



PHOENIX

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS (1936)

D. H. LAWRENCE

EDITED BY AN INTRODUCTION BY

EDWARD McDONALD



A Viking Compass Book

\$4.50

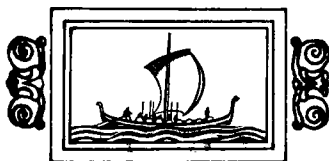
PHOENIX

The Posthumous Papers of D. H. LAWRENCE

1 9 3 6

Edited and with an Introduction by

EDWARD D. McDONALD



New York / The Viking Press

Copyright 1936 by Frieda Lawrence. Copyright © renewed 1964 by the
Estate of the late Frieda Lawrence Ravagli

All rights reserved

First published in 1936 and reissued in 1968

Viking Compass Edition

issued in 1972 by The Viking Press, Inc.
625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Distributed in Canada by
The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited

SBN 670-55211-9 (hardbound)

670-00359-x (paperbound)

Library of Congress catalog card number: 36-25253

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

INTRODUCTION

At various times during his life D. H. Lawrence collected certain of his periodical non-fictional writings and shaped them into books. In this fashion he gave us first *Twilight in Italy*. Following at intervals came *Studies in Classical American Literature*, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, *Mornings in Mexico*, and finally *Assorted Articles*. Two of these are travel books; the others, to put the matter somewhat baldly, are ventures into criticism, metaphysics, and controversy. In spite of these five volumes—with which *Etruscan Places* might also properly be listed—a formidable number of sketches, essays, critical and other studies still remained uncollected, or even quite unpublished, at the time of Lawrence's death. Hence this posthumous collection.

Unique in design and scope, this volume may fairly be said to represent more broadly and more variously than any other book the non-fictional writings of D. H. Lawrence. In the present collection there is something of all the books mentioned above—and there is more besides. Here for the first time in a single volume are to be found sketches and essays written early in 1912 as well as some written in 1929, even in 1930. And practically all of the years that lie between make in turn their various contributions to *Phænix*. Only one other book, namely the *Letters*, presents in its special way so comprehensive a picture of Lawrence's literary career from its beginning to its close.

At one time it was expected that Mr. Edward Garnett, distinguished critic, friend and adviser of Lawrence's youth, would collaborate in the editing of *Phænix*, and he initiated much of the work of assembling and arranging the papers. He modestly withdrew, however, when it became apparent that the major part of the task would fall upon the present editor, who had readier access to the widely scattered material.

Phænix was compiled from two sources: (a) from typescripts, in cases of unprinted matter; (b) from existing printed texts. Unfortunately original manuscripts were not available to the editor. Approximately one-third of the present volume has never before been

printed. The larger portion, as has already been implied, was published in Lawrence's lifetime in various ways: chiefly in magazines, but also in newspapers, in anthologies, and as prefaces to books. To the previously unpublished matter belong the major part of a lengthy study of Thomas Hardy and all of an extensive treatise on popular education. Other entirely new material includes about twenty-five pieces which differ markedly as to length, subject, and importance. None of these is without great interest of one sort or another; some unquestionably deserve to be ranked among Lawrence's imperishable achievements.

The purpose of this introduction is to supply as unobtrusively as possible information and comment which seemed likely to contribute to a fuller understanding of some of the numerous selections which make up this volume. Since even a hint of pedantry would be out of place in a work by Lawrence, the body of this book has been kept largely free from editorial apparatus. The text is not broken up by extraneous matter. In the appendix are given all the available facts concerning the initial publication of the selections in this volume. If records of publication do not exist (or are unknown) this is also noted. In both instances these notations follow the order of the table of contents.

The arrangement of the contents under each of the seven headings is mainly chronological according to the dates of previous publication; and, in instances of unpublished matter, according to internal or other pertinent evidence as to the probable time of composition. But an effort was made to avoid scholarly fussiness in this business. Where Lawrence is concerned, too much significance can easily be placed upon dates of publication. This is true of his books; it is also true of his periodical and fugitive writings. Lawrence's troubles with publishers and the censorious are involved here. But this is not the whole story. Among Lawrence's rare natural gifts none was more evident than his faculty for carrying impressions and experiences, as it were, in solution in his mind. Here for a time they might remain fluid, awaiting the uses he was eventually to find for them. Again Lawrence would occasionally feel a special tenderness towards certain of his writings. These he would consciously withhold, usually to relinquish them, however unwillingly, in the end. Lawrence's habit of revising or, more accurately, of rewriting must also be remembered. For all these reasons dates of publication are in his case often very uncertain indications of the time of composition.

