims to establish that the last three essays in The Symbolic Meaning were written in Sicily. This may well be true, but does not prove the existence of earlier versions of them.

In 1918 (CL., p. 553) Lawrence spoke of his "never-to-be-finished Studies in Classic American Literature" - the writing of the essays in the first version was evidently a long-drawn-out business. The letter in which Lawrence says "I am writing a last

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE

The existing versions as classified by Dr. Armin Arnold.

	Cornwall: Version 1.	Sicily: version 2.	America: Version 3.
1. The Spirit of Place.	SM Nov. 1918	Lost	SCAL 1922-3
2. Benjamin Franklin.	SM Dec. 1918	Lost	SCAL "
3. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur.	SM Jan. 1919	Lost	SCAL "
4. Fenimore Cooper's Anglo-American novels.	SM Feb. 1919	Lost	SCAL "
5. Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking novels.	SM Mar. 1919	Lost	SCAL "
6. Edgar Allan Poe.	SM Apr. 1919	Lost	SCAL "
7. Nathaniel Hawthorne I and II.	SM May 1919	SM early 1920	SCAL "
9. The Two Principles.	✓ SM June 1919		
10. Dana's <u>Two Years Before the Mast.</u>	Lost	Lost	SCAL "
11. Herman Melville's <u>Typee</u> and <u>Omoo</u> .	Lost	SM early 1920	SCAL "
12. Herman Melville's <u>Moby Dick.</u>	Lost	SM early 1920	SCAL "
13. Walt Whitman.	Lost	SM early 1920	SCAL "

SM: The Symbolic Meaning.

SCAL: Studies in Classic American Literature.

2. Cont'd.

essay on Whitman - then I have done my book of American essays" is not definitely dated in Harry T. Moore's edition of Lawrence's letters: a query mark follows a provisional dating (CL., p. 555). Another letter of Lawrence's of September 1919 - before the Sicily writing says "I have finished the Classic American essays - end up with an essay on Whitman" (CL. p. 595). Dr. Arnold says that this 1918 (sic) MSS is lost (SM., p. 253) but we are not given grounds which preclude the possibilities of Lawrence having written the Whitman essay in September 1919 and writing essays on Dana and Melville for the first time in Sicily at the turn of the year to fill out the previous group of essays, 8 or 9, which had been written in England.

As I do not have access to the collections of MSS which must help Dr. Arnold in forming his opinion, however, I accept his account for the purposes of commentary in the text of my thesis. But I am far from happy about the whole thing. The diagram of Dr. Arnold's placements of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning gives an immediate visual impression of the point I would like to see examined more closely by those in touch with actual MSS versions of these essays.

The opening sentence reveals that at least Lawrence was writing at a distance from the earliest Hawthorne essay - where he had stated that one did not enter the realm of art proper, until one had entered the personal plane. It must be remembered, however, that at the beginning of "Nathaniel Hawthorne I" Lawrence had been talking, in a quasi-poetic manner, of a conjectured historical development. It was not until humanity had developed to a stage of personal self-awareness that art proper could begin: this was the gist of Lawrence's argument. Allowing for fluidity of meaning in Lawrence's vocabulary, it may be said that he is now speaking approvingly of art which has surpassed the personal plane, rather than of art, such as Hawthorne's which does not quite reach the personal plane, lingering at the level of myth or morality play.

"The greatest seer and poet of the sea, perhaps in all the world, is" says Lawrence "Herman Melville":

His vision is more real than that of Swinburne, for he does not personify or humanise, and more profound than that of Conrad, for he does not emotionalise. Melville belongs to the sea, like one of its own birds.¹

Thus Lawrence, within his first few lines departs towards elaboration of the two basic elemental life principles of fire and water, within a literary context, and the context of Melville, in particular,

There is something about Melville, writes Lawrence, which reminds him of the Vikings, "the blue-eyed, water-mystic people

¹ Ibid., p. 219

of the North". Creatures of one preponderant water-principle, they seek the sun which will perfect them, living; or, dying, they return to the sea in flames.¹ Conversely, according to Lawrence, brown-eyed people "belong more to the fire-mystery, the earth mystery quick with fire." Though water is inherent in them too, fire preponderates. "They are children of the old, old world."²

Having stated his terms in this way, Lawrence defines Melville, in relation to them, as a Viking making the great return: "All his fire he would carry down and quench in the sea". The great Northern cycle of which Melville is "the returning unit", has completed its round, "accomplished itself". Encumbered with age and memories, with a kind of despair and a deliberate self-consciousness, it is giving back its consciousness and its being to the vast material element of the sea, "burying its flames in the deeps."³

In his attempts to do this, says Lawrence, Melville returns to the Pacific Ocean, the first of all waters. Without doubt, Lawrence continues, the great sensual-mystic civilizations once flourished in the Pacific lands, but their mystery has died and only disturbs the now sleeping peoples of the Pacific, with dreams - some good, most bad.⁴ (Cont'd.)

1 Ibid., p. 219

2 Ibid., p. 220

3 Ibid., p. 220

4 Ibid., pp. 220-221

Something similar has happened to us, Lawrence goes on: we shall soon have lost the mystery of Christianity, keeping only its ritual, dogma and ethics intact. We have lost the faculty for experiencing the revelation of present otherness, the submission and relaxation into impersonal love "in that notion of uniting which is the gesture of new creation".¹

The waters of the Pacific "are surcharged with the blue, ghostly end of immemorial peoples"; but, as with the rhythm of all life, the seed of the future gestates within that death; the Pacific "rolls also latent with all the unborn issues of the coming world of man". Melville's attempts to return to that death and uncover that re-birth are nevertheless frustrated because he cannot yet completely escape the remaining European Christian self, ethical and ideal.²

Melville's attempt to return begins in Typee. Nothing, writes Lawrence:

... is more startling, at once actual and dream mystical, than his descent down the gorges to the valley of the dreadful Typee. Down this narrow, steep, horrible dark gorge he slides and struggles as we struggle in a dream, or in the act of birth to emerge in the green Eden of the first, or last era...

the valley of the timeless savages. In spite of their reputation as cannibals, the Typee are good and gentle with Melville, who

1 Ibid., p. 221

2 Ibid., p. 222

"finds himself at once, in a pure, mysterious world, pristine."¹

Melville found in the valley of the Typee almost "what he wanted to find, what every man dreams of finding":

There, in Nukuheva, the European psyche with its ideals and its limitations, had no place. Our artificial ethical laws had never existed. There was naked simplicity of life, with subtle, but non-mental understanding, rapport between human beings. 2

But it was too much for the American Melville. An idealist of idealists, he had longed for this perfection, but when he found it he could not let go and accept it. For him life had to ^{be} a progression towards an ideal, "dedicated to some process or goal of consciousness."³ True spontaneous existence "though he longed for it achingly, was yet a torture and a nullification to him."

It is the quandary of the idealist, comments Lawrence, that he cannot even enjoy his own being. Melville had to remain true to the destiny of the Christian white races, that of "conquering life and death by submission and spiritual transcendence."⁴ The strange malady in his leg did not heal all the time he was in Typee; but as soon as the wanderer symbolically polarized himself again with his white destiny (by escaping and getting aboard a white ship) his leg immediately began to heal.

This was the sign that a man cannot go back on his destiny.

1 Ibid., p. 223

2 Ibid., p. 225

3 Ibid., p. 225

4 Ibid., p. 226

When, later on in *Omoo*, Melville encountered a real renegade, an Englishman who bore on his forehead the mystic sign of the savages, one who had entirely gone over to their way of life, his whole being was shocked to the very core.¹ For Melville the simple spontaneity of life itself, of spontaneous being, says Lawrence, was "the goal of his desire but the prison of his aspiration."² In *Typee*, it seems, Melville has not yet succeeded in quenching his fire in the deeps.

In *Omoo*, the book which followed *Typee*, Melville continued describing his wanderings among the South Sea Islands. No man, says Lawrence in tribute,

... gives us the Pacific as Melville does: and we feel that his is the real Pacific. It is not emotional or even stupendous. It is just there, immediate. 3

← This is the height of praise from the Lawrence who was just coming up to writing his greatest paean to immediacy, or momentaneity, in the 1919 "Introduction". Melville's Pacific, Lawrence continues, has no ideals, no fixed goal go strive after. "There, each thing is itself, arrivé", which Europeans can't bear.⁴

This critical ideal, of each thing being itself, arrivé, is nearer to the life criterion of 1914 and the Study of Thomas Hardy than to the living "quick" relatedness which the criterion required

1 Ibid., p. 226

2 Ibid., p. 227

3 Ibid., p. 227

4 Ibid., p. 228

in 1925. But a further step towards Lawrence's fully matured criterion is marked by the appearance of the ^{word} "quick" in the life standard's vocabulary in this essay.¹ With the different word comes a slightly sharper perception of what Lawrence's critical awareness was seeking. Or perhaps the sharper perception begot the word.

As Lawrence continues in his descriptive evaluation of Melville's attitude to life in Omoo, it appears that there is as yet little further to add to his interpretation, except that in this novel ("a curious book. It has no unity, no purpose, no anything, and yet it is one of the most real, actual books ever written about the South Seas") Melville is, according to Lawrence, at his best. And at his best he "is the perfect life-accepter":

Melville knows how to live, and living he knows life. This is the highest pitch of culture. He really has no purpose in mind, no scheme of life for himself. In his actual living he is quite spontaneous, non-moral. All the time he is ^{is} living quick of the moment.

Yet, says Lawrence, even in Omoo Melville "keeps the whole block of the Christian tenets intact at the back of his mind in a sort of cupboard."² The old will, the old purpose is still fixed in him. "He, who seems so truly spontaneous, is in reality a monomaniac, possessed by a fixed idea of further spiritual triumph, further idealisation".³

Thus the theme of duplicity begins to show its head again,

1 Ibid., p. 228

2 Ibid., p. 228

3 Ibid., p. 229

and the theme of "monomaniac possession", prepares the way for discussion of Moby Dick. Clearly the introduction to the essay on Typee and Omoo was meant as an introduction to an interpretation of the span of Melville's work, which sees its final expression in Moby Dick. In neither Typee nor Omoo does Lawrence see flames quenched in the deeps. He concludes his discussion of Omoo, in fact, by saying: "The end is not yet reached."¹

The end was to be reached in Moby Dick, however; or rather the end as Lawrence has read the symbolism of the Melville books, and the symbolic sequence of American literature, according to his interpretation. The essay on "Herman Melville's Moby Dick" which follows next in The Symbolic Meaning, is said by Dr. Arnold to belong to the second or Sicily version of the essays. It seems most probable that the essay was indeed written in Sicily - but it seems, in content, to round off the argument of "The Two Principles" (which belongs to the 1918-1919 Cornwall versions) remarkably closely.

Lawrence begins the essay by stating that Moby Dick is the story of "the last hunt, the last conquest".² What, he then asks rhetorically, is that? He answers himself in a paragraph which summarizes what Lawrence sees himself as having unfolded in the sequence of essays up to this point. American art, he says, "symbolizes the destruction, decomposition, mechanizing of the fallen degrees of consciousness":

1 Ibid., p. 229

2 Ibid., p. 235

Franklin and Crèvecoeur show the mechanizing of the shallowest instincts and passions, appetites; Cooper (sic) and Melville the deeper worship through--contumely of the fallen sexual or sacral consciousness; Poe the direct decomposition of this consciousness; and Dana and Melville the final hunting of the same consciousness into the very Matter, the very watery material, last home of its existence, and its extinction there. Remains the entry into the last state, and its fulness, freedom. 1

I feel certain that ^{the} name "Cooper" in the above quotation is either an editorial mistake or a slip of Lawrence's pen. Cooper was the only one of the American authors Lawrence wrote upon, who was not to any noticeable degree revealed as contributing to the aspect of the whole process Lawrence outlines here. He was the only one whom Lawrence interpreted as making part of the necessary atonement, with the older sensual spirit of the continent, albeit in a passional spiritual sense. Hawthorne, on the other hand stands out markedly in Lawrence's interpretative revelation of this process, and is not even mentioned in the above "summary".

There are two other notable points about this passage: first, that it states the final consummation of the theme to be a hunting home, to the last elemental watery reality of "The Two Principles"; and second, that the last sentence, "Remains the entry into the last state, and into fulness, and freedom" (the last state being post mortem, after the elemental consummation)

1 Ibid., p. 235

clearly looks ahead to the essay on Walt Whitman, the poet who, in this version of the essays is regarded as entering "on the last phase of spiritual triumph".¹ after Dana and Melville. The seed of this theme of discussion in the essay on Whitman is thus laid, in the beginning of "The Two Principles".²

Moby Dick then is, for Lawrence "the story of this last symbolic hunt". Moby Dick, says Lawrence, is the Leviathan of the waters. He is old, and unspeakably terrible in his wrath having been repeatedly attacked. This description recalls immediately a dominant theme from many of the preceding essays: that of the terrible revenge of the oldest primal sensual self in men, when it is continually being repressed and killed. Lawrence puts it this time, however, in other terms of "The Two Principles". Moby Dick "is the last warm-blooded tenant of the waters, the greatest and the last."³ He is the deep, free sacral consciousness in man, but, in the monomania Lawrence had hinted at in the previous essay, this last sensual reality, "must be subdued".⁴


Lawrence begins his comment on the novel itself, with some remarks on Melville's style. This, he says, has "the peculiar lurid, glamorous" quality which is natural to the great Americans.

1 Ibid., p. 256

2 The drift of my implication is that I still prefer to see the latter, allegedly "second versions" of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning, as a continuation in the first writing, albeit somewhat disjointed by writing over an extended period of time, rather than belonging to another completely independent or separate sequence of re-writing.

3 Ibid., p. 235. My underlining.

4 Ibid., p. 235

At first it seems spurious, wordy, meaningless, and unreal; but this comes, Lawrence speculates, perhaps from the violence native to the American place "where force is more powerful than consciousness" and so is never gracefully expressed. "The life-force itself is so strong that it tends to come forth lurid and clumsy, obscure also".¹ 

← It is probably because it is a "life-force" that although Lawrence cannot help sometimes feeling the author is "amateur" and "shoddy", "Yet something glimmers through all this: a glimmer of genuine reality."² It is not an open air reality, however, it is a reality of what takes place in the dark cellars of a man's soul.³

Along with this dual perception of style Lawrence also perceives "the old double set of values". Lawrence describes this duality as an ostensible Emersonian transcendentalism, together with "a sort of strange underworld, under-sea Yankee creature looking with a curious, lurid vision on the upper world". It is a mixture of idealism and the uncouthness of self-conscious adolescence; and the reality comes from the latter.⁴

The idealist in Melville, trying to "square himself" with the intellectual world keeps dragging in deliberate symbols and "deeper meanings" but when he forgets himself and renders us his sheer apprehension of the world, his book "commands a stillness in the soul, an awe".⁵ And even though it is "the sheer naked

1 Ibid., p. 236

2 Ibid., p. 236

3 Ibid., pp. 236-237

4 Ibid., p. 237

5 Ibid., p. 237

slidings of the elements, and... material events" of which he is master, his central creative spark, the integral soul is present, if alone: his bodily knowledge moves naked, a living quick among the stark elements.¹

Yet again Lawrence attempts to describe this dualism - his circling mind closing nearer and nearer to the quick of his point.² Speaking now of the voyage of the Pequod, following up the duality of the generalizations and the duality in Melville's life-knowledge, Lawrence says:

It is a mythical, mystical voyage, as any Argonaut voyage ever was. Sometimes its forced fantasy is irritating. And yet after all, it is curiously actual. This is the beauty - the identity of daily experience with profound mystic experience. The blemish is the selfconscious posturing about it. ³

Melville cannot have known what all his symbols meant. He used them half-deliberately: never quite sure. But when he forgets them and moves into pure actuality, "It is curious how actuality, of itself, in deep issues, becomes symbolic."⁴

Having teased himself deeper and deeper into the life qualities, and the life issues of the novel, in his attempt to define this dualism, Lawrence comes across, what is to his life understanding or vision at this point, a paradox. When at last the ship is fully in the South Seas, he writes, then the pure beauty comes out:

1 Ibid., pp. 237-238

2 Ph., pp. 249-250

3 SM., p. 239

4 Ibid., p. 240

Melville is at his best when moving and working with the waters, and not self-consciously speculating. Yet it is the author's very attempt to get at some mystery behind the show of things which leads him to his highest beauty. The effort is made in a struggle of mystic speculation: then comes the lovely result, in a piece of sheer revelation. ¹

Having raised this issue Lawrence immediately leaves it, but, had he not, he may have resolved the problem with the coherent actuality of his life standard, grown as it was out of his own creative effort. The Lawrence who wrote The Rainbow had, in so doing, made a huge effort and struggle of mystic speculation. Knowledge and consciousness are not put out of court by the life standard: but they must be the result of revelation, not of fabrication or ideal application. The two kinds are for the moment one in the above quotation - thus the paradox which is resolved by further detail and development of the life standard.

Lawrence does not stay to resolve the problem at this point however, but goes on to describe and to quote some of the wonderfully actual descriptions in Moby Dick, several of which take on a symbolic dimension. Melville, says Lawrence, "is a master of violent, chaotic physical motion, he can keep up a whole wild chase without a flaw". Also "He is as perfect at creating stillness." →

← Any one of the whale chases, especially the very last, demonstrates the truth of the first part of this statement. The

¹ Ibid., p. 241

calm at the centre of the whirling, circling, whales in which the whale nursery lay peaceful and still would demonstrate the latter. The chases and the nursery have their own symbolic aura, but the epitome is surely in the marriage of the final violence, and final silence, as the symbolic meaning which gathered around these actualities in the book resolves itself.

Returning to Lawrence's essay, however; he takes among his examples the "vast meadows of brit"; the squid; "the killing, the stripping, the cutting up" of the whale "are magnificent records of actual happening;" the ambergris; the cassock; the try-works when the ship is turned into the sooty, oily factory in mid-ocean, to extract the oil from the blubber, and so on.

Of the whale hunts, however, Lawrence says:

There is something really overwhelming in these whale hunts, almost superhuman or inhuman, bigger than life, more terrific than human activity. ¹

Then there is the startling experience of reversion when "Melville" is at the helm, but has turned to watch the fire in the furnace, on deck, while the ship is at sea. Suddenly the narrator felt the ship "rushing backwards from him in mystic reversion."² This literature, in which, non-moral, the elements are protagonists, does not eliminate but stresses and confirms the numinous quality of life.³

¹ Ibid., p. 246

² Ibid., p. 247

³ Wordsworth's elements were moral forces to a large extent.

Of the two principles the element of water has been implicitly stressed since the beginning of the essay. The element of fire is now stressed. Melville's dream experience made a great impression on him. "He ends with an injunction to all men, not to gaze on the red fire when its redness makes all things look ghastly." It seems to him that his gazing on fire (in the midst of the dominance of the water element, we may add) had caused the horror of reversion, undoing.¹

Lawrence goes on to point out that Ahab is really a fire-worshipper. He had earlier pointed out that a crew of fire-worshipping Parsees had secretly been introduced to man Ahab's boat, so "all races, all creeds, the fire-worship and the sea-worship, are all united to engage in the great disastrous hunt."² Now, before the final flight, Ahab's alignment with the fire element is fully stated. It is not that fire which is equated with the sun and the earth, which has, in an earlier essay, been connected with the southern brown-eyed earth-centred races. This is the electric, decomposing, murderous fire of lightning : "that livid fire of which (Ahab) bears the brand from head to foot."³ the fire of the corposants, electrifying the mast-heads with supernatural pallor, yet which Ahab can grasp and conquer with his bare hands.

On the night of this Thunder-fire the compass of the ship is reversed, and all that follows is fatality. "Life itself

1 Ibid., p. 247

2 Ibid., p. 240

3 Ibid., p. 248

seems mystically reversed." Ahab moves hand in hand with the imbecile negro boy - "the imbecile child of the sun, in hand with the northern monomaniac captain and master."¹ And yet, Ahab suffers what Lawrence calls his Gethsemane, before the last fight. It is, says Lawrence:

the Gethsemane of the human soul seeking the last self-conquest, the last attainment of extended consciousness - infinite consciousness. 2

Comes then, the last fight, which says Lawrence, has a mystic dream horror. "The awful and infuriated whale turns upon the ship, symbol of this civilised world of ours. He smites her with a fearful shock." Moments later, in Melville's words: "all collapsed; and then the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago." So ends, says Lawrence

... one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world, closing up its mystery and its tortured symbolism. It is an epic of the sea such as no man has equalled; and it is a book of exoteric symbolism of profound significance, and of considerable tiresomeness. 3

In his last words, it is clear that Lawrence's dual perception of tiresome qualities alongside his wonder and awe, lasted to the end. While, in earlier essays in the book Lawrence had registered and reported upon duplicity in authors or their work, he is now beginning to report, as part of the whole process, his own dual reactions, his own mixture of impatience and awe.

1 Ibid., p. 248

2 Ibid., p. 249

3 Ibid., p. 250

The final essay in The Symbolic Meaning is on Walt Whitman. Dr. Arnold describes it as originally written in 1918 and revised in Sicily in 1920.¹ I have pointed out in an earlier footnote that, according to Lawrence, it was in fact written in September 1919. The essays were certainly in the hands of an American agent, Robert Mountsier by the 2nd or 3rd of August 1920², but had been finished even earlier. According to an unpublished letter of Lawrence's quoted by H. T. Moore, Lawrence "finished revising" the Studies by 26 June 1920³. According to a published letter of Lawrence's they were already in the hands of an American publisher by March 1920⁴. I remain dubious whether Dr. Arnold is justified in saying of this essay on Whitman, as of two or three others, "The 1918 manuscript (version 1) is lost. Version 2 ((is) the essay below)".⁵

1 Ibid., p. 233

2 Ibid., p. 233

3 The Intelligent Heart, p. 334

4 CL., p. 624

5 SM., p. 253. It seems ungracious to quarrel with Lawrence scholars such as H. T. Moore whose detailed and exact pioneering work remains the most indispensable handbook to students of Lawrence. The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence edited at a later date, probably by a much busier man than the earlier doctoral thesis writer of The Intelligent Heart, are, however, peppered with misprints, mistakes and inaccuracies. Dr. Arnold's work, though based on study of original material frequently gives me the impression that he has weighed and compared manuscripts and facts such as are available in other men's work, but has not really read himself closely with Lawrence's American studies. It is for these reasons that I do not accept unquestioningly the opinions of published scholars in this field. What published evidence there is about the number of versions there were of Studies is either thin or ambiguous, or contradictory of some other evidence. There is not even really sufficient evidence to raise a firm query. One is simply left with the unhappy feeling that something is wrong somewhere.

The essay on Walt Whitman published in The Symbolic Meaning begins by stating openly the point which I made at the end of discussing the essay on Moby Dick:

Whitman is the greatest of the Americans. One of the greatest poets of the world, in him an element of falsity troubles us still. Something is wrong: we cannot be quite at ease in his greatness.

Lawrence is not only beginning to perceive duality in his authors, but he is becoming more articulately aware of duality of response in himself:

This may be our own fault. But we sincerely feel that something is overdone in Whitman; there is something too much. ¹

However, whether the duality is in the author, the perceiver, or correspondingly in both, Lawrence does not wait to tease out. He gets on with the job.

"Let us get over our quarrel with (Whitman) first", says Lawrence. The trouble is that all the Americans when they have broken new ground have been self-conscious about it, consequently strident, portentous or lurid. Possibly this is because they have moved so quickly: from Franklin to Whitman is a hundred years; it might well have been a thousand in Lawrence's view.²

The Greeks, continues Lawrence, started the great passion for the ideal; the Christians set out to annihilate the sensual instinct, working from a profound religious impulse. Once the

¹ Ibid., p. 254. Clearly "nothing too much" was part of Lawrence's conscious criterion, even in the early versions of these essays.

² Ibid., p. 254

conquest had been completed, there is the temptation to return and explore the battlefield: "the mind returns upon the affective centres and sets up in them a deliberate reaction". Crèvecoeur, Hawthorne, Poe, all the transcendentalists, Melville, Prescott, Wendell Holmes, Whitman, all provoke "mental reactions in the physical self, passions exploited by the mind."¹ Thus:

they have finished in haste, with a certain violence and violation, that which Europe began. two thousand years ago or more. Rapidly, they have returned to lay open the secrets which the Christian epoch has taken two thousand years to closeup. 2

To place the Americans in a wider literary, as opposed to historical context, Lawrence groups them with aesthetes and symbolists in European art. Men like Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi and Hardy act direct from the passional motive³ - they fit the "idea" on afterwards, consciously. Conversely, men like Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, and nearly all later Russian, French and English novelists:

... Set up their reactions in the mind and reflect them by a secondary process into the body.

This, says Lawrence, and making a direct connection between the two: "makes a vicious living and a spurious art."⁴ It was what the American artists tended to do.

This then is the quarrel Lawrence has with Whitman. "Too

1 Ibid., p. 255

2 Ibid., pp. 254-255

3 Ibid., p. 255

4 Ibid., p. 256

often he deliberately, self-consciously affects himself. It puts us off, it makes us dislike him". However, since this is a concomitant of all American art, since it is not sufficiently so to prevent American art being of a rare quality, we have to get over it. The reason and the excuse is, for Lawrence at this stage of his criticism of American art, that it has allegedly completed in a hundred years what thousands of years have left unfinished in Europe.¹

Thus Lawrence concludes his quarrel with Whitman, and then proceeds to discuss what he believes to be Whitman's achievement. Whitman, says Lawrence, has gone further in "actual living expression" than any other man. Dostoievsky burrowed underground into the decomposing psyche, but Whitman has gone forward in life-knowledge and surmounted the grand climacteric, or the end which was in Moby Dick, of our civilization.²

Dana and Melville set out to conquer the last vast element, with the spirit. Whitman enters the last stage of spiritual triumph, for by "subjecting the deepest centres of the lower self, he attains maximum consciousness in the higher self." Melville made a "terrific cruise into universality", but the way towards infinite comprehension is "through the externals towards the quick".³ The vast elements over against which Melville achieved

1 Ibid., p. 256

2 Ibid., p. 256

3 Ibid., pp. 256-257

his universality are the externals. The quick is in the living individual, and it is here that Whitman proceeds to find the experience of infinitude. By all-embracing passional acceptance, he achieves a "vast extension or concentrated intensification into Allness". Thus the conquest is carried to its end.¹

One may well wonder what all this means; even if an inkling is gained from reading Leaves of Grass, particularly the "Song of Myself",² one is still dubious about the extent of Lawrence's enthusiasm. He speaks of Whitman's "vast extension, or concentrated intensification into Allness" as if it were a concrete fact. This is one essay, among several others which I distinctly prefer in the down-to-earth version in Studies in Classic American Literature. Frequently, given some careful sorting out of the tangled threads of Lawrence's "philosophical" additions or prefaces to his criticism, much more cogent thought and insight can be unfolded than Lawrence is usually given full credit for. But the parts of this particular essay begin to take leave of the realms of possible rational explanation, and sag beyond saving. The "concrete" item in it which must be salvaged, however, is the fact that Lawrence is now frequently and automatically speaking in terms of the "quick" of life.

Lawrence goes on: the triumph of the living spirit, which at last includes everything, is here accomplished. At last there

1 Ibid., p. 257

2 Leaves of Grass, p. 23

is nothing more to conquer. So Whitman pours forth his words, his chants of praise and acclamation. It is man's maximum state of consciousness, his highest state of spiritual being.¹ The reader of Lawrence's criticism begins to mutter under his breath "'Nothing too much' - for heaven's sake."

But Lawrence, quite soon after this, begins to make his own reservations, even to this his favourite life philosophy incarnate. He draws back into the argument another variation on the theme of "nothing too much", that which in more lurid circumstances had appeared in the essay on Edgar Allan Poe. Whitman has indeed uncovered the last and final truth, says Lawrence, that truth is at the quick in the single individual soul. But although:

Each vivid soul is unique, and though one soul embrace another, and include it, still it cannot become that other soul or livingly dispossess that other soul.

In spite of Plato, En Masses, Democracies and Almightynesses, the essential truth is that "a man is himself, and only himself, throughout all his greatnesses and extensions and intensifications".²

"The second truth which we must bring as a charge against Whitman" continues Lawrence, is that Allness, One Identity, En Masse, Democracy is only "an enormous half-truth". The other half is Jehovah, and Egypt, and Sennacherib: the other form of

1 Ibid., p. 257

2 Ibid., p. 258

Allness, terrible and grand, as in the Psalms;¹ and even, on a lower plane, as in Lawrence's life standard.

Lawrence then goes on to criticize the logic of Whitman's argument, from the standpoint of his life criterion as it then was. That is to say he criticises Whitman's "One Direction" from the vantage point of "polarity". Whitman's way to Allness, says Lawrence, is through endless sympathy. In merging you must move away from something towards something, in sympathy you depart from one point to arrive at another. Thus Whitman lays down the law of sympathy and merging as the law of One Direction.

This, says Lawrence, is obviously wrong; And life lies between two poles, and the direction is twofold. Once the goal of Allness is attained, Whitman's One Direction becomes a hideous tyranny; One Identity is a prison of horror once realized, for at the last the motion of merging becomes a vice, as in "Ligeia". But a grand experience brings man to his maximum, and though even then he is still no more than himself, Whitman, in achieving this state has opened a new field of living.²

This new field of living is opened up in that Whitman has driven on to the very centre of life and sublimated even this into consciousness:

Melville hunts the remote white whale of the deepest passional body, tracks it down. But it is Whitman who captures the whale. The pure sensual body of man at its deepest remoteness and intensity. This is the White Whale. And this is what Whitman captures. 3

1 Ibid., p. 258

2 Ibid., p. 259

3 Ibid., pp. 259-260

In short, Lawrence reads Whitman as achieving that subsumption of the lower consciousness into the upper consciousness, after which a man can alone know in full, and of which Lawrence has written so frequently, in The Symbolic Meaning and elsewhere, as man's ultimate aim or state of being.¹

This is the "deepest finest Whitman... who knows the extremity of life Lawrence characteristically sees as near to death, to link up the mystic circuit". But this circuit is not one which mechanically turns upon itself, it is one which leads to the brink and then bridges the gap. Whitman is on the threshold of a new era for mankind.

This new era, says Lawrence, will be established on "the perfect circuits of vital flow between human beings".²

First, the great sexless normal relations between individuals... friendship... family... clan... nation... group. Next the powerful sex relation between man and woman... And, finally, the love between comrades, the manly love which alone can create a new era of life. ³

The final circuit has yet to be achieved, even though "Whitman put us on the track years ago".⁴

What is more interesting to us than that failure is that in spite of continuing to use a neutral, a-social image to express his thought, Lawrence is in this last essay in The Symbolic Meaning beginning to see the flow of connection as

1 eg. Ibid., pp. 75, 151, 188, 189. See also FU, and "Education of the People".

2 Ibid., p. 262

3 Ibid., pp. 262-263

4 Ibid., p. 264

"vital" or life-power as well as the living individuals involved. Moreover, Lawrence is now able to use the words "circuit" and "relationship" interchangeably, even though the relationship is still predominantly conceived and envisaged as a circuit.

Lawrence concludes with an eulogy to Whitman's verse forms:

The greatest modern poet! Whitman, at his best, is purely himself. His verse springs sheer from the spontaneous sources of his being. Hence its lovely, lovely form and rhythm: at his best. It is sheer, perfect human spontaneity, spontaneous as a nightingale throbbing, but still controlled, the highest loveliness of human spontaneity, undecorated, unclothed. The whole being is there, sensually throbbing, spiritually quivering, mentally, ideally speaking. ¹

This does not entirely agree with the opening pages of the essay which accused Whitman of mentally stimulating reaction. We can only conclude that Lawrence wrote himself into this enthusiasm. He was only too soon to become disillusioned about the possibilities of sheer spontaneous being and expression. This last passage might be uncritically allowed to him as probably his last, wholehearted declaration of his credo in the same. Moreover, the qualification, Whitman "at his best," might just save Lawrence from self-contradiction.

C. American II: STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE

Studies in Classic American Literature, the final version

¹ Ibid., p. 264

of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning, was published in New York on August 27th, 1923. This is the book upon which Lawrence's reputation as a critic has been mainly based. Armin Arnold, in his Introduction to The Symbolic Meaning, lists the unfavourable reviews of Studies when they first appeared.¹ On the American side of the Atlantic, H. I. Brock found them perverse, hysterical, intolerably tiresome; Stuart P. Sherman complained of an out-of-date coal-heaver style, and said that this "attack upon American intellectualism and idealism" proceeded from a need in Lawrence to recover his own balance; Kurt L. Daniels remarked that Lawrence let his ideas fly "half-fledged", that he was a victim of his own metaphors, and that his style was only effective when it wasn't exasperating. In England, Conrad Aiken wrote that Lawrence behaved like a man possessed; and the Times Literary Supplement reviewer found the Studies wearysome, didactic, obstinate, complacent, perverse.

Later critics, continues Dr Arnold, repeated these views. Hugh Kingsmill "poked fun at the essay on Moby Dick"; "even" Edmund Wilson found the essays to contain "shots that do not hit the mark and moments that are quite hysterical"; and Thornton Wilder remarked that they had "passages of nonsense in them." Dr Arnold says that "these remarks are true enough of version 3"

¹ Studies in Classic American Literature will be abbreviated to Studies in the text from here on. The code SCAL will continue to be used in footnote references.

though they do not apply to versions 1 and 2. He himself describes the final versions as containing "hysterical outbreaks" and as written in an "exaggerated and shrieking style".¹

Dr Arnold is, of course, trying to build a case for the greater value of the earlier versions which he is in the position of editing. But in order to establish even an initial claim as to their interest he must needs also build up Lawrence's reputation as a critic. Herbert J. Seligman was the first, he says, to point out critical qualities in Lawrence; F. R. Leavis called Lawrence "the finest literary critic of our time"; Martin Turnell said that he had the most powerful personality among modern European critics and that his criticism was satisfying in a way which T. S. Eliot's was not. Finally, quotes Dr Arnold, Edmund Wilson has called Studies one of the few first rate books written on the subject.² All these opinions, save that of Martin Turnell who included Phoenix in his praise, were necessarily based upon the Studies in their 1923 version. This gathering^{of} approving commentary undermines Dr Arnold's previous strictures, but he does not appear to be aware of the ambivalence.

Harry T. Moore, who had no particular axe to grind about Lawrence's criticism, presents the same material in a mellow light which reconciles the contradictions in Dr Arnold's views. Although Studies baffled many of the reviewers when it first

1 All these comments, and Dr Arnold's own opinion, are to be found in SM., pp 6 - 8

2 SM., p. 9

came out, he writes, "later American critics exploring the literature of their own country (Edmund Wilson, Austin Warren, Alfred Kazin, and others) have expressed pleased astonishment at its brilliance and power". Professor Moore extends the quotation from Thornton Wilder, given in part, and as disapproving, by Dr Arnold, to include the opinion that "there is much of electrifying insight and help" in the 1923 Studies. Critics generally, continues Professor Moore, have pronounced the essays on Melville and Poe as the best among the Studies; and he concludes his amiable presentation of the Studies' status as a whole, by quoting the opinions of Martin Turnell and F. R. Leavis, given by Dr Arnold above. 1

In discussing Studies in Classic American Literature I intend, as I have said at the beginning of this chapter, to treat the essays as making together one book. I am not going to adopt the same method as that which I used in examining The Symbolic Meaning, however. The essays in the latter, which were examined in detail, unfold, in the main, the rationale which lies behind the later versions.² A similar, complete and detailed commentary on the whole of the argument of every essay in Studies would, in spite of the surface differences of style and tone and some changed opinions between the earlier and later versions, prove repetitious.

1 The Intelligent Heart, pp. 335-336

2 Kurt L. Daniels who complained that, in Studies, Lawrence let his ideas fly half-fledged, would, in fact, have been more to the point had he commented that their wings had been, sometimes, over-severely clipped.

The sequence of thought in some rather pertinent changes of argument, and the essay on R. H. Dana omitted from discussion of The Symbolic Meaning, will be discussed in fair detail. Otherwise my method of examining this book will be one of discussing the implications of the more general qualities of the book as a whole.

I have already indicated that I believe Studies to have been written under circumstances of some stress: circumstances which accounted for the change in tone; and stress which precipitated a further smelting out of certain aspects of Lawrence's life standard. Some momentarily wistful comments in Studies recall and affirm the description, given earlier in this thesis, of the perceptive schemata with which the younger Lawrence had approached American literature: "Whitman, the great poet has meant so much to me,"¹ he writes in the last essay in the book, and behind the comment, in context, lies the wistful implication that some, at least, of the clouds of glory had vanished on the way between version 1 and version 3. Earlier in Studies, however, in the essay on Crèvecoeur, Lawrence had expressed his disillusionment more badly. "I used to admire my head off" he writes "before I tiptoed into the Wilds and saw the shacks of the Homesteaders."²

It is in the essay on "Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels" that Lawrence really catches, recalls for a moment, the quality of his earlier, wondering rather than antagonistic, per-

1 SCAL., p. 162

2 Ibid., p. 24

ception of American literature. "I have loved the Leatherstocking books so dearly" he writes, but that, it now seems to him, was "Wish-fulfilment!".¹ Further on in the essay, Lawrence elaborates: "Perhaps my taste is childish" he says, "but these scenes in The Pioneers seem to me marvellously beautiful... Some of the loveliest, most glamorous pictures in all literature." But "Alas, without the cruel iron of reality."² Because, Lawrence goes on, "when one comes to America, one finds that there is always a certain slightly devilish resistance in the American landscape, and a certain slightly bitter resistance in the white man's heart."³

These comments suggest the validity not only of the earlier description, of Lawrence's perceptive schemata for American literature before he arrived in America, but of the conjecture that Lawrence's arrival, and first months of living in America, proved an experience in which his schemata were forced harshly, but perhaps salutarily, to adapt. Dr Arnold in D. H. Lawrence and America, describes the winter of 1922-23, during which Studies was written, as a time of nervousness and sterility.⁴

Dr Arnold has also drawn attention to a sequence of letters which reveal Lawrence's hopeful but hesitant approach to America. Early in 1922 Lawrence wrote to Earl and Aschah Brewster in Ceylon that "The East seems to me the world to meditate in, Europe the world to feel in, America the world to act in." Later he wrote

1 Ibid., p. 44

2 Ibid., p. 52

3 Ibid., pp. 52-3

4 D. H. Lawrence and America, p. 135

"More and more I feel that meditation and the inner life are not my aim, but some sort of action... I believe that the clamorous future is in the States"; but then soon after, he wrote again saying: "east, is the source: and America is the extreme periphery... What is the good after all of going to where everthing is just unlearnt and confused to the utmost." A later hesitant excuse was that he wished he could go to America without meeting the awful "cultured" American.¹ It seems clear that Lawrence was both drawn towards America, and fearful of the adjustment he would have to make. However, by September of 1922, Lawrence and Frieda were in San Francisco, and on their way to Taos.

As a man of intuitive intelligence Lawrence must have known that past affections, a dream, and a hope, were in danger of rude assault. The first page of the American version of Studies touches on this point which is thus revealed as at the front of Lawrence's mind, at one time at least:

The world fears a new experience more than it fears anything. Because a new experience displaces so many old experiences. And it is like trying to use muscles that have perhaps never been used, or that have been going stiff for ages. It hurts horribly. 2

Lawrence had feared: almost his first letter from America (Taos) said it "is more or less as I expected: shove or be shoved".³ A few days later: "I am of course a great stranger here. And I

1 Quoted in D. H. Lawrence and America, p. 110. It is notable that the comments which Lawrence made about America before he arrived there, were made in the familiar vocabulary and imagery of the life standard at different points in its growth.

2 SCAL., p. 1

3 CL., p. 715

feel there is a curious grudge, or resentment against everything: almost in the very soil itself."¹ It is all an experience, his correspondence continues, "But one's heart is never touched at all".² Probably, one would guess, because it was clenched against "the iron ugliness of what it means, to live by will against the spontaneous inner life."³ For "America makes one feel hard - would make one feel bitter, if one were not too old for bitterness".⁴

Heaped upon these general reactions to American experience were irritability at "living on someone else's property and accepting their kindness"⁵; intense dislike of Mabel Dodge who "hates the white world and loves the Indian out of hate; is very 'generous', wants to be 'good' and is very wicked, has a terrible will-to-power";⁶ and depression at the death of Katherine Mansfield.

"Yes" Lawrence wrote to Middleton Murry

... it is something gone out of our lives.
 ... I always knew a bond in my heart. Feel
 a fear where the bond is broken. Feel as if
 old moorings were breaking all. Perhaps it is good
 for Katherine not to have to see the next phase.
 ... It has been a savage enough pilgrimage these
 last four years. Perhaps K. has taken the only
 way for her... The dead don't die. They look on
 and help.

1 Ibid., p. 717

2 Ibid., p. 720

3 Ibid., p. 721

4 Ibid., p. 729

5 Ibid., p. 721

6 Ibid., p. 730

But, Lawrence continues "in America one feels as if everything would die, and that is terrible." I wish, he concludes, it needn't all have been as it has been: I do wish it.¹

It was the end of a phase for Lawrence, always a black time in a man's life. Lawrence transferred part of his blankness to America: "But innerlich, there is nothing. It seems to me, in America, for the inside life, there is just blank nothing."² To a man of Lawrence's temperament the blankness of the end of a phase, soon becomes a state of tension and irritable struggle to bring nullity back to life.

It was during these months that Lawrence wrote the final version of Studies. Towards the end of February 1923, Lawrence began a little to unclench his resistance to America and the feared assault upon the old experiences. The theme of his earlier perceptions about America, gleaned from her literature alone, began to return:

... I feel about U.S.A., as I vaguely felt a long time ago: that there is a vast unreal, intermediary thing intervening between the real thing which was Europe and the next real thing which will probably be in America, but which isn't yet, at all. Seems to me a vast death-happening must come first. But probably it is here, in America (I don't say just U.S.A.), that the quick will keep alive and come through. 3

1 Ibid., p. 736

2 Ibid., p. 732

3 Ibid., p. 740. The "quick" which would keep alive in America was the same as that of the life standard. The American, more than any other localized Spirit of Place, almost subconsciously (revealed only by choice of vocabulary), seemed closely and inevitably connected with the literary life standard of Lawrence's criticism. It is probably in this that Lawrence's critical criterion is removed from the social and moral qualities of the life standard in the rest of the English tradition of criticism.

This is at once more subdued than The Symbolic Meaning ("'Out of the cradle endlessly rocking! Ave America!" SM., p. 264) and, as well, the first stirring of a new openness to the American experience. The theme is that of both The Symbolic Meaning and of Studies. But, as Lawrence remarks, in the Studies' essay on "Herman Melville's Typee and Omoo", "we cannot turn the current of our lives backwards."¹ The new rendering in Studies, of the same theme as that of The Symbolic Meaning, inevitably carried with it the remaining tensions and irritabilities of that period of Lawrence's life: they were released in ludicrous, comic, vigour and energy. It carried also the edginess of experience which had tempered idealistic vision, and a closer fusion of the qualities of the life standard. At the same time a freshly minted style of colloquial comic ease and ambivalence appeared, to smoothly articulate feelings and thoughts in conflict and upheaval, and newly appearing qualities and general cohering, of the life standard.

Apart from the change in tone and style, the most remarkable thing about Studies, in comparison with The Symbolic Meaning, is the considerably decreased degree of philosophy and of speculative literary theory. Frederick Carter, in D. H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical, reports Lawrence's explanation of the reason for

1 SCAL. p. 130

the deletion as a feeling that "the esoteric parts should remain esoteric."¹ Also, says Frederick Carter, Lawrence was not satisfied with his philosophy in the early essays. A more matter of fact reason, or way of expressing the reason, was that between the publication of "The Two Principles" in 1919 and the publication of Studies in 1923, had appeared Psychonamalysis and the Unconscious in 1921, and Fantasia of the Unconscious in 1922. Both these long essays had worked and reworked the "philosophy" of the earlier essays, especially of "The Two Principles", and as both had been published in New York, a third dose was doubtless clearly superfluous.

Neither the fact of these publications, nor Frederick Carter's explanation give any clue to the almost complete disappearance of the literary theory, however. The paragraphs on art-speech and symbolic meaning in the first "Spirit of Place" are sadly impoverished, indeed condensed almost out of existence, in the Studies version; while the discussion of myth, legend, romance, and so forth, which had earlier prefaced the essays on Hawthorne, have completely disappeared.

I suspect that the conjectured state of tension, which Lawrence's letters of the winter 1922-1923 seem to support, issued

1 D. H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical, p. 25. The only essay completely omitted from the final version's sequence was the almost completely philosophical one, "The Two Principles".

in Lawrence in physical irritability and impatience¹, and an almost inevitably consequent impatience with abstract speculation. This supposition is supported by the marked shift in emphasis from the rather conceptualized "spontaneous issue from the source", the continual "spontaneity" of The Symbolic Meaning; to the heavier, insistent and more sensual aspect of the life standard, the "knowledge in the blood" or blood consciousness" of Studies, which has been so much and so long over-emphasized, by Lawrence's critics and enthusiasts alike. So heavily, in fact, does Lawrence weight the issue of "the deep blood-consciousness" in Studies that, relatively speaking and from the point of view of impact (some might call it "bludgeoning" or "assault") upon the reader, there is "more" of his philosophy in Studies than in The Symbolic Meaning.

This shift of emphasis from the neutrally dynamic concepts of the life standard, such as "polarity" and "thoroughly separated-out starry individuality", to much more physical apprehension of the existence and action of the life of the life standard was necessary, however, before the "magnetic" or "electrical" dynamic could finally become the "quickness" of "The Novel". Studies, though with a somewhat over-violent swing of the pendulum, marks

1 Most of Lawrence's biographers or memoirists support this much of my surmise, but their opinions or personal memories are not direct evidence as to Lawrence's thought processes, as to which I am further speculating here. On this issue, indeed, it is well to remind oneself of the psychologist's reservation that ultimately we have no "window-to-the-inside". The nearest we have to best evidence, however, is Lawrence's written output of that time; it is from this that I am tentatively drawing my conclusions.

the point when the way began finally to open for "circuits" and "currents of interchange" between different "poles", to become "interrelatedness", and then, at last "relationships," between human beings.

Inherent and revealed in human relationships is, not "the greater inhuman forces that control us", but "quickness", "godly" and "passional" life, created and creating from moment to moment, forever present, unfolding the mystery of the creative source which is in and yet unencompassed by a man or men.

If America needled Lawrence into an irritable and over-emphatic reaction of settling almost entirely (for the time being only¹) towards the theme of blood-consciousness in the life standard, the most fruitful result, as the pendulum settled back towards the true of a newly re-composed norm, was, within the next two years, the great sequence of essays on the novel. Those essays, with the new, non-metaphysically-tainted vocabulary unfolded easily Lawrence's own particular and original insight, thought and expression, in a way which would not have been possible in the period before Studies were written.² The final fruit of the

1 I should also point out that I am speaking of Lawrence's "philosophical" learning in these essays rather than of his critical judgment. Lawrence's emotive weight being towards the validity of blood consciousness does not undermine the fact that his critical criterion is one of "nothing-too-much". In fact, in this case, it was the bias of his own leaning in one direction which resulted in his demand of "nothing-too-much" in the other. More weight on the theme of blood consciousness produces a clearer demand for "nothing-too-much" of idealization or mentation of any kind.

2 Lawrence, in fact, clearly states in the essay on Benjamin Franklin the relationship between the influence which America had on his life standard. After parodying Franklin's creed

2. Cont'd.

that should "satisfy the professors of every religion, but shock none" with a parallel creed of his own, Lawrence continues the parody by producing a list of virtues consequent upon his creed. Lawrence's list makes clever fun of Franklin and yet does indeed state the virtues he believed in the value of practising. They qualify for the description Lawrence had given, in The Symbolic Meaning (p. 43), of "the old virtus" which meant "the very impulse itself, the creative gesture, drifting out incalculable from human hands". Lawrence concludes his mock, but very serious, list of virtues by saying:

There's my list. I have been trying dimly to realize it for a long time, and only America and old Benjamin have at last goaded me into trying to formulate it. SCAL p. 18)

life standard, the gestation of which had been forced to its conclusion by, or rather in the writing of, Studies, was, near the end of his life, Lawrence's own great defence of Lady Chatterley's Lover. In "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" the marriage, in Lawrence's perceptive thought, between the interests and values of literature and life was finally consummated.

This then is the hidden and vital importance of Studies in Lawrence's criticism, if not for his work in general. Better-known, generally, for brilliant aphoristic aperçus into previously hidden qualities in American literature, the Studies - for all their frequent irritability and, I would say, untypical tone and mood amongst Lawrence's criticism; and for all Lawrence's resentful kicking against the pricks of the American experience - contain the final smelting out of the life standard in its maturer forms. This was a process of which Lawrence was probably unconscious. Its first motions were beginning to be observable towards the end of The Symbolic Meaning in the essays of later date.

It was a process, roughly speaking, of an early generalized antithesis between life and moral system (in the Hardy Study of 1914), gathering up into itself on its way the more private or individually centred antithesis between sensual or blood consciousness and mind consciousness (The Symbolic Meaning, 1918-1920), and finally, under pressure of a sharp reaction towards the physical (Studies, 1923), ousting the idea element of the concept of antithesis.

During this latter part of the process, and before mentation was allowed to surface again, the perceived qualities of both previous antithesis appear to have part-blended, part-rearranged, into three (a number which precludes antithesis) life percepts of "relatedness", "morality", and "passionality", each of which is inherent in both the others; thus they are all "one". This special "one" quality of life, when it is achieved from moment to moment, captures a mystic gleam of the "quick" - a word which Lawrence used (or its relations in implication such as "vivid", "live", "vital") with increasing frequency after 1923. In its old medieval root form of "cwicu", the word must have held implicit, unquestioning awareness of ever mysterious life, which fleetingly came and went, and yet was everywhere perpetuated by an unknowable power, beyond but embracing each instance of life. In this sense the word is most apt for Lawrence's use in expressing the life standard.

In order to look more closely into the suggestion that this process, beginning at the end of The Symbolic Meaning, was, to use a chemical analogy, precipitated in Studies the argument can best begin from the essay which has not yet been outlined in full, that on "Dana's Two Years Before the Mast".

This essay was one of those which "The Two Principles" was designed to introduce. We may be prepared for its argument in some way turning upon the theme of the elements. Lawrence begins by writing of the love for "mother-earth". She cannot be idealized,

he says: if you try it she entangles and crushes you.¹ Europeans have loved the soil of Europe as a "blood-home-land", but to Americans America has been only an "ideal home-land".

Transcendentalism. Transcend this home-land business, exalt the idea of These States till you have made it a universal idea, says the true American. The over-soul is a world-soul, not a local thing.

So, in the next great move of imaginative conquest, Lawrence goes on, Americans turned to the sea. Not to the land. Earth is too specific, too particular. The greatest material mother of us all is the sea. But, says Lawrence, "Love the great mother of the sea, the Magna Mater. And see how bitter it is... see how you must fail to win her to your ideal: forever fail."²

Although you cannot idealize brute labour, says Lawrence, you can go through with it, "and know what it means." You can even meet and match the sea, and KNOW her. "Know thyself" means to Lawrence at this point in his argument: know the earth and the sea, the great elementals, that are in your blood.

Dana wanted such knowledge in that he set out in search of "a naked fighting experience with the sea." But knowing and being are antagonistic states: the goal is to know how not-to-know. The goal is reached only via knowledge, however, and he who will learn how not-to-know, must pay the price: "Dana took another great step in knowing... it was a step also in his own undoing."

1 SCAL., p. 105. This is given as yet a third reason for Thomas Hardy's pessimism.

2 Ibid., p. 106

Embarking on "a new phase of dissolution of his own being. Afterwards, he would be less a human thing."¹

Lawrence's essay on Dana moves along a rhythm of recoil and flow. Having thus begun with admiration for the heroic man who "has gone down to fight with the sea"², Lawrence recoils in dislike from the Dana roused "for the first and last time to human and ideal passion",³ "creating 'public opinion', and mugging up the life-issues with... sententiousness. O Idealism!"⁴ Lawrence also recoiled from the Dana, whose only love was for the Kanakaboy, Hope; it was a love "largely pity, tinged with philanthropy. The inevitable saviourism. The ideal being."⁵ But after these moments of recoil and dislike, Lawrence is drawn back again under the spell which he feels so strongly in Dana's little book, and concludes: "Dana's small book is a very great book: contains a great extreme of knowledge, knowledge of the great element." After all, says Lawrence, we have to know all, to know that knowing is nothing. It is after that stage that "there is a sort of peace, and we can start afresh."⁶

The major passage of Lawrence's recoil from Dana, is, of course, the flogging episode - Lawrence's treatment of which has roused the ire of many of his critics. The logic of the present discussion is best served, however, by taking Lawrence's approval

1 Ibid., p. 107
 2 Ibid., p. 108
 3 Ibid., p. 109
 4 Ibid., p. 115
 5 Ibid., p. 116
 6 Ibid., p. 123

of Dana first into consideration. Lawrence largely establishes his theme of approval by lengthy quotations which he allows to speak for themselves. This was a method he used in his major essay on another sea-novel, the essay on Moby Dick. Nevertheless, the reasons for Lawrence's approval emerge, are even stated, quite clearly:

We must give Dana credit for a profound mystic vision. The best Americans are mystics by instinct. Simple and bare as his narrative is, it is deep with profound emotion and stark comprehension. He sees the last light-loving incarnation of life exposed upon the eternal waters: a speck, solitary upon the verge of the two naked principles, aerial and watery. And his own soul is as the soul of the albatross. ¹

Dana is engaged in "a metaphysical, actual struggle of an integral soul with the vast, non-living, yet potent element"².

In short Lawrence approves of the mystic (rather a strong word for Dana's little book, I feel) non-personal quality of Dana's vision and experience. In Dana's horrific struggle round Cape Horn homewards: "Man fights the element in all its roused mystic hostility to life."

In contest with this cosmic enemy, man finds his further ratification, his further ideal vindication. He comes out victorious, but not till the sea has tortured his living, integral body, and made him pay something for his consciousness.

This fight was the inward crisis and triumph of Dana's soul, says Lawrence. He went through it all consciously, enduring, knowing.

¹ So sharp is the difference between the writing in the middle of this essay, and the writing at its beginning and end, that

Footnote 1 continued

insertion might almost be suspected. In fact, moreover, so like are the themes, mood, and even several patches of phraseology in the beginning and end of this essay, to the thought of "The Two Principles" it is again more than tempting to think that there was no version 2, to be lost; and, moreover, that even version 1 might not have been lost either, but that this version 3 essay was originally version 1, the middle pages on Sam and "Johannus" perhaps being inserted in 1923. There is, unfortunately, no holograph or typescript of the essay, which could be examined on this point.

2 Ibid., p. 108

From his book, we know too; we owe him homage.¹

Dana's style is also suited to the non-personal quality of his vision. Lawrence is made to marvel "How much stranger is the interplay of life among the elements, than any chemical interplay among the elements themselves,"² for "Dana is wonderful at relating these mechanical, or dynamic-physical events." He could not tell about the being of men: only about the forces, says Lawrence.³ This is his strength: description of the non-personal.

Thus the experience and the expression in Two Years Before the Mast are, for Lawrence, powerful and wonderful in their impersonality. The point in the middle of the essay, at which Lawrence reacts against Dana, was one of the only two occasions when Dana seemed to react on, and try to communicate about, a personal level of experience and thought. The result then, according to Lawrence, was "idealism" of the kind which Lawrence could not approve: as opposed to the battle for conscious knowledge of the elements which Lawrence had approved.

Strangely enough, however, Lawrence described and evaluated this "personal" expression of Dana's in completely neutral semi-scientific metaphorical vocabulary. I suggest to those critics who have found Lawrence's attitude to flogging in this essay so distasteful that they may have overlooked the fact that the logic of the metaphor had a great deal to do with the position taken,

1 Ibid., p. 118

2 Ibid., p. 122

3 Ibid., p. 121

and it is probably best to attend to that, rather than to our own extrinsic, and thus irrelevant, feelings about whether flogging is humane. One may not like the conclusion the metaphorical structure of the argument helps to draw out (I wonder which came first: the metaphor or the thought? It is not perfectly analogous to the chicken and the egg, but the point is equally debatable); but the metaphor and the thought belong to a certain point in Lawrence's development and there is the mitigation that Lawrence's life standard was to evolve a great deal further thus eventually examining all such questions in a different light. The Lawrence who wrote Lady Chatterley's Lover believed in sympathy and tenderness easing together again the failure of relationships between human beings - certainly not in violence as a lubricant. The imagery of broken down electrical circuits, *however*, required a burst of energy or violence to restore the vital flow.

This image is one which would certainly have matched more happily with the images which articulated Lawrence's thought nearer to 1918; but tensions and circumstances can unaccountably bring older, long unused schemata to the surface of one's consciousness. At several points in Studies, one feels that only such an explanation could account for a number of discrepancies. We are fortunate, however, whatever the reason for its vivid appearance at this point, that Lawrence uses this image here. Studies thus provides in condensed form a spectrum of the development described above.

Electricity, writes Lawrence in the later pages of the Dana essay "seems to be the first, intrinsic principle among the Forces":

It has a mystic power of readjustment. It seems to be overlord of the two naked elements, fire and water, capable of mysteriously enchainning them, and of mysteriously sundering them from their connexions. 1

When the two great elements become hopelessly clogged, continues Lawrence, the sword of lightening can separate them. Thunder is the explosion when the waters are loosed from the elemental fire.²

It will be remembered, first, that in this essay Lawrence speaks of earth and sea as the two great elementals in the blood, and second, that in the first pages of the version 1 essay on "Herman Melville's Typee and Omoo" the elements of earth and sea had, in the course of the argument, been drawn out of almost synonymously perceived "fire" and "water". In Two Years Before the Mast Lawrence understands Sam and the Captain as in^a condition analogous to that hopeless clogging of the elements, which is separated by the sword of lightening. Following upon the quotation given above, Lawrence quotes Dana's description of a tropical thunderstorm. Lawrence had not been thinking directly of the flogging episode, he was preparing for the power of the storm description. But he does say: "Thunder, the electric force, is the counterpart in the material-dynamic world of the life-force."³

1 Ibid., p. 119

2 Ibid., p. 120

3 Ibid., p. 120

Electricity is for Lawrence at this point, however, not simply a counterpart, in another dimension, of life forces in the world of the living, it is the image which he finds most apt to describe his perception and understanding of human relationships:

What is the breath of life? My dear, it is the strange current of interchange that flows between men and men, and men and women, and men and things. A constant current of interflow, a constant vibrating interchange. That is the breath of life.

And this interflow, this electric vibration is polarized. There is a positive and a negative polarity. This is the law of life, of vitalism.

Only ideas are final, finite, static, and single.

All life-interchange is a polarized communication. A circuit.

There are lots of circuits and one of them is that between master and man. "It is a circuit of vitalism which... (is) nourishment to each, and keeps both in a state of subtle, quivering vitalism."¹

The sea, Lawrence had written earlier, is a great disintegrative force. The strain of a long sea-voyage begins to tell, until at last there is trouble on board the ship. Increasing callous indifference in the men became sluggishness in Sam; increasing irritability in the master became a kind of turgidity in the veins of the captain. Both sluggishness and turgidity are a clogging of the elements in the blood. "And then what?" says Lawrence, "A storm."

¹ Ibid., p. 110

Don't expect me to say why storms must be.
They just are...

Storms are a sort of violent readjustment in some polarized flow. You have a polarized circuit, a circuit of unstable equilibrium. The irritability increases till there is a crash. Everything seems to break down. Thunder roars, lightening flashes. The master roars, the whip whizzes. The sky sends down sweet rain. The ship knows a new strange stillness, a readjustment, a refinding of equilibrium. 1

Thus, the flogging of Sam: it made the idealistic and humane Dana sick. This, in turn, made Lawrence impatient. To him the vomiting of Dana and the interference of John simply "mug up the life-issue",² not because Lawrence gloats over physical violence and cruelty, but because such is the rationale stipulated by his perception of the "scheme" of things.

This point is supported by Lawrence's comparison with the flogging which Herman Melville was to have had in White Jacket, and the discrimination which he makes between that and the flogging of Sam. Melville's flogging in White Jacket, says Lawrence, "would have been a cold, disciplinary injustice. A foul thing. Mechanical justice even is a foul thing." True justice is passional justice, and as such, Sam was justly punished.³

There is a sense, as I have suggested in which Lawrence's life perception and life image at this stage was itself mechanical: the electrical schema postulated the outcome of the argument rather than the critical image shaping itself according to perception.

1 Ibid., p. 111

2 Ibid., p. 115

3 Ibid., p. 113

There is no doubt, to my mind, that the passage Lawrence is writing about is very disagreeable. Only the logic imposed on the criticism by the schematic imagery chosen to translate schematized perception could give Lawrence's argument its surface, water-tight appearance. However, the "mechanical" or "electrical" image of life is qualified even within the essay itself. The justice is "passional",¹ belonging to a "spontaneous passional morality"²; the "equilibrium" is "vital" and "natural"³; and Lawrence's main point, though he does not state it explicitly as such, is the separating out of the elements into purity and singleness, when "the fire flies fluid, and the waters roll off in purity."⁴

In The Symbolic Meaning, the epitome of pure, isolate individuality had been Natty Bumppo. In version 1 of "Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels", Natty's mythical role had been seen and explained as a movement forward for American consciousness in that Leatherstocking had travelled back to the source, the Spirit of the American Place, and become re-polarized, in "unspeakable conjunction" and at-one-ment, with the Red Man whose spirit the white American had become responsible for, in killing off its living physical actuality.

In the version 3 essay on the Leatherstocking Novels, Natty Bumppo is still perceived as an isolate individual in whose life "the myth of the essential white America"⁵ was lived out. But

1 Ibid., p. 113

2 Ibid., p. 114

3 Ibid., p. 110

4 Ibid., p. 120

5 Ibid., p. 59

his dynamism is now described as one of potentiality rather than that of already perfectly consummated polarity. "True myth" says Lawrence on this occasion:

... concerns itself centrally with the onward venture of the integral soul. And this for America was Deerslayer. A man who turns his back on white society. A man who keeps his moral integrity hard and intact. An isolate, almost selfless, stoic, enduring man, who lives by death, by killing, but who is pure white.

This is the very intrinsic-most American. He is at the core of all the other flux and fluff. And when this man breaks from his static isolation, and makes a new move, then look out, something will be happening. 1

This is the earliest shift in emphasis and direction between versions 1 and 3, which is significant to the present theme. When this man breaks from his static isolation, so does Lawrence finally break from adherence to patterns of perceptual expression of life in terms of circling planets, the wheel spinning on the hub, electrical circuits and flow, or magnetic patterns or "pull".

By the end of Studies, and the essay on Walt Whitman, the move ahead, from static isolation, and onwards in the midst of a flow of changing relationships had fully emerged in Lawrence's vision of life. The only drawback, which Lawrence vigorously airs in this essay, was in the fact that it had been Walt, and not the Natty Bumppo (or Deerslayer) of the above quotation, even, indeed, that it had not been a Lawrentian Doppelgänger, who had made the break, and the new movement away and ahead, in America.

1 Ibid., pp. 59-60

The essay on Whitman in The Symbolic Meaning had been one almost entirely of praise, for Whitman as sublimating the sensual into the spiritual consciousness, and for the lovely rhythms of the verse. In Studies the essay has become one almost entirely of ludicrous comic debunking, because Whitman had not, according to Lawrence, understood the meaning of "relationship" as Lawrence had then come to understand it. Lawrence uses the word "sympathy" to express his new perception. "Sympathy" is very much a Whitman word, and Lawrence quite possibly lifted it from him. The two men use it to express antithetical meanings, however. The meaning of the word which Lawrence now began to unfold was to last for the purposes of his life standard, as far as, and beyond, its most memorable use, in 1928, in Lady Chatterley's Lover ("It is the way our sympathy recoils and flows which governs our lives" etc.) This again suggests that Studies contain a final turning point in Lawrence's development of the life standard.

Lawrence's approval of the main impulse of Whitman's work remains, - in spite of the high fun which can be made, and very cleverly by Lawrence, of Whitman's American kind of grand and sweeping gestures. Whitman was the first American, says Lawrence, who broke mental allegiance to the old moral concept that the soul of man is something "superior" to, and "above" the flesh.¹ "Whitman was the first heroic seer to seize the soul by the scruff of her neck and plant her down among the potsherds. 'There!' he

1 Ibid., p. 162

said to the soul 'Stay There!'.¹ The soul is neither "above" nor "within". It is a wayfarer down the open road. Of this Lawrence says:

It is the American heroic message. The soul is not to pile up defences round herself. She is not to withdraw and seek her heavens inwardly, in mystical ecstasies. She is not to cry to some God beyond, for salvation. She is to go down the open road, as the road opens, into the unknown, keeping company with those whose soul draws them near to her, accomplishing nothing save the journey, and the works incident to the journey, in the long life-travel into the unknown, the soul in her subtle sympathies accomplishing herself by the way.²

The subtle sympathies in which a soul accomplishes herself are clearly delicate and sensitive, fluently changing relationships. This is an understanding of life, far removed from the spilling over of excess which was the accomplishment of self in the 1914 Hardy Study, or the later polarized circuitous flow. And this, says Lawrence, is "Whitman's essential message. The heroic message of the American future"; it was "the true rhythm of the American continent speaking out" in Whitman. "He is the first white aboriginal."³

But, says Lawrence (butting butts with Whitman as Benjamin had with the Lord⁴), Whitman said Sympathy and did not stick to it: he carried it out as an extension of Love and Charity. He couldn't get free of the old "charity habit." He should have

1 Ibid., p. 162

2 My underlining

3 Ibid., p. 164. There is here, again, the close connection between Lawrence's life standard and the American Spirit of place - a parallelism or connection which does not appear to have existed with any other localized Spirit of Place.

4 Ibid., p. 10

stuck to Sympathy. "Because sympathy means feeling with, not feeling for.... feeling for the negro slave, or the prostitute, or the syphilitic... is merging." In feeling for, Whitman was "forcing his soul down an old rut. He wasn't leaving her free."¹

If Whitman had truly sympathized, says Lawrence, he would have said: "That negro slave suffers... I will not take over his wounds and his slavery to myself... I will help him fight the power that enslaves... if he wants my help, since I see in his face that he needs to be free." Of the prostitute he would have said: "... She likes to make men lose their souls. If she tried to make me lose my soul, I would kill her. I wish she may die." But of another prostitute he would say: "... She is fascinated by the Priapic mysteries... she will soon be worn to death... It is the way of her soul. She wishes it so." One syphilitic, he would have killed, because she wanted to infect him. Of another he would have said: "... She has a horror of her syphilis. If she looks my way I will help her to get cured."²

This is sympathy, says Lawrence: "The soul judging for herself and preserving her own integrity." Because it is a soul, it hates the things which are against the soul. "What my soul loves, I love. What my soul hates, I hate. When my soul is stirred with compassion, I am compassionate. What my soul turns away from, I turn away from." This, says Lawrence, is the true

1 Ibid., p. 165

2 Ibid., p. 166

interpretation of Whitman's creed, the revelation of his Sympathy¹: not Whitman's embracing of syphilitics, or the embracing of lepers in Flaubert. The leper hates his leprosy and sympathy lies in the beholder hating it too.

Sympathy, as Lawrence now understands it, is not, as perhaps the previous paragraph might seem to suggest, a mode of preserving the isolate integrity of the soul, it is primarily a mode of right relationship with other people. "~~Soul~~ sympathizes with soul",² not with the uninhabited ether. "And my soul takes the open road" says Lawrence:

She meets the souls that are passing, she goes
along with the souls that are going her way.
And for one and all, she has sympathy. The
sympathy of love, the sympathy of hate, the
sympathy of simple proximity: all the subtle
sympathizings of the incalculable soul, from
the bitterest hate to passionate love.

Love and Merging brought Whitman to the Edge of Death, says Lawrence, but purified of MERGING, purified of MYSELF, his is the exultant message of American Democracy.³

A final point about Lawrence's new understanding of the life of the soul in relationships, while moving along the open road, is a new order in his hierarchy among the different basic relationships. In The Symbolic Meaning the apex had been, for Lawrence, "the sheer friendship, the love between comrades, the manly love which alone can create a new era of life." This ultimate comradeship had been for Lawrence the final progression from marriage:

1 Ibid., p. 167

2 Ibid., p. 167

3 Ibid., pp. 167-168

"it is the seedless flower of pure beauty beyond purpose."¹ Which last seems, to me, to be rather uncomfortably left floating, loose and unconnected in the ether.

In The Symbolic Meaning Lawrence's life vision had not yet produced a coherent relationship between all the actual, empirical relationships in life-experience. By the end of Studies, although it was the fruit of disillusionment, a new order in the hierarchy had emerged, which reveals the cohesive life quality among all the levels and kinds of relationships in which a human being can become involved. The love of man and woman now precedes^{in value} the love of comrades. In both of these kinds of love there is a recognition of (other) souls and communion of worship. Then there comes Democracy which is "a recognition of souls, all down the open road, and a great soul seen in its greatness, as it travels on foot among the rest, down the common way of living."² Relationships based on sex-love are more profound and deeper-lasting than friendships. But, in the individual, the first two relationships are more closely experienced than the wider relationship with the community of men amongst whom he travels.

This new ordering of the hierarchy of relationships is also part of that change in Lawrence's life vision or standard which took place through the period of which the Studies are the most extensive direct evidence on record. In "Morality and the Novel" the change-over in the hierarchy is concluded and clear. The great relationship for humanity, says Lawrence:

1 SM., p. 263

2 SCAL., p. 168

... will always be the relation between man and woman. The relation between man and man, woman and woman, parent and child, will always be subsidiary.

And the relation between man and woman will change forever, and will forever be the new central clue to human life. It is the relation itself which is the quick and the central clue to life, not the man, nor the woman, nor the children that result from the relationship, as a contingency. 1

The italics, underlined in the above quotation, are Lawrence's own. The point speaks for itself: passional relationship itself is the quick of life.

Drawing this development, of the element of passional relationship in the life standard, together with the other threads of the development argument (i.e. the argument that a finally important and central development in the life standard was precipitated at the time of, or during the writing of, Studies), it is possible to close the argument on the more general and inclusive ground of "the function of art". By the time he has come to writing the last essay on Whitman, Lawrence's mature formulation of the function of art is already beginning to appear - albeit with that stronger-than-usual emphasis on "the blood" which is markedly characteristic of Studies alone:

The essential function of art is moral. Not aesthetic, not decorative, not pastime and recreation. But moral. The essential function of art is moral.

But a passionate, implicit morality, not didactic. A morality which changes the blood, rather than the mind. Changes the blood first. The mind follows later in the wake. 2

Lawrence is frequently insistent and repetitive in Studies, almost as a matter of technique, to drive the matter home. (He was to remark in the following year in his "Introduction to Memoirs of the Foreign Legion" that one had to shout louder in America to make oneself heard: Studies were designed for American publication). I feel, however, that the insistent repetitiveness here might equally well be Lawrence's attempt to repeat and repeat the thought in order to get hold of it; for, as far as I know, this is its first appearance.

I believe Lawrence to be entirely right on this point: that if a work of art is to persuade one of its selfness, the perceiver is first emotively or imaginatively caught; logical substantiation, of a particular kind, can be made out afterwards, if the hold which the work has on the recipient is persistent. Lawrence's colourful, repetitive use of the word "blood" may perhaps antagonize, but when the time of Studies was past, the ideas in the quotation above were developed more fully, in less potentially antagonizing imagery and vocabulary, in "Art and Morality" and "Morality and the Novel". This was the development which continued to mark, in varying degrees, the great part of Lawrence's criticism which was to follow.

I have given more space to elaborating what I feel to be an important but overlooked point about Studies, than I will to describing the book in detail: I have relied upon Studies being, at least, fairly well-known in general, even if the remainder of

Lawrence's criticism is not. There are, however, several generally descriptive points worth raising. First, in order to give some idea of how the book hangs together when the strong developing thread of philosophy, which linked together the essays in The Symbolic Meaning, has been deleted. Second, because my greater respect, ^{not which} than most commentators on Lawrence's criticism have, for the necessary coherence of his critical work as the product of one man's perception, encourages a closer consideration of other usually dismissed aspects of Studies, from the same point of view. Third, because the critical method, and the technique of critical expression of Studies are fascinating and unique - except, I understand, for the criticism written by Ezra Pound. These three points do not indicate the sequence of the following discussion - they are only reasons for some further comparisons between The Symbolic Meaning and Studies in order to bring out a few other aspects of the latter.

It has already been remarked that although there is less apparent philosophizing than in The Symbolic Meaning the impact of Lawrence's personal philosophical bias at that time more than makes up for this. The gap left by the removal of the poetically abstract argumentation was filled, as it were, by other things. There appears, according to Armin Arnold, to be some autobiographical basis for some of the material which filled the gaps.¹ Lawrence

¹ Dr Arnold cites Lawrence's disgust with the Ford motor car in the essay on Franklin (SM., p. 35), and Lawrence's changed attitude to Indians (SM., p. 53) in the essay on Crèvecoeur.

also brought in more personal reference to his authors, sometimes engaging in direct personal abuse with: "Benjamin! Oh Binjum! You do NOT suck me any longer"¹; "Hector St. John, you have lied to me. You lied even more scurrilously to yourself"²; and "Walter, leave off. You are not HE. You are just a limited Walter".³ Quite apart from his most personal, direct and colloquial style and imaginary conversations with his authors, Lawrence on several occasions directly addresses the reader: "Now listen to me, don't listen to him (the artist). He'll tell you the lie you expect. Which is partly your fault for expecting it." he says, before embarking upon the Studies proper.⁴ The Symbolic Meaning had the philosophy but ignored the artist. Studies took a step back towards "the personal heresy", which proved to be a step forward into actuality.

The consequence of this direct revelation of the author's person, and ~~Lawrence's~~ direct conjuring of the personalities whose work he writes about, is that Studies is in itself a good specimen of what the life standard expects - the revelation of the quick, the pulse of ~~the~~ author's changing moods and reactions and relationships with the literary world he is moving in. But the "being", in this case, to borrow a phrase from Lawrence, tends to obscure "consciousness" in the reader. The actualizing of the life standard tends to preclude a statement of, or outsparkle the

1 SCAL., p.19

2 Ibid., p.24

3 Ibid., p.155

4 Ibid., p.3

presence of, the conscious standards which "a good critic should give his reader."¹

True, we hear Lawrence say he does not like Franklin because "He tries to take away my wholeness and my dark forest and my freedom,"² but this is liable to strike the uninitiated reader of Studies as a personal, private and slightly obscure reaction. Clearly it means something to the writer but the evaluative measure at work does not seem clear to the reader. The reader cannot have it both ways, however: the personal, dramatic, and sometimes comically polemical expression engages his attention and reaction immediately (which few critics other than Lawrence can manage to do); if he is left to work out the value for himself, it may be the better for him, and it is a small price to pay for the dynamic imaginative critical dimension into which he is effortlessly swept.

Studies and The Symbolic Meaning are both emotively rather than logically persuasive, however - only they are so in different ways. The Symbolic Meaning has the glamour of semi-poetic philosophic exploration, while Studies, which are no longer processes of discovery but condensed reports, have room to be a bit deliberately wrought, dramatically and stylistically, to gain a desired emotive effect. I would like to say a little more about this, for although I have already argued that Lawrence was in a state of tension at the time of writing Studies, which

1 Ph., p. 539

2 SCAL., pp. 18-19

tension precipitated underground development of the life standard criterion while issuing in irritability on the surface, I do not believe that Studies are radically "capricious" and "fragmented"¹. Consequently I feel that there must be a logic of some kind in that which erupted with vigour in 1923: what Dr Hough describes as Lawrence's "slangy, casual hard hitting style".² The style and method of its expression is most intimately connected with a man's perception and thought. The techniques of Lawrence's expression at this time reveal a coherent perceptive organization, resolving ambivalent perception and feeling as best it could, at the same time revealing the doughty wit and spirit which tension and atagonism could bring out in Lawrence.

Lawrence's style and method in Studies has been called by a number of critics, listed previously, "high-pitched" and "hysterical". George Watson, in his book The Literary Critics, has also written:

Johnson does not have to raise his voice: the modern moralist tends to shout, as D.H. Lawrence seems to do in the last decade of his life, indicting the sanctions of White Protestant societies whether British or American, in his Studies in Classic American Literature, or in the essays posthumously collected as Phoenix.³

1 These adjectives are taken from Richard Foster's essay, "Criticism as Rage: D.H. Lawrence", in H.T. Moore's A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany. To be fair, Dr Foster uses these words to describe Lawrence's criticism in general. He then writes enthusiastically of Studies without excluding them from his general stricture - though it seems, from his tone, as if he meant to. Dr Foster's essay, is, after David Gordon's recent book, D.H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic, the most authoritatively implemented commentary on Lawrence's criticism - appearing, as it does, in Professor Moore's anthology.

2. Cont'd.

Dr Foster makes an unfairly scattered and disparate selection of Lawrence's aperçus, which he himself calls "a partial and hasty catalogue" (A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany p 314) and then claims that it reveals "that Lawrence as a critic was subjective, capricious, dogmatic". He goes on to say that Lawrence's expression "in letters or essays, is characteristically fragmented, repetitious, disordered." (Ibid., p.315) Offered as a judgment on Lawrence the critic in general one is justified in taking Lawrence's best-known most substantial and considered work to test this characterization against.

The position I would now take is that very little, if any, of Lawrence's criticism could be described as characteristically fragmented and repetitious. To a large extent it may be accidentally fragmented - in that no complete edition of Lawrence's collected criticism has appeared. That is the fault of Lawrence's posterity, not of Lawrence. To a large extent, also, and especially in Studies, Lawrence's criticism may appear capricious, and this is a further reason for examining Studies more closely on this score.

2 The Dark Sun, p.256

3 The Literary Critics, p.218

I have already quoted Lawrence's comment that he felt in America that one has to shout louder to make oneself heard - and I have also pointed out that Studies were designed for American publication. There is also the point that Studies were designed for a popular, general market, and not, as were the majority of essays in The Symbolic Meaning, for the more specialised audience of the English Review.

That this was a point which would tell with Lawrence, is shown from his advice to Frederick Carter:

... send me all the MS., and then we can decide what is to be done. - The older - more amateurish Dragon might be dressed for the great public - But the Heaven and Hell would have to be in the list of scholastic or serious works, higher criticism, I am afraid.¹

I have no intention, however, of trying to argue that Lawrence's tone and method in Studies were entirely the result of cool-headed, business^{like} calculation. These are just preliminary mitigations of the charge of "hysteria" or "capriciousness!" Lawrence was almost certainly, at this time, writing in a state of tension:² but tension in a man who already has his skills at his command can often produce a swifter more brilliant blend of those skills. My argument is that Lawrence's style in Studies, through the product of tension, constitutes a new achievement in critical expression.

1 CL. p.1208

2 I would qualify George Watson's description of Lawrence's criticism "shouting louder during the last decade of his life", by saying that this tension and consequent irritability at times, only really marks Lawrence's criticism of 1923 and

2. Cont'd.

thereabouts. Into this period fall Studies and the essay "Surgery for the Novel, or a Bomb," and the review of Stuart P. Sherman's Americans. Lawrence's criticism of Russian, Italian, and other American Literature, also the "Scrutiny" of Galsworthy, in the last decade of his life, is among the richest, most balanced and mature of Lawrence's evaluation of the work of other authors.

Richard Foster, in trying to describe how Lawrence's criticism hangs together, in spite of being, according to his perception, "characteristically fragmented, repetitions,disordered", goes ^{on} to say that Lawrence's criticism is also art, not "in the sense of highly wrought and 'formed'" but in the sense that it is "overwhelmingly alive." This is a consequence, says Dr Foster, partly of "Lawrence's marvellously articulate rage", and in part also of his "marvellously articulate humour". The function of the latter, says Dr Foster, "is vituperative, to articulate the rage".¹

I agree immediately with Dr Foster that, as I have already described, Lawrence's criticism in Studies is "alive," has a vivid and vital effect upon the reader. In particular, I agree with Dr Foster that the humour articulates, not, I would say the rage, but the strong and ambivalent feelings which were battling for position in Lawrence's perceptual upheaval. Also, I particularly agree with Dr. Foster's description of Lawrence's expression as "marvellously articulate". To articulate one's perception and reactions requires skill. Marvellous articulation requires a high degree of "marvellous" skill.

Here then are the points which I wish to make about Lawrence's unique and characteristic achievement in critical expression in Studies: that the comedy articulates the judgment,

1 A D.H. Lawrence Miscellany, p. 315. Though I agree with the direction of Dr Foster's comments, I repeat ~~again~~ my stricture of George Watson's generalization. Dr Foster's characterization of Lawrence's "Criticism as Rage", is only completely apt ~~of~~ the work of the 1923 period.

and that the verbal expression which conjures the comedy has a strong formality of its own - it is not expression flying loose and uncontrolled, but expression suddenly, under tension, newly condensed, and tough, via a dynamic new fusion of expressive skills.

Lawrence's criticism in Studies is a vehicle carrying many of his serious life standard judgments, providing a form and tone to articulate in itself, what sometimes and sometimes is not, directly stated. In The Symbolic Meaning Lawrence had written:

Our simplest spontaneous movement precedes all knowing and willing. Secondly and afterwards, we are conscious, we have voluntary control There must be a measure of control that every deep desire may be fulfilled in its own fulness and proportion. But there must never be control for control's sake.¹

The style of the 1923 re-writing of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning into Studies, appears to achieve what may aptly be described as a control which liberates the "simplest spontaneous movement" of Lawrence's critical reactions.

Comparison of corresponding passages, from the 1919 and 1923 versions of the American essays, which are not greatly different, reveal the kind of point at which the change from one to the other began; and also one of the root intentions of re-writing. The opening paragraph of the first essay on Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, for instance, runs like this:

Crèvecoeur was born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century. As a boy he came over to England and received part of his education here. He went to Canada,

1 SM pp. 26-27

served for a time there with the French in their war against the English, and later passed over into the United States to become an exuberant American. He married a New England girl, and established himself as a farmer. In this period he wrote his Letters from an American Farmer, a series of delightful egoistic accounts of his own ideal existence as an American citizen.¹

and it continues for almost as long again, with general unsorted information. Typically the opening paragraph of version 3 is, in its entirety, as short as the partial extract from version 1:

Crèvecoeur was born in France, at Caen, in the year 1735. As a boy he was sent over to England and received part of his education there. He went to Canada as a young man, served for a time with Montcalm in the war against the English, and later passed over into the United States to become an exuberant American. He married a New England girl and settled on the frontier. During the period of his "cultivating the earth" he wrote the Letters from an American Farmer, which enjoyed a great vogue in their day, in England especially, among the new reformers like Godwin and Tom Payne.²

The opening sentences, with slight changes, are almost word for word identical. Lawrence has the earlier version beside him, re-producing it where possible but with the tiny changes which minutely adjust and perfect a required point. The second version is at once more expansive and more precise; it gives more information but locates it more precisely. "In the middle of the eighteenth century" is wordy; "in the year 1735" enlarges this information but is more to the point. To round a sentence thus made abrupt, "at Caen" is slipped in, adding more information but also integrating the rhythm to a neat period; increased information in a more compact and shapely

1 SM., p. 54

2 SCAL. p. 22

unit is a gain in economy for it is the more immediately intelligible for its shapeliness. Other significant differences, pruning expression or increasing accuracy of information, are underlined. These changes are minute but incontrovertible indices of Lawrence's intention in the final version. From such, and there are quite a number of passages the comparison of which yields similar results, it is to be deduced that the aim was towards greater accuracy, less academic mannerisms of the "established himself as a farmer" kind, a stronger and more direct form.

The greater compactness is eased across the reader's mind by a deceptive colloquial fluency, and techniques designed to catch the eye and ear. Any reader picking up the 1923 Studies is plucked immediately into the fray. More importantly, though less immediately observable, this style provides a means of locating precisely, what is unusual in most criticism, combinations of antithetical feelings, or their quick succession. The freely moving tone of voice closely approximates to Lawrence's freely moving responsive impulse. This was particularly useful in the writing^{of} version 3 for Lawrence was feeling largely antagonized by America and things American, and yet still powerfully drawn by American literature. Every essay in Studies reveals Lawrence's evaluation flowing and recoiling from admiration, or respect at the least, to disgust, and back again. The use of a more flexible tone

permits greater accuracy of expression in rendering feeling.

Consequently, version 3 of the American essays is not only more accurate in diction but more completely honest altogether.

Lawrence's "Introduction to Pansies", quoted in Chapter Three, might well be taken as a description of the method of critical exposition in Studies:

Each little piece is a thought; not a bare idea or an opinion or a didactic statement, but a true thought; which comes as much from the heart and the genitals as the head. A thought with its own blood of emotion and instinct running in it like the fire in a fire-opal, if I may be so bold They are thoughts which run through the modern mind and body, each having its own separate existence, yet each of them combining with all the others to make up a complete state of mind.

The expression of Lawrence's 1923 criticism is very much a matter of direct feeling, as I have already suggested. But the "Introduction to Pansies" has further light to throw on the style of that expression.

As Lawrence continues in that essay, the differences of style and even of appearance on the page, between the 1918-1919 versions and the 1923 version, come irresistibly to mind, and seem, as well, to be suitably explained:

It suits the modern temper better to have its state of mind made up of apparently irrelevant thoughts that scurry in different directions yet belong to the same nest; each thought trotting down the page like an independent venture, each with its own small head and tail, trotting its own little way, then curling up to sleep. We prefer it, at least the young seem to prefer it, to those solid blocks of mental pabulum packed like bales in the pages of a proper heavy book.

The "solid blocks of mental pabulum" of 1918-19 are replaced in 1923 by thoughts "trotting down the page, each with its own small

head and tail" and carrying its own life-imparting blood of "emotion and instinct". The change is governed or articulated by the new colloquial tone of voice and its ease in rendering appreciation and apt response, truer and more apt to each passing moment than the clever but often tenuously related abstract theorizing of version 1. But this ease accompanies, or is utilized in realizing, a far more uncompromising form than the "solid blocks of mental pabulum". The humour which creeps into colloquialism fuses with it and hardens into a hard-hitting racy, slangy style, with the purpose of rendering ludicrous any posturing which happens to grate on Lawrence's nerves. The Studies essays on Crèvecoeur, Cooper and Whitman are the most obvious examples of this.

The analogy^{from} the "Introduction to Pansies" is not far fetched, for although his critical style has reached a new extreme, and is newly shaped to release a dynamic living response from Lawrence, it is nevertheless patterned and formed by a recognizable Lawrentian rhetoric. For this reason, though agreeing with Dr Foster's remarks on the "immediacy" of Lawrence's criticism, I find his comments on its "breathlessness" and "dis-order" unacceptable.