The most important problems connected with compiling and edit-

ing *Phœnix* were textual problems. The typescripts from which a considerable portion of this volume was made were on the whole just about what one acquainted with Lawrence's methods of work would expect them to be. As his letters show, Lawrence was for ever sending manuscripts here and there to be typed. He himself rarely composed on the typewriter. More rarely did he type final drafts, preferring to leave this task to others. Thus it must have been with the scripts here in question. Some were good, a few bad, the rest merely so-so. Evidence of revision by Lawrence was found on one typescript only, and in that instance the revisions were trivial. Needless to say every effort was made to provide for this posthumous volume an accurate and authentic text, one of which Lawrence himself would have approved and, so far as possible, did approve. In other words, whenever textual differences were found to exist between some of the typescripts and corresponding printed versions, proofs of which Lawrence might have seen, texts of the latter were preferred for reproduction here. Beyond this, editing as such was almost wholly restricted to technical details in order that a reasonable typographical consistency might be achieved. In some instances misspellings, more especially of proper names, were found and corrected. Certain other editorial problems are referred to below in discussing some of the separate selections. And now, these preliminaries disposed of, we come directly to the contents of the seven sections of *Phœnix*.

I. Nature and Poetical Pieces. "Whistling of Birds" was published April 11, 1919, in the *Athenæum*, of which Lawrence's friend, Mr. J. Middleton Murry, had recently become editor. The essay appeared under a pseudonym, *Grantorto*—a most unusual thing for Lawrence. Mr. Murry has shown that Lawrence consented to, even proposed, this arrangement. Still questions concerning it will probably always remain. Did Lawrence really believe that his proposal would be taken literally, and that an essay like "Whistling of Birds" would not be openly accredited to him? After all has been said, something unpleasant sticks to this episode. At the very least a certain sadness surrounds it. Just why *Grantorto*? What great wrong or insult? Did Lawrence's choice of pen-name reveal his resentment against a pseudonymity which he himself had suggested? All this as may be, Lawrence's situation in the spring of 1919 was very precarious. He was sick in body, low in spirit, alarmingly poor. England, he was convinced, would never find any use for him or his writing. Mr. Murry's assumption of the editorship of an important journal aroused hope in Lawrence's friends. Things would now be better. Lawrence himself was doubt-

ful. His doubts were justified. No advantage accrued to him through Murry's connexion with the *Athenæum*. This is not the place to rehearse Catherine Carswell's charges against Murry for failing, as she says, to stand by Lawrence in a dark hour; nor to outline Murry's defence of his conduct at that time. The curious may consult Mrs. Carswell's *The Savage Pilgrimage* (1932) and Mr. Murry's *Reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence* (1933). Raking over the embers of old animosities is at best an unhappy prospect. Much pleasanter is it to call attention to the startling beauty of "Whistling of Birds." Here is a magnificent nature essay; here, too, in the form of a parable, is a glorious pæan acclaiming the passing of war and the coming of peace. In this essay Lawrence reveals his deepest, his most abiding love—the love of life. Little wonder that Mr. Murry should have found this essay "suitable" for the *Athenæum*. But why, after all explanations, pseudonymity? Why *Grantorto*?

"Adolf" and "Rex." A wild rabbit and a fox terrier. Two chapters out of Lawrence's childhood, with unforgettable portraits of his parents, portraits which restore a balance. For in these sketches Lawrence's father becomes a very appealing character; his mother something less than that. Of "Adolf" Lawrence frequently spoke with affection. At certain times he contemplated putting either one or both of these sketches in some collection of his writings, but never did. At long last it is done.

Now published for the first time, "Pan in America" was evidently written in New Mexico in 1924. In an undated letter to Mabel Dodge Luhan Lawrence writes from Lobo as follows: "My article—Pan in America—will, I think, have to have two parts. I'll see if I can finish first part this evening, and send it to Spoodle to type, if he comes." Spoodle was Lawrence's nick-name for Willard Johnson, in whose little magazine, the *Laughing Horse*, Lawrence first published some of the selections reprinted in this book.