The reason why the image of a "thoughttrotting down the page" reminds one of Lawrence's criticism is that the style of the 1923 version of Studies has much in common, even in appearance on the page, with the style of his mature verse. It is notable that the date of Birds, Beasts and Flowers, the volume which perfected

Lawrence's poetic technique is the same as that of the final Studies, 1923. There is, to begin with, the usual Lawrentian unprejudiced free flow of feeling. Writing of Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur's Letters from an American Farmer Lawrence says "I used to admire my head off: before I tiptoed into the Wilds and saw the shacks of the Home-stealers" and he goes on crossly "Hector St. John, you have lied to me. You lied even more scurrilously to yourself. Hector St. John you are an emotional liar."¹ "But" he continues almost immediately "Crèvecoeur was an artist as well as a liar, otherwise we would not have bothered with him." "Curious" he continues attentively "that his vision sees only the lowest form of natural life. Insects, snakes and birds he glimpses in their own mystery, their own positive being. And straight way gives the lie to Innocent Nature." Soon he is selflessly absorbed in rendering the essential^{life} quality of Crèvecoeur:

Crèvecoeur knows the touch of bird's feet as if they had stood with their vibrating, sharp, cold-cleaving balance, naked-footed on his naked hand. It is a beautiful barbaric tenderness of the blood. He doesn't after all turn them into "little sisters of the air", like St. Francis, or start preaching to them. He knows them as strange, shy, hot-blooded concentrations of bird-presence.²

This change is not self-contradictory or capricious. Lawrence's feelings change as Crèvecoeur's work changes: Lawrence is capable of registering, admitting, and conveying these reactions as they happen in him.

1 SCAL. p.24

2 Ibid. pp. 27-28

The prose which conveys such movement in Lawrence's reactions is basically, and aptly so, emergent. Nathaniel Hawthorne, says Lawrence, in his essay on The Scarlet Letter, writes romance:

And what's romance? Usually a nice little tale where you have everything As You Like It, where rain never wets your jacket and gnats never bite your nose and it's always daisy time. As You Like It and Forest Lovers etc. Morte D'Arthur.

Hawthorne obviously isn't this kind of romanticist though nobody had muddy boots in the Scarlet Letter (sic), either.

But there is more to it. The Scarlet Letter isn't a pleasant, pretty romance. It is a sort of parable, an earthly story with a hellish meaning.¹

This obviously moves "as thought runs through the mind", - one idea follows another easily and fluently but not in an unconsidered way as the careful structure shows. The first simple question is answered simply in a phrase made to sound casual by "usually" and the easy pun; this is enlarged by three short uncomplex phrases, the first two in a kind of patterned equipoise, achieved by repetition of the same parts of speech in identical sequence and eased by slight alliteration, and the last a little shorter, acting as a firm but light anchor for the faint periodic curve of the sentence. Three suggestive instances are then placed at the end of the paragraph, standing by themselves in a direct approach to the reader but eased into the mind by the slight lifting of the "and" and the rhythmical setting apart and anchoring of the concluding "Morte D'Arthur" by "etc." The next paragraph is in the

1 Ibid., p. 78

shape of two halves of a sentence in antitheses; and the final paragraph of the quotation is formed by two sentences which between them also constitute a logical and rhythmical antitheses; each paragraph is neat and casual but contains no superfluous words: each paragraph contains a single thought "with its own small head and tail".

Any random passage will give the same impression; one that we have already examined earlier, for example:

The ship had been at sea many weeks. A great strain on master and men, an increasing callous indifference in the men, and increasing irritability in the master.

And then what?

A storm.

Don't expect me to say why storms must be. They just are. Storms in the air, storms in the water, storms of thunder, storms of anger. Storms just are.

Storms are a sort of violent readjustment in some polarized flow. You have a polarized circuit of unstable equilibrium. The instability increases until there is a crash. Everything seems to break down. Thunder roars, lightning flashes. The master roars, the whip whizzes. The sky sends down sweet rain. The ship knows a strange new stillness, a readjustment, a re-finding of equilibrium.¹

Conscious and unconscious technical usage aim at a physical impact, by way of diction, on the reader's mental ear: the rhetorical repetition, words like "crash" and "whizz", the consonantal and assonantal binding, and the suggestive power of combinations of words and their sounds - "a strange new stillness." The movement

1 Ibid., p. 111

of the writing is indeed emergent but the thoughts are in juxtaposition rather than leading from one to another. This argues that they are placed rather than capricious and the work bears the mark of the author's technical care.¹

This patterning of the emergent thought does not, however, mar the intimacy implicit in emergent expression. Through this kind of prose Lawrence reaches his reader as directly and personally as any use of a written medium may. The relationship between the author and his reader is almost "man to man":

You can't have a new, easy skin before you
have sloughed the old, tight skin.

You can't.

And you just can't so you may as well leave off
pretending.²

Even here are the rhetorical devices of balance and repetition, and, in written work, the utilizing of the word on the page. But the contact with the reader is still that established by the intimate and freely moving spoken voice.

The immediacy of forthright approach to the reader achieved by colloquial expression is, then, reinforced by technical means. The character of these techniques appear, however, to be conditioned by Lawrence's sense of humour and the ludicrous. Humour finds its way easily into the tone of voice, begins to mark choice of diction

1 Hysterical or capricious expression, of which Lawrence in his criticism has been accused, has the same basic emergent movement but it tends to "run on" by way of irresponsible connections, rather than in counterpoint. The shaping of the emergent movement which can be seen here argues the presence of the professional writer, concerned with technical ways of achieving impact, responsibly behind the pen.

2 Ibid., p.49.

and rhythm, and yet is often a more complex and precise indication of a man's critical judgment than is the logical import of his words.

Lawrence's criticism frequently, and especially so in Studies, embraces and is conditioned by humour. The reason may be somewhere in this direction. In version 3 of "The Spirit of Place" Lawrence writes:

Art has two great functions. First it provides an emotional experience. And then if we have the courage of our own feelings it becomes a mine of practical truth.¹

Practical truth is that most likely to be informed by humour; even in philosophical truths which bespeak a sense of humour it is the spirit of practicality which has tempered them with a smile.

The close relation between the near-to-his-poetic technique, and the registering of humour is clearly seen on nearly every page of Studies. A good example is the essay on Whitman. Lawrence believed in Whitman as the only man breaking a way ahead, but he felt that his own discriminative sympathy was the ideal to be followed and not Whitman's amorous love of all creatures in One Identity. Lawrence believed that this would lead to messiness and confusion. Consequently, much as Lawrence admired him, Whitman's intent and impact must be attacked and counteracted. The determined de-bunking is a mark of Lawrence's respect for Whitman's power; achieving it by the impact of his form Lawrence

1 Ibid., p. 2

shows the measure of his respect by the greater determination of his use of the methods of rhetoric, repetition, appearance on the page, and the ludicrous comic diction familiar from his verse:

ONE DIRECTION! toots Walt in the car whizzing along it

Whereas there are myriads of ways in the dark, not to mention trackless wildernesses. As anyone will know who cares to come off the road, even the Open Road.

ONE DIRECTION! Whoops America, and sets off also in an automobile.

ALLNESS! shrieks Walt at a cross-road going whizz over an unwary Red Indian.

ONE IDENTITY! chants democratic En Masse pelting behind in motor cars, oblivious of the corpses under the wheels.¹

Lawrence uses diction here with ludicrous monosyllabic vigour in such words as "toots" "whoops" and "whizz". By contrast the "trackless wildernesses" and the "myriads of ways" take on a lonely beauty in this context. The name "Walt" is anchored mercilessly by alliteration, to the deadening "whoops" and "whizz" and finally to the murdering, mechanical "wheels". Capitals reduce the ideals to shouted slogans and there is a devastating facility in the diction of Walt's headlong passage "going whizz over an unwary Indian." Rhetorical repetition of the same syntactical patterns emphasizes Lawrence's deliberateness

1 Ibid., p. 158. A similar usage, conveying the poet's intentness and yet contributing to the ludicrous, can be noted in the closing lines of Lawrence's "Red Geranium and Godly Mignonette." That poem also reveals a similar co-existence of beauty and the ludicrous.

and intentness while at the same time suggesting the ludicrous clumsiness of the headlong uniform procession. All this can be seen, yet Lawrence's lightness of touch executes it in such a way that the usage seems merely casual.

There is structural usage similar to that in the verse not only in sound and rhythm but also in lineation and timing and, in the following example, in the appearance of the word on the page. This is a technique which Lawrence was fond of using in his verse and which was also employed by some Elizabethan lyricists. This analogy, though hardly a close one, again serves to remind that Lawrence's method in Studies was that of a practising artist and not of an hysterical grumbler. Elizabethan lyricists used the patterning of the word on the page to display virtuosity; Lawrence uses it to "make" his point. The following quotation discusses Whitman as a personality and is therefore not as imperviously tough as the attack quoted above, on the false ideal:

As soon as Walt knew a thing, he assumed a One Identity with it. If he knew that an Eskimo sat in a kyak, immediately there was Walt being little and greasy sitting in a kyak.

Now will you tell me exactly what a kyak is?

Who is he that demands a petty definition? Let him behold me sitting in a kyak.

I behold no such thing. I behold a rather fat old man, full of a rather senile, self-conscious sensuousity.

DEMOCRACY. EN MASSE. ONE IDENTITY.

The Universe in short adds up to ONE.

ONE

1

Which is Walt.¹

One remembers the image, from "Introduction to Pansies", of a thought "trotting down the page like an independent creature, trotting its own little way and then curling up to sleep." Easily as this trots and curls up to sleep, the effect is nevertheless achieved by excellent timing and placing. But, through the effortless technique, comes a rather engaging image. The tone of voice, the direct speech, the tiny episodic quality, although handled sardonically by Lawrence, allow the feeling that the greasy, sensuous little figure is still somehow endearing. This is the achievement of Lawrence's sense of humour. By virtue of such double vision, caught by humorous expression, Lawrence's critical prose in Studies, merely loose and slangy though it may seem at first sight, has greater penetration and complexity than critical prose of a more neutral quality can achieve.²

There is, moreover, an overall impetus and colour in the style which embraces the above excerpts in their contexts (quotation from Lawrence's criticism is frequently seen at a disadvantage apart from the emotional unity to which it belongs) so that, though they scurry in different directions, they belong, and are brought back to, the same nest.³

1 Ibid., p.157. This, to use a paradox, whimsically thumps its meaning home. It may even, now, take status as a legitimate forerunner of Concrete poetry, perhaps? Another example might

2. Cont'd.

be Lawrence's break-down, or structural patterning of Fenimore Cooper's relative values:

MRS. COOPER	MY WORK
MY WORK	MY WIFE
MY WIFE	MY WORK
THE DEAR CHILDREN	
MY WORK!!!	

There you have the essential keyboard of Cooper's soul,
says Lawrence (SCAL. p.45)

- 2 Such dynamic "expressive form" in criticism is, in itself a recognition of the close interrelation between literary perceptions and critical thought.
- 3 This image is one which allows for human fallibility, the occasional inconsistencies and self-contradictions, which are embraced by, rather than allowed to undermine, the coherence of an individual personality's feelings and thoughts in general.

Complexity of reaction, in the 1923 version of Studies, has been interpreted by Dr Arnold as inconsistency.¹ It was remarked in section B ^{of this chapter,} however, that two-fold reactions were already beginning to appear towards the end of The Symbolic Meaning. In Studies, however, Lawrence uses the technique of double reaction openly in many places, indicating possibly a deliberate attempt to unfold an author or work more objectively by means of such dialectic. In the Studies essay on Benjamin Franklin, Lawrence says:

I admire him. I admire his sturdy courage first of all, then his sagacity, then his glimpsing into the thunders of electricity, then his common sense humour.

but:

I do not like him.

because:

He tries to take away my wholeness and my dark forest and my freedom. I'm really not just an automatic piano with a moral Benjamin getting tunes out of me.²

This is one of the occasions on which Lawrence states openly that which we eventually tacitly accept about the rhythm of his critical thought. There are several other occasions when he puts it into words; but there may be still more occasions when such a dialectic was disguisedly at work and has consequently been misread as inconsistency.

The appearances of double reaction which were noted towards

1 SM. pp. 253-254

2 SCAL. pp. 13-14

the end of The Symbolic Meaning did not yet have the technique of stylistic articulation available in Studies. Precipitated into existence by the tension which Lawrence appeared to be under, this fusion of his expressive skills proved a splendid dualistic outlet for the energy, sparking off from the dualistic battle going on in Lawrence while actual perceptions of America were assaulting his old patterns of feeling.

It is this energy which makes Studies such vivid and stimulating reading; and it was also this energy which, impatient of being checked by the slow evolutions of philosophical elaboration, sent forth Lawrence's perceptions of American literature not only adjusted as to evaluation, but clipped of their rationale. This rationale can usually be traced back to The Symbolic Meaning where it exists in the earlier, milder and more approving shape.

Not every reader of Studies has time for such a pursuit, however. Consequently, I am of the belief that exciting reading though they are, the value of the Studies as a critical stimulus has a certain limit. The amusing aphorisms which proliferate throughout the book, may, out of context, or for the as-yet not-widely read reader of American literature, distort and do damage. —————→

← On the otherhand, this may even be part of the value of Lawrence's Studies in Classic American Literature - if we believe

with Lawrence and with Leo Shestov, that the danger signal means something worth-while is lying ahead, rather than that it is time to withdraw.

* * * * *

Version 3 of the American studies having been written during the winter 1922-1923, the next piece of criticism Lawrence wrote was his review of Americans, by Stuart P. Sherman. Professor Sherman was American and the book was about Americans. It was still early days for Lawrence in America; new and old schemata were still jostling uneasily in his perception. Subterranean irritation at this continued to be disguised by an ambivalent style, but Lawrence's perception remained basically true to his characteristic evaluation.

This review is characteristic of Lawrence in a negative way, however. He had always been antipathetic to the "groves of academe" and the politesse thereof. He immediately sets about debunking Professor Sherman "once more coaxing American criticism the way it should go". Like Benjamin Franklin, says Lawrence, Stuart P. Sherman wants to "satisfy the professors of all religions, and offend none". He smites with a velvet glove, and pierces with a reproachful look, pursuing a policy of "buns to his grizzlies".¹

Having conjured this ridiculous and insulting picture of Professor Sherman, Lawrence rattles through the list of

1 Ph. p.314

Professor

literary men whom Sherman had apparently written upon, and, with the grace only to say that he liked the essay on Emerson, and Emerson's real courage, ~~he~~ comes to a swift conclusion. The review contains nothing of worth which Lawrence had not already said elsewhere and better. Following, close in the wake of Studies in Classic American Literature it was written in the same iconoclastic mood, but with none of that book's brilliance of insight, density of thought, and cleverness of execution. The review of Americans is, I think, Lawrence's worst piece of criticism, and it is notable that the life standard plays no part in it.

(Cont'd.)

D American III: Edward Dahlberg and Others

Three years later, in 1926, Lawrence was again reviewing American books. His mood is quieter and his commentary more "distanced". He is no longer in America (which he left for what proved to be the last time in 1925), he is back in Italy. Nevertheless, he has behind him, informing and conditioning his perception, the experience of his lengthy sojourns on that continent between 1922 and 1925. His critical perception is no longer conditioned by the idealized schemata of American experience which shaped the commentary in The Symbolic Meaning; nor is it "kicking against the pricks" of rudely uprooted schemata and the first harsh impressions which replaced them, as it was in Studies in Classic American Literature. Lawrence's perceptions of the American actuality have, in 1926, settled with time and become integrated in the complex of his other schemata of perception. Hence his criticism of American literature, from this time on, is from an informed and aptly knowledgeable perception; a perception which, having accepted that American life is American and not Lawrentian life, elucidates its literary offspring quietly and even with a "correct compassion" - when, that is, it is not forcibly rejecting work which is cheap or bad.

Lawrence's first review in this period was, in April 1926, of William Carlos Williams' In the American Grain. Lawrence begins by evoking his own theme of the spirit of place. This,

it seems, was what Mr. Williams was also trying to do in his own way. He apparently quoted Poe's distinction between "nationality in letters" and the local in literature. Nationality in letters is deplorable, comments Lawrence, whereas the local is essential. "All creative art must rise out of a specific soil and flicker with a spirit of place".¹ The local is not the parochial, it is America itself: not Salem, or Boston, or Philadelphia but "the American sub-soil which spouts up in any of those places into the lives of men".²

In Mr. Williams' studies of "American" heroes, Lawrence goes on, history is attempting to offer "a sensuous record of the Americanization of the white men in America" for the author searches out not the "ideal achievement" but the "peculiar dynamic energy, this strange yearning and passion and uncanny explosive quality" which is the American element, in his heroes.³

The vast majority of new American literature is, according to Lawrence, national rather than local, and therefore not American. It is about Americans, but the dominant vision, conception, even manner, is European. Mr. Williams on the contrary receives Lawrence's highest praise in that he "tries to bring into his consciousness America itself... The great continent, its bitterness, its brackish quality, its vast glamour, its strange cruelty... The powerful unyielding breath of the Americas".⁴

1 Ph. p. 334

2 Ibid. p. 334

3 Ibid. p. 334

4 This is not the America of The Symbolic Meaning.

To bring a few American citizens into American consciousness would be, says Lawrence, to form the nucleus of the new race, to have a future.¹

It seems that Mr. Williams proposed that there are two ways of being American, one of which strangely enough, roughly corresponded to Lawrence's personal experiences in America, and the other to his personal belief:

There are two ways of being American: and the chief, says Mr. Williams, is by recoiling into individual smallness and insentience, and gutting the great continent in frenzies of mean fear. It is the Puritan way. The other is by touch; touch America as she is; dare to touch her! And this is the heroic way. 2

Mr. Williams book being about heroes it clearly involved its author in "the really great adventure in the New World", the "sensitive touch upon the unseen America." It thus contained, for Lawrence, "very new and profound glimpses into life... what the vast America wants men to be",³ instead of another strident assertion of what men "have made, do make, will make, can make" out of the murdered territories of the New World.⁴

Lawrence adds a critical rider to the effect that "the modernist style is somewhat irritating"; and that Mr. Williams "mistakes Poe's agony of destructive penetration... for the positive America itself" does he not? This is a quieter critical rhetoric than that of 1923. And indeed Lawrence concludes that "if an author rouses my deeper sympathy he can have as many

1 Ibid. p. 335

2 Ibid. p. 335

3 Ibid. pp. 335-6

4 Ibid. p. 336

faults as he likes..... And if I disagree with him a bit.... I am only too thankful that Mr. Williams wrote his book".¹ The rousing of Lawrence's "deeper sympathy" brought the life standard fully and clearly into play in one of its many aspects.

The next of Lawrence's American reviews which I will describe - a review of the novel Heat, by Isa Glenn - is one which was unprinted until collected by Edward McDonald in Phoenix, and which, according to Warren Roberts' Bibliography, remains undated. I have placed it as belonging to the year 1926, because, presumably on manuscript evidence, Edward McDonald placed it in an otherwise strictly chronological sequence of items, between the William Carlos Williams review in 1926 and a review of H. M. Tomlinson's Gifts of Fortune dated January 1927. Moreover, the British Museum catalogues record that the novel was published by A.A. Knopf in London (printed in the U.S.A.) in 1926. It is reasonable to suppose that Lawrence would have been sent the book to review at the time of the novel's appearance, and that, if he were to write a review (which he did) he would do so shortly after, while the work was still topical.

Lawrence writes this review by speculating in the first two paragraphs on the life qualities and qualifications of the authoress, and then proceeds to fill the rest of the review with an account of the action in the novel as related to the life-kind and life-strength of the heroine, and, secondarily, to those same qualities in the man she loves. Neither the authoress nor the

¹ Ibid. p. 336

heroine (who appear to be one and the same) seem to have the kind or the degree of distinctive life which was congenial to Lawrence or compatible with his life standard at its most characteristic. That standard is modified in the review's critical explication of the novel, however, so as not to overshadow it, or become inapt. Lawrence, in fact, achieves an amiable, even appreciative, objectivity in putting his critical mind to this material, which only fractionally stirred his typical critical interest.

The book, begins Lawrence, "is in the life sense, mature, and seems at least like the work of a married woman".¹ By this Lawrence means that the authoress is no romantic idealist.

Jane Eyre and The Constant Nymph maintain a "certain naïve attitude to men" which would survive in the actuality of life barely a year of a marriage relationship. But Isa Glenn, or her heroine Charlotte, is no Ursula Brangwen, or "starry individuality". She is not even a Harriet Somers - though she is more of the latter than of the other two.

She is not naïve about her men. She is kindly, rather sisterly and motherly, and a trifle contemptuous. Affectionate contempt, coupled with yearning... (She) is evidently quite a good sport, from the man's point of view. She doesn't let you down. And so the men are quite good sports to her. They like her; and she likes them. 2

But men are a little afraid of her, have to respect her just a bit too much; in the way of independence and honesty and thinking

1 Ibid., p. 337

2 Ibid., p. 337

for herself Charlotte, the heroine, is "just a bit of a Statue of Liberty".¹ Other women Charlotte sees "with that utter cold antipathy with which women often regard other women"; she eyes them as "a slim silvery fish in a great tank may eye the shapeless, greyish, groping-fishes that float heavily past her".² Though the book is "in the life sense, mature" Charlotte has little and scarce of the qualities of the Lawrentian life standard.

The story line is that of Charlotte's journey to the Philippines "with high missionary fervour" to be a school teacher to the native children. On the voyage she meets and loves Tom Vernay a young lieutenant in the American army. Charlotte's love is a mixture of being "thrilled by a certain purity... by his intense, but vague, romantic yearning" and feeling practical and "wise", a little "protective and superior" as a consequence.³ Charlotte is not a romantic; with the key of her fine democratic spirit she has locked up the flow of her passion. Vernay is a romantic: he adores Charlotte from time to time, but it needs another key altogether to release the music of his desire.⁴

When they arrive in the Philippines, Vernay falls romantically in love with ^amysterious Spanish beauty. Meanwhile, the description of Charlotte's feelings and experiences in her new habitat seems to have caught that sharper life-revealing perception which would make Lawrence prick the inner ear of his life standard: Charlotte is kind to her pupils, goes to the huts of

1 Ibid., p. 337

2 Ibid., p. 337

3 Ibid., p. 338

4 Ibid., p. 338

their parents and is purely charitable. "For which reason, the lizard-like natives jeer at her with a subtle but fathomless contempt: they treat her with infinite subtle disrespect and that indescribable derision of the East".¹

Charlotte hates it; she is accustomed to all the respect in the world, and to hold a little contempt for others, not quite as clear and sure as herself:

And now, these dirty little sexual natives give off silent and sometimes audible mockery at her, because she is kind instead of bullying, and clean instead of impure. Her sort of sexual cleanness makes the little brown women scream with derision: to them it is raw, gawky, incredible incompetence, if not a sort of impotence; the ridiculous female eunuch. 2

and, continues Lawrence, there must be a grain of truth in it, for she cannot keep Vernay in her spell. A typical Lawrence criticism is here implied - Charlotte's life is not strong enough. The eyes of the natives reveal that it is not "quick" or "passional".

Lawrence does not condemn the character for this lack, or the authoress for having only the one patch of vivid life vision. He continues to tell the story of the ridiculous dénouement of Vernay's affair with the Spanish girl, and then arrives at the second part of the novel which opens some years later. Vernay has deteriorated rapidly, "gone native", and become almost an alcoholic. Faithful Charlotte, who has been teaching on another island, returns determined to rescue him - she finds there is nothing to be done.

¹ Ibid., p. 339

² Ibid., p. 339

Lawrence's conclusion is a statement of the life truths he has discerned in the novel: Charlotte did not have the kind of attraction he wanted, would, being Charlotte, have despised herself if she had. She lost her man and went on being a faded school teacher, while Vernay went on rotting. We may say it is man's perversity or imbecility, says Lawrence, but in the long run, if he gets the chance,

... a man will succumb to the touch of the woman who, touching him, will start his music playing. And the woman whom he cherishes, but who touching him, leaves him musicless and passionless, he will ultimately abandon. ¹

Thus the review concludes having become an exercise in elucidating the more obvious patterns of the "inscrutable rhythms" of that other life.

Lawrence's next review of American books was in April 1927. It is a collective review and he had clearly been sent a bunch of books of very uneven quality. Lawrence's ^{new} acceptance of the rushed, fragmentary, faintly desperate and willed quality of the American way of life, as well as of the alien and bitter quality of the Spirit of the continent, does not prevent him from sharply discriminating between good and bad American literature. Getting the worst quickly over and done with, he ruthlessly dismisses the first of the present group, Nigger Heaven by Carl Van Vechten. The action of the life standard in this part of the criticism is recognisable by its negative, condemnatory vocabulary.

Lawrence opens his commentary with his own short description of the sorry quarter of New York in which the novel is set. Nigger Heaven is apparently one of the Negro names for Harlem:

¹ Ibid., p. 341

"that dismal region of hard stone streets... where the population is all coloured, though not much of it is real black". In the day-time at least, "the place aches with dismalness and a loose-end sort of squalor" and the stone of the streets seems particularly dead and stony. This sad background Mr. Van Vechten apparently attempts to "hot-up", make luridly impressive, and at the same time intellectual.

Lawrence describes the novel damningly, with the full force of the life standard's negative vitriol. The book "opens and closes with nigger cabaret scenes in feeble imitation of Cocteau or Morand, second-hand attempts to be wildly lurid". The middle is a lot of stuffing about a high-brow heroine who has on the shelves in her room only books by James Branch Cabell, Anatole France, Jean Cocteau, "the literature of disillusion". This, says Lawrence, is to show how refined she is, and how "idealistic". Round this heroine goes on a fair amount of "race" talk, which, "if it didn't happen to mention it was black, would be taken for merely another sort of self-conscious grouch". There is also a love affair "which might go into any feeble American novel whatsoever".¹

The whole coloured thing, says Lawrence, is peculiarly a second-hand dish barely warmed up. The author apparently senses this and so he throws in "a highly-spiced nigger in a tartan suit" and "two perfect red-peppers of nigger millionairesses who swim in seas of champagne". The usual old bones of hot stuff, says

¹ Ibid., p. 361

Lawrence, warmed up with all the fervour the author can command - which isn't much.¹

Edward McDonald calls this account of Nigger Heaven "savage clawing".² It probably seems, especially perhaps today, unspeakable to be so scathingly outspoken in the context of the colour problem. I think it a mark of Lawrence's particular respect for people as independent individuals that he did not tone down his opinion of the book with polite patronage - that because it was about negroes he would not say a book was horrid and feeble, even if it was. Lawrence attacked the book because he felt it was "a false book" by an author who simply wanted to "make a sensation - and, of course, money".³ Any critic should do the same. Besides which the weapons Lawrence used were not especially savage or clawing. They were simply the condemnatory and negatively-weighted adjectives which sprang from his outraged life standard: "feeble", "imitation", "second-hand", "'idealistic'", "self-conscious", "colourless", "old bones of hot stuff", "warmed up" with "fervour" - and even that "isn't much".

The second book in the same review is another one about negroes, this time by a negro. Flight, by Walter White, says Lawrence "is much more respectable" than the previous book (in that it is not cheap sensationalism, one gathers), "but not much more important". The first part of the book interests Lawrence. An account of the removal of Creoles from their

¹ Ibid., p. 361

² Ibid., p. xix

³ Ibid., p. 361. Lawrence mentions, on the next page, that at that time there was "rather a call for coloured stuff". He clearly feels that Mr. Van Vechten had not written a genuine novel, he had jumped on a band wagon.

quarter of New Orleans to the Negro quarter of Atlanta, "it is real as far as life goes and external reality", it is "good Negro data".¹ Lawrence's reservations about the life quality or art value of the book, however, are immediately obvious even in this commendatory comment.

Lawrence's reservation is the same as his disappointment; he would like Negro literature to be art in that it revealed to the world its own life vision, or life quality. Reading Negro books, he says, or books about Negroes written from the Negro stand point "it is absolutely impossible to discover that he is any blacker inside than we are":

It is rather disappointing. One likes to cherish illusions about the race soul, the eternal Negroid soul, black and glistening and touched with awfulness and with mystery. 2

But one is not allowed. "The nigger is a white man through and through. He even sees himself as white men see him, blacker than he ought to be". Lawrence is older, longer-lived, by now. He knows that the vision in art, the "revelation", of life which he always seeks is rare.

In Lawrence's criticism of Flight that vision-seeking or life criterion functions, again negatively, but not as damningly as with Nigger Heaven, by sensing out the author's attempt and failure to create and capture such a vision. According to Mr. White, says Lawrence, there is only one feeling wherein the Negro differs from the white man, and this is "the feeling of warmth and humanness... he sees in himself a talent for life".

If he had it Lawrence would have been the man to sense it.

"But" he says "remembering glimpses of Harlem and Louisiana, and the down-at-heel greyness of the colourless Negro ambiente, myself I don't feel even that".¹

The point of the criticism is, however, that Mr. White's book could not conjure the vision that could penetrate Lawrence's memory of "the external reality" and reveal the Negro life. Mimi, the heroine, is "rather cultured", passes as white and marries a well-to-do white American. She leaves him, runs Lawrence's account of the story, because he is not "live" enough (the reader of the criticism encounters once more Lawrence's amazing ability to turn inverted commas into a deliberately ambivalent weapon) and goes back to Harlem. But the author of Flight has not been able to convince Lawrence that any distinctive life exists there. Lawrence concludes that in three months Mimi will get fed up in Harlem too, and be back in Washington Square.

At this point in the review, Lawrence remarks that all these books might well have been called Flight; as he goes on to write about the remaining two books (which he thinks highly of) it is clear that this is one of the qualities of American life, and of his American experience, which he has now accepted and views with correct compassion, though its meaninglessness and pointlessness had earlier made him angry.

¹ Ibid., p. 363

The third novel in this review, Manhattan Transfer:

... is a still greater ravel of flights from nowhere to nowhere. But at least the author knows it, and gets a kind of tragic significance into the fact. John Dos Passos is a far better writer than Mr. Van Vechten or Mr. White, and his book is a far more real and serious thing. To me, it is the best modern book about New York that I have read. It is an endless series of glimpses of people in the vast scuffle of Manhattan Island, as they turn up again and again and again, in a confusion that has no obvious rhythm, but wherein at last we recognize the systole-diastole of success and failure, the end being all failure, from the point of view of life, and another flight towards another nowhere. 1

Lawrence likens the author's method to a cinematic technique:

"It is like a movie picture with an intricacy of different stories and no close-ups and no writing in between".² The apology for this form is, that "the confusion is genuine, not affected, it is life not a pose".

The book thus meets Lawrence's formal requirements in that it becomes what life is, "a stream of different things rushing along in the consciousness with no apparent direction save that of time". But, underneath the swift rush of the stream there is that which Lawrence now more compassionately accepts in America "the wild, strange frenzy for success: egoistic, individualistic success". 3

1 Ibid., p. 363

2 Ibid., p. 364. This acute perception, or readiness to accept a new technique and fragmented form, suggests that Lawrence was not blind to the rather similar technical achievement of James Joyce - whom he was still abusing in 1928 (CL., p. 1075) but only overpoweringly alienated by the spirit and content of his work.

3 Ibid., p. 364

Acceptance of this quality in American life is implicit in the comments which follow. At first, says Lawrence, it all seems too warm and passionate, "much too healthily lusty for the present New York". Then the reader realizes that the first part of the novel is dated before the war when New York was "steaming and alive". The book apparently reveals "what a lot of financial success had been due to the reckless speeding-up of the sex dynamo".¹ Then it reveals how the war came and the whole rhythm collapsed:

There are the same people. Some have got success, some haven't. But success and failure alike are left irritable and inert.

The fire is dying down. The stimulant is played out, and there you have "the accumulating irritable restlessness of New York today".² Lawrence neither loves nor hates that New York now. It is so: New York is like that; that is its modern Americanness. Lawrence applauds the man who can reveal that life, the kind of *its quickness*. It becomes more noticeable as Lawrence's criticism goes on, that though the life standard requires the "quick" to be revealed, it rarely demands that it should be of a particular kind. Enough that it is "quick".

The last of the four American books in the review was In Our Time, by Ernest Hemingway. This author, says Lawrence,

¹ Ibid., p. 364

² Ibid., p. 365

does not discover as does Mr Dos Passos that the end is nowhere, he knows it before he begins. "He keeps on making flights, but he has no illusion about landing anywhere".

In Our Time is a series of successive sketches from a man's life, and makes a fragmentary novel. The book does not pretend to be about one man, but, says Lawrence, it is. The adjectives with which Lawrence summarily describes the sketches, "short sharp, vivid, and most of them excellent",¹ particularly "vivid", are quite clearly from the approving vocabulary of the life criterion.

The main character Lawrence describes as "the remains of the lone trapper and cowboy. Nowadays he is educated, and through with everything".² Mr Hemingway describes extremely well, says Lawrence, "a state of conscious, accepted indifference to everything except freedom from work and the moment's interest":

Nothing matters. Everything happens. One wants to keep oneself loose. Avoid one thing only: getting connected up. If you get held by anything, break away. Don't get away with the idea of getting somewhere else. Just get away, for the sake of getting away. 3

It is true that there is something in this which is in tune with Lawrence's dislike of willed movement of life. But it is still an attitude to life - the other American extreme to the frenzied struggle for success which John Dos Passos had revealed - which is antipathetic to Lawrence's life standard.

1 Ibid., p. 365

2 Ibid., p. 366

3 Ibid., p. 366

That life standard, even in its earliest days, required a man to have an aim in life - to realize himself. Even when it postulated "single, starry, individuality" as the aim, it was thought only to ^{be} realized through "polarity" with something or someone else. In short, "connectedness" ^{of some sort} had always been at the heart of the life standard. Keeping oneself "loose" and purposeless as the Hemingway character does is recognized by the life standard, therefore, not for any affinity with itself but for the honesty about ^{kind of} oneself which refuses to pretend to be anything else. It is negative, says Lawrence, but "it is really honest". The author is "perfectly straight" about the impulse towards a negative kind of life; and an artist can do no more than be true to the life that is in him.

Lawrence's only "Introduction" to an American novel was written two years later, in 1929, for Edward Dahlben's Bottom Dogs. Only about a third of the essay is directly connected with the novel it prefaced. The major and preliminary pages contain the rationale Lawrence has now elaborated from his hard won acceptance of and compassion for American life, embracing and relating both its quality as the spirit of place and ^{the} effects it worked in the individual American, numbers of whom make up the seething social mass displaying an "American way of life", so antipathetic to Lawrence's own sensibility.

When we think of America, Lawrence begins, we think of her huge success. But "it is not till you live in America, and go a little under the surface, that you begin to see how"

terrible and brutal is the mass of failure that nourishes the roots of the gigantic tree of dollars".¹ The real pioneer in America fought like hell and suffered till the soul was ground out of him, continues Lawrence, and then, nine times out of ten, failed, was beaten. Pioneer literature which Lawrence claims to have glimpsed appears to contain "the amazing Odyssey of the brute fight with savage conditions on the western continent."

This literature, however, is not popular in America, Lawrence continues. Americans will only take it in small sentimentalized doses:

They know too well the grimness of it, the savage fight and the savage failure which broke the back of the country but also broke something in the human soul. The spirit and the will survived: but something in the soul perished: the softness, the floweriness, the natural tenderness. How could it survive the sheer brutality of the fight with that American wilderness, which is so big, vast, and obdurate! 2

Here we can see part of the deep lying reason why Lawrence, newly arrived in America, could turn on Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur and accuse him of lying most scurrilously. Lawrence had believed implicitly until he "tiptoed into the Wilds" and saw for himself. But we can see also, here, that Lawrence eventually understood, perhaps even forgave the lie. Americans know too well and could therefore take only small sentimentalized doses of pioneer literature.

¹ Ibid., p. 267

² Ibid., p. 267

Lawrence goes on, with even greater compassion, to describe the long-term effects on the social man. "Savage America was conquered and subdued at the expense of the instinctive and intuitive sympathy of the human soul".¹ In the old language it would have been called the breaking of the heart. "America was not colonized and 'civilized' until the heart was broken in the American pioneer. It was the price that was paid".²

By the sympathetic heart, Lawrence continues:

... we mean that instinctive belief which lies at the core of the human heart, that people and the universe itself are ultimately kind. This belief is fundamental and, in the old language, is embodied in the doctrine: God is good!

Given opposition too ruthless, a fight too brutal and bitter, this belief breaks in the heart and despair, bitterness and cynicism set in. Or, says Lawrence, in what might in part be read as his reconciliation with Benjamin Franklin,³ you have the much braver reaction which says:

God is not good, but the human will is indomitable, it cannot be broken, it will succeed against all odds. It is not God's business to be good and kind, that is man's business. God's business is to be indomitable. And man's business is essentially the same. 4

This, says Lawrence, is essentially America's position today.

1 Ibid., p. 267

2 Ibid., p. 268

3 Ibid., p. 268

4 Ibid., p. 268

Of course, Lawrence continues, the white American believes that man should behave in a kind and benevolent manner. But "this is a social belief, a social gesture, rather than an individual flow". The flow from the heart, the warmth of fellow feeling which has animated Europe and been the best of her humanity, "individual, spontaneous, flowing in thousands of little passionate currents often conflicting", this seems unable to persist on American soil. This turn in Lawrence's argument shows that once more the "passional" element in the life standard, which had ^{rather} lapsed from critical activity since "The Novel" in 1925, is beginning to come back again to the surface where it was to expand to the full, a couple of months later, in "A Proposal of Lady Chatterley's Lover".

In the meantime, Lawrence returns to his explication of the American life quality. In America, he says, you get the social creed of benevolence and uniformity,

a mass will, and an inward individual retraction, an isolation, an amorphous separateness like grains of sand, each grain isolated upon its own will, its own indomitableness, its own implacability, its own unyielding, yet heaped together with all the other grains. ¹

This line of elucidation of the modern American character has come to a point which I find the most relevant in appreciating the precise quality of the human relationships in Bottom Dogs.

¹ Ibid., p. 268

The boys in the orphanage are just like the amorphous grains of sand, gritty separate little individuals thrown together for the nonce but falling apart indifferently when pressures and circumstances change.

However, before Lawrence himself turns to Bottom Dogs, he returns in his argument to the collapse of the spontaneous flow of warmth between a man and his fellows, and approaches the novel via another route, bringing another element in to the elucidation. The breaking of that flow "brings a people into a much more complete social unison, for good or evil. But it throws them apart in their private individual emotions".¹ Once they were like cells in a complex tissue, alive and functioning diversely in a vast organism. Thrown apart they begin to rot as living tissue does, and people begin to "smell in each others nostrils"²; they develop social benevolence, and become "repulsive" to one another.

Hence the modern novel. An American novel like Manhattan Transfer has in it still the last notes of tragedy, the sheer spirit of suicide. An English novel like Point Counter Point has gone beyond tragedy into continuous nervous repulsion. "Bottom Dogs" says Lawrence "goes one further. Man just smells, offensively and unbearably, not to be borne".³

1 Ibid., p. 269

2 Ibid., p. 269

3 Ibid., p. 270

Nothing I have ever read, says Lawrence "has astonished me more than the 'orphanage' chapters of this book".¹ Then he realized how rapidly the human psyche can strip itself of its awarenesses and emotional contacts and reduce itself to a condition of simple gross persistence. The boys are cold wills functioning with a minimum of consciousness. "They are brutally and deliberately unaware... they persist by reaction, because they still feel the repulsiveness of each other". After the orphanage, the essential theme is repeated over a wider field, as the main character trudges aimlessly, but indomitably through his widening travels, always on the impulse of recoil and revulsion.

Thus far, is Lawrence's account of the book. I would agree that taken as a whole the drift of the book is as he describes. But, in as far as I have been able to parallel the reading Lawrence's criticisms are based upon, this is the only book which I feel strongly that he has not adequately represented. The first part of the book, set in the orphanage, which astonished Lawrence with horror, seemed to me filled with a remarkable dead-pan humour frequently taking the reader unawares with an astonished laugh. When this humour faded as the boys grew and left the orphanage, the flow which had held the book together seemed to break and the latter half wandered into disintegrated bits and pieces.

¹ Ibid., p. 271

is no more precise dating than that of their first appearance in print: the Introduction to Mastro-don Gesualdo in 1925, and the Introduction to Cavalleria Rusticana in 1928.

These two essays, and to a lesser extent Lawrence's other two essays on Italian literature (a review of Grazia Deledda's The Mother in April 1928, and, in the same year, an "Introduction" to The Story of Dr. Manente, by A.F. Grazzini or "Il Lasca"), are the most densely packed, with learned information not 'philosophy', which Lawrence ever wrote. The reason may have been that Lawrence was embarking upon a Crusade to gain for neglected modern Italian literature the status which he felt it deserved. "It seems curious to me" he wrote in his first "Introduction", to Mastro-don Gesualdo, "that modern Italian literature has made so little impression on the European consciousness". Manzoni's I Promessi Sposi is recognized as a classic; Verga, "one of the greatest masters of the short story", is accepted as Italy's greatest novelist after Manzoni; but neither of them are read.¹

Lawrence's commentaries on modern Italian literature clearly set out to make an impressive case. Consequently, they are packed with reference to other Italian literature than the object of immediate discussion, implying that the field is rich and wide; while the better Italian authors are lined up

¹ Ph., p. 223.

in frequent comparisons (often to their advantage) with the great ones of other modern European literature, French, Russian and English. The frequency and density of reference is reinforced by the authoritative way in which Lawrence sums up the dominant "feel" of several literary traditions, and places his sense of yet another tradition, the Italian, in relation to them. Gamini Salgado who, as I have already mentioned in Chapter Two, declared that Lawrence revealed in his criticism no sense of European literary tradition from Homer to Joyce, could not have read the Italian essays to say the least.

There are, however, other possible or perhaps contributory explanations. To begin with, all four of the Italian essays were written in Lawrence's "mature" period of criticism. At the beginning of All Things are Possible, Leo Shestov remarked that the young writer immediately tries his strength on the largest and oldest questions, thinking to give an answer to the world. Lawrence remarks of Verga that "His earlier imagination, naturally, went out into the great world".¹ Lawrence, also, in his earlier days as a critic, went out into the great world of criticism to try his strength with the great imponderable questions of art and life.

We have seen, however, that in 1923 a change took place; from then on the philosophical abstractions of art and criticism were replaced by what Lawrence's East Midland self might have

1 Ibid., p. 240.

called "getting down to rock bottom". In all four of the Italian essays Lawrence's feet are firmly on the ground; he is much more closely engaged with the actualities of literary art, an author's language, his form, and so on, than he had been on any other occasion.

This very close engagement with the dynamics of the works themselves as they reveal the new life, rather than exclusive preoccupation with the life revealed, may very well be the consequence of his earlier translation of three Verga works.¹ The act of translation must have kept Lawrence closely following the way the author made his work in much the same way as, when he was a young man he set himself to discover how a painter achieved a certain effect by copying the other man's picture-with, as he shows in Sons and Lovers, as absorbed and complete attention as he gave to work of his own.² Consequently, Lawrence must have "known" Italian writers in the Italian language, and especially Giovanni Verga, much more closely, if not more penetratingly, than authors in any other language or tradition.³

Lawrence begins his Introduction to Mastro-don Gesualdo"

1 Lawrence translated Little Novels of Sicily, by Giovanni Verga as well as Mastro-don Gesualdo and Cavalleria Rusticana, but he did not write a critical introduction to it.

2 Some of these remarkably close and detailed copies are reproduced at the back of Young Lorenzo.

3 V.S. Pritchett, in The Living Novel, p. 181, and p. 183, tacitly approves Lawrence's faithfulness to his author in translation. The translations themselves, though the material was clearly congenial to Lawrence, have a distinct life of their own. One does not sense Lawrence's shaping hand. We can only conclude that as translator on these occasions Lawrence's sensibility was completely subservient to following that of his author.

by making the point that too little attention is paid to modern Italian literature, and to Verga in particular. He then goes on to give something of Verga's background. Born in 1850, died in 1921, Verga "is a modern. At the same time he is a classic. And at the same time again he is old-fashioned". His earlier novels were of the French type of the seventies, - "Octave Feuillet, with a touch of Gyp".¹ Of them Tigre Reale stands out, "a bit in the manner of Matilda Serao. And though unpleasant, it is impressive". Verga's fame rests, however, on the later Sicilian books: two novels I Malavoglia and Mastrodon Gesualdo, and three volumes of short stories.²

There was also a final short novel Storia di Una Capinera which modern Italian critics found rather ridiculous. Why? asks Lawrence, preparing his main interpretative theme. It is rather sentimental, but no more so than Tess of the D'Urbervilles, A Christmas Carol or Silas Marner.³ If a book is a book sentimentality does not destroy it. Lawrence goes on to define the kind of the sentimentality involved in Italian literature.

Men like Hardy, Meredith, Dickens, Maupassant, the Goncourts and Paul Bourget are just as sentimental and false, says Lawrence - but it is their own brand of falseness and sentimentality; they are still looking on life with their

1 Ibid., p. 223.

2 Ibid., p. 224.

3 Ibid., p. 224.

own eyes.¹ Italians, on the other hand, Manzoni, d'Annunzio, Verga, Pirandello, give the impression of borrowing other people's eyes, French, Germanic, "Gothic", and then "letting loose a lot of emotion into a borrowed vision".²

Placing Verga in relation to this Lawrence says:

This is the trouble with Verga. But on the other hand, everything he does has a weird quality of Verga in it, quite distinct and like nothing else. And yet, perhaps the gross vision of the man is not quite his own. All his movements are his own. But his main motive is borrowed. ³

The main motive, or gross vision of all nineteenth-century literature, Lawrence continues, was "emotional-democratic". The Italians have borrowed their ideals of democracy from the north and poured their own great funds of emotion into them, without ever being really "grafted" by or on them. Thus, Lawrence has registered in Italian literature something of his typical perception of dual qualities. Although in this case he does not call it "duplicity" for the Italian's is not the deliberate, willed quality of self-deception which that word described in Tolstoy and American literature.

It was this quality of an overflow of Italian emotion into a northern ideal which marred what was considered Verga's greatest work, says Lawrence. I Malavoglia

... is a great book. But it is parti pris. It is one sided. And therefore it dates. There is too

1 Ibid., p. 224.

2 Ibid., p. 225.

3 Ibid., p. 225.

much, too much of the tragic fate of the poor in it. There is a sort of wallowing in tragedy: the tragedy of the humble. 1

Lawrence here openly states his commitment to the ideal of "nothing too much" which Mr. G.S. Fraser's account of Lawrence's criticism was the first to point out.

But Lawrence is no classical critic. "Most books that live" he says "live in spite of the author's laying it on thick". In most books of the period, Dickens, Balzac, Hawthorne, "one has to take off about twenty percent of the tragedy".² One does it all the time, with all the great writers, Lawrence goes on sweepingly; ← but he concludes with the sharp point that Wuthering Heights is impossible to the Italians as I Malavoglia is to us, but nevertheless, it is a great book.³

I Malavoglia is, then, rather overdone, but a great book for "it is essentially a true picture, and different from anything else in literature".⁴ The trouble with realism of this kind, Lawrence continues, qualifying a little, is the same as the final criticism of Madame Bovary. The author, whether it be Verga or Flaubert, tries to read into characters smaller, more ordinary than himself, his own tragic vision or emotion. "To get over the misfit" says Lawrence "you have to let in seams of pity" which won't be hidden. The great soul of Shakespeare borrowed the bodies of kings, not out of snobbism, but out of natural affinity. But the misfit

1 Ibid., p. 225.

2 Ibid., p. 225.

3 Ibid., p. 225-226.

4 Ibid., p. 225.

in Verga, and in Balzac, is seamed with pity and sentimentality. We need to let the emotion go quite out of us before we can accept I Malavoglia and Madame Bovary in the same free spirit and detachment with which we accept Dickens or Richardson.¹

At this point, half-way through the "Introduction", Lawrence arrives at discussion of Mastro-don Gesualdo. Much of the point of the above-described preliminaries was that the present novel:

... is not nearly so much treasure-of-the-humble as I Malavoglia. Here Verga is not dealing with the disaster of poverty, and calling it tragedy. On the contrary, he is a little bored by poverty. He must have a hero who wins out, and makes his pile, and then succumbs under the pile. 2

Mastro-don Gesualdo started life as a bare-foot peasant brat. He becomes very rich, but the only consequence is a great tumour of bitterness inside, which kills him. 3

Gesualdo is attractive, says Lawrence, and in a sense heroic. He is allowed exceptional qualities and exceptional force, but is denied the spark of divinity, and knowledge of it, which makes a hero out of a man.⁴ Emma, Jude and Gesualdo are not allowed to feel heroic - they feel ordinary, but have extraordinary energy. European and Russian "democratic-realism" on the whole dodges the dilemma of having no hero (which tends to split the seams of the tragic novel) by making every man his own hero. Dostoievsky and Chekhov make you vastly important to yourself - the private aim

1 Ibid., p. 226.

2 Ibid., p. 226.

3 Ibid., pp. 226-227.

4 Ibid., p. 227.

of all men. The hero has this sense and states it openly: characters in Dostoievsky and Chekhov say, on the surface, that they are no better than the next while inwardly each thinks himself a nonesuch and unique.¹

The saving, the glory and the importance of both Verga and Gesualdo is that they are Sicilian, and "Sicilians simply don't have any subjective idea of themselves". Consequently, although both belong to a wide school of "realism":

... in Mastro-don Gesualdo you have the very antithesis of what you get in The Brothers Karamazov. Anything more un-Russian than Verga it would be hard to imagine: save Homer.²

Except that he is not intellectual, Gesualdo might indeed be a Greek in modern setting continues Lawrence. The approving adjectives of his life standard recur throughout the description of Gesualdo: "he has the energy, the quickness, the vividness of the Greek, the same vivid passion for wealth, the same ambition, the same lack of scruples, the same queer openness, without ever really committing himself. He is not a bit furtive, like an Italian. He is astute instead, far too astute and Greek to let himself be led by the nose".³

Mastro-don Gesualdo is Greek above all, for Lawrence, in not having a "soul" or a "lofty ideal". The Greeks, he says were more bent on splendour, a grand gesture, rather than a noble purpose.

1 Ibid., pp. 227-228.

2 Ibid., p. 228.

3 Ibid., pp. 228-229.

Tragedy was not a thing to mope over, to "peak and pine" about. So Gesualdo, who had no feelings about his soul was remorselessly and relentlessly objective. He is no "hero to himself", he does not think about it.

Thus Mastro-don Gesualdo does not avoid the dilemma posed by realism: the book without a hero. Gesualdo seems so full of potency, yet nothing emerges. He never says anything:¹

And you have a wretched realistic kind of tragedy for the end. And you feel perhaps the book was all about nothing, and Gesualdo wasn't worth the labour of Verga.²

But that, concludes Lawrence, is because we are spiritual snobs and think that if a man can fume with "To be, or not to be" he is someone to take account of. Gesualdo had never heard of it and would have taken no notice if he had.. "He lived blindly, with the impetuosity of blood and muscles, sagacity and will, and he never woke up to himself".³ Whether he would have been any better for waking up, who knows, Lawrence concludes.

The life, work and death of Gesualdo were strongly impregnated with the Spirit of Place in Sicily. Verga's creation of the south-Sicilian setting is, says Lawrence, "nearer to the true medieval than anything else in modern literature", even barring the Sardinia of Grazia Deledda.⁴ The island is incredibly poor, few roads, no vehicles, travellers on foot. Land is held by great landowners, the peasants are almost serfs. Yet it is not like

1 Ibid., p. 230.

2 Ibid., p. 231.

3 Ibid., p. 231.

4 Ibid., p. 229.

Russia: "Instead of the wild openness of the North, you have the shut-in, guarded watchfulness of the old Mediterranean". The people there have lived for centuries "on their guard, on the watch, wary, always wary, and holding aloof".¹

For people who seek enlightenment Verga's "fully-created" Sicily is boring: but for any one who has any physical feeling for life, apart from the feelings of the nerves, there is a "strange, deep fascination in Mastro-don Gesualdo". The deepest nostalgia he has ever felt, affirms Lawrence, has been for "Sicily, the beautiful, that which goes deepest in the blood". The lives of the people in Verga's Sicily seem squalid and despicable, but outside the walls of the village "how wonderful in the sun, with the land lying apart". The people too have some of the old, dauntless singleness - their relations curious and immediate and objective, so little are they aware of themselves.

So, in this **I**ntroduction" has Lawrence proceeded, from the life quality of Italian literature, to that of Mastro-don Gesualdo, to the Spirit of Place which informs the novel and the populace, to a detached curiosity about the strange singleness of the Sicilians and their odd objective relationships. Clearly Lawrence is thinking about "relationship", and no longer identifies with "singleness" alone.

In his **I**ntroduction" to the 1928 edition of *Cavalleria Rusticana* Lawrence gives us in his characteristic, background-setting,

¹ Ibid., pp. 229-230.

preliminary pages, a closer account of Verga's life and how his work appears to have grown out of it - having in the *Introduction* to Mastro-don Gesualdo" already given the setting of the literary background to Verga's work.

In the earlier essay Lawrence had mentioned the fact that Verga spent most of his young man-hood in the great cities of Italy, returning in his middle years to his native island. Lawrence begins by saying that Cavalleria Rusticana is, in many ways the most interesting of Verga's books.¹ It appeared shortly after the author's withdrawal from the city worlds and it both marks a turning point, and reveals it in the process of transition.

Verga's family had owned land near a biggish village in Southern Sicily, and it was there that most of the tragic incidents in the country tales took place. But it was not until middle life, says Lawrence, that the drama of peasant passion really made an impression on Verga. In the meantime, his "proud and unmixable nature" with at the same time "the southern passionate yearning for tenderness and generosity" took itself off to the mainland to be "dazzled by elegant ladies".²

To this period belong the early novels which Lawrence had previously described as "rather of the French type of the seventies".³ Here Lawrence elaborates a little in order to prepare the ground for describing the "recoil". Eva, Tigre Reale, and Eros are inter-

1 Ibid., p. 240.

2 Ibid., p. 240.

3 Ibid., p. 223.

esting books in their way. They are "alive, bitter, somewhat unhealthy, smelling of the Paris of the Goncourts, and, in some curious way, abortive". The reason: Verga "had not found himself. He was in his wrong element, fooling himself and being fooled ..." Towards the age of forty came the recoil, says Lawrence, and the Cavalleria Rusticana volume is the first book of the recoil.¹

Verga had returned to Sicily to administer the family estate; there he discovered in himself a genuine sympathy with peasant life, instead of his spurious sympathy with elegant ladies. Two stories in Cavalleria Rusticana, "Fantasticheria" and "Il Come, il Quando, et il Perché", are about the elegant lady. The former, "Fantasticheria", appears to be autobiographical, and marks the turning point, the parting of the ways, the beginning of recoil.

The lady in the story is "impulsive emotional, but without passion". The lover is a man who thinks he can play at love but is "mortified to his very soul" when he actually realizes it is only a game. The tone of mortification is amusingly evident, says Lawrence:

Verga is profoundly and everlastingly offended with the little lady, with all little ladies, for not taking him absolutely seriously as an amorous male, when all the time he doesn't quite take himself seriously, and doesn't take the little lady seriously at all. 2

Nevertheless, it seems that the real passion of the moment was serious for the man, while to the woman it was not. But, says

1 Ibid., p. 241.

2 Ibid., p. 241.

Lawrence, if a man goes out deliberately to make love to an emotional elegant woman who is "truly social and not passionate" it is his own fault if his passionate nose is out of joint.¹

Out of joint it is with Verga, however. The elegant lady has no warmth or generosity of nature, and Verga recoils to the humble poor. It was for this reason, implies Lawrence, that Verga spent floods of tragic and savage pity on the fisher-folk in I Malavoglia - whether they wanted it or not.

Cavalleria Rusticana came, however, before Verga had loosed his pity in a superfluous flood. He was, instead only at the point of savage recoil; one after another of the stories are of crude killing: "it seems almost too much, too crude, too violent, too much a question of mere brutes".²

The fault is partly Verga's own, the fault of his own obsession. He felt himself in some way deeply mortified, insulted, in his ultimate sexual or male self, and he enacted over and over again the drama of revenge.

Until, at last, it all seems a bit mechanical.³

Lawrence's main argument about these stories is again to do with the life quality at work in the characters, rather than the author's purpose or achievement in the stories as a group, or in the story as a story. The men in these tales, says Lawrence, may be violent, and the killings may be crude, but there is something

1 Ibid., p. 242.

2 Ibid., p. 242.

3 Ibid., p. 244.

sensitive, honourable and naïve in them, for all that. Turiddu is not a brute, neither is Alfio.¹ Of Jeli, Nanni and Brothpot, it might be said:

They are perhaps not brutal enough. They are too gentle and forbearing, too delicately naïve. And so grosser natures trample upon them unpardonably; and the revenge flashes out.

Verga's people are always people in the purest sense of the word, says Lawrence. In his recoil from sophistication, Verga had a passion "for the most naïve, the most unsophisticated manifestation of human nature".²

Contemporaries apparently abused Verga as a realist of the Zola school, implying that he made his people merely "physical-functional arrangements", without any higher nature. The charge is true, says Lawrence, of Zola, and of the early d'Annunzio. But it is not true of Verga. Lawrence's draws an analogy rather between Verga and Theocritus:

Theocritus was an Alexandrine courtier, singing from all his "musk and insolence" of the pure idyllic Sicilian shepherds. Verga is the Theocritus of the nineteenth century, born among the Sicilian shepherds, and speaking of them in prose more sadly than Theocritus, yet with the same Sicilian dawn-freshness in his vision.

It is almost bitter to think, continues Lawrence, that Rosso Malpelo must often have looked along the coast and seen the rocks that the Cyclops flung at Ulysses.³ Thus Lawrence having elucidated the life

1. Ibid., p. 242.

2 Ibid., p. 243.

3 Ibid., p. 243.

quality of the peasant characters in Cavalleria Rusticana, by gradations finds himself illuminating the Spirit of Place, the one so wed to the other in his perception that the argument could have moved from one to the other or the other way on.

As Lawrence goes on to discuss the actions of the characters, some of his typical observations about human nature appear once more. Today, he says, we think how stupid of Alfio, Jeli, Brothpot, to go killing, getting themselves shut up for life, because another man had slept with their wives. Was one woman worth one year in prison, let alone a lifetime? We know better today! Thus Lawrence reads the modern mind.¹

And yet, Lawrence goes on, has mankind really radically changed? Has reason changed or just diverted our reactions? Is man sweet and reasonable or, basically, a passional phenomenon?

Judging from all experience, past and present, one can only decide that human behaviour is ultimately one of the natural phenomena, beyond all reason. Part of the phenomenon, for the time being, is human reason,

but that is all.²

But these phenomena of human beings have their own laws. One is that, hurt this being mortally at its sexual root and it will recoil in some form of killing, either immediately or over years. Another is that "the very deepest quick" of a man's nature is his own pride and self respect. Hurt this, and killing will come of it,

1 Ibid., p. 244.

2 Ibid., p. 244.

in one man or in a mass of men. A third law is "that the naïve or innocent core in a man is always his vital core, and infinitely more important than his intellect or his reason".¹

Break this core, continues Lawrence, as the evil of the world tries all the time to break it in Verga's characters, and you get either a violent reaction or a merely rational being. One of the terrible qualities of the reason is that it has no life of its own unless nourished and modified by the naïve core in a man. A people that is dominantly rational has its inner activity in destruction:

Verga, like every great artist, had sensed this. What he bewails really ... in this book, is the ugly trespass of the sophisticated greedy ones upon the naïve life of the true human being: the death of the naïve, pure being - or his life long imprisonment - and the triumph or the killing of the sophisticated greedy ones. ²

It may be urged, Lawrence continues, that Verga committed "the Tolstoian fallacy of repudiating the educated world and exalting the peasant." Tolstoi had somewhat perversely worshipped poverty and humility in his peasants. Verga does not exalt the peasant class, nor does he believe in their humility. The bulk of his peasants are "most normally ugly and low ... individuals are sensitive and simple".³

Verga turned to the peasant class to find what Tolstoi tried to dampen and put out: "spontaneous passionate life, life kindled to vividness", non-moral, non-didactic.⁴ But he found it always

1 Ibid., p. 245.

2 Ibid., p. 245.

3 Ibid., p. 246.

4 Ibid., pp. 246-247.

defeated. The simple, spontaneous, and naïve are not sufficiently armed to do battle with their destroyers: when they strike back they destroy themselves. Verga does not support the greedy, vulgar and sophisticated destroying ones by preaching humility to the peasants: instead he shows to the destroyers the knife of revenge which is at their throats. If Chekhov reveals the human being driven to the extremity of self-consciousness and inertia, says Lawrence, Verga reveals him waking suddenly from inaction to the stroke of revenge: "We shall see" he goes on "which of the two visions is more deeply true to life."¹ To Lawrence's life standard the wakening and sudden vivid life in Verga's characters and vision is much the more preferable and "true".

Lawrence next proceeds, in this same essay, to give, for him, an unprecedented length of space to considerations of form. Two of the stories in Cavalleria Rusticana, the title story and "La Lupa", have apparently been considered masterpieces of form. Certainly, Lawrence concedes, after the diffuseness of Victor Hugo it was perhaps necessary to make the artist more self-critical and self-effacing. "But any wholesale creed in art is dangerous".² Maupassant's self-effacement, says Lawrence, became more blatant than Hugo's self-effusion; Mérimée's highest achievement in form was in his dullest stories - they are hopelessly literary and fabricated; and (heresy!) if Madame Bovary has form, it is a pretty flat form.

1 Ibid., p. 247.

2 Ibid., p. 247.

Verga also was caught up by the idea of self-effacement in art, and on occasion (the prefacing pages to "Gramigna's Lover", for example) it leads him, to Lawrence's way of thinking, to confusion and silliness. The moment Verga starts talking theory Lawrence's interest wilts, for the Italian artist is borrowing again, this time "ready-mades" from Paris "literary smarties". When Verga starts "effacing" himself in his stories one is more aware of his interference than when he goes ahead, says Lawrence. Self-effacement might help the second rate, but hinders the first rate artist.¹

As a matter of fact, Lawrence continues, we need more looseness:

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

Consequently, in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Lupa" we are too aware of the author and his scissors. Verga's deliberate missing out of passages often seems to Lawrence a defect. "La Lupa" for instance "loses a great deal of its life. It may be a masterpiece of concision, but it is hardly a masterpiece of narration". Acquaintance with its characters is so fleeting they are immediately forgotten. The longer-written "Jeli" and "Rosso Malpelo" make a far more profound and lasting impression. Rosso Malpelo is as subtle and appalling as anything done by the Russians but is "at the same time substantial, not introspective vapours. You will never forget him".²

1 Ibid., p. 248.

2 Ibid., pp. 248-249.

Lawrence does not, however, completely condemn Verga's form-seeking, for the intimate acquaintance with Verga's mind and the extremely close following of the movements of his art which translation required of the translator, gave Lawrence an insight into another aspect of Verga's form seeking. Verga, says Lawrence, had a double motive: first "the Frenchy idea of self-effacement which didn't go very deep"; and second, a more dynamic motive connected with his recoil from the sophisticated world. This effected a revolution in his style, for "instinctively he had come to hate the tyranny of a persistently logical ... or ... chronological sequence".¹ Both represented for him the sophisticated falsehood and bullying against which he was reacting.

Verga's style, at its most extreme in this volume, was "trying to follow the workings of the unsophisticated mind, and trying to reproduce the pattern".² At this point, as Lawrence describes the movements of the mind by which the "emergent" or "expressive" form which his literary theory had defined and his (primary or basic forms of) life standard required, he brings a kind of psychology to his aid:

It is a psychological fact, that when we are thinking emotionally or passionately, thinking and feeling at the same time, we do not think rationally: and therefore, and therefore, and therefore. Instead, the mind makes curious swoops and circles. It touches the point of pain or interest, then sweeps away again in a cycle, coils round and approaches again ... There is a curious spiral rhythm, ... the mind approaches again and again...

1 Ibid., p. 249.

2 Ibid., p. 249.

repeats itself, goes back, destroys the time-sequence entirely, ... time ceases to exist, as the mind stoops to the quarry, leaves it without striking, hovers, turns, swoops, stoops again ... nearer, nearer, reels away again ... even forgets ... yet again turns, bends, circles slowly ... until at last there is the closing-in, and the clutch of a decision or a resolve. 1

This activity of mind is strictly timeless and illogical and Verga tried to convey it in his style. When one is used to it, says Lawrence, it is amusing, and "a new movement in deliberate consciousness".² Verga is doing as a great artist, concludes Lawrence, what men like James Joyce do "only out of contrariness and desire for a sensation".

It is clear in this essay, if not in the other Verga essay as well, that Lawrence is no longer struggling in abstract realms of literary theoretical formulations, or trying to create a persuasive impression of his critical concepts by emotive writing. He is putting his foot ever more firmly on the ground, and even beginning, in this essay, articulately to enter the more "concrete" realms of psychology which this thesis took as its brief.

Two months later, in April 1928, Lawrence's review of The Mother, by Grazia Deledda, appeared. It is curious, Lawrence's argument begins, that the past of fifteen or twenty years ago seems so much more remote than fifty or eighty years ago. Perhaps it is organically necessary, he goes on, that our feelings towards the period which lies between present actuality and the revived past

1 Ibid., pp. 249-250.

2 Ibid., p. 250.

should die temporarily "We respond quite vividly to the emotions of Jane Austen or Dickens ... There, the past is safely and finally past. The past of fifteen years ago is still yeastily working in us".¹

These introductory comments come from the life criterion in its mellow age. At the time of the Study of Thomas Hardy or of the essays in The Symbolic Meaning, past and future were all one in the immediate present. So, in theory, they always are, but Lawrence is now succumbing to the more ordinary human awareness of life - among which is some sense of distinction between past and present.

Grazia Deledda is, says Lawrence, already one of the elder living writers of Italy. Her work has not taken on the "nebulousness of the past-which-is-only-just-gone-by" as rapidly as the novels of Fogazzaro or d'Annunzio, but nevertheless, "the dimness has touched it". It takes a very good writer indeed to overcome the reader's repugnance for the just-gone-by emotions. D'Annunzio is hardly readable in the "twenties", Matilda Serao even less so. But Grazia Deledda can still be read with genuine interest.

Though Deledda is not a first-class genius, Lawrence goes on to say why her work is of interest: it is because she belongs to more than her own day. She does not "penetrate ... to the very sources of human passion and motive" but she does "create the passionate complex of a primitive populace". To do this, technically, she required an isolated populace such as Hardy's Wessex.

¹ Ibid., p. 263.

Deledda had her own beloved Sardinia.¹

Sardinia before the war, (1914-1918), is the Sardinia of Deledda's novels: an island of rigid convention and savage aristocracy. "It is the human instinct still uncontaminated". The money-sway had not yet touched it, and there is "the indescribable tang of the aboriginal people of the island", unabsorbed into the world, but with a savage individualism often breaking the law, driven into brigandage, "but human, of the great human mystery".²

It is notable here that although Lawrence senses with awe the life-quality of the place revealed, and although he does not and could not condemn the individualism driven into brigandage, he no longer, at this end of his career in criticism, lines himself up emotively on that side. In 1914 he had seemed to say Hardy's people run out into the flower of their individual being, they ought to, we all ought to, I want to. It is the aim, we are all committed to it if we want to "live". In 1928 Lawrence registers fully and wonderfully the revelation of a life spirit by another author, he stands still in respect, but he is nevertheless appraising objectively; he does not implicate himself in any way.

It is this old Sardinia, at last being brought to heel which is the real theme of Grazia Deledda's books, Lawrence goes on. "She is fascinated by her island and its folks, more than by the problems of the human psyche".³ To this extent The Mother is one

1 Ibid., p. 263.

2 Ibid., p. 264.

3 Ibid., p. 264.

of the least typical of her novel. The unease shows itself perhaps in her frequently forgetting her theme.

The theme of the novel is that of an old mother ambitious for her son to become a consecrated priest; the priest's attraction by a young woman; and the mother's savage battle to triumph. "The consecrated priest and the woman" is a definite universal theme, says Lawrence, but Deledda is continually being diverted: she becomes more interested in the death of the old hunter, the doings of the boy Antiochus, the exorcism. She seems bored with the young priest's hesitation, then suddenly impatient and sceptical; she is touched but annoyed by the tiresome old mother; she sympathizes first with the mother and then with the young woman; suddenly disgusted by the old woman's triumph she kills her off, and leaves the young couple hanging in space. As a problem story it is a disappointment for Deledda couldn't make up her mind. Neither does it succeed as a tragedy because the sympathy falls between two stools.¹

The interest of the book, says Lawrence, is not in the plot but "in the presentation of sheer instinctive life." The priest's love for the woman is "sheer instinctive passion". The instinct of direct sex is "so strong and so vivid" that only the other "blind instinct of mother-obedience" can overcome it. The "old, wild instinct of a mother's ambition for her son" clashes with and defeats the "wild instinct of sexual mating". The boy's education, his Christianity are "snuff of the candle", they are not the point.

¹ Ibid., pp. 264-265.

When the one instinct kills the other it is the wild Sardinian hinterland which receives the dying man. The suicide of semi-barbaric natures "under the sway of dimly comprehended Christianity and falsely conceived ambition" does not obscure the man's instinct to die in the wild. It is this presentation of instinctive life, pure and undefiled by sentiment which Lawrence reads as the real power and interest of the book.¹

Lawrence concludes the review by remarking upon the loss in translation. What he has read as the power of the book is intimately connected, he observes, with the language in which it was written:

In the mouths of the simple people, Italian is a purely instinctive language, with the rhythm of instinctive rather than mental processes. (cf. The "Introduction to Cavalleria Rusticana") There are also many instinct words with meanings never clearly mentally defined. ... everything goes by in a stream of more or less vague, more or less realized, feeling, with a natural mist or glow of sensation over everything, which counts for more than the actual words said. 2

This is particularly fitted for the presentation of the movement and dimly conceived apprehensions of life which is not yet verbally and mentally articulate to any great degree. In northern languages, comparatively speaking, every word has a fixed value and meaning. Lawrence himself, with continually shifting values and meanings of words in his vocabulary, tried to counteract this. A language can be killed by over-precision, he says, particularly for conveying instinctive passion or emotion.

1 Ibid., p. 265.

2 Ibid., pp. 265-266.

One feels this particularly in reading a translation from Italian, says Lawrence. Like a true artist, though she is not as masterly as Verga, Grazia Deledda can put us into the mood and rhythm of Sardinia - in Italian at least. Lawrence leaves us with the implication that this is not quite so in translation. His approval of Deledda has however been in terms of the life standard, and to a large extent expressed in its vocabulary.

The last full length essay which Lawrence wrote on Italian literature was an Introduction to *The Story of Doctor Manente*, (March 1929) the first in a series of a new publishing venture by his friend Orioli. The Story of Dr. Manente was written by A.F. Grazzini, under the pseudonym of "Il Lasca". This was the name of some kind of small fish. Lasca, born in Florence in 1504, had written a series of stories, after the manner of Boccaccio, in three Suppers. Dr. Manente is the only one we have complete from the third and Last Supper. Thus much is the neutral historical information which Lawrence tucks into the last paragraph of his 'Introduction'. Any further comment on the story required even more historical awareness in order to interpret it, as literature, as fully and fairly as possible.

This kind of awareness resides not in scientific knowledge of facts alone, but on a large degree of reconstructive imaginative power. This of course, is largely subjective. But Lawrence's subjective imaginative awareness of the Italy of the Renaissance, has a persuasively vivid and earthy quality which catches agreement

to its view in the immediacy of reading. History has spoken so often of the flowering of Renaissance man, art, and scientific achievement that it is with a catch of surprised agreement one accepts Lawrence's argument that Italy nevertheless had its roots in the earth then and now.

Lasca, Lawrence begins, was not a sensitive genius like Boccaccio: but then the Renaissance was not a sensitive period. Boccaccio was far~~er~~lovelier than even the extraordinary men of his day, whereas Lasca is of the day and of the city, a local and temporal writer.

Dr. Manente was a novella relating a famous Florentine beffa, or practical joke. This short novel, says Lawrence, is composed of various parts which:

... fit together with the greatest skill. In this respect the story is far superior to most of Boccaccio's long novelle, which are full of unnecessary stuff, often tedious. ¹

I quote this as a remarkable instance of Lawrence commenting objectively on "mechanical" technical matters, on an occasion when he has not been drawn into it by the devious route of translation. What his essays on Verga had begun, the mature critic sustained. But the life criterion, in one of its many fashions, still shapes the criticism.

By Lasca's technical skill, continues Lawrence, we are kept sharp to essentials, and yet, "we are given a complete and living

¹ Ibid., p. 274.

atmosphere". In character, each man is himself; the people are people, Florentines and Italians absolutely; there they are in their own ordinary daylight. The people in Lasca do not have the special gleam of poetry as in Boccaccio, but if Boccaccio is more universal, Lasca is more Tuscan.¹

Lasca is therefore the more actual-life revealing. For, Lawrence goes on, the Italians are a people particularly terre à terre. There is a fantastic side to their nature which makes them want to be "angels or winged lions or soaring eagles". Consequently they are often ridiculous, though occasionally sublime. But in the main their consciousness is centripetal: their outward-roaming consciousness never even roams as far as the Michelangelo in the market place. They stick close to the earth and keep the strength of the earth. "They are centripetal, and only the little currents near to them matter".²

So, Dr. Manente, the victim of this particular beffa, a practical joke involving what would be to us today of an outrageous and viciously prolonged mental cruelty, survives because:

... he refuses to take an objective view of his mishaps, he refuses to think, but eats and drinks handsomely, sleeps, builds castles in the air, and sings songs, even improvising.

This he does during prolonged solitary confinement in dark, dank, cells, and throughout meaningless removals from one place to another, while the world is told that he is dead, and his wife, who re-marries,

1 Ibid., p. 274.

2 Ibid., p. 275.

refuses to accept him when he returns.

But, says Lawrence, we feel, when he comes back to the world, he is still good and fat. How can we not admire the "superb earthly life-courage" which this reveals. It is the strength and courage of trees, deep rooted in the substantial earth. The Italian is "rooted in substance, not in dreams, ideas or ideals, but physically self-centred like a tree".¹

Occasionally, the Italian has wild revolts from the self-centred physicality of his nature: then you have the sombre curses of Dante, the torments of Michelangelo and Leonardo, the sexless flights of Fra Angelico and Botticelli - anguish of idealists. But at his best, as an ordinary vivid being the Italian does not quarrel with his substance on behalf of his soul.²

Resuming his discussion of the beffa, Lawrence goes on: "Apparently the Florentines actually did play these cruel jokes on one another ... it was a common sport."³ Even the gentle Boccaccio tried to record such jokes with gusto,⁴ though we feel he was too true a poet really to appreciate the game.⁵ But Lasca, a true Florentine, enjoyed them to a degree.

Lorenzo de'Medici, "who writes so touchingly of the violet" did actually play these jokes on his acquaintances. Historians doubt if he in fact played this one on Dr. Manente, but that does

1 Ibid., p. 275.

2 Ibid., p. 275.

3 Ibid., pp. 275-276.

4 Ibid., p. 277.

5 Ibid., p. 276.

not remove the beffe from existence. Every student of the Renaissance, every visitor to the Uffizi, should study these practical-joke stories "which play around the figures of (great) men and which fill the background of the great artists". We might then be a bit more amused, more on the spot, instead of "floating in the vapour of ecstasized admiration".¹

The beffe have, moreover, a wider significance, according to Lawrence. They are in earnest, in deadly earnest: they are "a form of revenge taken by wit on the self-centred physical fellow".² As such they are a part of a life cycle:

... a period of brutishness, a conquering of the brutish energy by intelligence, a flowering of intelligence, then a fizzling down into nervous fuss. The beffa belongs to the period when the brute force is conquered by wit and intelligence, but not extinguished.³

Sometimes they were simply repulsive, but on the whole they were "a sport for spurring up the sluggish intelligence, or taming the forward brute".⁴

Lawrence is here revealing again the attitude for which critics have taken him to task for revealing in his essay on R.H. Dana. There his argument was the logic of the polarized circuit of relatedness between men. Here it is part of the dynamic dialectic of history:

... so civilization moves on, wit and intelligence taking

1 Ibid., p. 276.

2 Ibid., p. 277.

3 Ibid., pp. 276-277.

4 Ibid., p. 277.

their revenge on insolent animal spirits, till the animal spirits are cowed, and wit and intelligence become insolent ... 1

and so on. It is noticeable that in this later critical essay Lawrence appears to be giving an equal importance to the action of "intelligence " and of "animal spirit". He has withdrawn from commitment to one at the expense of the other, and is objective while appreciative; moreover, possessing thorough inward imaginative awareness of the spirit, the life quality of Renaissance Florence which the story conveys, Lawrence nevertheless makes, quite seriously, an unprecedented remark: the historian will say this beffa is possible but improbable; the artist will say that it is true; meanwhile someone ought to annotate Lasca, and verify his allusions where possible(!)²

But the life standard is still dominant. In these characters of Lasca "the courage of life is splendid", and what is admirable about the beffa is that here is "history alive and kicking instead of dead and mummified".³

This section, European II, closes as European I opened, with some of Lawrence's comments on French literature. More detailed comments, on more important French authors than the Duc de Lauzun, have been made in passing during discussion of other literatures. They were not such, however, as to provide, taken out of context and put together, a sufficiently substantial body to be worth discussing

1 Ibid., p. 277.

2 Ibid., p. 278. My underlining.

3 Ibid., p. 278.

on its own. I have therefore reported such comments as and where I came across them. The present two essays for discussion are of little substance or important from the literary point of view, but they complete the cycle of Lawrence's discussion of European literature, have not been dated anywhere else, and show Lawrence in an even closer relation to orthodox psychology than hitherto. The last two points taken together are the interest which the essays have here.

The essays in question are "The Duc de Lauzun" and "The Good Man". They appear in Phoenix, placed by Edward D. McDonald in the section on "Ethics, Psychology, Philosophy". This suggests how little of direct literary interest they contain. The Warren Roberts Bibliography can give no date of earlier publication and suggests no possible date of writing.

It seems clear to me, after frequent reading of reviews written by Lawrence, that a review is certainly what "The Duc de Lauzun" set out to be. It follows the familiar Lawrence review-pattern, of giving a thumbnail sketch of relevant background, either to the author or the book, or to both; this is succeeded by a short description of the author and certain of his personal characteristics or history, which suggest the theme Lawrence then takes in describing the book and teasing out its life qualities.

This "review", "The Duc de Lauzun", goes on for four and a half pages, and then stops abruptly in mid-sentence and remains unfinished. It becomes accumulatively clear, throughout these four pages or so,

that Lawrence is getting more and more bored with his subject matter - the biography of the squalid sex-education and experience of the said Duc de Lauzan (or Duc de Biron). The setting was "the fag end of the French brocade period" at the court of Louis XVI. "I wouldn't grudge them their sins" says Lawrence of the courtiers of that time, "But their dressed up idiocy is beyond human endurance". Almost before he has started Lawrence has said that the result of the Duc's memoirs on the reader is one of "depression and impatience".¹

Nevertheless, Lawrence struggled on for some thousands of words trying to find something decent to say ("One must say this for the Duc de Lauzun ... he never seems to have made love to a woman unless he truly liked her" is about all he can manage²) until he finally has to give up.

Both British Museum and Library of Congress have a record of the publication of The Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzan, translated, with an Appendix by C.K. Scott Moncrieff. Introduction by Richard Aldington. Notes by G. Rutherford. The volume appeared in London in 1928³. Lawrence was in touch with both Aldington and Scott Moncrieff towards the end of 1927. In November he wrote to Richard Aldington:

1 Ibid., p. 745.

2 Ibid., p. 747.

3 The Library of Congress have also a volume, published in New York in 1912, translated by E. Jules Meras. Lawrence is far more likely to have encountered the 1928 edition rather than this. Also he would have felt no obligation to push himself to write something about an unknown-to-him translator's sixteen-year-old disagreeable book.

Scott Moncrieff said he'd write you. He has a nice side to him - but really an obscene mind like a lavatory. But obscenity must be either witty or robust. 1

It is most likely in the circumstances that the book appeared in 1928 and, as an acquaintance of both men, it was sent to Lawrence for review. Lawrence's opinion of Scott Moncrieff anticipated his dislike for the translation, but Lawrence felt a kindness towards Richard Aldington which would make him want not entirely to be damning. A possible date for the piece is thus 1928.

Another possibility is that Scott Moncrieff who met and stayed with Lawrence in the winter of 1927 asked Lawrence himself to write an "Introduction", and that Lawrence after an effort, found he couldn't, and put Scott Moncrieff ~~onto~~ Richard Aldington. This would also account for Lawrence trying to find something decent to say about the book, but fighting a losing battle. It would, however, discount the review-type "feel" of the piece, but this is not strong evidence. The piece should be dated then somewhere between late 1927 and 1928.

More interesting than this unfinished piece is the unpublished essay "The Good Man" to which the essay on the "Duc de Lauzun" clearly and directly led. In the "Duc de Lauzun" Lawrence began:

The Duc de Lauzun (Duc de Biron) belongs to the fag-end of the French brocade period. He was born in 1747, was a man of twenty-seven when Louis XV died, and Louis XVI came tinkering to the throne. Belonging to the high nobility, his life naturally focused on the court, though one feels

1 CL., p. 1023.

he was too good merely to follow the fashion.

He wrote his own memoirs, which rather scrappily cover the first thirty-six years of his life. The result on the reader is one of depression and impatience. You feel how idiotic that French court was: how falsomely insipid. 1

In "The Good Man", Lawrence begins:

There is something depressing about French eighteenth century literature, especially that of the latter half of the century. All those sprightly memoirs and risky (sic) stories and sentimental effusions constitute, perhaps, the dreariest body of literature we know, once we do know it. 2

He goes on, in the paragraph after next:

The Duc de Lauzun belongs to what one might call the fag-end of the period. He was born in 1747, and was twenty-seven years old when Louis XV died. Belonging to the high nobility, and to a family prominent at court, he escapes the crass sentimentalism of the "humbler" writers, but he also escapes what bit of genuine new feeling they had. He is far more manly than a Jean Jacques, but he is still less of a man in himself. 3

Edward McDonald's printing of this essay immediately after the "Duc de Lauzun" suggests that he found them closely related in the manuscripts of the posthumous papers which he edited - perhaps they were written one after the other in the same one of the manuscript books which Lawrence frequently used to write in.⁴ Holograph manuscripts of both essays exist in the collection of the University of California, and the manuscripts are linked to each other by cross-reference in the Warren Roberts bibliography.

1 Ibid., p. 745.

2 Ibid., p. 750.

3 Ibid., p. 750.

4 See Richard Aldington's Introduction to his edition of Last Poems, CP., p. 591.

These speculations apart, as the theme in "The Good Man" develops Lawrence reveals himself to be thinking along the same lines (the substitution of the social being for the passional, and the consequent having of "feelings" about everything) which the "Scrutiny of John Galsworthy", 1928, followed up.

"The Good Man" then, I date round about 1928. This is of great interest because in it, Lawrence turns even more precisely, in the context of apparently literary discussion, to the kind of psychology in Chapter One of this thesis, the kind from which his own criticism has been approached.

Lawrence's real point of departure in this essay (which is social-psychological-philosophical, in spite of the first few paragraphs on Laurence Sterne, de Lauzun, and Restif de la Bretonne) is this:

... there is no doubt about it, the "good man" of today was produced in the chemical retorts of the brain and emotional centres of people like Rousseau and Diderot. It took him, this "good man", a hundred years to grow to his full stature. Now, after a century and a half, we have him in his dotage, and find he was a robot. 1

The new little monster, the new "good man", Lawrence continues, was "perfectly reasonable and perfectly irreligious. Religion knows the great passions, says Lawrence, but the homme de bien isolates himself from the great passions. "For the passion of life he substitutes the reasonable virtues instead". There is nothing to worship, you must just have "feelings" for your fellow

1 Ibid., p. 750.

man and for nature. You can get a "feeling" out of anything.¹
 Thus by strong negative implication Lawrence is clearly beginning again to reveal the numinous dimension of the life standard. Moreover, he is now no longer shirking giving societal titles of "religion" and "worship" to mankind's recognition of, and relation to, a numinous reality.

The "good man", continues Lawrence, is alright as far as he goes. But there is nothing original in it - it is the same species as every other morality with its corresponding immorality. The idea of the good man brings no release from our true bondage, because like all the other moral concepts, it only takes count of one hundredth part of a man.²

Lawrence goes on to describe what he now accepts - the "true bondage" which is, even until now, the dilemma of schemata and spontaneity; the need for, for some the nostalgic yearning for, the one, even while in the hold of the other. At this point, possibly early in 1928, and only at the beginning of his acceptance, Lawrence is a little bitter:

When Oscar Wilde said that it was nonsense to assert that art imitates nature, because nature always imitates art, this was absolutely true of human nature. The thing called "spontaneous human nature" does not exist and never did".³

Human nature is always made to some pattern or other, says Lawrence, and the examples he gives let out his bitterness. Australian

1 Ibid., p. 751.

2 Ibid., p. 752.

3 Ibid., p. 752.

aborigines are tighter bound up in their own savage conventions than a China girl's foot. The conventional ideal and emotional bandage presses as tight on the free American as does the equivalent upon the black girl in her tribe. "And this we must finally recognize". Men can only feel the feelings they know ^{how} to feel. (This is rather an overstatement, of course).

It is true, Lawrence goes on, that children have lots of unrecognized feelings. If such feelings force themselves into recognition they are only recognized as "nervousness" or "irritability". As we grow up, every single disturbance in the psyche, is transmitted into one of the recognized feeling patterns.

This is our true bondage. This is the agony of our human existence, that we can only feel things in conventional feeling patterns. Because when these feeling-patterns become inadequate, when they will no longer body forth the workings of the yeasty soul, then we are in torture. It is like a deaf-mute trying to speak. Something is inadequate in the expression apparatus, and we hear strange howlings . 1

The eighteenth century let out a bit of extra bandage for the bound up feet, but we soon grew to that capacity and the pressure began again. England today is like the France of the Duc de Lauzun; Bolshevist Russia, one feels with bitter regret, is nothing new on the face of the earth. It is only another America, and America is chose connue: her feelings are more fixed to pattern than the European.² All that remains is to build an ark, an ark of the covenant.³

1 Ibid., p. 753.

2 Ibid., p. 753.

3 Ibid., p. 754.

F. Miscellaneous

There is, naturally, less homogeneity of material in this section than in the others. Less space will be given to it, therefore. However, one or two of the items are of final importance to the themes which have emerged in this thesis, as will emerge in the commentary.

Towards the end of 1925, Lawrence wrote an occasional essay called "Accumulated Mail". It began as an amusing résumé of the motley bundle Lawrence's post-box usually contained. The essay drifted from letters from home, to anonymous letters, to an enquiry about the Maurice Magnus controversy,¹ to a discussion of the criticisms of Lawrence's critics, and there it settles. Most of the critics are quickly dismissed, but more attention is paid to an essay on Lawrence, in the Nation, by Edwin Muir.

Edwin Muir's essay, as quoted by Lawrence², appears to have contained a far more generous recognition of Lawrence's qualities than the majority of critics accorded him at this time. Lawrence, however, was apparently needled by the "great powers and promise, but..." patronage of a younger man. I think I read, says Lawrence, that Mr. Muir is "a young man, and younger critic". But after

1 Lawrence had apparently been given the manuscript of Magnus' Memoirs of the Foreign Legion in lieu of debts to Lawrence which Magnus had not paid before his death. Lawrence wrote an "Introduction" to the book; this proved to be better than the book itself which enjoyed a greater sale on the strength of it. Norman Douglas, Magnus' literary executor, alleged that Lawrence was fraudulently collecting the proceeds from the sale of the book, which Douglas felt, by right, belonged to the Maurice Magnus estate. Lawrence replied to Douglas' defence of Magnus, in D.H. Lawrence and Maurice Magnus; A Plea for Better Manners, by a letter to the New Statesman of 20 February, 1926. (The letter is reproduced in Ph., p.806).

2 Ph. p. 801.

scathingly analyzing each of Muir's patronizing comments, Lawrence has the grace to admit that among the foolish critics by whom Lawrence was bored "Mr. Muir...is a phoenix, compared to most".¹

Each of the nine points against his work, which he picked out of Edwin Muir's article, Lawrence answered, however, with one of the varying aspects of the life standard. To the criticism that his characters are not recognizable in the street, Lawrence retorts "Does nothing exist beyond that which is recognizable in the street?" To the comment that his will is weak, inarticulate and in abeyance, he replies that "the will of the modern young gentleman is as mechanical as a Ford car engine." When Edwin Muir remarks that Lawrence has not submitted himself to any discipline, the sharp retort is: "Try...putting your little iron will into abeyance for one hour daily, and see if it doesn't need a harder discipline." To the comment that he has not fulfilled the promise of Sons and Lovers and The Rainbow Lawrence snaps reply "I promise nothing, inside or out of The Rainbow."²

When Edwin Muir kindly, perhaps patronizingly, remarks that life came fresh to Lawrence at a time when it seemed to everyone stale and banal, Lawrence replies that if life seemed stale and banal to Mr. Muir, "something must be badly wrong with (him) and (his) psychic equipment." As Muir goes on to say that Lawrence's title to greatness was in that he had caught the beauty of an ancient, instinctive life which civilized man has almost now

1 Ibid., p. 803

2 Ibid., p. 802

forgotten, Lawrence's reaction is "it may be ancient to you, but it is still alive and kicking in some people." Edwin Muir had called this achievement a "new mode of seeing": Lawrence questions ironically, ^{but pertinentlly,} should it not be a new mode of "feeling" or "knowing" since his characters are not recognizable in the streets?

It is in these last two criticisms that, although the precise expression of them gave Lawrence a handle to hit back, Edwin Muir came closer to understanding Lawrence's life standard, than fairly merited sarcastic rejoinder. One recognizes however, the tiny note of patronage in Edwin Muir's final point, "There remain his gifts, splendid in their imperfection", and sympathises with Lawrence's rejoinder - "how horrible for us all, if I were perfect! or even if I had 'perfect' gifts."¹

After summarily dismissing other critics Lawrence concludes the essay by pertinently replying to another who had said "Lawrence is an artist, but his intellect is not up to his art":

You might as well say; Mr. Lawrence rides a horse but he doesn't wear his stirrups round his neck. And the accusation is just. Because he hopes to heaven he is riding a horse that is alive of itself... And he does his best to keep his feet in the stirrups, and to leave his intellect under his hat, when he is riding his naughty steed.

No, my dears, Lawrence goes on, I guess, as an instrument, my intellect is as good as yours.² The underlining is mine, but this was Lawrence's point.

1 Ibid., p. 803.

2 Ibid., p. 805.

The next piece in this section is Lawrence's review, in January 1926, of J.A. Krout's The Origins of Prohibition. The book was obviously not up Lawrence's street: "There are copious notes, and an extraordinary bibliography: good scholarship, but, on the whole, flat reading." One may honestly call it "an excellent piece of work" says Lawrence, but "there are limits to my sympathy. ... One wonders if anything should try to be so angelically dispassionate; anything except an adding up machine."

The book was a sociological attempt to record the attitude of the American people to alcoholic drinks, since the early days of the colony. It is really a record, says Lawrence, "of the development of the prohibitionist feeling." It has "gleams of warmth and vividness"; the very words "malmsey, and sack, and pale sherry" cheer Lawrence up a bit. But:

...the author is inexorable. He won't laugh,
and he won't let us laugh. He won't get angry,
and he prevents us getting angry.
He refuses to take an attitude, except
that of impartiality, which is the worst of
all attitudes.

So he leaves Lawrence depressed, not wanting to hear another word about temperance or prohibition.¹

It is as well to read the book, continues Lawrence however, since the issue of prohibition "has us by the leg", and the book helps us reach a decision.² Lawrence, dropping any pretence of impartiality, regrets "that ardent spirits were ever discovered."

1 Ibid., p. 331

2 Ibid., pp. 331-2

But the real issue is the "democratic" voting for prohibition.

J.A. Krout, according to Lawrence, writes:

Intemperance might be tolerated in a divine-right monarchy, but in a republic it endangered the very existence of the state. No popular government could long endure, unless the electorate was persuaded or forced to follow the straight and narrow path of sobriety.

"It was ridiculous" Krout went on to say, "to talk of the will of the sovereign people, when intoxicated citizens were taken to the polls".¹

This, comments Lawrence, is the anomaly of popular government:

Obviously America failed to persuade herself or to be persuaded, into the straight and narrow path of sobriety. So she went one worse, and forced herself.

And this is the dreary, depressing reality.

A republic with a "popular government", Lawrence goes on, can only exist honourably when every man, governing himself responsibly from within, chooses the path necessary to the common good.²

This, says Lawrence, was the very germ of the "American idea", and it is the dreary and depressing fact that this germ is dying, if not dead. There is only the cold misery of every man voting to co-erce his neighbour, in the name of righteousness - probably, adds Lawrence, reserving the private right to a drink for himself all the same. The saloon was bad, best abolished, says Lawrence, but this is worse. Whether the "cold misery" and "dreary depression"

¹ Quoted, *ibid.*, p. 332.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 332-333.

described in the review is the result, in Lawrence, of reading an academic study with which he was not temperamentally in tune; or whether, at the time of writing the review in January 1926, it was a momentary return of the depression of his earlier American experience (1922-1925), it is difficult to say. But it was nevertheless his life awareness which was depressed.

In May of the same year, Lawrence reviewed a re-issue of the Dutch classic, Max Havelaar, by E.D. Dekker - whose pseudonym was "Multatuli", a Latin word meaning "I have endured much". When it first appeared, nearly seventy years ago, writes Lawrence, it created a furor and enjoyed a liberal vogue. The Anglo-Saxon mind loves to hail a book with a purpose because it is "so obviously in the right", says Lawrence; but it also loves to forget it completely because the insistency of a book with a purpose is such a bore.

On the surface, it seems, Max Havelaar was a tract or pamphlet, much in the same line as Uncle Tom's Cabin: "Instead of 'pity the poor slave' we have 'pity the poor oppressed Javanese'". The Netherlands government is said to have done something for the Javanese on the strength of Dekker's book, and so the book became a back number.¹

It seems to Lawrence, however, that this should not be. A Hollander today would refer one to Louis Couperus and Old People and the Things that Pass, if asked for a really good Dutch novelist. Max Havelaar is to Lawrence, however, "a far more real novel";

¹ Ibid., p. 236.

but as he also thinks Old People and the Things that Pass is a good contemporary novel, he sets out to display why Max Havelaar is the better. It is a mistake in the modern critic, he says, to believe that public opinion must be flattered and followed: "To my thinking, the critic, like a good beadle, should rap the public on the knuckles and make it attend during divine service. And any good book is divine service."¹

For this reason Lawrence makes bold to contradict popular delegation of Max Havelaar to the rank of a back number liberal tract. As far as composition goes, says Lawrence, the book is the greatest mess possible: but one can still read every word, although it would pall if one tried to read Uncle Tom's Cabin again.² The reason why Max Havelaar does not pall, it seems to Lawrence, is that there is, in fact, so little in it of the liberal tract which was so popular in the past: and what there is "the author has retracted so comically, as he went, that the reader can grin as he goes."³

1 Ibid., p. 237. This is, I suppose, a popularized description of the numinous element in the life standard.

2 It is notable that in Lawrence's reviews of other people's work after 1926, or thereabouts, attention to matters of craft begins again to appear. This, after intriguing Lawrence as a much younger man in the midst of his own first battles with language and technique, had lapsed in the middle period of his criticism, to return in the criticism of his latter years of more considered rather than spontaneous assessment.

3 Ibid., p. 237.

The book isn't really a tract, says Lawrence, it is a satire. Multatuli is no missionary or preacher, he is a satirical humourist. This is why Max Havelaar will last: Dry stubble, the coffee-broker is reduced to his ultimate nothingness in pure humour - his equivalent is "the prosperous business man in America and England today"; the Java part of the book is a satire on colonial administration and on government altogether.

At his worst, Lawrence continues, Multatuli is irritatingly sentimental, "harping on pity when he is inspired by hate." But he never "falls down the fathomless well of his own revulsion as Dostoievsky did." Multatuli never really believes he is a lily-mouthed missionary when he is really seething with derision and dementia. Multatuli is, by nature, a satirical humourist who was bored when writing sympathetically. He tells us, says Lawrence, how it bored him. It was far more exciting to be attacking officialdom than feeling pity.¹

Even satire is a form of sympathy, Lawrence was to write in Lady Chatterley's Lover²: and the soul's true sympathy is, at times, to hate what is hateful, he had said in the last version of his essay on Walt Whitman. Here, he says of Multatuli, that he hated with an honourable, passionate hate: it is honourable to hate Dry-stubble and cowardly officialdom, for mankind tends to deteriorate into those hateful conditions.³

1 Ibid., p. 238

2 LCL p. 104

3 Ph., p. 239.

The greatest pleasure, it seems, which Lawrence took from this book, was its duplicity, or, as Lawrence styles it in this case, its "stroke of cunning journalism".¹ For Multatuli as to officialdom, was as Jack (of the Beanstalk) to the Giant. Multatuli bethought himself of David and won the battle of the life issue with a stone and sling. He slipped into a missionary disguise, and the stone went home. Meanwhile, Max Havelaar will never be out-of-date or a back number, until there are no more Dry-stubbles or Governor-Generals.

Lawrence's next review in this section was of Pedro de Valdivia, by R.B. Cunninghame Graham. It was written in January 1927 and was entirely disapproving. That this was probably because the book was genuinely bad, rather than because of an ill mood in Lawrence, is suggested by the fact that another review, of H.M. Tomlinson's Gifts of Fortune, written in the same month was a most delicate registration of sensitive approval, in which the life standard was quiveringly at work. In discussion of Pedro de Valdivia the life standard plays a tough and negative part.

It seems that Valdivia was a Spanish Conquistador, one of those who "famous for their courage and endurance" are by now "notorious for insentience and lack of imagination." Bernal Diaz, for instance, says Lawrence:

1 Ibid., p. 237.

...makes one feel one could yell, he is so doggedly, courageously unimaginative, visionless, really sightless: sightless, that is, with the living eye of living discernment.¹

The Conquistadors' "precious energy makes them uproot the tree of life, and leave it to wither, and their stupidity makes them proud of it."

Valdivia, true to his kind, seems to have had a "stone blindness to any mystery or meaning in the Indians themselves" and his "abject insensitiveness to the strange, eerie atmosphere of that America he was proceeding to exploit and ruin" puts him at a certain dull level of intelligence which Lawrence found rather nauseating.² Nevertheless, the only "bit of a breath of life" in Cunninghame Graham's book is in the extracts from Valdivia's own letters.³

In giving a Short Account of Valdivia's life, Cunninghame Graham, according to Lawrence, is truly conquistadorial: "Not only does he write without imagination, without imaginative insight or sympathy, and without real feeling, but he seems to pride himself on the fact."⁴ Mr. Cunninghame Graham has shown us, not Valdivia, but himself, says Lawrence: he does not take Valdivia seriously, nor even really care about him. "We never see the country, we never meet the man, we get no feeling of the Indians."⁵

1 Ibid., p. 355

2 Ibid., p. 358

3 Ibid., p. 357

4 Ibid., p. 356

5 Ibid., pp. 356-357.

Moreover, when he comes to introducing Valdivia's letters, he picks out all the plums to lay before the reader, with the consequence that when they are read in their proper context, they appear to have a second-hand feeling.

The over-all result, says Lawrence, is a "shoddy, scrappy and not very sincere piece of work".¹ The shoddiness of the exercise Lawrence finally drives home by his strictures on Cunninghame Graham as a translator: the translations of Valdivia's letters show, says Lawrence, Mr. Graham's peculiar laziness or insensitiveness to language. As a priceless example Lawrence quotes the passage when Philip II is supposed to say to Ercilla, who stammered so much as to be unintelligible: "Habladme por escrito, Don Alonso!" Which is, says Lawrence: "Say it to me in writing, Don Alonso!" Mr. Cunninghame, however, translates it: "Write to me, Don Alonso!"² This insensitiveness to the living inflexions of language, is the final stricture which Lawrence can make on a book altogether insensitively done.

Gifts of Fortune, by H.M. Tomlinson, was reviewed by Lawrence in the same month and year. It is allegedly a travel book, but Lawrence reads it as of deeper implication than that. Mr. Tomlinson, he says "is travelling in retrospect, in soul rather than in flesh, and his hints are to other souls. To travelling bodies he says little." It is our yearning to land on the coasts of illusion, it is our passion for other worlds, which carry us on, says Lawrence.

1 Ibid., p.356.

2 Ibid., p.359.

The hope is always defeated; there is no Garden of Eden, the Hesperides never were. Yet, in our very search for them, we touch the coasts of illusion.¹

This world remains the same, wherever we go: it is a world of disillusion. Thus Mr. Tomlinson's weary tone. "My journeys have all been the fault of books" he apparently says. A talk with seamen has meant more to him than any book. That is how a man feels, at times, says Lawrence. As a matter of fact it is obvious from his essays that Bates' Amazon, Conrad's Nigger of the Narcissus, and Melville's Moby Dick have gone deeper into him than any talk with men.²

Lawrence's delicately sensitive life standard registers in this essay the way in which illusion fades into disillusion, and yet disillusion miraculously becomes illusion again. Mr. Tomlinson gives marvellously well, says Lawrence, "the feeling of a ship at the end of the voyage, coming in at night, the engines slowed down, then stopped," the emptiness, the blankness, the rain, the nothingness, the ship suddenly gone dead, quite dead. "It is the end of the voyage of disillusion." But behold, in the morning, "England, in her own wan sun, her strange, quiet Englishmen, so silent and intent and self-resourceful!" It is the coast of illusion, the other world itself.³

1 Ibid., p. 343.

2 Ibid., p. 342.

3 Ibid., p. 343.

This, says Lawrence, is the gist of Tomlinson's Hints to Those About to Travel: "You'll never find what you look for. There are no happy lands. But you'll come upon coasts of illusion when you're not expecting them."¹ One gradually gets a new vision of the world, if one goes through the disillusion absolutely, says Lawrence. "It is a world where all things are alive and where the life of strange creatures and beings flickers on us and makes it take strange new developments." Mr. Tomlinson gives us glimpses of a new vision, and "how grateful we ought to be to a man who sets new visions, new feelings sensitively quivering in us."²

In November of 1927 Lawrence wrote a review of The Social Basis of Consciousness, by Trigant Burrow. Lawrence had been in correspondence with Dr. Burrow since the end of 1926.³ In July 1927 Lawrence had written Dr. Burrow the letter, quoted in Chapter Three, about his realization of his own ^{lack of} "societal" consciousness.⁴ This correspondence was being conducted during the time of Lawrence's writing of Lady Chatterley's Lover. In his review of The Social Basis of Consciousness we can see more clearly what Lawrence's growing realization of "societal" consciousness meant exactly, and the connection it had with the development of his life standard at this time, which I have tentatively outlined elsewhere in this thesis.

1 Ibid., p. 344

2 Ibid., p. 345

3 CL p. 954

4 Ibid., pp. 989-990.

Lawrence begins his review by saying that Dr. Burrow had the rare quality in professional men, who may well be professionally honest, of "human honesty". This is rarely allowed to enter the professional field, because of its subjectivity. Nevertheless, Dr. Burrow, working within the Freudian school of psychoanalysis, had become increasingly aware of uneasiness about both his theory and his practice. He came gradually to realize that in the clinical exercise of the Freudian method, he was always applying a theory. Finally he realized that "to fit life every time to a theory is in itself a mechanistic process, a process of unconscious repression, a process of image substitution."¹ What the analyst really wanted to do was break the image-hold, so that life can flow freely. Consequently the practice and method of Freudian psychology was self-defeating.

It seems, according to Lawrence, that Dr. Burrow, began to gather from his clinical experience an awareness that "The real trouble lies in the inward sense of 'separateness' which dominates every man."² What man really wants, according to Dr. Burrow, reports Lawrence, is:

... a sense of togetherness with his fellow-men,
which shall balance the secret but overmastering sense of
separateness and aloneness which now dominates him.

1 Ph. p. 377

2 Ibid., p. 378

What must be broken, continues Lawrence, is the "egocentric absolute of the individual". Dr. Burrow began to feel towards a method of group analysis, "wherein the reactions were distributed over a group of people, and the intensely personal element eliminated as far as possible".¹

The true self is not aware that it is a self, says Lawrence towards the end of review. A bird sings itself, but not according to a given picture image of what he ought to sing, as men try to shape themselves into pattern men. The bird has no "idea" of itself, but it is a true self, and a true self therefore.¹

This much is what remains of Lawrence's early life standard argument, of the beauty and perfection of life-achievement being in isolate individuality alone. But added on to this now, from his contact with Dr. Burrow, is the societal dimension which Lawrence attempted artistically to express in Lady Chatterley's Lover. I believe Dr. Burrow is right, says Lawrence, as he concludes his review of The Social Basis of Consciousness. There is a cure which will liberate a man from the horror of his own isolation. (That is to say the evil isolation which men experience in a society in which individuals are pre-occupied in trying to fit themselves to the dominant man-image produced by that society. The singleness of being a true self which is not aware that it is a self, is not evil according to Lawrence's present argument.)

¹ Ibid., p. 379.

The cure would consist in "bringing about a state of honesty and a certain trust among a group of people, or many people - if possible all the people in the world".

This is not the abstract ideal of Rananim, Lawrence's earlier utopian vision of a community of men and women living in accord with each other and apart from the world. It is a "cure", or a dimension of life awareness, in which "Men must get back into touch. And to do so they must forfeit the vanity and the noli me tangere of their own absoluteness."¹ They must become aware of their societal relatedness.

The next item of interest is a letter to M.L. Ernst concerning the book To the Pure, which Lawrence wrote in November 1928. It appears to have been a symposium, produced by a group of lawyers, on the subject of censorship. Lawrence's life standard emerges in an amusing evaluative image. As the work of lawyers rather than literary men, it conveys to Lawrence an impression that no truly literary work would achieve. I am left feeling puzzled, uneasy, and

¹ Ibid., p. 382. The term "societal", which has been frequently used in this thesis, has now at last been seen in the context from which it came. It is a term borrowed from Dr. Burrow's book, either of his coinage or perhaps peculiar to America. It is a term useful in trying to describe that dimension of Lawrence's life awareness which emerged in the last few years of his life. Those words of the same root meaning to be found in the Oxford Dictionary have connotations of the usual meanings too strong for them to be useful in the present context.

a little frightened, says Lawrence:

... as if I had been watching a great unchained ape fumbling through his hairs for something - he doesn't quite know what - which he will squash if he gets it. I see that weird and horrible animal, Social Man, devoid of real individuality or personality, fumbling gropingly and menacingly for something he is afraid of, but he doesn't know what it is. 1

It is a lawyer's vision, not an artist's - but it is the result of experience in dealing with Social Man, social man who has not realized the societal self, achieved the true societal relationship within the community.

For all its legal precision and artistic muddle the book "creates the weird reactionary of the ageless censor-animal curiously and vividly". It has this peculiar life of its own sort which Lawrence unfolds. But it is Lawrence's life standard, touched with the influence of Dr. Burrow, which has the last word. "Print this letter if you like" says Lawrence "or any bit of it".

I believe in the living extending consciousness of man. I believe the consciousness of man has now to embrace the emotions and passions of sex, and the deep effects of human physical contact. This is the glimmering edge of our awareness and our field of understanding, in the endless business of knowing ourselves. And no censor must or shall or even can really interfere. 2

^{2nd group} The next group of items in this final section are on the Apocalypse. The first is a short review, which was written way back in April 1924, heralding at a distance Lawrence's later extended interest. It is a curious piece: it appeared in the Adelphi

1 CL., p. 1099.

2 CL., p. 1099.

under the pseudonym L.H. Davidson. Presumably Lawrence's unfairly risqué reputation after The Rainbow furor was still strong enough to prevent him appearing in print as a reviewer of a work of Biblical scholarship, under his own name.

Warren Roberts' Bibliography does not finally and indubitably attribute this item to Lawrence: it is only included in the Bibliography on "presumptive evidence".¹ I am personally convinced that the review, of The Book of Revelation, by Dr. John Oman, was written by Lawrence. After pointing out that the clue to Dr. Oman's rearrangement of the sections The Book of Revelation lies in the idea that "the theme is the conflict between true and false religion", "L.H. Davidson" says that the interpretation gave a good deal of satisfaction but that there were other interpretations as well.

The reviewer goes on to speak of his own feelings about the Book of Revelation, and it is here that one of the main themes of Lawrence's later essays on the Apocalypse appear. John's passionate and mystic hatred of the civilization of his day, he says, his fierce, new usage of the symbols of the four Prophets, "gives one a feeling of relief, of release into passionate actuality, after the tight pettiness of modern intellect." An elaboration of this point appears in Lawrence's later "Introduction" to Frederick Carter's Dragon of the Alchemists.

In spite of the "good deal of satisfaction" which the reviewer

¹ A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, p. 267.

got from reading Dr. Oman's book, he makes the reservation that it cannot be agreed that this interpretation is exhaustive. Here another theme which Lawrence's later "Introduction" developed appears in germ. "No explanation of symbols is final" says the reviewer. "Symbols are not intellectual quantities, they are not to be exhausted by the intellect";¹ and further, a point which is particularly elaborated in Lawrence's later "Introduction", "why should (Dr. Oman) appear so unwilling to accept any astrological reference. Why should not the symbols have an astrological meaning, and the drama be also a drama of the cosmic man, in terms of the stars?" As a matter of fact, he concludes, old symbols have many meanings, and we only define one meaning in order to leave another undefined.²

The next two items, definitely by Lawrence, are the book Apocalypse and the essay named in Phoenix "The Dragon of the Apocalypse by Frederick Carter." Apocalypse was published posthumously, in 1932; and the essay was also published posthumously, only four months after Lawrence's death. It appeared in The London Mercury, in July 1930, under the title: "Introduction" for Carter's "Revelation of St. John the Divine." The dates of writing have not yet been teased out.³

1 The Adelphi, April 1924, p. 1012.

2 Ibid., p. 1013.

3 A Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, p. 160.

Frederick Carter went to visit the Lawrence~~s~~ at Bandol in late November 1929.¹ In D.H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical he relates that during this time Lawrence began to write a lengthy prefatory discussion to precede the re-written and unpublished chapters of The Dragon of the Alchemists.² Before Carter left Bandol Lawrence had written 20,000 words.³ When Carter had finished revising his work, Lawrence wrote to him that he had "done another much shorter one, which he believed to be more suitable."⁴ This must have been before January 9th, 1930, on which day Lawrence wrote to S.S. Koteliansky: "I did about 6,000 words for Carter's Apocalypse book."⁵ Lawrence's own book Apocalypse runs to 35,000 words, and the essay in Phoenix for Carter's book, runs to 5,800. I conclude, therefore, that Apocalypse was written in late 1929, and the "Introduction" in early 1930. ~~(Revised version)~~ This relative dating supports my feeling in reading the two items, that the "Introduction" was a condensation, and clarification of Apocalypse.

Apocalypse by D.H. Lawrence is a strange, wandery book, beginning autobiographically, meandering through an interpretative description of the Book of Revelation, and ending with a statement of Lawrence's

1 D.H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical, p. 45.

2 Ibid., p. 60. Parts of the book had already been published in 1926.

3 Ibid., p. 61.

4 Ibid., p. 62.

5 CL. p. 1233.

creed. I will not discuss it in detail, as Lawrence's final statement, in the "Introduction", is the clearer. Apocalypse is of interest to the present thesis, however, for two points.

Near the beginning of the book, Lawrence gives an effective description of the action of schemata. Of his childhood Sunday school lessons Lawrence wrote:

Not only was the Bible verbally trodden into the consciousness, like innumerable foot prints treading a surface hard, but the foot prints were always mechanically alike, the interpretation was fixed, so that all real interest was lost. / The process defeats its own ends.¹

Near the end of the book, the influence of Trigan Burrow can be seen in the process of suffering the sea-change of passing through Lawrence's mind. What man most passionately wants, writes Lawrence:

... is his living wholeness and his living unison, not his own isolate salvation of his "soul". Man wants his physical fulfilment first and foremost, since now, once and once only, he is in the flesh and potent.²

Further on he continues:

My soul knows I am part of the human race, my soul is an organic part of the great human soul, as my spirit is part of my nation. In my own very self, I am part of my family. There is nothing of me that is alone and absolute except my mind, and we shall find that the mind has no existence by itself, it is only the glitter of the sun on the surface of the waters. / So that my individualism is really an illusion.³

1 Apoc. pp. 2-3.

2 Ibid., p. 222.

3 Ibid., p. 223.

Here are many of the points which have been discussed above as part of Lawrence's life criterion: man's need for his own fulfilment, but a passional fulfilment, of his living self; the importance of the present in the living fulfilment; and the ultimate fulfilment in relationship, not only in private relationships but in a wider group sense.

Here, in these quotations, also, are finally the two themes of this thesis, appearing together in Lawrence's last book: Lawrence's move towards recognition of the action of schemata is clearly completed; and the development of his life-awareness, to the point of seeing that life is in relationship, has also been finally completed.

Lawrence's "Introduction" to Frederick Carter's work on the Apocalypse should perhaps be better styled, "Introduction to The Dragon of the Alchemists".¹ Recalling, first of all, his first reading of Carter's manuscript in the earliest stages, Lawrence says: "I was very often smothered in words. And then would come a page, or a chapter, that would release my imagination and give me a whole great sky to move in. For the first time I strode forth into the grand fields of the sky. And it was a real experience, for which I have always been grateful."²

1 This is the title under which Carter's work appeared in 1926. Edward McDonald has, in Phoenix, used the title The Dragon of the Apocalypse, however. Ph. p. 292.

2 Ibid., p. 292.

Lawrence went on to say that he had read books on astronomy which made him dizzy with the sense of illimitable space. In astronomical space, he goes on, one can only move, one cannot be. But to enter the astrological sky of the living, moving planets is another kind of experience:¹

It is not a mere extension of
what we know: an extension
that becomes awful, then appalling.
It is the entry into another world...
And we find some prisoned self in
us coming forth to live in this world.

The sense of the living astrological heavens, Lawrence continues, gives me an extension of my being.² Scholastic works do not release the imagination in the same way, even when, at best, they satisfy the intellect.³

Orthodox interpretation of the Apocalypse, continues Lawrence, is intent on the true superficial meaning of the work, or the final intentional meaning. But when we read Revelation, he continues, we feel at once there are meanings behind meanings. Gradually we realize we are in the world of symbol as well as of allegory. The ultimate intentional, Christian meaning of the book is, in a sense, only plastered over on the surface. "The great images incorporated are like the magnificent Greek pillars plastered into the Christian Church in Sicily." They are not allegorical figures but symbols, symbols which belong to a bigger age than that of John of Patmos.,

1 The underlinings are Lawrence's original italics.

2 Ibid., p. 293.

3 Ibid., p. 294.

4 Ibid., p. 294.

Lawrence goes on to try and define a symbol, something to which one cannot give a final "meaning".

Symbols are organic units of conscious^{ss} with a life of their own, and you can never explain them away, because their value is dynamic, emotional, belonging to the sense-consciousness of the body and the soul, and not simply mental.

Allegory, on the other hand, is narrative description using, as a rule, images to express certain definite qualities.¹ Myth, likewise, is descriptive narrative using images, but while the images of allegory usually articulate an argument, myth never has a didactic nor a moral purpose - you can draw no conclusion from it. Myth is an attempt to narrate a whole human experience: its images are symbols, units of human feeling, a complex of accumulated human experience through the ages.²

The symbols of the Apocalypse are of this nature. Scholarship is not adequate in elucidating it, although "it is not Reason herself whom we have to defy, it is her myrmidons, our accepted ideas and thought forms".³ Reason herself is a supple nymph, we need not be afraid of flirting with the zodiac. The human consciousness is really homogeneous. The value of astrological study of the Apocalypse is that it releases the imagination to live in all these dimensions articulated at once.⁴

1 Ibid., p. 295.

2 Ibid., p. 296

3 Ibid., p. 297

4 Lack of time precludes completing examination of this interesting essay thoroughly. The final point which is of interest is that Lawrence mentions (p. 302) that his memory was strongly auditory. This was a point of discussion in Chapter One.

The last review which Lawrence wrote was of Eric Gill's Art Nonsense and Other Essays. Edward McDonald states in a footnote that Frieda described it as the last piece of work in which Lawrence was engaged.¹ Unable to finish it he laid it aside a few days before his death in March 1930. Even at this stage, however, Lawrence was willing to battle against his irritation with an author, (in this case Mr. Gill's appalling stylistic clumsiness²), and give just appreciation to any life-quality which he felt was genuinely revealed. In the case of Eric Gill, the quality which Lawrence admired, was his insight into the nature of work and a man's relation with God:

Mr. Gill is primarily a craftsman, a work man, and he has looked into his own soul deeply to know what he feels about work: And he has seen a truth which, in my opinion is a great truth.

He has seen, says Lawrence, that when ~~any~~ man or woman is busy and concentrated on a job which calls forth real skill and attention, or devotion, "It is a state of absorption into the creative spirit, which is God." ³ This clearly, is what Lawrence felt about his own work, and it is a last statement of his life vision, that which governed his critical values, as an absorption of the whole living being, within or related to, a numinous dimension.

It is on this note that the waxing and waning vision or metaphysic, which governed Lawrence's criticism, finally waned.

1 Ibid., p. 393.

2 Ibid., p. 393.

3 Ibid., p. 395.

CONCLUSION

F.R. Leavis has claimed for Lawrence the critic the title of "the finest literary critic of our time - a great literary critic if ever there was one".¹ I have aimed at understanding Lawrence's criticism rather than at evaluating it. The question naturally arises, however, and it is a difficult one to answer. Certainly Lawrence wrote some great pieces of criticism: he also wrote some bad pieces. Neither point substantiates a title in its own right. The majority of critics, unlike other mortals, are fortunate in that the good they achieve usually lives on while the bad is oft interred. Lawrence is perhaps the least fortunate in this respect. His crude and swift dismissals of great men, usually in the privacy of his correspondence, are more frequently recalled to his disparagement than are the faux pas of any other critic.

In view of all that has been described in the previous pages I would say that Lawrence's perceptions are frequently closer, more penetrating, more sensitively registered and discriminated, than those of any other than the greatest English critics. I would also defend his style of critical writing, through every one of its shades from imaginative-philosophical to comic-polemical, as soundly based. A critic must needs communicate his perceptual, imaginative understanding to his reader and cannot do this by logic alone. Emotive persuasion is a usually disguised but necessary element in critical exposition. Lawrence's critical style adopts such a method more openly than most, (cont'd)

¹ The Common Pursuit, by F.R. Leavis, p. 233

and often with less obvious logical substantiation. When his criticism is good we implicitly accept that somewhere, somehow, the logic is right; it is only when it seems wrong that logic is brought out to shoot him down. Chapter One of this thesis indicated the close connection between thought and perception. In criticism we are in the realm of feeling and idea. Lawrence's emotive critical style carries its logic largely hidden within^{it}, thus blending the feeling with the thought. This is, as a general rule, how it should be, for the critic is trying to affect the imagination as well as the understanding, of his reader.¹

George Watson, writing of the unending critical debate remarks that "The great critics do not contribute: they interrupt."² Lawrence was certainly great if greatness resides in the ability to interrupt, and pose questions all one's own. It is not yet clear, however, if the individual nature of Lawrence's achievement in criticism has in any way deeply affected the general position of those critics who follow. Few critics write today without an awareness of I.A. Richards, T.S. Eliot, William Empson and F.R. Leavis in the bones of their thought. Few, however, write with an awareness of Lawrentian critical criteria in mind - even though some of his aphoristic formulations have passed into more general currency. This opinion is shared by Andor Gomme who says that the influence of Lawrence's criticism on

¹ I do not, of course, recommend the extremes of Lawrence's style for general use. I wish only to point out that his critical style is soundly based.

² The Literary Critics, by George Watson, p. 11

his contemporaries was "negligible" and that "it is not at all certain" that it is finding a more responsive audience today.¹

George Watson has remarked, and William Righter has shown,² that there is little logic in the continuity of the critical debate, but, whether we agree with this or not, it is undeniable that some critics make longer-lasting conquest than do others, in compelling our acquiescence with their critical method or insight.³ It is clearly not sensible to say that a critic's greatness can be gauged by the availability of his name or thought at the tip of one's pen: the issue is more involved than this.

There is surely a reason why a large part of a distinguished man's work, in the field of criticism, is not absorbed into the critical consciousness of his posterity, when he is markedly successful in two or three other literary fields. There may be accidental reasons: the much debated value of Lawrence's other work may have put the criticism in the shade; or, perhaps, it has not until fairly recently been sufficiently easy for a wide public to get hold of. In this case, however, I think the reasons lie deeper.

¹ Critics Who Have Influenced Taste, p. 95

² See Mr Righter's book Logic in Criticism.

³ Some such claim might be made for Lawrence, at second remove, by virtue of his influence on F.R. Leavis. But, when all is allowed for, it is the intensity of Leavis' personality which compels our attention, and not the remove influence of Lawrence's. Moreover, Lawrence's critical opinions, encountered in the original have little in common with the particular achievement in Dr Leavis' work. Dr Leavis' dominating note of concern and commitment in criticism, if in any way owed to Lawrence, seems more to have been inspired by certain qualities in Lawrence's novels, and the lines of thought in his more socially orientated "philosophy".

When closely examined, Lawrence's critical values display a doctrinaire root, particularly to his unrepresentative personality, which is, and perhaps always will be, unlikely to have that kind of appeal which might dominate the wider perspectives of twentieth century criticism. The terms in which these values are expressed, though highly meaningful to those read widely in Lawrence's work, are either too particular or too diffuse to reverberate in critical consciousness and vocabulary in general - as do the more readily understandable and more closely meaningful terms of other critics.

When, for example, Lawrence says that a work should reveal "life", his meaning is too particular (to the initiated) to have general relevance, or (to the uninitiated) too loose to organise any specially meaningful response. When, on the other hand, Professor Empson speaks of "ambiguity" he at once calls upon a generally shared and recognized concept, and articulates a closer perception of the way a poem works than readers of poetry appear to have had before in his time,¹ and a closer perception than is conjured by the word "life" used as a descriptive and evaluative term. The term "ambiguity", and with it, Professor Empson's perception, is perpetuated because it is both readily recognizable and a step further in organizing critical discussion. Lawrence's term is, on the other hand, either recognizable with no further expressive power than it already has in sundry vague

¹ Professor Empson was, at the time of writing Seven Types of Ambiguity, a research student under I.A. Richards who had recently conducted the salutary experiments reported in Practical Criticism - revealing how loosely organized reading responses were amongst university students in the 1920s.

contexts; or, in its specialized meaning is too strange a coin to be useful critical currency in general. The successful critic, if not in fact the great critic, is he who can organize new meaning (or perception) from the base of known ground, so that his reader can grasp both at once - in a flash of recognition and new understanding.

Lawrence, by this standard, falls between two stools, yet his criticism can be read and remains valid on both levels; to a specialist reader of his work he can bring new and remarkable insights; on the general level he is easily readable, and thus is saved from obscurity. There is a reservation on both levels of reading, however. On the specialist level there is a speed and fluency in Lawrence's changing perception, which begets subtle and swiftly changing implications in the meanings of the same words at different moments, in such a way as often to outrun the critic's indispensable function of maintaining communication with his more slowly perceptive reader. On the level of general understanding this same element appears as a drawback in that such writing often seems boringly repetitive. Again, when the reader is bored, communication breaks down.

Lawrence, however, as an honest critic, could only write as he perceived. As Martin Turnell wrote in 1948: "There can be no absolute standards in criticism which are extraneous to literature and no discipline which is outside the critic himself."¹ It is self-evident

¹ "An Essay on Criticism", Dublin Review, 1948 p. 88. Mr Turnell also says that "the critic does not need a formal philosophy; he needs a wide and generous conception of man's nature and destiny". Lawrence's life criterion, interpreted on the non-specialist level might be justified by this, appearing simply as ^{such} a wide and generous conception.

that criticism requires the use of the personal self: the only material the critic has to work on is his own response. But the matter is more complicated than this, for even while the first seed of criticism, as a formulated expression, is in the impulse to "say what I think", as a wider practice and a social activity its purpose becomes at once both less personal and more impersonal.

Beyond the first impulsive desire for an understanding sayee, a critic begins reaching for agreement. As criticism becomes a mode of reaching for agreement, it begins to become an instrument in a search for general agreement - for what general agreement finds as a kind of truth about a work. It is out of this social dimension that the basic disciplines of critical writing arise: assessment in generally viable patterns of perception,¹ and adequately communicating verbal exposition, are necessary to the effort towards general agreement. Creative or personal expression moves away from the general towards the individual's divergence from the ordinary. Criticism is, therefore, an activity in which there is a strong element of paradox. It is essentially both personal and impersonal and can never be only either without ceasing to be itself. Personal activity in that it can only be conducted from the individual's own experience and knowledge, it is nevertheless an activity which implies that if truth is not absolute at least it is not uncontrollably relative, and that some measure of general agreement is possible.

¹ That is to say, in the case of a new perception it must be of a kind that other men may perceive, and not purely private or peculiar.

Communication being of undeniable importance in criticism as a social, as opposed to private activity, the real power of Lawrence's criticism is, I suspect, seriously impeded. It is, of course, not helped, either, by uneven and scattered publication. This seems to me a great pity for although I doubt, for the reason given above, that Lawrence's criticism is unlikely to have profound and lasting effect, I would by no means wish to imply that it is not worth reading. It most certainly is: in that it can throw more light upon the working of the mind of one of the leading literary figures of our time, and in that some individual insights which could be valuable ^{at the moment} are neglected.

Lawrence's criticism is most worth reading, however, for the clarity with which it displays the success and drawbacks of his kind of criticism. They seem to me to be object lessons for criticism, or critical method, in general. Lawrence's strength and confidence as a critic lay in discovering, developing and holding to, a central schema, far-reaching and wide-ranging, ~~and~~ which had for him a strong personal validity. It was a schema which lasted him a lifetime, grew with him, and which, because of its central validity as far as his own living self was concerned rarely became boring because it had as many facets as had Lawrence's chameleon personality, vision, and growth.

In settling, instinctively, upon a central schema Lawrence gained equipment to organize his approach to all kinds of literary cultures and modes. In so doing Lawrence reveals the real value of using past experience and his own individual approach in criticism, as opposed to that directionlessness of "objectivity" which the psychology of

perception undermines as a ~~psych~~ical possibility if not as a concept. Personal past experience is at the same time the core of intelligent appraisal, and the point from which to depart to explore new fields. Such intelligently orientated exploration of the genuinely unknown is precluded from "objective" criticism.

Lawrence was successful as a critic not only in discovering and developing one central but wide-ranging attitude, but in the skill with which he continually and skilfully adapted levels of application, or roused pertinent aspects of his schema, playing down, or coming out strongly, according to need.

Lawrence's weakness as a critic was, of course, in not always adapting to, or allowing for, the limitations of his schema which could, on occasion, emerge quite firmly as a "minority party" like any other. Lawrence's brilliant judgments are undoubtedly those when his particular schema was precisely tuned to registering what no-one else had previously observed. For example, Lawrence's life schema, tuned to perceiving the deeper, wider than personal, movements of life in characters in novels, fitted him to note a life movement in American literature which had long been unperceived.

Lawrence's best criticism qua criticism (rather than as inspired intuition) was on those occasions, such as the Galsworthy Scrutiny, when he most skilfully and closely adapted his schema to elucidating work in which the life quality was not attractive to him. The worst criticism came, however, when Lawrence's life schema was too strongly antagonized by the life quality of his subject; so much so that his schema hardened

(cont'd)

upon itself and the real achievements which the work may have had was blankly excluded (*cf.* "the clumsy olla putrida" of James Joyce¹).

Allowing for now having some notion of the particular implications of the life standard in Lawrence's work, his development as a critic may roughly be summarised as follows: From the earliest days, Lawrence had a criterion of "life" in art, the word "life" implying a mystic dimension as yet empirically uncertain and abstract. Lawrence developed from purely speculative theorizing about it; to beginning to think more closely about it in connection with his own earliest work; to generously and poetically philosophizing about it in connection with the work of others, Thomas Hardy particularly; to working it out even more closely as a development of his own best creative activity, but understood as of a neutral quality implied by the scientific metaphors, of "polarity" and so forth, in which it was expressed; to apprehending it more dynamically as "quickness"; and finally, to understanding it in terms of mystical relatedness to changing actuality, largely known through, and expressed in, relationships in the human dimension. In the process of this development the life standard gathered increasingly richer implications and possibilities of expression.

The style of Lawrence's critical writing developed correspondingly. It began academically, became uncertain and ambivalent, then poetically fluid; from there it went on to become more colloquial, developing a strain of deliberately ludicrous, hard-hitting ambiguity. This ambiguity deliberately caught Lawrence's distinctly dualistic responses

¹ CL p. 1075

of like and dislike of work such as Walt Whitman's, at the same time. This echoed Lawrence's characteristic perception of duality within the "oneness" in the life of a work. After a short period of this kind of writing, Lawrence's style in criticism mellowed and relaxed into an easy, sometimes ironic style, blending evaluation with exposition, catching in its tone the quality of his own response - the tone of voice, as it were, easily and fluently registering the movements of his changing perceptions. Lawrence's freely moving style, even throughout the registering of contradictory perceptions is best described by Eugene Goodheart's phrase, "a dialectic within the spontaneous mode itself between impulse and resistance".¹

Throughout this thesis I have worked on a preliminary belief of my own, that Lawrence's criticism, perhaps even more of his work in general, might be better illuminated by the psychology of perception than by the Freudian psychology which is more often brought to its interpretation. It clarifies, I feel, not only the central critical activity, its "quick", or source in all critics, but is particularly relevant to the central problem Lawrence continually teased at in his criticism as in his other work, throughout his life: the duality of schemata and spontaneity.

Lawrence extended this duality to the sources of life itself; it is an extension which is difficult to evaluate. I am unable to clarify whether this duality indeed belongs more to life or to Lawrence's fixed schemata. But the difficulty is not in the inadequacy of the psychology

¹ The Utopian Vision of D.H. Lawrence, p. 10

of perception for the job. It is inherent in "life", a continually indefinable term, not in the scientific sense, but in the empirical sense, the way in which we know it.

The psychology of perception is not too neutral and limited a discipline, or body of knowledge, to use in interpreting a creative writer, for the argument of the finally "inductive" nature of knowledge allows, respects, draws attention to, the mystery which artists know cannot be finally examined by scientific methods. Moreover, while psychology says that "sensation" or "perception" is the root of all knowledge and thought, Lawrence says it is "emotion", "passional experience" or "life". Both are metaphors for the same thing: it is according to one's taste or bias, which is found more closely to approximate, or more nearly to suggest the truth. For me it is Lawrence; for a scientist it is most likely to be psychology.

Finally, I must say a word about other critics of Lawrence's criticism. Without exception, as far as I have been able to discover, and even in the most detailed and extensive work on Lawrence's criticism which has only recently appeared,¹ critics of Lawrence's criticism distort its value, coherence and balance, by entirely ignoring its chronological sequence, and Lawrence's adventurous development as a critic, over the years. Quotations are put side by side from the Study of Thomas Hardy and from essays written in 1925. They are lifted out of all kinds of contexts - from private letters, reviews, philosophy,

¹ D.H. Lawrence as Literary Critic, by David Gordon, 1966. This arrived in England too late for me to be able to adequately absorb and relate to my present line of thought.

novels, serious essays on theory and so on - and lumped together irrespectively. An appearance of justice and objectivity is usually given by the presentation of an equal number of "bad" judgments and "good" judgments. This is in fact, however, a most unjust distortion. For, taken chronologically, read in the context of Lawrence's point of development, and occasion of writing, his criticism is rarely bad, often brilliant, but for the large part good, sensitive and competent.¹

However, in claiming chronological integrity for this thesis, as something not yet attempted elsewhere in writing of Lawrence's criticism, I have to admit, as the logic of my approach via psychology demands, that in trying to do Lawrence this justice I must inevitably have used my own selective schemata. This may be part of the explanation, of that which makes me a little uneasy: that the critic Lawrence whom I encounter, often seems to be a different man from the critic other people have described.

¹ I exclude David Gordon's book from my invective. I am thinking of such essayists ^{on this topic,} as G.D. Klingopulos, Richard Foster, Raymond Williams, William Deakin and Gamini Salgado. Even, alas, Fr. Tiverton, who made the first really genuine attempt at evaluation of Lawrence's criticism, followed this non-chronological, half and half presentation which distorts. David Gordon's book is by no means so slapdash as the carelessly thrown together material of these authors and others. But, as far as I see at the moment his arguments also are undermined by ignoring chronology. Quotations five years apart are put together as if written on the same day. It is a general fault, which T.S. Eliot's last book To Criticise the Critic also drew attention to: to forget that a critic, like a novelist or poet, also has the ability, and the right, to develop. And those who go on writing criticism over a number of years usually do.

AFTERWORD

In the course of working out the approach to literary criticism in this thesis, which was indirectly suggested to me by the art criticism of E.H. Gombrich, I only gradually became aware of the tradition into which it might be said to fall. The neutral terms of psychology tended to obscure from me that insistence upon the close interaction of thought and perception was at the heart of the thought of the early Romantics. Furthermore, awareness of systematic organization of perception shaping criticism was preceded in the twentieth century by some of our best known critics and by a lesser known critic. One of the decade's well-known creative artists has also directly utilized the findings of psychology to explain that act of critical perception which is the act of creation. However, I have explained in the text that I do not agree with his conclusions right up to the hilt.

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Before the eighteenth century had closed William Blake had written (1793?)

Man has no Body distinct from his Soul; for that call'd
Body is a portion of Soul discern'd by the five Senses,
the chief inlets of Soul in this Age. ¹

thus postulating, in rather different terminology, the closeness of the interdependence between perception and thought.

¹ From "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell", Penguin Poets
William Blake, p. 94.

At the turn of the century, in 1800, William Wordsworth wrote:

... Our continual influxes of feeling are modified and directed by our thoughts, which are indeed the representatives of all our past feelings. ¹

Herbert Read writes that the influence of an eighteenth century psychologist and philosopher, David Hartley, lay behind such thoughts of Wordsworth's. Mr Read writes: "the idea of the relationship existing between one's feelings and ideas ... was drawn from Hartley. ... According to Hartley's psychology, our passions or affections are no more than aggregates of simple ideas ... surviving sensations after the objects which caused them have been removed."²

Recognition of the closeness of feeling and thought was assuredly behind the "crisis" which the complete rationalist in the young John Stuart Mill underwent. After it, Asa Briggs sums up neatly in his Introduction to the Autobiography: "Mill saw experience bringing with it new insights and new sensibilities. Feeling and thinking were very closely associated."³

Today, the psychologist would speak of sensory perception rather than of "feeling", but he would nevertheless agree with these precedents that primary stages of thought or conceptualization, are intimately dependent upon "feeling" or "experience" or "percepts". Twentieth-century psychology has

¹ Wordsworth, ed. D. Nichol Smith, p. 154

² Wordsworth, by Herbert Read, pp. 104-5

³ Autobiography of John Stuart Mill, pp. xviii-xix

gone on to elucidate the systematic structure which organizes the maintenance and exercise of continually accumulating stores of perception and thought. Some twentieth-century critics absorbed this main fact as much as forty years ago, even if there is little evidence that the majority of twentieth century critics have written, or do write, with an awareness of all the ramifications in mind.

Most important among twentieth-century critics who recognized the systematic organization of more complex levels of perception is T.S. Eliot, who wrote in 1920, in his essay "The Perfect Critic"

... for sensibility wide and profound reading does not mean merely a more extended pasture. There is not merely an increase of understanding, leaving the original acute impression unchanged. The new impressions modify the impressions received from objects already known. An impression needs to be constantly refreshed by new impressions in order that it may persist at all; it needs to take its place in a system of impressions. ... the perceptions do not, in a really appreciative mind, accumulate as a mass, but form themselves as a structure; and criticism is the statement in language of this structure; it is a development of sensibility. ¹

F.R. Leavis, in his essay "Criticism and Philosophy" makes the same kind of point, with different ramifications however:

The critic's aim is, first, to realize as sensitively and completely as possible this or that which claims his attention; and a certain valuing is implicit in the realizing. As he matures in experience of the new thing he asks, explicitly and implicitly: 'Where does this come? How does it stand in relation to ...? How relatively important does it seem?' And the organization into which it settles as a constituent in becoming

¹ The Sacred Wood, pp. 14-15

'placed' is an organization of similarly 'placed' things, things that have found their bearings with regard to one another, and not a theoretical system or a system determined by abstract considerations.

The critic, continues Dr Leavis, "aims to make fully conscious and articulate the immediate sense of value that 'places' the poem."

Of course, the process of 'making fully conscious and articulate' is a process of relating, organizing, and the 'immediate sense of value' should, as the critic matures with experience, represent a growing stability of organization (the problem is to combine stability with growth). What, on testing and re-testing and wider experience, turn out to be my more constant preferences, what the relative permanencies in my response, and what structure begins to assert itself in the field of poetry with which I am familiar? What map or chart of English poetry as a whole represents my utmost consistency and most inclusive coherence of response? ¹

"An Essay on Criticism" written by Martin Turnell in 1948 supports the argument elaborated in the text of the thesis of the final non-rational leap in criticism, although he is making a slightly different point:

The organizing of one's perceptions sometimes reminds me of a jigsaw puzzle, but it is clear that it is not the result of pure reasoning. There is even an element of what can only be described as 'inspiration' - flashes of sudden illumination as a fresh point occurs to me, or as a particular passage reveals a new meaning.

Martin Turnell also argues in favour of close interrelation of perception and thought in criticism:

We may for convenience' sake distinguish between 'intellect' and 'feeling', 'reason', and 'emotion', the 'reception' and 'analysis' of a poem, but is the distinction a real one or is it purely conceptual? Can our reaction to a poem really be a blind 'emotion' which 'reason' analyses and classifies in retrospect? Are there really two faculties at work in the reading of a poem?

¹ The Common Pursuit, pp. 213-214

He concludes that there is not:

For 'perception' is a perception of value which already implies judgment. 'Intellectual discussion' can never be more than an elaboration of the data provided by the critical act. ¹

This brings to mind not only Dr Bruner's account of perception, and Mrs Abercrombie's demonstration of it in action, but also Lawrence's point that critical perception is in "educated emotion" which then requires "skill in essential logic" or the intellectual capability to give a true account of the perception.

Arthur Koestler's The Act of Creation, published in 1964, came out after I had already been inveigled by curiosity into the line of thought this thesis is based upon. I was encouraged by another's use of similar material for similar purposes although my brief of examining critical perception is far narrower than Mr Koestler's attempt to account for the act of creation. Impressed by the sheer scope of his book I nevertheless believe that psychology cannot finally account for the act of creation nor can it finally account for the final intuitive critical insight of the beholder of that creation. The metaphor of the "inductive leap" remains for me the more persuasive, because it is self-confessedly metaphorical, while Mr Koestler's psychological account of the last minutiae of creative insight seems to imply more "scientific" authority than essentially metaphorical descriptions can have. However, the great length and detail of Mr Koestler's book is a salutary reminder that I have only scratched the surface myself.

¹ Dublin Review 1948, pp. 79-83

APPENDIX 1. D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERCEPTION.

The purpose here is to try and clear some of the ground between Lawrence's kind of psychology and that of the psychologists. The difficulty in doing this usually lies in Lawrence's imprecise use of words rather as gestures towards meaning, rich in overtones.¹ In art such use of words may interact to achieve a new, individual, and highly subtle precision of meaning - but such use of words in the context of psychology or philosophy usually only clouds the issue and breaks the back of the purpose. Fantasia of the Unconscious and other similar parts of the corpus of Lawrence's work are difficult ground to negotiate, continually shifting in levels and kinds of meaning.

¹ For example, Lawrence will use the words "life", "soul", "consciousness", "unconsciousness", "spontaneous self" and so on, interchangeably to indicate an inner source of dynamic outward ~~f~~-flowing impulses. His use of words in this way is explained, I think, not so much as careless thinking - Lawrence could be most precise when he wished - as an instinctive effort not to let his definitions petrify lest they began to suggest artificial divisions which do not really exist:

I never could read Pilgrim's Progress. When, as a small boy, I learnt from Euclid that "The whole is greater than the part" I immediately knew that solved the problem of allegory for me. A man is more than Faithfulness and Truth and when people are mere personifications of qualities they cease to be people for me. (From Apocalypse, by D.H. Lawrence, quoted by Helen Corke in D.H. Lawrence: the Croydon Years, p.66.)

This particular quotation is not precisely to the point here. But it indicates the temperamental bias which made Lawrence resist fixed definitions. Of course, it is true to say that if the parts of a human quality are defined it tends to recede from existence as a non-differentiated whole in one's perception. But we cannot do without such demarcation of knowledge if investigation is to be pursued. In general, it would seem that we practice a kind of double-take, which highlights the whole and the parts alternatively, and try by an illusory trick somehow to gather awareness of both at the same time.

Only those parts of Lawrence's writings which draw near to the psychology of perception are examined. These are few for Lawrence consciously tried to steer clear of the confines of orthodox psychology. Moreover, the interpretations which I offer have only local significance and validity as a consequence of the continually moving bases of Lawrence's discussions in this field. Neither do I attempt to elucidate the whole of the works from which I take parts - for their main weight is usually in a direction which is not relevant to the present purpose.

Finally, it seems to me that Lawrence's accounts of perception are based on no other authority than scrutiny of his own perceptive activity. Lawrence is, of course, the person best able to bear closest witness to the workings of his own perception. The degree to which his own account has congruity with that of the psychologist reveals the degree to which it was pertinent to approach his criticism via that discipline.

The essay "Education of the People", written in 1918, is the first of Lawrence's philosophical-psychological-sociological dilations which are of interest here. If the committed vocabulary of the following excerpt were neutralized by substitution of "schemata" for "beliefs", and "experience" for "life", Lawrence's early generalized awareness of the processes of perception are revealed as basically sound, psychologically speaking:

Such is man: a creature of beliefs and of foregone conclusions.
As a matter of fact, we should never put one foot before the other,

save for the foregone conclusion that we shall find the earth beneath the outstretched foot. Man travels a long journey through time. And the nature of his travels varies from time to time. Sometimes he discovers himself on the brink of a precipice, on the shore of a sea. Remains then to adopt a new conclusion, to take a new direction, to put the foot down differently. When we pass from Arabia Felix to Arabia Petrea, it must needs be with a different tread. Man must walk. And to walk he must have beliefs and foregone conclusions, and conceptions of what the nature of life is, and the goal thereof. Only, as the land changes, his beliefs must change. It is no use charging over the edge of a precipice. It is no use plunging on from stony ground into soft sand, and keeping the same hobnailed boots on. Man is given mental intelligence in order that he may effect quick changes, quick readjustments, preserving himself alive and integral through a myriad environments and adverse circumstances which would exterminate a non-adaptable animal.¹

Thus it may be said, the critic walks, always with some foregone conclusions: but he must beware of wearing hobnailed boots of preconception when moving, say, from Marlovian tragedy to Marlovian lyricism, and similarly careful in minuter adjustments. He must have preconceptions but also he must have sufficient flexibility to readjust when necessary, or it is death to his purpose as a critic and death to his sensibility.

What is particularly notable, in connection with Lawrence's psychological theory in general, is that in this quotation he designates the responsibility for readjustment in sensitivity to "mental intelligence", thus allotting it a more important status as a shaping power than a merely secondary one. Although he does not in fact suggest the intimacy of the interdependence of experience and patterns of consciousness organised by "mind", one may fairly say that Lawrence was aware at least of an element of co-operation in their co-existence. This places his thought on the perceptive activity firmly in the same line as that of

¹ Ph. p. 615

the psychologist's thought presented in Chapter One.

Lawrence goes on, however, to draw a distinction which the psychologist would find it impossible to measure:

The rapport between the mental consciousness and the affective or physical consciousness is always a polarity of contradistinction. The two are never one save in their incomprehensible duality. Leave the two modes of activity separate. What connection is necessary will be affected spontaneously.¹

In spite of this "spontaneous connection" Lawrence nevertheless speaks of the "long, keen pain of learning". Where there is no pain of effort, he says, there is wretched drossy degeneration.²

This pain of effort is necessary because there are not "standards and regulation patterns for people"³ and because schemata must always be changing and never fixed:

The man sealed up during twilight and night-time would have a rare shock the first time he was taken out under the stars. To see all the blue heavens crumpled and shrivelled away! To see the pulsation of myriad orbs proudly moving in the endless darkness, insouciant, sunless, taking a stately path we know not whither or how. Ha, the day-time man would feel his heart and brain burst to a thousand shivers, he would feel himself falling like a seed into space. All that he counted himself would suddenly be dispelled. All that he counted eternal, infinite. Everything, suddenly shrivelled like a vast, burnt roof of paper, or a vast paper lantern: the eternal light gone out: and behold, multiplicity, twinkling, proud multiplicity, utterly indifferent of oneness, proud far-off orbs taking their lonely way beyond the bounds of knowledge, emitting their own unique and, untransmutable rays, pulsing with their own isolated pulsation.⁴

This is a splendid parable of the mixed psychological reactions of awe, disgust, and wonder at the breaking of a profoundly fixed and profoundly limiting schema. It is an experience which is feared for the disorientation

¹ Ibid., p. 655

² Ibid., p. 644

³ Ibid., p. 652

⁴ Ibid., p. 635

it effects and the huge effort involved in trying to readjust schemata to absorb the new experience.

This is the kind of readjustment perhaps required of the critic first moving into the realm of Russian literature, having been bred on a more insular literature, such as the English or the French. If the critic is unable to break down the fixed hold of his schemata and make them reshuffle and grow in order to let in the new, a whole world is lost to him. In minor multiple ways the same challenge will meet him every day: if the staggering occasions are few they cannot be ignored; the minor occasions may be missed from lack of vigilance and precision in sensitive awareness.

In Fantasia of the Unconscious (1921) and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious (1920)¹ Lawrence had occasion to take a closer look at perceptive activity as he was now getting down further to detail in the working out of his pseudo-scientific "philosophy". "Thought" he says in Fantasia, "is just a means to action and living" - its status in his eyes has diminished a trifle since 1918. "Life and action" he goes on "take rise actually at the great centres of dynamic consciousness."² It is elaboration of this which is Lawrence's main purpose in these two essays, but some attention to mechanics is inevitable in the process. Thus thought becomes "the soul's finest instrument for living."³

¹ In the most recent (Heinemann) edition of these essays the two are printed together and in this order, as the later essay is the better developed, and the earlier consequently has only subsidiary interest. I treat of these essays in the same order, Fantasia first.

² FU. p. 29

³ Ibid. p. 29

Lawrence's division between "thought" and "life" is justifiable in that it indicates opposite ends of the continuum of experience, but emphasis upon it tends to falsify experience. These two words, "thought" and "life" used emphatically in their every day senses seem to indicate two separate levels of activity or experience. Whereas, in the personal context at each moment in time, experience is scarcely separable from the ordering intake, attitude to, or "thought" about it.

Another distinction which Lawrence implies in these essays is probably more justifiable : and that is, between different sources of the said experience. Lawrence thinks of life, not only as impinging upon one from outside, but as welling up from inside. It is the "inner" life which he is usually concerned to define. The position taken in this thesis was, in an attempt to avoid dichotomy, that life (or experience) whether it came from within or without the individual was, alike, material for ~~the~~ ordering perception.

Ideally, Lawrence would at this stage (1920-1921) have liked the life which he believed to come from within, to bypass these ordering mechanisms and leap straight out into expression avoiding "conscious" awareness. Nevertheless, he believed in a demanding discipline of being "true" to this life; discipline bespeaks control, and control which is not mere repression (which Lawrence abhorred) bespeaks some kind of ordering. Logically, his arguments lead only to the replacing of one kind of ordering by another - one, it seems, which could not be described or communicated. Lawrence might have been more successful in communication in these essays had he seen his way to utilizing ordering processes which are rendered open to examination by psychology, instead of substituting,

or implying invisible processes.

The way in which Lawrence describes the activities of "mind" or "consciousness" indicate an awareness of an organizing mechanism in perception. He begins by distinguishing four modes of vision: two are complementary aspects of primary perception; two are different kinds of critical perception:

We can, if we choose, see in terms of the wonderful beyond, the world of light into which we go forth in joy to lose ourselves in it. Or we can see as the Egyptians saw in the terms of their own dark souls: seeing the strangeness of the creature outside, the gulf between it and them, but finally its existence in terms of themselves,

Those are the two chief ways of sympathetic vision.¹

As Lawrence proceeds to the next two kinds of perception it is clear that he is coming into the area of discussion in this thesis:

But there are, of course, also two ways of volitional vision. We can see with the endless modern critical sight, analytic, and at last deliberately ugly. Or we can see as the hawk sees² the one concentrated spot where beats the life heart of our prey.

The critical, analytic perception is, of course, what most critics engage in, while Lawrence's critical perception is aptly characterized as "concentration on the spot where beats the life heart" of the author under his discussion.

It is clear from the above quotation that Lawrence did not set out to denigrate all "volitional vision", but only a certain kind. Sometimes, in the pressure of his argument, he forgets this distinction and lumps all "volitional vision" together as the object of his disgust. However,

¹ Ibid., p.62

² Ibid., p.62

when Lawrence comes to the point of elaborating one metaphor to express his apprehension of the related dynamics at work in man, conscious or organized perception takes a rightful place:

Well, well, my body is my bicycle: the whole middle of me is the saddle where sits the rider of my soul. And my front wheel is the cardiac plane, and my back wheel is the solar-plexus. And the brakes are the vountary ganglia. And the steering-gear is my head. And the right and left pedals are the right and left dynamics of the body, in some way corresponding to the sympathetic and voluntary division.¹

← Thus, Lawrence's steering gear or guiding principle is his head or intellect. Supposing that these basic dynamics are "given," each man presumably develops his own variation. Lawrence continues his argument in this way: "At the start of me there is me. There is a mysterious little entity which is my individual self, the god who builds the machine and then makes his gay excursion of seventy years within it."² This may be said to correspond to the ultimately untouchable element in the determining personality, mentioned in Chapter One, which unifies and organizes perception.

It is that little god, that individual self which is, for Lawrence, the whole point:

The final aim is not to know, but to be. There never was a more risky motto than that : Know thyself. You've got to know yourself as far as possible. But not just for the sake of knowledge. You've got to know yourself so that you can at least be yourself. "Be yourself" is the last motto.³

¹ Ibid., p. 54

² Ibid., p. 52

³ Ibid., p. 64

Even so, as this quotation shows, Lawrence knew that "mental consciousness" played an inevitable part.

In his chapter called The First Glimmerings of Mind Lawrence writes:

The process of transfer from the primary consciousness to recognized mental consciousness is a mystery like every other transfer. Yet it follows its own laws. And here we begin to approach the confines of orthodox psychology, upon which we have no desire to trespass.¹

← Nevertheless, Lawrence has to cross the frontiers a little from time to time and it is those parts of his writing on this topic which are of present interest. A lead can be taken from this very quotation, for, in the first place, the psychology described in Chapter One of this thesis would agree with the ultimate "mystery" element Lawrence mentions here; the finally inexplicable "inductive" leap is an approximation at least of Lawrence's "mystery", though it must be said that psychology has explained a large amount which Lawrence was content to leave mysterious. Lawrence, however, is talking about a much wider "process of transfer" than was the psychology of perception described in Chapter One. That discipline confined itself to study of the latter part of the process, the ordering intake. According to Lawrence, the whole process follows its own laws. He is therefore committed to believing that the latter part of the process is governed by "laws". A "law" governing the process of an activity suggests immediately that some kind of method will be followed by everyone who exercises it - not necessarily alien regimentation, but method of some kind, even perhaps with a remaining "inductive" element or mysteriousness.

At first sight it would seem that the process perceived by Lawrence can have nothing to do with the method described in Chapter One, for

¹ Ibid., p. 65.

he goes on to assert that the early development of consciousness is "non-ideal" and "purely dynamic".¹ The process described in detail in Chapter One depended upon abstracting single concepts from groups of perceptual units in order to create a progressively integrated organization of experience. Such abstracted single units are, in Lawrence's terms and perhaps by any terms, a kind of "idea". Nevertheless, they are in the first place based upon sensory percepts, and it was from that point that Professor Vernon's discussion began, and to which the discussions of those psychologists, whose work was described after hers, led back. Lawrence's thought is therefore at one with theirs when he writes that "sensation is the first term of mental knowledge".² and that "All mental knowledge is built up of sensation and memory. It is the continually recurring sensation of the touch of the mother which forms the basis of the first conception of the mother."³

While this accumulation of sensation and memory is going on, however, Lawrence claims that his "four dynamic centres" are coming into relation. This, of course, is the aspect of his argument which carries his emotive weight, but Lawrence cannot and does not deny the concomitant importance of knowing. "As the dynamic centres come into perfect relation, the mind registers and remembers sensations, and begins consciously to know."⁴ The "sensational knowledge is being secreted in the brain" - by means of

¹ Ibid., p. 66

² Ibid., p. 69

³ Ibid., p. 70

⁴ Ibid., p. 71

"memory traces", the psychologist would add. Thus "knowledge is to consciousness what the sign post is to the traveller - just an indication of the way which has been travelled before."¹ This is another way of describing what Chapter One described as perceptual patterns or "schemata" of previous experience.

"Ideas" of the kind which Lawrence inveighs against, theses, hypotheses, general laws and so on, are indispensable to the every-day activity of man, to his creative achievement on a higher level, and even to the execution of Lawrence's own work. But this is not, in fact, the kind of "idea" which the psychology of perception involves: that kind of "idea" is more what Lawrence describes as "The idea, the tactual idea" which "must rise ever fresh, ever displaced, like the leaves of a tree..."²

Psychologists such as Mrs. Abercrombie would agree with Lawrence that ideas should not be pumped into someone's head from outside, but should organize themselves naturally from within. What psychology demonstrates, to carry on Lawrence's own analogy, is that there is a genetic structure in a tree which causes patterns peculiar to that tree to govern the disposition of whatever nourishes the tree, from within or without, into leaves or flowers of a particular shape and kind.

Thus Lawrence's analogy of the tree is, in implication, a parallel of Mrs. Abercrombie's example of the cow and the sheep eating the same grass and producing different flesh - both of which are recognizably flesh, and yet recognizably and distinctly different. In the same way,

¹ Ibid., p. 72

² Ibid., pp. 79-80

different perceptions absorb like stimuli and yet result in very different attitudes - The "leaves" of Lawrence's "tree" will vary in size, shape, colour, health and so on, and yet still be clearly of that tree. Moreover, the patterns on leaves will vary from tree to tree, the quality of leafiness vary from one to another, yet all remain trees or leaves, governed by a basically similar method of genetic structuring. So the analogy may be extended, in a way which Lawrence would not have disputed, as long as the element of freedom and spontaneity is left for the tree to drink in the air and its sustenance, and to flower naturally as it will.

In Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious Lawrence had put all this in another way which by implication compasses another problem inherent in the psychology of criticism:

What we must needs do is try to trace still further the habits of the true unconscious, and by mental recognition of these habits break the limits which we have imposed on the movement of the unconscious. For the whole point about the true unconscious is that it is all the time moving forward, beyond the range of its own fixed laws or habits. It is no good trying to superimpose an ideal nature upon the unconscious. We have to try to recognize the true nature and then leave the unconscious itself to prompt new movement and new being in the creative progress.¹

In the part of this movement which has been examined experimentally the most important point which was emphasised in the experimental reports was the "on-going", creative or "constructive" nature of the process of perception. The process which was thus examined seems to me to be that which in part articulates the movements of Lawrence's "life", "soul" or "unconscious". Psychology has not, however, (as far as I know) been able to isolate the source of the impulse towards progressive organization of

¹ P & U. p. 212

perception, or Lawrence's "movement of the true unconscious". Psychology has been content merely to describe it, as an "on-going impulse".

Lawrence indirectly pushes the point, for criticism, finally home when he transfers his awareness of progressive motion on the part of the true unconscious, to a notion of dynamism in perceptive process. He speaks of a "mode of dynamic objective apprehension".¹ In the same way as his life standard raised the vital question: - is there "something other" beyond, his comments on perception raise the narrower question: - do we, in criticism exercise a more vitally shaping apprehension than we know or can account for; do we, in short, "half create" rather than half construct what we only in part perceive.

The limits I have set to psychological extrapolation in this thesis do not permit extension into this more scientifically uncertain area. In terms of discussing criticism generally, however, the idea cannot be set aside. This unknown quantity certainly seems to exist in critical activity, varying in degree from one critic to another. In Lawrence's own criticism there is some dynamism distinctively his: his criticism does not strike the reader as merely the product of one person's particular patterns of perception.

Lawrence's essay "Introduction to Pictures" at once develops further this point at which he goes beyond the confines of orthodox psychology, at the same time displaying even more distinctly a further developed

¹ Ibid., p. 239

awareness of pattern or "codification" in memory and perception.¹

"Consciousness" Lawrence begins "does not take rise in the nerves and the brain," and he continues with yet another re-orientation of his now familiar exposition. This time, however, he is devoting more interest to the mechanics of the business. "But there is another process" he says, "There is that strange switchboard of consciousness, the brain,"

...with its power of transferring spontaneous energy into voluntary energy: or consciousness, as you please: the two are very closely connected. The brain can transfer spontaneous consciousness, which we are unaware of, into voluntary consciousness,² which we are aware of, and which we call consciousness exclusively.

It appears from this that Lawrence also now regards the impulse from within, from the "inner life" or "soul", in the role of material for the ordering perception, in the same way as extrinsic material. It is this "spontaneous consciousness" and its assimilation into "voluntary consciousness" which is the dynamic element in perceptual awareness - as Lawrence knows it.

This is clearly the reason why Lawrence sees the mechanism of "that strange switchboard of consciousness, the brain" as storing perceptual memories in units or "ideas" which are "alive". Deprived of this life element Lawrence's analogy would be deprived of the essential quality of his own distinctive thought in this field. If we do mentally eliminate this element, however, what remains is an awareness of the kind of neutral

¹ This essay appears in the posthumous collection Phoenix, and is as yet undated: I tentatively suggest 1925 as a possible date because of strong similarities with the essay "Art and Morality" which was written in that year. Lawrence frequently entirely re-wrote to get his thought and matter more distinct. "Introduction to Pictures" it seems to me, might well be the first draft of what became "Art and Morality" and led to "Morality and the Novel."

² Ph. p. 767

mechanistic process which psychology would substantiate:

Some very strange process takes place in the brain, the process of cognition. This process of cognition consists in the forming of ideas, which are units of transmuted consciousness. These ideas can then be stored in the memory, or wherever it is that the brain stores its ideas. And these ideas are alive: they are little batteries in which so much energy of consciousness is stored.

It is here that our secondary consciousness comes in, our mind, our mental consciousness, our cerebral consciousness. Our mind is made up of a vast number of live ideas, and a good number of dead ones. Ideas are like the little electric batteries of a flashlight, in which a certain amount of energy is stored, which expends itself and is not renewed. Then you throw the dead battery away.

But when the mind has a sufficient number of these little batteries in store, a new process of life starts in. The moment an idea forms in the mind, at that moment does the old integrity of the consciousness break.¹

There are three points in this description which may be seen as coinciding with that of psychology, although Lawrence characteristically clouds the issue by using the same word, "idea", at two different levels at different points. First of all, he says that "the process of cognition consists in the forming of ideas which are units of transmuted consciousness." The abstractions of percepts, or the "ideas" which can be compared and combined, are well described from the psychologist's point of view as "units of transmuted consciousness."

So far, so good. Lawrence continues: "These ideas can then be stored in the memory, or wherever it is that the brain stores its ideas. And these ideas are alive." Still the psychologist would agree with the terminology and the thought, even if the description is not, for him, sufficiently precise. Certainly these "ideas" or percepts are "stored" in the memory; and the psychologist may well be heard to say that they are

¹ Ibid., p. 768

"alive", but "alive", that is, in the sense that they can be touched off and brought to the surface at the right stimulus, or in the stronger sense that they form part of the threshold of perception.

As Lawrence continues however, even within the same sentence he begins to part company with the more neutral formulations of psychology. These ideas, he says "are little batteries in which so much energy of consciousness is stored".¹ Precisely what he means by "energy of consciousness" here is not clear but it certainly seems as if he is speaking of some self-dependant energy, which is presumably active in its own right rather than activated, and unrelated to, rather than part of, a coherent threshold of perception. That he thinks these "batteries" can die when they have exhausted themselves, again suggests that he sees them as independant units of energy, rather than as units interdependent within a system which is given coherence by the unifying perceiving personality and continually sustained by incoming experience.

Lawrence goes on, in a way which does not immediately completely part company with orthodox psychology, to say that "when the mind has a sufficient number of these little batteries of ideas in store, a new process of life starts in". Discounting the dynamic "life" element, this is more or less how a psychologist might delineate the organization of experience.² When sufficient related percepts are stored in the mind a kind of "gestalt" becomes apparent and the numerous units are contained by a single more comprehensive unit of awareness (which may then become one element in a

¹ My underlining.

² It is probably because Lawrence was a creative artist that he was more aware of a "dynamic" element in the constructive activity of perception than the majority of us are.

yet further comprehensive unit, and so on). Thus it is said that when sufficient "ideas are in store, a coherent "schema" of experience emerges; but again this term from psychology is more neutral than Lawrence's "new process of life".

This new process, or schema, Lawrence goes on to denigrate as an "idea" (his earlier use of the new word to indicate preliminary stages of perceptive organization carried no animus; at this stage, indicating a "schema", it does) which, the moment it forms in the mind, causes "the old integrity of consciousness" to "break". Lawrence is right in that at the moment the "schema" level of perceptive organization is reached one is no longer at the first level of undifferentiated immediacy of consciousness. Nevertheless, it is here that psychology parts company with Lawrence. It is the business of psychology to neutrally observe and report on as high levels of human activity as are amenable to experimental investigation. Lawrence is now writing emotively and unfairly loading his bias. Moving to a higher organizational level does not necessarily "break the integrity of consciousness". But even as the attitudes and the arguments of Lawrence and the psychologists diverge¹ there remains the fact that, to a large extent, Lawrence clearly saw himself to perceive, via a perceptive technique such as that described in Chapter One.

In another of his essays, "Introduction to these Paintings" (1929),

¹ They continue to diverge more seriously as Lawrence goes on to postulate a kind of schizophrenic division between the "integral" consciousness of a man and his organized consciousness. Instead of seeing them as different levels in the hierarchy of the same activity, Lawrence sees them as unrelated in a way which psychology would not suggest could apply in a healthy organism, and in a way which is in fact self-defeating for Lawrence's own ideal of homogeneous, spontaneous activity in the life impulse.

Lawrence writes about perceptive activity in relation to a specific exercise of it. His most pertinent comments arise when he is writing about his appreciation of Cézanne. His preoccupation, this time, is with the level of perceptive activity which involves the action of "schema". Lawrence, however, is now using the term "cliché" instead of "idea" to indicate his meaning. Both these words, in the context of this essay, are equally perjorative, but ignoring that element in Lawrence's comments they imply a high degree of awareness of the action of perception. If, as I have suggested, the critic's activity is centralised at the point where the interpretative knowledge given by previous patterns of experience matches itself against, and strives to stretch to accommodate incoming new experience, then Lawrence's description of his understanding of the working of another artist's perception and expression is particularly in tune with ^{the} activity described in this thesis. What we have to thank Cézanne for, Lawrence says, is "refusing to accept the glib utterances of his facile mental self and for battling against the cliché".

From Lawrence's description of a cliché it is clear that he is thinking of the role of those schemata whose hold the critic must needs be wary of:

The mind is full of all sorts of memory, visual, tactile, emotional memory, memories, groups of memories, systems of memories. A cliché is just a worn-out memory that has no more emotional or intuitional root, and has become a habit. Whereas a novelty is just a new grouping of clichés, a new arrangement of accustomed memories. That is why a novelty is so easily accepted: it gives the little shock or thrill of surprise, but it does not disturb the emotional and intuitive self. It forces you to see nothing new.¹

Here, surely, is the dilemma of the critic as perceiver, as of the artist as perceiver. The difficulty in seeing something new is the difficulty of

¹ Ibid., p. 576

combating what is known. Hence, our greater confidence as critics when faced with something we have in some way met before, than when we are required to come to terms with something that does not quite fit our previous patterns of experience and old patterns must be displaced in order to fit it in. In the latter circumstance criticism is likely to be wrong, or partial, or at best to recognize its own inadequacy. But there are the rare cases when a critic wins a great victory and makes a step forward in sensibility which adds a new dimension to the critical awareness of his audience, contemporaries, or even of posterity.

Remembering Lawrence's struggle, while writing the Rainbow, to get his own new insight or perception out clean,¹ there is possibly an element of autobiographical fervour in his description of Cézanne's battle for new perception against the old "cliché", or established schemata:

Cézanne's early history as a painter is a history of his fight with his own cliché. His consciousness wanted a new realisation. And his ready-made mind offered him all the time a ready-made expression. And Cézanne, far too inwardly proud and haughty to accept the ready-made clichés that came from his mental consciousness, stocked with memories, and which appeared mocking at him on his canvas, spent most of his time smashing his own forms to bits. To a true artist, and to the living imagination, (and, we may add, to the full sensibility of the critic²) the cliché is the deadly enemy. Cézanne had a bitter fight with it. ³He hammered it to pieces a thousand times. And still it reappeared.

And, continues Lawrence:

In his very best pictures, the best of the still life compositions, which seem to me Cézanne's greatest achievement, the fight with the cliché is still going on.⁴

¹ *Op. cit.* p. 259 and 273

² My interpolation.

³ *Ph.* p. 576

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 577

As Lawrence continues to elaborate on Cézanne's struggle with perception he begins, again, to move away from the possible. While the present thesis can entertain, and indeed propounds the belief in a struggle between old patterns and fresh experience in an effort to achieve just perception, it has no grounds to support Lawrence's belief in purely naïve, intuitive perception. If, as Lawrence says, it was Cézanne's tragedy that he could not finally "break through the concept to get at the intuitive awareness"¹ then it seems to be an inevitable one. What Lawrence calls the cliché, and the present thesis the schema, cannot finally be done away with. Writing on what psychology would call the "recall" function, Lawrence says:

...the very fact that we can reconstruct instantly a whole landscape from the few indications Cézanne gives, shows what a cliché the landscape is, how it exists already, ready-made, in our minds, how it exists in a pigeon-hole of the consciousness, so to speak, and you need only be given its number to be able to get it out, complete. Cézanne's last water-colour landscapes, made up of a few touches on blank paper, are a satire on landscape altogether. They leave so much to the imagination! - that innocent phrase, which means that they give you a clue to a cliché and the cliché comes. That is what the cliché exists for. And that sort of imagination is just a rag-bag memory stored with thousands and thousands of old and really worthless sketches, images etc., clichés.²

This may or may not be a fair stricture on Cézanne's last water colours, but it is a bit too hard on the cliché or schema.

"Cliché" itself is a loaded word of course, but the present exercise is to sort out the basis of acceptable fact from Lawrence's vagueness and prejudices in this field. Lawrence would apparently abolish the *dévice* of cliché or schema altogether. But the human organism without it would be permanently in swaddling clothes, surrounded by a world of which it is

¹ Ibid., p. 579

² Ibid., p. 581

impossible to make sense. One must have a "cliché" of a landscape, or not recognise environment as environment, differentiated from ourselves - a night mare world indeed. The challenge is to achieve either two levels of awareness, old and new, or a flexible meeting point between schemata and spontaneity. For the preservation of continuity in the tradition of criticism, as in the tradition of art, the meeting point is preferable to a dualistic division.

Before leaving the essay "Introduction to these Pictures", there is a point which, although not in the line of the present argument, I feel throws interesting light on one of Lawrence's main contributions to criticism - the sense of the *Spirit of Place*. This also may have had its root in perceptual activity which may be isolated and described by psychology. Lawrence writes of Cézanne:

In the best landscapes we are fascinated by the mysterious shiftiness of the scene under our eyes; it shifts about as we watch it. And we realise with a sort of transport, how intuitively true this is of landscape. It is not still. It has its own word anima, and to our wide-eyes perception it changes like a living animal under our gaze.¹

Psychology has demonstrated how the eye continually scans a field in order to preserve continuity of vision; this thesis has further commented on the critical activity of scanning a work of art from all points of view to preserve a sense of its wholeness and to keep it in view. Lawrence's minute awareness clearly registers this continual shift in gaze which the most of us take so much for granted that it passes unnoticed. It seems that Lawrence did not differentiate intellectually whether the cause of

¹ Ibid., p. 580

the "shiftiness" was in him or in what he viewed. Why should he - it was for him an aspect of reality, and if he analysed it he would kill. For it was a sense of an animus in the landscape which resulted, and which doubtless accounts ^{in part} _↑ for his strong awareness of a place's character, spirit, life.

APPENDIX 2

D.H. Lawrence's Attitude to Tragedy

Temperamentally, Lawrence except as a young man, was not interested in the tragic conception. In 1911 he wrote of Oedipus and some other plays: "They are tragedies, but all great works are. Tragedy is beautiful also."¹ But, in 1912, "Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery"² no longer has a hush about it. In the Study of Thomas Hardy in 1914 Lawrence says: "Every work of art adheres to some system of morality. But if it really be a work of art, it must contain the essential criticism on the morality to which it adheres. And hence the antinomy, hence the conflict necessary to every tragic conception."³ By 1919 this "conflict" is a "creative activity in which death is a climax in the progression towards new being. And this is tragedy."⁴

After the more complete development of his theory, in the essays of 1923 and 1925, this "creative activity" is relatedness to life, and there is no further mention of tragedy in the usual sense of the word. If, as Lawrence finally did, one believes morality is in maintaining full relatedness with the rhythms of life, which include death and birth within a greater

¹ C.L. p. 77

² Ibid. p. 150

³ Ph. p. 476

⁴ The Plays of D.H. Lawrence (1933) p. 90

non-personal life-force, the tragic conception loses its meaning. Contradiction of life rhythm, in which one might have expected tragic possibilities, is, in such a scheme of things, really only perversion.

Lawrence's thought about tragedy, after the full development of his life theory, is not at all what Raymond Williams' essay, "Lawrence, Tolstoy, and Tragedy" would suggest. One of his "genuine thoughts" from Pansies runs:

Tragedy seems to me a loud noise
louder than is seemly.

Tragedy looks to me like man
in love with his own defeat.
Which is only a sloppy way of being in love with yourself. ¹

Lawrence's own close following of the rhythms of the greater non-personal life even to, and through, the point at which it requires death is an example of non-tragic experience of what conventionally might have been called tragedy. There is no trace of sorrow for himself, no tragic element implied, in the fine sequence of "Ships of Death" poems written close to the end of his life.² Rather there is a sense of naturalness (the images from nature - though borrowed - of autumn and falling fruit), pristine peace (in the timeless Etruscan image of the ship of death), and faith in life returning purified by oblivion. Lawrence cannot, and does not, deny the existence of almost universal experience of tragic awareness. Though he set his face against objectifying experiences of tragic awareness into

¹ C.P. p. 508

² Ibid. pp. 716-728

tragedy, as a kind of subtle self-congratulation indulged in by the human race, Lawrence had a deep respect for all experience, tragic awareness included. In one of his last serious pieces, "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" he wrote:

The tragic consciousness has taught us, even, that one of the greater needs of man is knowledge and experience of death ... Let us prepare now for the death of our present 'little life', and the re-emergence in a bigger life. ¹

This is reminiscent of Leo Shestov's argument that the sense of danger is usually a sign of something rewarding ahead, and not at all a sign to withdraw. Lawrence will not countenance tragedy because that halts the rhythm of the greater life, but the tragic consciousness is a signpost towards fuller experience of life.

¹ A Propos. pp. 259-60

APPENDIX 3

D.H. Lawrence and Leo Shestov

Limitations of time and space preclude lengthy discussion of the books about which Lawrence wrote. In the main, my purpose is to point out the life criteria as they appear in Lawrence's essays. All Things are Possible, by Leo Shestov, is, however, to be an exception to this rule. I think it an important book to consider because there are strong possibilities that it may have contributed to, or at least confirmed, the elements of the life standard which Lawrence exercised in his criticism. Furthermore, I give considerable amounts of quotation for, as Fr. Tiverton argued in the case of V.V. Rozanov, Shestov's work is not easily available. (Even when it is, it appears not to be read - the copy which I eventually managed to get hold of, was published in 1920, but still needed its pages cutting.)

If Lawrence was influenced by Shestov, he does not appear to have any awareness of the fact. He was introduced to the Russian's work by S.S. Koteliansky whose translation of it Lawrence edited in 1919. H.T. Moore has pointed out the letter which shows the extent of Lawrence's editing; in August 1919, he wrote to Koteliansky:

My dear Kot: I have finished Shestov - have compressed him a bit; but left nothing out - only 'so to speak' and 'as all know' and many such phrases and volatile sentences - no substance at all - sometimes I have added a word or two, for the sake of sense ... What I leave out I leave

out deliberately. There is a many wordedness often, which becomes cloying, wearying. - I do get tired of his tilting with 'metaphysics', positivism, Kantian postulates, and so on - but I like his 'flying in the face of Reason', like a cross hen. 1.

Later he commented: "I thought the Shestov preface the worst part of the book - don't think Secker will do badly if he omits it. - I wrote a 4-page foreword."² Finally: "I edited a translation of a Russian philosopher - Shestov ... a short, amusing book ... It's called Apotheosis of Groundlessness - written in short, ironical amusing paragraphs."³ In the short Foreword described in the text Lawrence stated his central sympathy and agreement with Shestov, but these relaxed private remarks do not suggest that Lawrence is speaking of one whom he thinks has influenced him.

The description Lawrence gives of his editing process may lead one to suspect that Lawrence may have unconsciously loaded the meaning of the translation towards his own way of thought. Certainly some of the diction sounds familiar, but I doubt if it is possible to change meaning in-completely, so that similarities maintain their subtly alien quality. The overall impression of Shestov's thought is by no means Lawrentian. Almost continually, there are threads of thought which could be Lawrence's - but the similarity disappears and its Shestovian quality is established before the thought is complete. V.S. Pritchett, writing of

¹ CL. p. 591-2

² Ibid. p. 594

³ Ibid. p. 596. The Russian title translated was replaced by All Things are Possible.

Lawrence's translations of Giovanni Verga comments on Lawrence's ability to "feel an idiom" in the work of another author in another language.¹

In his criticism, Lawrence frequently appeared to point out how an author's book should have been written, to fit in with Lawrence's own thought; on the other hand as a translator, editor, co-writer, or advisor, he had an ability to see into the kind of another person's work, and help to bring out its best. Moreover, Lawrence's honesty, or Koteliansky's Russian sensibility, would surely have forestalled distortion of Shestov's thought. The kind of frequent, passing similarities in thought, together with fundamental difference in outlook, suggest rather a process in which the talented perception of Lawrence unerringly, almost unconsciously lifted points which would be growing points for his own theory - absorbed them into his own consciousness which subtly transmuted them until they came forth as an integral part of his own thought.²

Such an argument helps, for instance, to account for the appearance of "momentaneity" in Lawrence's poetic theory, in *the Introduction to New Poems*. The evidence for such a concept emerging from the experience of his own creative writing alone

¹ The Living Novel. p. 183

² Had Lawrence consciously seen All Things are Possible as in tune with his own aims, he would have evinced much more enthusiasm for it than he did. In truth, the spirit of the thing is not very close to Lawrence's, even though many of the thoughts it contained proved serviceable. Shestov has a throw-away irony on the whole, while Lawrence more frequently uses a life-provoking dig in the ribs.

was seen, in the text, to be rather thin. Yet some idea of the kind appears in All Things are Possible which Lawrence was correcting during 1919. The letter in which Lawrence announces completion of his work on Shestov is dated August 1919 - the "Introduction" is signed "Pangbourne" where Lawrence was staying in July of 1919. The two pieces of work must have been to some extent on hand concurrently.

There are many such similarities, which begin to appear from 1914, and Lawrence's Study of Thomas Hardy, onwards. They are, in the main, in the areas of thought about the life standard, which have not so clearly, or indisputably, derived from Lawrence's creative experience and self commentary. Like Fr. Tiverton in the case of Rozanov, I feel that "it would be interesting to know at what date Koteliansky came to know of the [work of Shestov] and whether he spoke much to Lawrence about [it]. The prima facie evidence is that he did."¹ Lawrence first met Koteliansky on July 31st of 1914.² They set out, with another companion, for a walking tour in the Lake district. Lawrence did not begin writing his Study of Thomas Hardy until September 1914, though he had spoken of it earlier. It is the first work of criticism written by Lawrence which could have been influenced by any philosophical conversation held with Koteliansky. It certainly contains thought in common with Shestov, and Koteliansky must therefore have been a mediator.

¹ D.H. Lawrence and Human Existence, p. 90

² The Intelligent Heart, p. 218

Five years later - helping Koteliansky in preparing a translation of The Apotheosis of Groundlessness, or, as it appeared in English, All Things are Possible - Lawrence came into direct contact with Shestov's thought. At the same time he was engaged in correcting manuscripts of Studies in Classic American Literature, which were later to be revised on two further occasions.¹ In the first version of "The Spirit of Place", already in print in the November English Review of 1918, Lawrence had written: "the deliberate ideas of the man veil, conceal, obscure that which the artist has to reveal. [A] quality of duplicity which runs through so much of the art of the modern world."² Between writing this, and revising it, Lawrence edited Shestov:

Ideas have no regard for our laws of honour or morality. Take for example realism in literature. At its appearance it aroused universal indignation. Why need we know the dirt of life? And honestly, there is no need. Realism could give no straightforward justification for itself. But, as it had to come through, it was ready with a lie; it compared itself to pathology, called itself useful, beneficial, and so obtained a place. ³

¹ CL. pp. 594-5. Both Warren Roberts, in his Bibliography of D.H. Lawrence, and Armin Arnold, in his D.H. Lawrence and America and in The Symbolic Meaning, say that Lawrence wrote the first version of these essays in Cornwall 1917-18, and then revised them in Sicily in 1920. D.H. Lawrence and America was published in 1958, and The Symbolic Meaning, though published in 1962, had been completed by 1961. Warren Roberts' Bibliography was finished by the middle of 1962, though it was not published until 1963. The Collected Letters of D.H. Lawrence, edited by Harry T. Moore, published in 1962, is not included in Roberts' Bibliography. It appears that neither he, nor Dr Arnold, had the benefit of the reference I have just given which reveals that, contrary to their accounts, Lawrence was still working on the first versions of the Studies as late as September 1919.

² SM. p. 18

³ All Things are Possible, pp. 19-20

The final revision of "The Spirit of Place" reads: "The curious thing about art-speech is that it prevaricates so terribly, I mean it tells such lies. ... Truly art is a sort of subterfuge", and so on, to the well-known maxim "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale."¹ Direct contact with Shestov's thought precedes the crystallization of Lawrence's earlier perception into its final form.

Lawrence also appears to have developed, since writing on Shestov in 1919, the latter's ironical stance in criticism, in the double-edged critical irony, which often marked Lawrence's criticism from then on - also the tendency to write in aphoristic, or single sentences. The tone is more gentle and whimsical in Shestov. Lawrence may also have picked up and elaborated - quite unconsciously - some aspects of Shestov's criticisms of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. But the similarities which are of immediate interest are those with elements of Lawrence's life standard.²

As All Things are Possible is a rare item, I have reproduced in the separate binding those parts of it which are like Lawrence, even while at the same time they are subtly unlike. The very number of such passages is remarkable, however.

¹ SCAL. p. 2

² Shestov's All Things are Possible came into my hands rather latterly - otherwise it might have played a different part, in my account of the development of Lawrence's life standard.

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1. An Index to Literary References in D.H. Lawrence's work.
2. "Art and the Individual" by D.H. Lawrence.
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The classification, A,B,C or D, is an indication of the length of each item as a written commentary. A contains passing references; B, passing comments; C, extended comments; and D, full comments. The author, or item, to which Lawrence refers appears on the left hand of each column. Beside it is the title of the work of Lawrence's in which it appears, abbreviated according to the list given. Finally the page in that work is given, from the edition listed in the bibliography.

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List of Abbreviations used in the Index

Order is chronological

EyLf	<u>The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence</u>
WP	<u>The White Peacock</u>
T	<u>The Trespasser</u>
SL	<u>Sons and Lovers</u>
R	<u>The Rainbow</u>
T in I	<u>Twilight in Italy</u>
SM	<u>The Symbolic Meaning</u>
WL	<u>Women in Love</u>
LG	<u>The Lost Girl</u>
MEH	<u>Movements in European History</u>
P & U	<u>"Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious"</u>
SS	<u>Sea and Sardinia</u>
AR	<u>Aaron's Rod</u>
FU	<u>Fantasia of the Unconscious</u>
SCAL	<u>Studies in Classic American Literature</u>
K	<u>Kangaroo</u>
BB	<u>The Boy in the Bush</u>
MM	<u>"Introduction" to Memoirs of the Foreign Legion</u>
RDP	<u>Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine</u>
PS	<u>The Plumed Serpent</u>
M in M	<u>Mornings in Mexico</u>
FLC	<u>The First Lady Chatterley</u>
LCL	<u>Lady Chatterley's Lover</u>
A Propos	<u>A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover</u>
AA	<u>Assorted Articles</u>
Apoc	<u>Apocalypse</u>
EP	<u>Etruscan Places</u>
Ph	<u>Phoenix</u>
CSS	<u>The Complete Short Stories</u>
SN	<u>The Short Novels</u>
CP1	<u>The Complete Plays</u>
CP	<u>The Complete Poems</u>
CL	<u>The Collected Letters</u>
A	Passing reference
B	Passing commentary
C	Extended commentary
D	Full commentary

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WL	253						
LG	65						
MEH	3	MEH	170				
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P & U	211						
SS	57						
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SCAL	130						
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AA	163					AA	105
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"	196						

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"	168						
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"	187						
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EP	126						
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CP1	346						
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CL	33	CL	531				
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"	992						

15. The Literature and Myths of Antiquity

The following references are, in the main, to items of Greek literature or mythology. Many, however, are to Roman, some to Egyptian, and a handful are to other ancient literatures or mythologies.

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CL	833						
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16. Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes

A

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Baa, baa, black sheep	CL	669
Babes in the Wood	T	215
Cinderella	WP	164
"	R	151
Goosey, goosey, gander	CP	669
Hush-a-bye baby	"	669
Humpty Dumpty	RDP	79
Jack and the Beanstalk	Ph	239
Little Jack Horner	SN	91
Mary, Mary, quite contrary	R	104
" " " "	SN	45
" " " "	Ph	368
Mother Hubbard	R	84
Old Woman who lived in a shoe	R	84
Ole King Cole	"	84
Pussy cat, pussy cat	CP	670
Red-Riding-Hood	MEH	v1
" " "	BB	80
" " "	K	355
" " "	Ph	626
Sing a song of sixpence	R	84
Sleeping Beauty	WP	49
" "	R	299
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Victorine Cow	CL	17
(Victorian children's tale?)		

17. Newspapers and Magazines

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"The" is omitted from titles for clarity					
Adelphi	CSS	607	Adelphi	CL	747
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			"	"	821
			"	"	1010
American Review	CL	210			
Atheneum	"	579			
"	"	643			
Atlantic Monthly	"	1201			
L'Anarchista	Tin 1	145			
Berliner Tageblatt	CL	452			
Blue Review	"	213			
			Bystander	CL	793
Calendar of Modern Letters	SL	877			
Century	"	211			
"	"	1034			
Child's Own	"	56			
Chronicle	CL	72			
Corriere della Serra	AR	177	Corriere della Serra	CL	796
			" " "	"	826
Country Life	"	129			
Criterion	SL	829	Criterion	CL	1126
Daily Chronicle	K	222			
Daily Mail	CL	222			
Daily Malta Chronicle	MM	79			
Daily Mirror	CSS	373			
Daily News	"	6			
" "	CL	105			
" "	"	106			
" "	"	132			
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Daily Telegraph	WL	59			
Daily Sketch	CSS	373			
Denver Post	CL	729			
Dial	"	656			
Egoist	"	270			
English Review	AA	148			

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Title

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English Review	AA	150
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" "	"	57
" "	"	78
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" "	"	104
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" "	"	521
Eve	"	1097
Eyewitness	"	105
Forum	"	102
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"	"	211
"	"	1013
"	"	1057
"	"	1097
"	"	1097
Freeman	"	625
Girls' Own	WL	292
Graphic	AR	129
"	"	147
Hibbert's	CL	98
Insel Verlag Almanac	CL	895
John Bull	K	235
" "	"	240
" "	CL	667
" "	"	1097
" "	"	1119
Jugend	"	1002
Knopf's Almanac	"	895
Ladies' Home Journal	Ph	323
Lancet	LG	43
Land and Water	MM	51

<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Hutchinson's	CL	793
Jugend	CL	1003

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C

Title

Work Page

D

Title

Work Page

A			B		
<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Land and Water	CL	680			
Literary Digest	CL	1105			
London Mercury	"	1007	London Mercury	CL	793
London Opinion	T	160			
Manchester Guardian	LG	324			
" "	CL	292			
Morning Post	LG	324			
" "	CL	72			
" "	"	128			
" "	"	265			
" "	"	271			
Nash's	T	150			
Nation	SN	15			
"	CL	84			
"	"	85			
"	"	100			
"	"	166			
"	"	213			
"	"	643			
"	"	753			
"	"	858			
New Adelphi	"	1122			
New Age	CP1	474			
New Criterion	CL	1019			
New Statesman	AR	198	New Statesman	CL	205
" "	CL	213			
" "	"	219			
" "	"	246			
" "	"	1181			
" "	"	1219			
			New York Times	CL	884
New York Tribune	CL	860			
" " "	"	939			
New York Sun	"	1097			
Nottingham Guardian	"	72			
" "	"	132			
Occult Review	"	686			
Poetry	"	264			
"	"	1047			
This Quarter	"	1226			
Queen	AR	147			
Querschnitt	CL	1025			

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C

<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Laughing Horse	CL	767

D

<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
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A

B

<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Rhythm	CL	181
"	"	182
"	"	192
Roman Review	MM	18
Saturday Review	CL	100
Saturday Westminster Gazette	"	108
School mistress	R	360
Seven Arts	CL	491
Signature	RDP	1
"	CL	881
Strand	"	345
Sunday Chronicle	"	1097
Sunday Worker	"	1143
Theatre Arts	"	826
Times	LG	324
"	AA	55
"	SN	104
"	Ph	157
"	CL	47
"	"	568
"	"	656
"	"	800
"	"	884
Times Literary Supplement	FLC	108
" "	"	139
" "	CL	455
" "	"	885
transition	"	1075
"	"	1076
Travel	"	1018
Vogue	WL	421

<u>Title</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Rhythm	CL	189
Strand	CL	793
Sunday Dispatch	CL	1132
Time	CL	846
Times	"	800
transition	CL	1087

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C

Title

Work

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D

Title

Work

Page

18. Anthropology, Psychology, Archaeology

A

B

<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Baillet Mlle	CL	420			
" "	"	425			
Bates H.W.	SCAL	27	Bates H.W.	CL	575
" "	Ph	347			
" "	CL	573			
Burrow T.	CL	990	Bhuddha	CL	697
Bushman Lore (trans.)	Apoc	96	Burrow T.	P & U	202
			" "	CL	954
			Carter F.	CL	746
			" "	"	1118
			" "	"	1207
Darwin C.	EyLf	252	Darwin C.	CL	1020
" "	K	20			
" "	CSS	6			
" "	Ph	485			
" "	"	541			
Dennis G.	EP	169	Dennis G.	EP	197
" "	"	172	" "	"	206
" "	"	187			
" "	"	195			
" "	"	208			
Flinders Petrie	K	57			
Frazer J.G.	Apoc	206	Frazer J.G.	FU	9
" "	FU	6	" "	CL	393
" "	CL	416	" "	"	393
" "	"	446			
" "	"	463			
Freud S.	LG	18	Freud S.	P&U	199
" "	RDP	107	" "	"	199
" "	P&U	197	" "	FU	13
" "	"	198	" "	Ph	759
" "	FU	6			
" "	"	164			
" "	"	180			
" "	AA	33			
" "	Ph	380			

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C

Author

Work Page

Burrow T.

CL 993

Carter F.

CL 744

" "

" 748

" "

" 1189

" "

" 1203

" "

" 1207

Egyptology

SN 25

Freud S.

F&U 205

" "

CL 291

D

Author

Work Page

Burrow T.

Ph 377

Carter F.

Ph 292

A

B

<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Fraud S.	Ph	621			
" "	CL	583			
" "	"	596			
Jung C.G.	P&U	197	Jung C.G.	CL	938
" "	FU	13			
" "	CL	565			
" "	"	583			
" "	"	780			
Krout J.A.	"	860			
Prescott W.H.	SM	96			
" "	CL	578			
Stanley H.M.	CL	246	Reade W.W.	CL	581
Tylor E.B.	CL	463	Tietjens E.	CL	517
			Tylor E.B.	"	446

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Author

Work Page

D

Author

Work Page

Krout J.A.

Ph 331

19. Essays and Philosophy

A			B		
<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Besant A.	RDP	120			
Belloo H.	CL	264			
" "	"	347			
Burnett J.	"	473			
" "	"	1209			
Dickinson G.L.	"	491			
			Douglas N.	CL	889
Gourdjieff G.I.	CL	916	Gourdjieff G.I.	CL	899
" "	"	916	" "	"	903
" "	"	1137	" "	"	1130
Herbart J.F.	EyLf	251			
			Huxley A.	CL	873
			" "	"	1209
			Jenner H.	"	804
			Keyserling Count	"	887
Malloock W.H.	CL	495			
Moore G.E.	CSS	13			
" "	CL	184			
Orage A.R.	"	354			
" "	"	911			
" "	"	1137			
Robertson J.M.	"	53			
Russell B.	"	364	Russell B.	CL	366
" "	"	491	" "	"	432
Santayana G.	RDP	103			
Shaw G.B.	LG	129	Shaw G.B.	CL	877
" "	CL	354			
Smith F.E.	"	510			
Stein L.	"	1137			
Swedenborg E.	LG	21			
Whitehead A.N.	Ph	395			
Yoga	FU	6			

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C

Author

Work Page

D

Author

Work Page

Gill E.

Ph 393

20. Miscellaneous

A

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Cassell's French Dictionary	CP1	473
Cassell's German Dictionary	"	473
Classical Dictionary	SN	103
Greek Lexicon	CL	653
Longman's First French Grammar	R	269
Nuttall's Dictionary	CP1	473
World's Famous Literature	"	473
Via Latina	R	269

F. Thompson's <u>Shelley</u>	CP1	500
Heloise and Abelard	LCL	258
<u>Life of John Wesley</u>	CSS	140
<u>Life of Van Gogh</u>	CL	325
<u>Worley's Life of Gladstone</u>	WP	106
Mrs O'Shea's <u>Parnell</u>	CL	451
Sambilene's <u>Biography</u>	"	426
J.M. Murry's <u>Life of Jesus</u>	"	884
St Bernard's <u>Letters</u>	"	466
K. Mansfield's <u>Letters</u>	"	1105

Peter Middleton	CL	624
Menoken <u>Americana</u>	"	860
<u>The Future of America</u>	MinM	9

N. Douglas' <u>What About Europe</u>	CL	1214
<u>The European Situation</u>	MinM	9
Lord Dufferin	CL	885

B

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Cabell Bibliography	CL	795
Hastings Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics	Apoc	79

Romain Rolland's <u>Life of Michael Angelo</u>	CL	445
" " "	"	448
<u>Pedro de Valdivia</u> by R.B. Cunninghame Graham	Fh	355
Beethoven's <u>Letters</u>	CL	1020
" "	"	1021

N. Douglas' <u>What About Europe</u>	CL	1218
--------------------------------------	----	------

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C

D

Work Page

Work Page

Magnus M. Ph 800

England and the
Octopus by

C. Williams-Ellis Ph 384

A

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Legends of Charlemagne	CL	567
G. Murry translations	"	259
" " "	"	446
Moffat's translation of the <u>Apocalypse</u>	Apoc	39
Medieval History	Ph	87
H.G. Wells' <u>History</u>	SN	60

Terry's Guide to Mexico	CL	739
Bamberg Cathedral	R	164
<u>Through the Unknown</u> <u>Pamirs</u>	CL	465

Viscount Brentford's <u>Censorship in Cl7</u>	Ph	186
<u>Why we Misbehave</u>	CL	1092
<u>Haweis: Music and</u> <u>Morals</u>	CL	39
Dr Marie Stopes	Ph	182
Agnostic Writings	R	241
<u>Art and Ritual</u>	CL	234
" " "	"	249

Mrs Beeton	CL	1014
Barnes J.S.	"	235
Blatchford R.	WP	375
Dudley H.	CL	294
Farbman	"	876
Hudson W.H.	SM	64
Jowett Prof.	Apoc	96
Lynd R.	CL	1154
Machen A.	"	47
" "	"	48
Masterman C.	WP	375
Reynolds M.H.	CL	169

B

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
Cook's Voyages	CL	860
G. Murry translations	"	193
Archdeacon Charles'		
Bible Commentary	Apoc	78

Gardiner R.	CL	796
" "	"	800

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C

D

Work Page

Work Page

M.L. Ernst: To the

Pure
Hargrave

CL 1099
" 1034

73a

A

Work Page

Bell C.
Fry R.
" "
" "
Gordon J.

Einstein

B

Work Page

CL 1118
Ph 571
CL 1077
" 1118
" 1087

FU 177

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C

Work Page

D

Work Page

21. Untraced

	<u>Item</u>	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
1.	"Naked to the waist was I And deep within my breast did lie Tho' no man any blow could spie The truncheon of a spear."	SCAL	42
2.	"For pity melts the mind to love"	CPl	44
3.	<u>Apocalypse Unveiled</u> (Yoga)	CL	988
4.	<u>History of the East</u>	"	424
5.	<u>Where Bonds are Loosed</u>	"	412
6.	<u>The Bracknells</u>	"	154
7.	<u>The Moose</u>	"	640
8.	<u>Mamba</u>	"	1244
9.	<u>The Wife of the Doctor</u> (a play)	TinI	70
10.	<u>Carmichael</u> (anti R. Catholic)	CL	408
11.	<u>Bernadini</u>	"	173
12.	<u>Storia di Mogor</u>	"	447
13.	<u>Schopferische</u>	"	999
14.	<u>Stifts</u>	"	1205
15.	<u>Demian</u>	(B) "	778

A footnote to Lawrence's own record of his reading span and interests is to be found in some biographical material.

1. D.H. Lawrence "A Personal Record" by E.T. (Jessie Chambers) Second Edition, edited by J.D. Chambers.
Chapter III "Student Days" pp. 82, 84, 87
Chapter IV "Literary Formation" pp. 91-123
(This is an extremely full catalogue of Lawrence's early reading. Jessie Chambers writes, moreover: "He certainly read much more than is indicated here; he seemed to read everything." p. 123. Nevertheless, E.T. in fact records a number of items beyond even those which appear in this Index.)
2. D.H. Lawrence: The Croydon Years, by Helen Corke.
"Portrait of D.H. Lawrence 1909-1910" pp. 4, 5, 9.
3. "A Modern Lover" CSS p. 6
4. D.H. Lawrence: a Composite Biography gathered arranged and edited by E. Nehls. See A.W. McLeod's comments on p. 90 Volume I.

22. Lawrence's own work

Passing references to Lawrence's own work which contain no evaluative element, are omitted. It does not need demonstrating that his own work occupied Lawrence's mind. Business references, comments on the visual appearance of editions, and reported comments of friends, have also been omitted.

The Novels

A			B		
	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
WP	CL	11	WP	CL	4
"	"	12	"	"	19
"	"	25	"	"	22
"	"	27	"	"	23
"	"	73	"	"	36
"	"	78			
"	"	93			
T	"	66	T	CL	86
"	"	93	"	"	88
"	"	94	"	"	97
SL	"	171	SL	"	106
			"	"	129
			"	"	147
			"	"	153
			"	"	161
			"	"	186
			"	"	190
			"	"	205
			"	"	651
R	CL	347	R	"	208
			"	"	224
			"	"	230
			"	"	272
			"	"	370
			"	"	377
			"	"	383
			"	"	449
			WL	"	480
			"	"	482
			"	"	493

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C

D

Work Page

Work Page

SL CL 160

R	CL	263
" (and gen.)	"	273
R (life emerging)	"	281
" (form)	"	334
R	"	519

WL	CL	477
"	"	519
(Scene)	"	837

A			B		
	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
BB			AR	CL	653
			"	"	658
			"	"	676
			"	"	687
			K	"	709
	CL	772	BB	"	782
			"	"	786
			PS	"	826
			"	"	845
			"	"	859
			LCL	CL	964
			"	"	972
			"	"	1026
			"	"	1028
			"	"	1030
			"	"	1033
			"	"	1036
			"	"	1040
			"	"	1041
			"	"	1051
English vision	CL	371	"	"	1194
<u>Stories</u>					
			Odour	CL	159
			Man who died	"	975
			Ladybird	"	743
			Fox	"	743
			Stories	"	678
<u>Poems</u>					
Poetry (gen.)	CL	21	Look!	CL	499
Love Poems	"	190	BBF	"	737
			(poems/life)	"	1142

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C

D

Work Page

Work Page

PS

CL 1045

LCL
"

CL 1046
" 1111

FLC
LCL

LCL 1 on
A Propos 1 on

L's rhythms
Foreword

CL 221
CP 423

Preface to
C.P. 1928
"Poetry of the
Present"
Intro. to Pansies
Foreword to Collected
Poems 1928

CP 27
" 181
" 417
CP 849

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A			B		
	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
<u>Plays</u>					
<u>Widowing of</u>	CL	218	<u>Fight for Barbara</u>	CL	162
<u>Mrs Holroyd</u>			<u>Widowing of</u>		
			<u>Mrs Holroyd</u>	"	223
			"	"	953
<hr/>			<hr/>		
<u>Criticism</u>					
			<u>Study of T. Hardy</u>	CL	290
			" " "	"	298
			" " "	"	323
			<u>SCAL</u>	"	523
			"	"	538
			"	"	545
			"	"	562
			poems/life	"	1142
<hr/>			<hr/>		
<u>Essays</u>					
<u>"Art and the</u>			<u>Polly analytics</u>	FU	9
<u>Individual"</u>	CL	12	<u>"Reality of Peace"</u>	CL	506
			<u>FU</u>	"	672
			<u>Apoc</u>	"	1228
			<u>Essays (FU)</u>	"	843
			<u>essays</u>	"	682
<hr/>			<hr/>		
<u>Travel Essays</u>					
			<u>T in 1</u>	CL	423
			<u>SS</u>	"	645
			"	"	686
			<u>EP</u>	"	1008
<hr/>			<hr/>		
<u>General theory</u>					
			<u>art/philosophy</u>	FU	9
			<u>life/art</u>	"	10
			<u>form</u>	"	9

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C

D

Work Page

Work Page

SCAL

CL 595

MM

CL 841

23. General Literary Theory

A

B

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
<u>Novel</u>					
novel	LCL	104			
"	"	104			
"	Ph	270			
<hr/>					
<u>Poetry</u>					
Poetry	CL	21	poetry	CL	28
<hr/>					
<u>Plays</u>					
			plays	CL	845
<hr/>					
<u>Criticism</u>					
books/life	CP	857	Criticism	ByLf	233
new books	CL	585	"	Ph	237
reading	"	18	"	CL	846
			Critics	"	297
			"essence of things"	"	38
			Imagination	P&U	239
			"not fiction but life"	CL	881

C

D

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
novel	Ph	479	"Novel"	RDP	103
novel/life	CL	854	"Surgery for the Novel ..."	Ph	517
			"Morality and the Novel"	"	527
			"Why the Novel Matters"	"	533
			"Novel and the Feelings"	"	755
<hr/>			<hr/>		
poetry	Ph	255	<u>New Poems</u>	Ph	218
poetry	CL	242			
verse	"	413			
<hr/>			<hr/>		
<hr/>			<hr/>		
criticism	SM	19			
"	Ph	539			
critical reading	Apoc	3			
life/book/criticism	CL	827			
<hr/>			<hr/>		

A

B

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>		<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
<u>Tragedy</u>					
tragedy	CL	150	tragedy	EyLf	89
<hr/>					
<u>Art Form</u>					
Art	SM	117	allegory	Apoc	7
art/life	"	256	"art for my sake"	CL	171
satire	LCL	104	"art lies"	Ph	731
spontaneous			"art wholeness	Ph	740
existence	SM	227	form	Apoc	308
			myth	FU	7
			myth, legend,		
			romance, drama	SM	136
			religion/flame	CL	180
			pansy form	CP	417
			symbol	Apoc	109
			"	"	160
			symbols	FU	7
			symbolic art	CL	1194
			whole/part	Apoc	7
<hr/>					
<u>Morality of Literature</u>					
			cutting/form	CL	356
			"I write ..."	"	1158
<hr/>					

C

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
tragedy	CP	508
<hr/>		
art form	Ph	248
art speech	SM	18
" "	SCAL	1 on
construction	CL	399
form	Ph	477
symbols	EyLf	241
symbol and allegory	Ph	295
symbol	CL	302

D

	<u>Work</u>	<u>Page</u>
"Art and Individual"	EyLf	249
"Spirit of Place"	SM	16
"Spirit of Place"	SCAL	1 on
<hr/>		
Sex in Literature	A Propos	223
"Pornography and Obscenity"	Ph	170
Obscenity in Literature	Ph	280

morality of art	Ph	527
obscenity	CP	418

24. Numerical Breakdown

	A	B	C	D
Novels	124	45	13	7
Verse	45	20	14	3
Plays	25	6	1	0
Criticism	7	8	1	0
C19 authors	360	32	4	3
Pre-C19 authors	236	27	3	0
American	95	35	10	26
Russian	109	43	8	4
French	177	29	3	0
Italian	81	25	4	4
German	77	9	3	1
Scand. & Dutch	26	3	0	1
Other lits.	7	2	0	0
Bible	405	52	5	6
Leg. myth. Ant.	481	24	1	0
F. Tales & N. Rhymes	24	0	0	0
News & Mags.	144	19	1	0
Anth. Psy. Arch.	40	21	9	3
Ess. & Phil.	27	11	0	1
Miso.	52	19	3	1
D.H.L.	18	75	15	3
General	12	27	20	12
Untraced	14	1	0	0

ART AND THE INDIVIDUAL

by

D.H. Lawrence

Art and the Individual

"These Thursday night meetings are for discussing social problems with a view to advancing a more perfect social state and to our fitting ourselves to be perfect citizens - communists - what not. Is that it? I guess in time we shall become expert sociologists. If we would live a life above the common ruck we must be experts at something - must we not? Besides, we have peculiar qualities which adapt us for particular parts of the social machine. Some of us make good cranks, doubtless each of us would make a good hub of the universe. They have advanced the question in education - 'Where in the school shall we begin to specialise?' Specialise, that's the word! This boy has a strong, supple wrist; let him practise pulling pegs out of a board like a Jap dentist's apprentice, then he'll be an expert tooth puller. Under Socialism every man with the spirit of a flea will become a specialist - with such advantages it were disgraceful not to cultivate that proverbial talent, and thus become a shining light on some tiny spot. It will take some four hundred specialists to make a normal family of four. However!

"Now listen to the text which describes the ultimate goal of education. 'The ultimate goal of education is to produce an individual of high moral character.' Take that on the authority of the great expert. Moral character consists, I suppose, in a good sense of proportion, a knowledge of the relative effects of certain acts or influences, and desire to use that knowledge

for the promoting of happiness. The desire you may easily possess. We are all altruists. But what about the knowledge, the sense of proportion? How can you have an idea of proportional values unless you have an extensive knowledge of or at least acquaintance with the great influences which result in action. Here is the immediate goal of education - and our real purpose of meeting here, after that of making ourselves heard, is to educate ourselves. The immediate goal of education is to gain a wide sympathy, in other words a many-sided interest.

"Let us look at Herbart's classification of interests, adding one that he overlooked.

Interest arising from	(Knowledge	(1. Empirical.
	(Intellectual	(2. Speculative.
	((3. Aesthetic.
	(
	(Sympathy	(4. Sympathetic.
	(Emotional	(5. Social.
	((6. Religious.
	(
	(Action.	

EMPIRICAL:

Interest in concrete individual things (I see a swan - it sails up to me and attracts my attention. I notice how it shows itself off to me - it pecks under the water - it swims nearer - I observe its wings magnificently arched) -(evening flowers).

SPECULATIVE:

Interest in deeper connections and causes of events - scientific and philosophic interests (it is remarkable that the swan should raise its wings so proudly - why can it be - evening flowers).

AESTHETIC:

Interest aroused neither by phenomena nor causes as such, but by the approval which their harmony and adaptability to an end win from me. (The swan is very beautiful - the moon-light on the flowers is lovely - why does it move me so?)

SYMPATHETIC:

Social: Growing comprehension of the incorporation of the individual in the great social body whose interests are large beyond his personal feelings. He is a unit, working with others for a common welfare, like a cell in a complete body.

RELIGIOUS:

When this extended sympathy is directed to the history (origin) and destiny of mankind, when it reverentially recognises the vast scope of the laws of nature, and discovers something of intelligibility and consistent purpose working through the whole natural world and human consciousness, the religious interest is developed and the individual loses for a time the sense of his own and his day's importance, feels the wonder and terror of eternity with its incomprehensible purposes. This, I hold it, is still a most useful and fruitful state. Note parallelism of 1, 2, 3, - 4, 5, 6, - increasing height of planes.

"Which of these forms of interest are we most likely to neglect? Consider - the aesthetic is our present consideration. Since we have accepted the Herbartian broad interpretation, we must take a broad view of Art to fit it, since Aestheticism embraces all art. Examine the definition, 'The Approval which the Harmony and Adaptability to an end win from us.'

"It is vague and unsatisfactory. Look closely. 'Approval of Harmony' - That is a pleasurable experience. We see or hear something that gives us pleasure - we call it harmony - invert it - we see or hear harmonious blendings - we feel pleasure. We are not much further, except that we recognise that the ultimate test of all harmony, beauty, whatever you call it, is in personal feeling. This would place aesthetic interest under the emotional group. Look at it again. 'Approval of adaptability of things to an end.' Here is harmony again - but it is more comprehensible, more intellectual. We see a good purpose in sure and perhaps uninterrupted process of accomplishment. It is gratifying - we are glad - why? Because, I believe, we are ourselves almost unconscious agents in a great inscrutable purpose, and it gives us relief and pleasure to consciously recognise that power working out in things beyond and apart from us. But that is aside.

"There have been two schools of Aesthetic thought since the beginning of such thought.

(1) Art. Beauty is the expression of the perfect and divine

Idea. This is the mystic Idea, held by Hegel, 'Beauty is the shining of the Idea through matter.'

(2) a. Art is an activity arising even in the animal kingdom and springing from sexual desire and propensity to play (Darwin, Schiller, Spencer) and it is accompanied by pleasurable excitement.

b. Art is the external manifestation by lines, colour, words, sounds, movements of emotion felt by man.

c. Art is the production of some permanent object or passing action filled to convey pleasurable impression quite apart from personal advantage.

"In the interpretation we have accepted, these two, the mystical and the sensual ideas of Art are blended. Approval of Harmony - that is sensual - approval of Adaptation - that is mystic - of course none of this is rigid. Now apply the case to our swan.

I. Approval of Harmony (Beauty we will say) - there is the silken whiteness, the satisfying curve of line and mass. Why do these charm us? I cannot answer.

"Turn to Adaptation: - Now we might say that we love the silken whiteness and the grandly raised wings because they are the expression of the great purpose which lead the swan to raise itself as far as possible to attract a mate, the mate choosing the finest male that the species may be reproduced in its most advantageous form. That you must sift for yourselves. But

there is a sense (perhaps unconscious) of exquisite harmony and adaptation to an end when we feel the boat-like build of the bird, the strength of those arched wings, the suppleness of the long neck which we have seen waving shadowily under the water in search of food. Contrast the quaint gobbling, diving ducks. Think too of our positive pain in seeing the great unwieldy body of the bird, standing on the bank supported by ugly black legs. Why is it ugly? Because a structure like that could not walk with ease or grace - it is unfitted to its surroundings. The legs are hateful because, being black, they are too violent a contrast to the body which is so white - they are clammy looking too - and what sense is 'clammy' applied to? Think of evening primroses in the moonlight and in the noonday. Flowers and insects have evolved side by side.

"This is Beauty in Nature - but does the same hold good when we turn to the human productions of Art? Often it does. But think of the works of Poe, of Zola, de Maupassant, Maxim Gorky, Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' - think of Watts' Mammon (if that is Art) of the Laocoon, the Outcasts of Luke Filde. Do you experience any 'pleasure' in these? Do they excite 'pleasurable feelings?' Do they show Divine purpose? Yet they are Art. Why? Somebody would say, 'They are so true.' But they are not necessarily true, in the strict sense of the word. Not true, except that they have been felt, experienced as if they were true. They express - as well perhaps as is possible - the real feelings of the artist. Something more than, must be

added to our idea of Art - it is the medium through which men express their deep, real feelings. By ordinary words, common speech, we transmit thoughts, judgments, one to another. But when we express a true emotion, it is through the medium of Art.

"When Carlyle said that a hero could hardly express himself otherwise than through song, he meant that the vigorous emotion so moulded the speech of his hero - Mahomet, Dante, Burns, - that this speech became Art. So Art is the second great means of communication between man and man, as Tolstoi says. Intellectual Art, which has no emotion, but only wit, has cold barren effect. Think of Pope and the great Encyclopedists. This means of communication of emotion is in three ways - by form and colour (as in all painting, sculpture, weaving, building) - by sound (music) by ideas through words - all literature down to the graphic, moving tale told by a boy to his mates. The picture words, the thrilling voice, the animated face and lively gestures, all go to make up the art of storytelling. The English, whatever is said of them, are a truly poetic people, if reserved. Look at our words - words like 'flash', 'laughter', 'wonder'. Compare Latin and French, 'rideo' and 'rire'.

"The essence then of true human art is that it should convey the emotions of one man to his fellows. It is a form of sympathy, and sympathy is in some measure harmony and unity, and in harmony and unity there is the idea of consistent purpose, is

there not? So it works back to the old definition. But, you will say, there are emotions desirable and undesirable - and Art may transmit the undesirable. Exactly - then it is bad Art. According to the feeling that originated it, Art may be bad, weak, good, in all shades. So Tolstoi says that all nude study is bad art - *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

"This might lead you to reflect that anyone who feels deeply must be an artist. But there you must consider that not one person in a thousand can express his emotions. We are most of us dumb, there, or we can only talk to a few who understand our mute signs, and the peculiar meanings we give to the words we use. The same sentence in ten different mouths has ten different meanings. We can feel, but we cannot transmit our feelings - we can't express ourselves. When you have tried, when you have felt compelled to write to somebody, for you could not contain yourself, what sort of a letter has it appeared when written? Weak, maudlin, ridiculous - Why? You didn't feel ridiculous. But you did not understand what effect certain words have on readers. You didn't find the picture word, you didn't use a quick, spirited, vigorous style, so your letter is not art, for it does not express anything adequately.

"This brings us to the technique of art. This again seems to be mostly a question of pleasurable feeling. Take these examples - of drawing - the physiological aspect - of music - of colour - the common basis. Now we are in a position to attempt criticism. Take Leighton's 'Wedded' and Watts' 'Mammon'. We

can excellently well criticise what we call the 'spirit' of the thing - look! But we are not so well able to understand, or even to appreciate, the technique. That needs study. 'The chief triumph of art,' says Hume, 'is to insensibly refine the temper and to point out to us those dispositions which we should endeavour to attain by constant bent of mind and by repeated habit.'

"If we bend our minds, not so much to things beautiful, as to the beautiful aspect of things, then we gain this refinement of temper which can feel a beautiful thing. We are too gross - a crude emotion carries us away - we cannot feel the beauty of things. It is so in Socialism as in everything. You must train yourself to appreciate beauty or Art - refine yourself, or become refined, as Hume puts it. And what is refinement? It is really delicate sympathy. What then is the mission of Art? To bring us into sympathy with as many men, as many objects, as many phenomena as possible. To be in sympathy with things is to some extent to acquiesce in their purpose, to help on that purpose. We want, we are for ever trying to unite ourselves with the whole universe, to carry out some ultimate purpose - evolution, we call one phase of the carrying out. The passion of human beings to be brought into sympathetic understanding of one another is stupendous; witness it in the eagerness with which biographies, novels, personal and subjective writings are read. Emotion tends to issue in action.

"In Socialism you have the effort to take what is general in the human character and build a social state to fit it. In Art is revealed the individual character. After all the part of a man's nature which is roughly common to all his fellows is only a small part of his nature. He must be more than that - more refined, to understand the host of the particular qualities which go to make up the human character and are influences in the progress of things. So, though art is general, it is also particular. Socialism is general.

"Think, we can still feel the arms of Ruth round the neck of Naomi, we can feel the tears in the womens' eyes. We too, can love and suffer at parting. We still count the story of David and Jonathan one of the finest in the world. There are other tales incomprehensible to us; and only a few can recognise the ideal, the noble emotion which many medieval artists expressed so perfectly in their Madonnas - moon faced Madonnas, we say, and turn aside. But with a little thought and study you might feel a sympathy grow up for these Madonnas, and understand. So through Art we may be brought to live many lives, taking a commonplace life as a unit, and each may have so many fields of life to wander in as never to feel wretched and empty. These things are not obvious and immediate, so we are apt to despise them. But above all things we must understand much if we would do much.

"In conclusion, I would like to suggest that whatever be the subject for discussion, everyone should try and make some study

of it, think about it, and, if there is anything they feel inclined to say, say it. It would be a good idea, too, to take a book, socialistic essays, an essay of Mill or Spencer or anybody, something that costs little, and study it for full discussion one evening, someone presiding. We might at rare intervals, take a poet, painting, or a novel, or a play.

from Young Lorenzo: The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence,
by Ada Lawrence and G. Stuart Gelder

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

by

D.H. Lawrence

Rachel Annand Taylor

"Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor is not ripe yet to be gathered as fruit for lectures and papers. She is young, not more than thirty; she has been married and her husband has left her, she lives in Chelsea, visits Professor Gilbert Murray in Oxford, and says strange, ironic things of many literary people in a plaintive, peculiar fashion.

"This then is raw green fruit to offer you, to be received with suspicion, to be tasted charily and spat out without much revolving and tasting. It is impossible to appreciate the verse of a green fresh poet. He must be sun-dried by time and sunshine of favourable criticism, like muscatels and prunes: you must remove the crude sap of living, then the flavour of his eternal poetry comes out unobscured and unpolluted by what is temporal in him - is it not so?

"Mrs. Taylor is, however, personally, all that could be desired of a poetess: in appearance, purely Rossettian: slim, svelte, big beautiful bushes of reddish hair hanging over her eyes which peer from the warm shadow; delicate colouring, scarlet, small, shut mouth; a dark, plain dress with a big boss of a brooch in the bosom, a curious carven witch's brooch; then long, white, languorous hands of the correct, subtle radiance. All that a poetess should be.

"She is a Scotch-woman. Brought up lonelily as a child, she lived on the Bible, on the 'Arabian Nights', and later, on Malory's 'King Arthur'. Her upbringing was not Calvinistic.

Left to herself, she developed as a choice romanticist. She lived apart from life, and still cherishes a yew-darkened garden in the soul where she can remain withdrawn, sublimating experience into odours.

"This is her value, then: that to a world almost satisfied with the excitement of Realism's Reign of Terror, she hangs out the flag of Romance, and sounds the music of citterns and viols. She is mediaeval; she is pagan and romantic as the old minstrels. She belongs to the company of Aucassin and Nicolette, and to no other.

"The first volume of poems was published in 1904. Listen to the titles of the poems: 'Romances', 'The Bride', 'The Song of Gold', 'The Queen', 'The Daughter of Herodias', 'Arthurian Songs', 'The Knights at Kingstead', 'Devotional', 'Flagellants', 'An Early Christian', 'Rosa Mundi', 'An Art-lover to Christ', 'Chant d'Amour', 'Love's Fool to His Lady', 'Saint Mary of the Flowers', 'The Immortal Hour', 'Reveries', 'The Hostel of Sleep'.

"I will read you four of the love songs. Against the first, in the book Mrs. Taylor gave me, I found a dried lily of the valley, that the author had evidently overlooked. She would have dropped it in the fire, being an ironical romanticist. However, here is the poem, stained yellow with a lily: it is called 'Desire'.

"That is the first of the love songs. The second is called 'Surrender'. The third, which is retrospective is 'Unrealised', and the fourth is 'Renunciation'. There is the story of

Mrs. Taylor's married life, that those who run may read.

Needless to say, the poetess' heart was broken.

"'There is nothing more tormenting,' I said to her, than to be loved overmuch.'

"'Yes, one thing more tormenting,' she replied.

"'And what's that?' I asked her.

"'To love,' she said very quietly.

"However, it is rather useful to a poetess or poet to have a broken heart. Then the rare fine liquor from the fragile vial is spilled in little splashes of verse, most interesting to the reader, most consoling to the writer. A broken heart does give colour to life.

"Mrs Taylor, in her second volume, 'Rose and Vine', published last year, makes the splashes of verse from her spilled treasure of love. But they are not crude, startling, bloody drops. They are vermeil and gold and beryl green. Mrs Taylor takes the pageant of her bleeding heart, first marches ironically by the brutal daylight, then lovingly she draws it away into her magic, obscure place apart where she breathes spells upon it, filters upon it delicate lights, tricks it with dreams and fancy, and then re-issues the pageant.

"'Rose and Vine' is much superior to the Poems of 1904. It is gorgeous, sumptuous. All the full, luscious buds of promise are fullblown here, till heavy, crimson petals seem to brush one's lips in passing, and in front, white blooms seem leaning to meet one's breast. There is a great deal of sensuous

colour, but it is all abstract, impersonal in feeling, not the least sensual. One tires of it in the same way that one tires of some of Strauss' music - 'Electra', for instance. It is emotionally insufficient, though splendid in craftsmanship.

"Mrs. Taylor is, indeed, an exquisite craftsman of verse. Moreover, in her metres and rhythms she is orthodox. She allows herself none of the modern looseness, but retains the same stanza form to the end of a lyric. I should like more time to criticise the form of this verse.

"However, to turn to 'Rose and Vine'. There is not much recognisable biography here. Most of the verses are transformed from the experience beyond recognition. A really new note is the note of motherhood. I often wonder why, when a woman artist comes, she never reveals the meaning of maternity, but either paints horses, or Venuses or sweet children, as we see them in the Tate Gallery, or deals with courtship, and affairs, like Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot. Mrs Taylor has a touch of the mother note. I read you 'Four Crimson Violets' and now 'A Song of Fruition' ('An October Mother'). What my mother would have said to that when she had me, an Autumn baby, I don't know!

"A fine piece of thoughtful writing is 'Music of Resurrection', which, significantly opens the 'Rose and Vine' volume.

"That was last year. This year came the 'Hours of Fiametta' - a sonnet sequence. There are 61 sonnets in the

Shakespeare form, and besides these, a 'Prologue of Dreaming Women', an 'Epilogue of Dreaming Women' and an Introduction. In the Introduction Mrs Taylor says there are two traditions of women - the Madonna, and the dreaming woman.

"The latter is always, the former never, the artist: which explains, I suppose, why women artists do not sing maternity. Mrs Taylor represents the dreaming woman of today - and she is almost unique in her position, when all the women who are not exclusively mothers are suffragists or reformers.

"Unfortunately, Mrs Taylor has begun to dream of her past life and of herself, very absorbedly; and to tell her dreams in symbols which are not always illuminating. She is esoteric. Her symbols do not show what they stand for of themselves: they are cousins of that Celtic and French form of symbolism which says - 'Let X = the winds of passion, and Y = the yearning of the soul for love.'

"Now the dim, white petalled Y
Draws dimly over the pallid atmosphere
The scalded kisses of X.'

Mrs. Taylor has begun the same dodge.

"Since from the subtle silk of agony
Our lamentable veils of flesh are spun.'

"Subtle silk of agony' may claim to sound well, but to me it is meaningless.

"But I read you the 'Prologue of Dreaming Women,' which surely is haunting: -

"How dare a woman, a woman, sister of Suffragists and lady doctors, how dare she breathe such a thing! But Mrs Taylor is bolder still. Listen to the 'Epilogue of Dreaming Women.'" It is, I think, a very significant poem, to think over and to think of again when one reads 'Mrs. Bull'.

"But these are not Fiammetta. They are her creed. Her idiosyncracies are in the sonnets, which, upon close acquaintance, are as interesting, more interesting far to trace than a psychological novel. I read you only one, No. 18. Some of these sonnets are very fine: they stand apart in an age of 'open road' and Empire thumping verse."

from Young Lorenzo: The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence,
by Ada Lawrence and G. Stuart Gelder

A REVIEW

by

L.H. Davidson

(Attributed to D.H. Lawrence. See
Warren Roberts' Bibliography, p.267)

THE APOCALYPSE. - The Apocalypse is a strange and mysterious book. One therefore welcomes any serious work upon it. Now Dr. John Oman (The Book of Revelation, Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net) has undertaken the rearrangement of the sections into an intelligible order. The clue to the order lies in the idea that the theme is the conflict between true and false religion, false religion being established upon the Beast of world empire. Behind the great outward happenings of the world lie the greater, but more mysterious happenings of the divine ordination. The Apocalypse unfolds in symbols the dual event of the crashing-down of world-empire and world-civilization, and the triumph of men in the way of God.

Doctor Oman's rearrangement and his exposition give one a good deal of satisfaction. The main drift we can surely accept. John's passionate and mystic hatred of the civilization of his day, a hatred so intense only because he knew that the living realities of men's being were displaced by it, is something to which the soul answers now again. His fierce, new usage of the symbols of the four Prophets of the Old Testament gives one a feeling of relief, of release into passionate actuality, after the tight pettiness of modern intellect.

Yet we cannot agree that Dr. Oman's explanation of the Apocalypse is exhaustive. No explanation of symbols is final. Symbols are not intellectual quantities, they are not to be exhausted by the intellect.

And an Apocalypse has, must have, is intended to have various levels or layers or strata of meaning. The fall of World Rule and World Empire before the Word of God is certainly one stratum. And perhaps it would be easier to leave it at that. Only it is not satisfying.

Why should Doctor Oman oppose the view that, besides the drama of the fall of World Rule and the triumph of the Word, there is another drama, or rather several other concurrent dramas? We gladly accept Dr. Oman's interpretation of the two Women and the Beasts. But why should he appear so unwilling to accept any astrological reference? Why should not the symbols have an astrological meaning, and the drama be also a drama of the cosmic man, in terms of the stars?

As a matter of fact, old symbols have many meanings, and we only define one meaning in order to leave another undefined. So with the meaning of the Book of Revelation. Hence the inexhaustibility of its attraction.

- L.H. DAVIDSON. from The Adelphi, April 1924

COMPARATIVE PASSAGES

from All Things Are Possible, by Leo Shestov
and from the critical writings of D.H. Lawrence

The following comparative passages from Leo Shestov's All Things are Possible and from Lawrence's critical works by no means reveal direct parallels. The quotations from Lawrence's work which are here given are only the first which come to mind among many possible others. The similarities of thought are faint but continual; the differences are always obvious. It is clear that what Lawrence absorbed from Shestov was thoroughly reshaped and subtly changed in the passage through his mind and perception. However, what is notable are the sheer number of slight, sometimes more than slight similarities of thought. It is possible that this bald juxtaposition sharply emphasises the differences rather than reveals the similarities. Reading the Shestov passages alone, however, one is continually aware of Lawrentian thought in a less forceful, faintly alien guise.

N.B. The quotations taken from Lawrence's work are given the Shestov paragraph number to which they relate.

1a

All Things Are Possible

by

Leo Shestov

Part I

6. Once an idea is there it is no longer easy to drive it from its place. pp.19-20

8. To escape from the grasp of contemporary ruling ideas, one should study history. The lives of other men in other lands in other ages teach us to realize that our "eternal laws" and infallible ideas are just abortions. p.22

1b

Various Critical Writings

by

D.H. Lawrence

6. Each time we strive to a new relation, with anyone or anything it is bound to hurt somewhat. Because it means the struggle with and the displacing of old connections, and this is never pleasant.

Ph., p.530.

8. ... nothing is more difficult than to recreate the personal reality of a bygone age. Personality is local and temporal. Each age has its own. And each age proceeds to interpret every other age in terms of current personality. ... It tends to shut out the strange, vast, terrifying reality of the past, even as the charming cosiness of a garden gate shuts out the great terror and wonder of the world. ... Each fact must be established, and put into relation with every other fact. This is the business of scientific history: ... this is all very well, if we will remember that we are not discovering any sequence of events, we are only abstracting. ...

We cannot say, for example, that the Reformation arose because the Pope sold Indulgences. It arose because a new craving awoke in the hearts of men, a craving which expressed itself later as a passion for immediate, individual relationship

9. We know nothing of the ultimate realities of our existence, nor shall we ever know anything. It only follows that man is free to change his conception of the universe as often as he changes his boots or his gloves, and that constancy of principle belongs only to one's relationships with other people in order that they may know where and to what extent they may depend on us. Therefore, on principle man should respect order in the external world and complete chaos in the inner. pp.22-3

of a man with God. There is no reason why such a passion, such a craving should arise. All that the reason can do, in discovering the logical consequence of such passion and its effects, afterwards, is to realise that life was so, mysteriously, creatively, and beyond cavil.

All that real history can do is to note with wonder and reverence the tides which have surged out from innermost heart of man, watch the incalculable flood and ebb of such tides. Afterwards, there is a deducible sequence.

MEH v - viii

9. The life-mystery precedes us. Our simplest spontaneous movement precedes all knowing and willing.

SM., p.26

... be prepared to step from one pair of shoes into another. Don't try and make it all one pair of shoes.

SCAL., p.100

Man, and the animals, and the flowers, all live within a strange and for ever surging chaos. The chaos which we have got used to we call a cosmos. The unspeakable inner chaos of which we are composed we call consciousness, ...

Ph., p.255

There must be a measure of control, that every deep desire may be fulfilled in its own fulness and proportion.

SM., p.27

3a

11. The business of philosophy is to teach man to live in uncertainty - man who is supremely afraid of uncertainty, and who is forever hiding himself behind this or the other dogma. More briefly, the business of philosophy is not to reassure people, but to upset them. p.24

11. We have achieved universal vision. Even god could not see differently from what we see: only more extensively, like a telescope, or more intensively, like a microscope. But the same vision. A vision of images which are real, and each one limited to itself.

We behave as if we have got to the bottom of the sack, and seen the Platonic Idea with our own eyes, in all its photographically developed perfection, lying in the bottom of the sack of the universe. Our own ego!

The identifying of ourselves with the visual image of ourselves has become an instinct; the habit is already old. The picture of me the me that is seen is me.

As soon as we are supremely satisfied about it, somebody starts to upset us. Comes Cézanne with his pitcher and his apples, which not only are not life-like, but are a living lie. The Kodak will prove it.

... what art has got to do, and will go on doing, is to reveal things in their different relationships.

The universe is like Father Ocean, a stream of all things slowly moving. We move, and the rock of ages moves. And since we move and move for ever in no discernible direction, there is no centre to the movement, ...

There is nothing to do but to maintain a true relationship to the things we move with and amongst and against.

Ph., pp.523, 4, 5

(The close relationship between Lawrence's philosophy and his art should be kept in mind.)

14. The task of a writer: to go forward and share his impressions with his reader. In spite of everything to the contrary, he is not obliged to prove anything. It is quite enough if the reasoning which comes handiest will succeed in occupying those guardians of the verbal highways whose intention it is to obstruct his passage. p.26

16. The well trodden field of contemporary thought should be dug up. Therefore, on every possible occasion, in season and out, the generally-accepted truths must be ridiculed to death, and paradoxes uttered in their place. Then we shall see ... p.27

21. The habit of logical thinking kills imagination. p.37

14. The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment. As mankind is always struggling in the toils of old relationships, art is always ahead of the "times", ...

Ph., p.527

16. So it is: we all have our roots in earth. And it is our roots that now need a little attention, need the hard soil eased away from them, and softened so that a little fresh air can come to them, and they can breathe.... we have trodden the earth so hard over them that they are starving and stifling ...

CP, p.418

(This is the rationale of the method Lawrence used in the 1923 version of his essay on Benjamin Franklin.)

21. These terribly conscious birds, like Poe and his Ligeia, deny the very life that is in them; they want to turn it all into talk, into knowing. And so life, which will not be known, leaves them.

SCAL, p.68

22. Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar. Culture is an age-long development, and sudden grafting of it upon a race rarely succeeds. To us in Russia, civilization came suddenly, whilst we were still savage. In a short time we were swallowing in enormous doses those poisons which Europe had been gradually accustoming herself to, gradually assimilating through centuries. Thanks to which, the transplanting of civilization into Russia turns out to be no mild affair. A Russian had only to catch a whiff of European atmosphere, and his head began to swim. p.39

22. Cf. "Introduction to All Things Are Possible".

The provincial Latin literature ferments with a foreign stimulus. It is Africa, and the mysterious religious passion of Lybia, which, voicing itself in Latin, utters the infant cry of Tertullian, Augustine, Athanasius, the great saints of the African Church. These are not Romans. They are the prelude to a new era. It is not only that they utter the ideas which made Europe. Chiefly in them is felt the first throb of the great mystic passion of mediaeval life. And in Apuleius, decadent and sensuous, we feel the last throb of the old way of sensuality, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage. Africa, seething in Roman veins, produces these strange pulses of new experience, incipient newness within the old decadence.

In the same way America, the new continent, seething in English veins, has produced us the familiar American classics, ...

26. Genius must submit to cultivate an ass within itself.
p.47

32. In each of our neighbours we fear a wolf. ... Only
poets have undertaken to praise dangerous people ... p.53

26. The Holy Ghost bids us never be too deadly in our earnestness, always to laugh in time, at ourselves and everything. Particularly at our sublimities.

SCAL., p.70

One wearies of the grand sérieux. There's something false about it. And that's Melville. Oh dear, when the solemn ass brays! brays! brays!

But he was a deep, great artist, even if he was rather a sententious man.

SCAL., p.138

32. ... listening-in to the voices of the honourable beasts that call in the dark paths of our body, ... Listening inwards, inwards ... to the lowing of the innermost beasts, ... If we can't hear the cries far down in our own forests of dark veins, we can look in the real novels, and there listen-in.

Ph., pp.759-60

The essential quality of poetry is that it makes a new effort of attention, and "discovers" a new world within the known world. ... The unspeakable inner chaos of which we are composed, ...

Ph., p.255

33. Regularity, immutably regular succession of phenomena puts a term to our efforts, drives us into a regular, narrow, hard-beaten road of everyday life. p.53

34. Moral people are the most revengeful of mankind, they employ their morality as the best and most subtle weapon of vengeance. p.55

37. The most important and significant revelations come into the world naked, without a wordy garment. To find words for them is a delicate, difficult, business, a whole art. Stupidities and banalities, on the contrary, appear at once in ready-made apparel, gaudy even if shabby.

33. Not only was the Bible verbally trodden into the consciousness, like innumerable foot-prints treading a surface hard, but the foot-prints were always mechanically alike, the interpretation was fixed, so that all real interest was lost.

Apoc., p.2

34. For all of which the Christian religion served as a word, a weapon, an instrument: ... But into Puritanism and Calvinism ... entered the ... negative religious passion of repression, ... which so easily becomes a lust, ... for vindictive power over the life-issue.

SM, p.25

(Cf. also Lawrence's criticism of Tolstoi, Hardy and Dostoevsky as elucidated in the text.)

37. ... my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience. That I must keep to, because I can only work like that. And my Cockneyism and commonness are only when the deep feeling doesn't find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead and sentimentality, and purplism.

CL., p.273

39. Nay once the laws of morality are autonomous, and once ideas are allowed to stand above the empirical needs of mankind it is impossible to balance ideas and morality with social requirements, or even with the salvation of the country from ruin. p.59

44. ... Where is the philosophic theory which, if carried to its extreme, would not destroy itself. p.64

And the very fact that we can reconstruct almost instantly a whole landscape from the few indications Cézanne gives, shows what a cliché the landscape is, how it exists already, ready-made, in our minds, how it exists in a pigeon-hole of the consciousness, so to speak, and you need only be given its number to be able to get it out complete. ... they give you the clue to a cliché and the cliché comes. That's what the cliché exists for. And that sort of imagination is just a rag-bag memory stored with thousands and thousands of old and really worthless sketches, images, etc., clichés.

Ph., pp.581-2

39. Which is the weakness of modern tragedy, where transgression against the social code is made to bring destruction, as though the social code worked our irrevocable fate.

Ph., p.420

44. ... in deadly earnestness there is always something a bit ridiculous.

SCAL., p.70

49. A caterpillar is transformed into a chrysalis, and for a long time lives in a warm, quiet little world. Perhaps if it had human consciousness it would declare that that world was the best, perhaps the only one possible to live in. But there comes a time when some unknown influence causes the little creature to begin the work of destruction. If other caterpillars could see it how horrified they would be, revolted to the bottom of their soul by the awful work in which the insurgent is engaged. They would call it immoral, godless, they would begin to talk about pessimism, scepticism, and so on. To destroy what has cost such labour to construct! Why, what is wrong with this complete, cosy, comfortable little world? To keep it intact they call to their aid sacred morality and the idealistic theory of knowledge. Nobody cares that the caterpillar has grown wings, that when it has nibbled its old nest away it will fly out into space - nobody gives a thought to this.

Wings - that is mysticism; self-nibbling -
this is actuality. pp.66-7.

49. To open out a new wide area of consciousness means to slough the old consciousness. The old consciousness has become a tight-fitting prison to us, in which we are going rotten.

You can't have a new, easy skin before you have sloughed the old, tight skin. ... The slow forming of the new skin underneath is the slow sloughing of the old skin. And sometimes this immortal serpent feels very happy, feeling a new golden glow of a strangely-patterned skin envelop him: and sometimes he feels very sick, as if his very entrails were being torn out of him, as he wrenches once more at his old skin, to get out of it.

Out! Out! he cries, in all kinds of euphemisms.

He's got to have his new skin on him before ever he can get out.

And he's got to get out before his new skin can ever be his own skin.

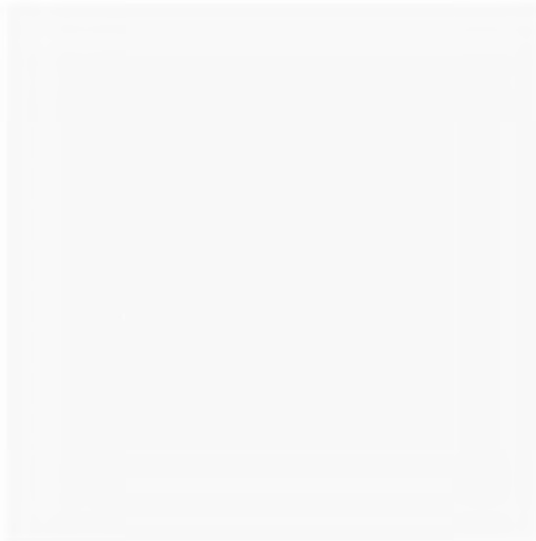
So there he is, a torn, divided monster.

The true American, who writhes and writhes like a snake that is long in sloughing.

Sometimes snakes can't slough. They can't burst their old skin. Then they go sick and die inside the old skin, and nobody ever sees the new pattern.

It needs a real desperate recklessness to burst your old skin at last. You simply don't care what happens to you, if you rip yourself in two, so long as you do get out.

It also needs a real belief in the new skin. Otherwise you are likely never to make the effort. Then you gradually



50. Nietzsche and Dostoievsky seem to be typical "inverted simulators", if one may use the expression. They imitated spiritual sanity, although they were spiritually insane. They knew their morbidity well enough, but they exhibited their disease only to that extent where freakishness passes for originality. p.67

sicken and go rotten and die in the old skin. ... Democracy is the utter hardening of the old skin, the old form, the old psyche. It hardens till it is tight and fixed and inorganic. Then it must burst, like a chrysalis shell. And out must come the soft grub, or the soft damp butterfly of the American-at-last. ... It is his destiny to destroy the whole corpus of the white psyche, the white consciousness. And he's got to do it secretly. As the growing of a dragon-fly inside a chrysalis or cocoon destroys the larva grub, secretly.

Though many a dragon-fly never gets out of the chrysalis case: dies inside. As America might.

So the secret chrysalis of The Scarlet Letter diabolically destroying the old psyche inside.

SCAL, pp.49, 50, 51, 79

50. He was sadish because all his will was fixed on the social virtues because he felt himself wrong in his sensual seekings. Therefore he was cruel he tortured himself and others, and goûtait the tortures.

CL, p.431

51. We are told that perhaps all that is horrible, only appears horrible, that perhaps at the end of the long journey something new awaits us. Perhaps! But the modern educated man, with the wisdom of the centuries of mankind at his command, knows no more about it than the old singer who solved universal problems at his own risk. We the children of a moribund civilization, we, old men from our birth, in this respect are as young as the first man. p.69.

54. "It is better to be an unhappy man, than a happy pig." p.70.

51. The savages, we may say all savages, are remnants of the once civilized world-people, who had their splendour and their being for countless centuries in the way of sensual knowledge, that conservative way which Egypt shows us at its conclusion, mysterious and long-enduring. It is we from the North, starting new centers of life in ourselves, who have become young. The savages have grown older and older. No man can look at the African grotesque carvings, for example, or the decoration patterns of the Oceanic islanders, without seeing in them the infinitely sophisticated soul which produces distortion from its own distorted psyche, a psyche distorted through myriad generations of degeneration.

No one can fail to see the quenched spark of once superb understanding. The savages are not children practising. They are old, grotesque people, dreaming over their once wide-awake realities and in each dream producing a new distortion.

SM., p.223

54. ... the thing most precious to any human being, that core of manhood or womanhood, naïve, innocent at-oneness with the living universe-continuum, which alone makes a man individual and, as an individual,

70. Tchekhov has a story called Misfortune which well illustrates the difficulty a man finds in adapting himself to a new truth, if this truth threatens the security of his condition. p.80

79. Man is such a conservative creature that any change, even a change for the better scares him, he prefers the bad old way to the new good one. p.89

For established knowledge argues in us a condition of imperfect receptivity. The weak, flabby spirit cannot beat quick, ceaseless change. ...

essentially happy, even if he be driven mad like Lear. Lear was essentially happy, even in his greatest misery. A happiness from which Goneril and Regan were excluded as lice and bugs are excluded from happiness, ...

Ph., p.543

70. But man cannot live in chaos. ... Man must wrap himself in a vision, to make a house of apparent form and stability, fixity.

Ph., p.255

79. Such is a man at work, safe within the proven, deposited experience, ... he has only made himself one with what has been, travelling the old, fixed courses, through which life still passes, but which are not in themselves living. ...

Ph., p.424-5

79. continued

It needs the support and the security of habit. But
the well-grown soul despises your crutches.

He is tired of crawling on his own cabbage patch, he
tears himself away from his own "native" soil, and takes
himself off into the far distances, braving the infinitude
of space. pp.90-1

79. continued

But man cannot live in chaos. ... Man must wrap himself in a vision, to make a house of apparent form and stability, fixity.

Ph., p.255

We dare not fulfil the last part of our programme. We linger into activity 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, hidebound, a bunch of leaves that may not go any farther 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. ...

But the rising flower thrusts and pushes at the heart of us, ... 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.

Ph., pp.402-3

82. We are so sick of symmetry and harmony and finality, sick as we are of bourgeois self-complacency. p.94

86. We have sufficient grounds for taking life mistrustfully: it has defrauded us so often of our cherished expectations. But we have still stronger grounds for mistrusting reason: since if life deceived us, it was only because futile reason let herself be deceived. Perhaps reason herself invented the deception, and then to serve her own ambitious ends, threw the blame on life, so that life shall appear sick-headed. But if we have to choose between life and reason, we choose life, and then we no longer need try to foresee and to explain, we can wait, and accept all that is unalterable as part of the game. p.99

82. There is no rhythm which returns upon itself, no serpent of eternity with its tail in its own mouth. ... We can get rid of the stereotyped movements and the old hackneyed associations of sound of sense. ... We can break the stiff neck of habit. We can be in ourselves spontaneous, as flexible as flame, we can see that utterance rushes out without artificial foam or artificial smoothness.

CP, p.184

86.

... our volition is always subsidiary to our spontaneous arrival.

But there lies latent in the soul of man, at all times, the desire to reverse this order.

SM, p.26

100. It is clear to any impartial observer that practically every man changes his opinion ten times a day. [But] ... When a straightforward man like Montaigne plainly speaks of the inconstancy of his mind and views, he is regarded as a libeller of himself. One need neither see, nor hear, nor understand what is taking place around one: once your mind is made up, you have lost your right to grow, you must remain a stock, a statue, the quantities and defects of which are known to everybody. p.111

101. Every philosophic world conception starts from some or other solution of the general problem of human existence, and proceeds from this to direct the course of human life in some particular direction or other. We have neither the power nor the data for the solution of general problems, and consequently all our moral deductions are arbitrary, they only witness to our prejudices if we are naturally timid, or to our propensities and tastes if we are self-confident. ... let us wish that in future there should be many differences and much less unanimity. There is no arbitrary truth: it remains to suppose that truth lies in changeable human tastes and desires. ... Any agreement which does not arise out of common necessity will be a crime against the Holy Spirit. p.112

100. For my part, life is so many things I don't care what it is. It's not my affair to sum it up. Just now it's a cup of tea. This morning it was wormwood and gall.

Hand me the sugar.

SCAL., p.138

... a good critic ... can change the standards for every new critical attempt, so long as he keeps good faith.

Ph., p.539

101.

And morality is that delicate, forever trembling and changing balance between me and my circumambient universe,...

Now here we see the beauty and the great value of the novel. Philosophy, religion, science, they are all of them busy nailing things down, to get a stable equilibrium, ...

Ph., p.528

120. Well, if the problem, of knowledge is to fathom all the depths of actual life, then experience, in so far as it repeats itself is uninteresting, or at least has a limit of interest. It is necessary, however, to know what nobody yet knows and therefore we must walk, not on the common road of Allgemeingültigkeit but on new tracks, which have never yet seen human feet. Thus morality, which lays down definite rules and thereby guards life for a time from any surprise, exists only by convention, and in the end collapses before the non-moral surging up of individual human aspirations. Laws - all of them - have only a regulating value, and are necessary only to those who want rest and security. But the first and essential condition of life is lawlessness. Laws are a refreshing sleep - lawlessness is creative activity. p.127

122. The effort to understand people, life, the universe, prevents us from getting to know them at all. Since "to know" and "to understand" are two concepts which are not only non-identical, but just the opposite of one another in meaning. ... To us it seems, ..., that in the interests of knowing we

120. And in the end, this is always a prison to him,
this proven, deposited experience which he must explore,
this past of life. For is he not in himself a growing
tip, is not his own body a quivering plasm of what will
be, and has never yet been?

Ph., p.425

There must be a measure of control, that every deep
desire may be fulfilled in its own fulness and proportion.

SM., p.27

The joy men had when Wordsworth, ... saw a primrose!
... They saw it through Wordsworth in the full gleam of
chaos. ... the greater joy when Shakespeare made a big
rent and saw emotional, wistful man outside in the chaos,
beyond the conventional idea ...

Ph., p.256

122. One should be sufficiently intelligent and interested
to know a good deal about any person one comes into close
contact with. About her or about him.

But to try to know any living being is to try to suck
the life out of that being.

122. continued

should sacrifice, and gladly, understanding, since
understanding in any case is a secondary affair.

pp.129-130

122. continued

Above all things, with the woman one loves.

Every sacred instinct teaches one that one must leave her unknown. You know your woman darkly, in the blood. To try to know her mentally is to try to kill her. Beware, oh woman, of the man who wants to find out what you are. And, oh men, beware a thousand times more of the woman who wants to know you, or get you, what you are.

SCAL, p.66

(Lawrence's knowing indicates the same meaning as Shestov's understanding)

Our knowing is always secondary and subsequent to our being

SM., p.26

Part II

1. Let us forget light, and gratitude, and the qualms of self-important idealism, let us go bravely to meet the coming night. p.134

It seems as if, in a short while, man will feel that same incomprehensible, cherishing power which threw us out into the universe and set us, like plants, to reach to the light, is now gradually transferring us to a new direction, where a new life awaits us with all its stores. ... And perhaps the time is near when the impassioned poet, casting a last look to his past, will boldly and gladly cry:

Hide thyself, sun! O darkness, be welcome! p.135

Part II

1.

... were seized by a new electricity, and laid in line differently.

SM., p.29

... the eyes ... open, and the spirit goes forth through them, seeing and beholding, till the I, the self, has passed into the living universe to be at one with it, one and whole. ... the sensual consciousness, Here the Self is positive and centripetal. Here I am I, darkly and fiercely sentient. Here I am dark-centric, all that is not me roams outside, looming, wonderful, imminent, perilous - but wonderful and unknown.

SM., p.56

(When) an artist lives from the great sensual centres, his art is in terms of the great sensual understanding, dark and rich and of that reserved, pagan tenderness to which we have lost the key.

In the sensual vision there is always the pause of fear, dark wonder, and glamour.

SM., p.60

2. ... the way to know the other world is not by any means through love, sympathy, and self-denial, as Schopenhauer taught. On the contrary, it appears as if love for others were only an impediment. p.137

... how could we brought to live "as we ought", when our own nature is and always will be an incalculable mystery. There is no mistake about it, nobody wants to think. I do not speak here of logical thinking. ... to think - really to think - surely this means a relinquishing of logic. It means living a new life. It means a permanent sacrifice of the dearest habits, tastes, attachments, without even the assurance that the sacrifice will bring any compensation. Artists and philosophers like to imagine the thinker with a stern face an eagle preparing for flight. Not at all. A thinking man is one who has lost his balance, in the vulgar, not the tragic sense. Hands taking the air, feet flying, face scared and bewildered, he is a caricature of helplessness and pitiable perplexity.

2. ... had carried out his sympathy as an extension of Love and Charity. ... He couldn't quite break the old maddening bond of the love-compulsion; he couldn't quite get out of the rut of the charity habit - for Love and Charity have degenerated now into habit: a bad habit. ... Because sympathy means feeling with, not feeling for.

SCAL., p.165

The life mystery precedes us. Our simplest spontaneous movement precedes all knowing and willing. SM., p.26

Man, poor, conscious, forever-animal man, has a very stern destiny, from which he is never allowed to escape. It is his destiny that he must move on and on, in the thought-adventure. He is a thought-adventurer, and adventure he must.

AA., p.213

The moment he builds himself a house and begins to think he can sit still in his knowledge, his soul becomes deranged, and he begins to pull down the house over his own head.

AA., p.213

3. To knock one's head against the wall out of hatred for the wall: to beat against established and obstructive ideas, because one hates them: is it not an attractive proposition? And then, to see ahead uncertainty and limitless possibilities ... p.146

8. New ideas, even our own, do not quickly conquer our sympathies. We must first get accustomed to them. p.158

9. Can there be any question of a permanent point of view? The more mobility and elasticity a man has, the less he values the ordinary equilibrium of his body; the oftener he changes his outlook, the more he will take in. p.159

3. ... break a way through, like a hole in the wall. And the public will scream and say it is sacrilege: because, of course, when you've been jammed for a long time in a tight corner, and you get really used to its stuffiness and its tightness, till you find it suffocatingly cozy; then of course, you're horrified when you see a new glaring hole in what was your cozy wall. You're horrified. You back away from the cold stream of fresh air as if it were killing you. But gradually, first one and then another of the sheep filters through the gap, and finds a new world outside.

Ph., p.520

8. Obviously, to read a really new novel will always hurt, to some extent. There will always be resistance. The same with new pictures, new music. You may judge of their reality by the fact that they do arouse a certain resistance, and compel, at length, a certain acquiescence.

Ph., p.531

9. And morality is that delicate, forever trembling and changing balance between me and my circumambient universe,

Now here we see the beauty and the great value of the novel. Philosophy, religion, science, they are all of them busy nailing things down, to get a stable equilibrium.

Ph., p.528

12. The best way of getting rid of tedious, played-out truths is to stop paying them the tribute of respect and to treat them with a touch of easy familiarity and derision. p.163

14. Degeneration follows on heels of immoderate curiosity ...
p.173

22. The truth which I have the right to announce so solemnly to-day, even to the first among men, will probably be a stale old lie on my lips tomorrow.
p.188

28. Maybe we can do without understanding. Perhaps a logical mind is not an attribute but a curse. In the struggle for existence, however, and the survival of the fittest, not a few of the best known qualities have perished. p.193

(Cf. Lawrence's method in the 1923 version of his
essay on Benjamin Franklin.)

(Cf. The theme of Lawrence's essays - 1918 and 1923 -
on Edgar Allan Poe.)

22. My yea! of today is oddly different from my yea! of
yesterday. My tears of tomorrow will have nothing to do
with my tears of a year ago. If the one I love remains
unchanged and unchanging, I shall cease to love her.

Ph., p.536

28.

... the grimness of it, the savage fight and the savage
failure which broke the back of the country but also broke
something in the human soul. The spirit and the will
survived: but something in the soul perished: the
softness, the floweriness, the natural tenderness.

Ph., p.267

29. Sometimes it is permissible and even opportune to fire off truth of all sorts. Sometimes one may stretch oneself like a log across the road. But God forbid that such sincere practices should be raised into a principle. p.194

And no man be interesting unless he keep a certain distance between himself and people. Women do not understand this. If they like a man, they try to come utterly near to him, and are surprised that he does not meet their frankness with frankness, and admit them to his holy of holies. But in the innermost sanctuary the only beauty is inaccessibility. As a rule it is not a sanctuary but a lair where the wounded beast in a man has run to lick his wounds.

p.195

29. (Cf. Lawrence's method in the Studies in Classic American Literature 1923.)

Melville was, at the core, a mystic and an idealist.

Perhaps, so am I.

And stuck to his ideal guns.

I abandon mine.

He was a mystic who raved because the old ideal guns shot havoc. The guns of the "noble spirit". Of "ideal love".

I say let ^{the old} guns rot.

Get new ones and shoot straight.

SCAL., p.136

Because the mind says Charity! Charity! you don't have to force your soul into kissing lepers or embracing syphilitics. ... Because it is a soul, it hates these things, which are against the soul. ... The soul's deepest will is to preserve its own integrity, against the mind and the whole mass of disintegrating forces.

SCAL., p.167

A man is, and can be, no more than himself: his own single, starry self, which has its place inscrutably in the firmament of existence. But if a man is to be himself he must be free.

SM., p.83

23a

29. continued

29. continued

... this inordinate love, which can recognize none of the sacred mystery of otherness, but must unite into unspeakable identification, oneness in death. ... the result is the dissolution of both souls, each losing itself in transgressing its own bounds.

SM., pp.128-9

... in the future, wonderful, distinct individuals, like angels, move about, each one being himself, perfect as a complete melody or a pure colour.

Ph., p.432

No two persons can meet at more than a few points, consciously. If two people can just be together fairly often, so that the presence of each is a sort of balance to the other, that is the basis of perfect relationship. There must be true separateness as well.

SCAL., p.136

And now I, at least, know why I can't stand Benjamin. He tries to take away my wholeness and my dark forest.

SCAL., p.18

... in the dark paths of the veins of our body (is) the howling of the innermost beasts, ...

Ph., p.759

32. It is time to open a free road to the passions even in
the province of metaphysics. p.204

35. ... The young carelessly pass on from one idea
to another. p.211

32. You can tell me, Flaubert had a "philosophy", not a "purpose". But what is a novelist's philosophy but a purpose on a rather higher level? And since every novelist who amounts to anything has a philosophy - even Balzac - any novel of importance has a purpose. If only the "purpose" be large enough, and not at odds with the passionate inspiration.

RDE, p.104

Greater novels, to my mind, are the books of the old testament, Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, Kings, by authors whose purpose was so big, it didn't quarrel with their passionate inspiration. The purpose and the inspiration were almost one.

RDP., p.108

It suits the modern temper better to have its state of mind made up of apparently irrelevant thoughts that scurry in different directions yet belong to the same nest; each thought trotting down the page like an independant creature, each with its own small head and tail, trotting its own little way, then curling up to sleep. We prefer it, at least the young seem to prefer it to those solid blocks of mental pabulum packed like bales in the pages of a proper heavy book.

CP., p.417

37. ... behind every danger something good is hidden,
and ... therefore danger serves as an indication, a
mark to guide us onwards, not as a warning, as we are
taught to believe. p.214
39. Instead of looking, listening, touching, seeking,
they want to infer and conclude. ... It is surely
time to give up conclusions, and get truth a posteriori
as did Shakespeare ... p.218
40. Nature demands individual creative activity from us.
Men won't understand this, so they wait forever for
the ultimate truths from philosophy, which they will
never get. Why should not every grown-up person be
a creator, live in his own way at his own risk and
have his own experience? Children and raw youths

37. But like a poppy that has come to bud, when he reaches the shore, when he has traversed his known and come to the beach to meet the unknown, he must strip himself naked and plunge in, and pass out: if he dare. And the rest of his life he will be a stirring at the unknown, cast out upon the waters. But if he dare not plunge in, if he dare not take off his clothes and give himself naked to the flood, then let him prowl in rotten safety, weeping for pity of those he imagines worse off than himself. He dare not weep aloud for his own cowardice.

Ph., p.409

39. This pseudo-philosophy of mine ... is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. ... The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These 'pollyanalytics' are inferences made afterwards, from the experience.

FU., p.9

40. It seems to me as if a man, in his normal state, were like a palpitating leading-shoot of life, where the unknown, all unresolved, beats and pulses, containing the quick of all experience, as yet unrevealed, not singled out. ... is not this his deepest desire, to be himself, to be this quivering bud of growing tissue which he is? He may find

40. continued

must go in leading strings. But adult people who want
to feel the reins should be despised. p.219

Whether man likes or not he will at last have to realise
that clichés are worthless, and that he must live from
himself. There are no all-binding, universal judgements -
let us manage with non-binding, non-universal ones. p.220

40. continued

knowledge by retracing the old courses, he may satisfy his moral sense by working within the known, certain of what he is doing. But for real, utter satisfaction, he must give himself up to complete quivering uncertainty, to sentient non-knowledge.

Ph., pp.424-5

It is as if a poppy, when he is grown taller than his neighbours, but has not come to flower, should look down and, because he can get no further, say: "Alas, for those poor dwindlers down there: they don't get half as much rain as I do". He grows no more, and his non-growing makes him sad, and he tries to crouch down so as not to be any taller than his neighbour, thinking his sorrow is for his neighbour; and his neighbour struggles weakly into flower, after his fight for the sunshine. But the rich young poppy crouches, gazing down, nor even once lifts up his head to blossom. He is so afraid of giving himself forth, he cannot move on to expose his new nakedness, up there to confront the horrific space of the void, he is afraid of giving himself away to the unknown. He stays within his shell.

Ph., p.408

A cliché is just a worn-out memory that has no more emotional or intuitionist root, and has become a habit. ... To a true artist, and to the living imagination, the cliché is the deadly enemy.

Ph., p.576

41. Once a man cares nothing for God, and seeks only to make the best of his life, you will not tear his attention away from the immediate moment. p.222

42. People who read much must always keep it in mind that life is one thing, literature another. Not that authors invariably lie. p.223

.....

It is impossible to love sufferers, particularly hopeless sufferers, and whoever says otherwise is a deliberate liar. p.223

41. Here we have a God who is a maker and an employer, whose one business is to look after the smooth running of the established creation, particularly the human part of it ...

SM., p.38

When is a man a man? When he is alight with life.

Ph., p.421

Central is the mystery of Now, the creative mystery, ...

SM., p.39

42. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble. Which is more than poetry, philosophy, science, or any other book-tremulation can do.

Ph., p.535

Because the mind says Charity! Charity! you don't have to force your soul into kissing lepers or embracing syphilitics. ... Because it is a soul, it hates these things, which are against the soul.

SCAL., p.167

42. continued

Ask him who sings of suffering for nothing but his songs.

Rather think of alleviating his burden than requiring
alleviation from him. Surely not for ever should we
ask any poet to sob and look upon tears. p.224

42. continued

(Cf. Lawrence's essay "The Nightingale".)

Poor Keats, he has to be "too happy" in the nightingale's happiness, not being very happy in himself at all. So he wants to drink the blushful Hippocrene, and fade away with the nightingale into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget

What thou among the leaves hast never known,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret ...

It is such sad, beautiful poetry of the human male.

Yet the next line strikes me as a bit ridiculous.

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs ...

This is Keats, not at all the nightingale. But the sad human male still tries to break away, and get over into the nightingale world. Wine will not take him across. Yet he will go. ... It never was a plaintive anthem - it was Caruso at his jauntiest. But don't try to argue with a poet.

Ph., pp.42-44

44. If all men were blind, and one for a moment opened his eyes on God's world, science would reject his evidence. Yet the evidence of one seeing man is worth that of a million blind. Sudden enlightenments are possible in our life - even if they endure only for a few seconds. Must they be passed over in silence because they are not normal and cannot be provoked? - or treated poetically as beautiful fictions. p.228

44. And what holds true cosmologically holds much more true psychologically. The man sealed up during twilight and night-time would have a rare shock the first time he was taken out under the stars. To see all the blue heavens crumpled and shrivelled away! To see the pulsation of myriad orbs proudly moving in the endless darkness, insouciant, sunless, taking a stately path we know not whither or how. Ha, the day-time man would feel his heart and brain burst to a thousand shivers, he would feel himself falling like a seed into space. All that he counted himself would be suddenly dispelled. All that he counted eternal, infinite, Everything, suddenly shrivelled like a vast, burnt roof of paper, or a vast paper lantern: the eternal light gone out: and behold, multiplicity, twinkling, proud multiplicity, utterly indifferent of oneness, proud far-off orbs taking their lonely way beyond the bounds of knowledge, emitting their own unique and intransmutable rays, pulsing with their own isolate pulsation.

This is what must happen to us. We have kept up a false daylight all through our nights. Our sophistry has intervened like a lamp between us and the slow-stepping stars, we have turned our cheap lanterns on the dark and wizard face of Galileo, till lo and behold, his words are as harmless as butterflies. Of course the orbs are manifold: we admit it easily. But light is one and universal and infinite.

Once, long ago "man invented speech in order to express his real relation to the universe".

So he may be heard, even though the relation he wishes to express be unique, not to be verified by any other individual.

To attempt to verify it by observations and experiments is strictly forbidden. But if your eyes live and your ear is sensitive - throw away instruments and apparatuses, forget methodology and scientific Don-Quixotism, and try to trust yourself.

p.231

You will learn to see with everybody's eyes, but to see as none other sees.

You will learn not to meditate, but to conjure up and call forth with words alien to all but yourself an unknown beauty and an unheard of power. ...

But art-speech, art-utterance, is ... the
greatest universal language of mankind,

Art-speech ... communicates a state of being

SM., pp.18-19

The business of art is to reveal the relation
between man and his circumambient universe, ...

Ph., p.527

Man does so horribly want to master the secret of
life and of individuality with his mind. It is like
the analysis of protoplasm. You can only analyse
dead protoplasm, and know its constituents. It is
a death process.

Keep KNOWLEDGE for the world of matter, force and
function. It has got nothing to do with being.

SCAL., p.66

A people, or an individual, need only most delicately
submit to the message which is being received all the time
upon its own finest tissue, and it will be able to prophesy.
But it is easier for us to invent sensitive machines than
to avail ourselves of our own extreme and marvellous
sensibilities.

SM., p.24

... - I used to feel myself at times 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 suddenly appear, in the shape of a usually rather
incoherent poem. ... They seemed to me to come from

... beyond craft, science, and philosophy there is another region of knowledge. Through all the ages men, each one at his own risk, have sought to penetrate into this region.

Shall we, men of the twentieth century, voluntarily renounce our supreme powers and rights ... because public opinion demands it ...?

44. continued

31b

somewhere, I didn't quite know where, out of a
me whom I didn't know....

CP., p.849

For this reason I am a novelist. And being
a novelist, I consider myself superior to the
saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet,
who are all great masters of different bits of man
alive, but never get the whole hog.

Ph., p.535

... mankind is always struggling in the toils
of old relationships, ... perfected relation
between man and his circumambient universe is
life itself, for mankind.

Ph., p.527

45. Other people's experience is not ours. We
 [Russians] are not bound by their [Europeans]
 conclusions. p.234

The tempo must not drag for an instant, or
 he is lost. The tempo is everything, and
 it exacts facility and quickness of movement.

During a few short beats the artist must
 produce many notes, produce them so as to
 leave the impression that he was not hurried,
 that he had all the time in the world at his
 disposal. Moreover, each note must be
 complete, accomplished, have its fulness and
 its value. Native talent alone will not
 suffice for this. Experience is necessary,
 tradition, training, and inherited instinct.
 A European uses all his powers of intellect
 and talent, all his knowledge and his art
 for the purpose of concealing his real
 self. ... Not only the fine arts, but
 science and philosophy in Europe tell lies
 instinctively. ... First and last a European
 student presents you with a finished theory.
 Well, and what does all the "finish" and the
 completion signify? p.239

45. ... American art-speech contains a quality that we have not calculated. It has a suggestive force which is not relative to us, not inherent in the English race. This alien quality belongs to the American continent itself.

SM., p.16

The quivering nimble hour of the present, this is the quick of Time. ... Because Whitman put this into his poetry, we fear him and respect him so profoundly.

CP., pp.183-4

... I read my poetry more by length than by stress - as a matter of movements in space than footsteps hitting the earth. ... I think more of a bird with broad wings flying and lapsing through the air, ... 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.

CL., pp.242-3

I have always tried to get an emotion out in its own course, without altering it. It needs the finest instinct imaginable, much finer than the skill of the craftsmen.

CL., p.221

... the deliberate ideas of the man veil, conceal, obscure that which the artist has to reveal. This quality of duplicity ... runs through ... much of the art of the modern world ...

SM., p.18

These
are
pre-
July 1914

45. continued

They are nearer the end, we are nearer the beginning. And which is nearer the truth? ... Probably neither the old age of Europe nor the youth of Russia can give us the truth we seek.

p.240

There can be no question of truth once we tear ourselves away from the actual conditions of life.

p.241

45. continued

Real Russia is born. She will laugh at us before long. Meanwhile she goes through the last stages of reaction against us, kicking away from the old womb of Europe.

Ph., p.216

... a most artificial business of living according to prescription, keeping every impulse strangled, and ending where it begins, in materialism pure and simple. ... an artist ... in being an artist, ... lives and sees and knows direct from the life mystery itself.

SM., p.59