Lawrence, who could kill no living thing, and least of all a bird, found it impossible to understand the appeal of hunting, especially as practised in Italy. In "Man Is a Hunter" he satirizes mildly, merely half-contemptuously, the idiotic doings of the Nimrods of Italy. At least two references from his letters are in point here. Writing to Mrs. Luhan from Ravello, March 18, 1926, he remarks: "We actually had two days of snow here, and the cacciatore are banging away at the tiny birds, it's like a festa with all the crackers going off. The robins and finches fly about in perfect bewilderment—and occasionally in bits. La caccia!" And in a letter, autumn, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs.

Aldous Huxley from the Villa Mirenda, near Florence, Lawrence writes: "Almost every day the morning starts a bit foggy, and Florence is always deeply buried. Then the sun comes out so *hot*.—Under the mist, the Cacciatori are banging away—it's a wonder they don't blow one another to bits—but I suppose sparrow-shot is small dust. And it's Sunday, *sacra festa*." Out of such experiences as these "Man Is a Hunter" was doubtless written, and probably at about the time of these letters, although there is no telling for certain.

No reference to "Mercury" is made in the *Letters*. Which is somehow strange, considering the importance of this essay. In that very splendid book on Lawrence by E. and A. Brewster the latter, in her reminiscences, describes going with her husband and Lawrence to Mercury Hill in October 1928. She writes: "Before leaving Baden-Baden we wanted to see the highest place in that region—Mercury Hill, because of the beautiful allegory Lawrence had written about it. One morning he led us through the dense shade of the Black Forest, dappled with the early light, to the entrance of the funicular, and seating himself on a nearby bench said he might wait if it did not turn too cold. . . . As we rattled and clattered back to the lower earth, Lawrence sat on the bench near the funicular entrance just as we had left him, still as a lizard in the sun out of the shadows of the deep woods. We walked silently home."

"The Nightingale" and the three essays which appear under the general title "Flowery Tuscany" reveal that exquisite sensitiveness which set Lawrence apart and gave him what Mr. Aldous Huxley has called "his superior otherness," a sensitiveness in which every nuance of feeling was in the highest degree true and individual. In *The Savage Pilgrimage* Catherine Carswell gives some pertinent information about "Flowery Tuscany." She writes: "Lawrence knew all about wild flowers and could name most of them. His friend Millicent Beveridge, whom he met later when in Sicily, has told me how she went walking with him once in the hills near Florence at the height of the Tuscan spring, and how as they went he named and discoursed upon at least thirty varieties. It was out of that walk that he wrote the three fragrant, categorical and joyous essays on 'Flowers in Tuscany' which appeared in the *Criterion*."

It has sometimes been asserted that Lawrence's opinion of Michelangelo's "David" is in dispute, or at any rate in doubt. If this be so, then the publication for the first time of Lawrence's essay on that famous statue ought to have special significance. It should perhaps be read with "Fireworks in Florence" in mind. In this essay, which

will be found in the second section of the present volume, Lawrence refers to "David" as "the incarnation of the modern self-conscious young man, and very objectionable." That this represents his final judgment of the statue is at least questionable. No reference to "David" occurs in the *Letters*. Nor is anything said there about a related essay entitled "The Elephants of Dionysus," also heretofore unpublished.

In 1930 the Cresset Press, London, published Lawrence's *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, with wood-engravings by Mr. Blair Hughes-Stanton. This edition of the poems was both limited and expensive. For each of the nine sections Lawrence wrote a mystical prefatory note. Because these notes have been virtually inaccessible to many readers, they were included in *Phœnix*.

II. *Peoples, Countries, Races*. Contemplating the essays in this section of *Phœnix*, one thinks inevitably of Mr. Aldous Huxley's sympathetic analysis of that strange and fateful compulsion in D. H. Lawrence, the compulsion to change and movement. In his introduction to the *Letters* Mr. Huxley writes: "It was, I think, the sense of being cut off that sent Lawrence on restless wanderings round the earth. His travels were at once a flight and a search: a search for some society with which he could establish contact, for a world where the times were not personal and conscious knowing had not yet perverted living; a search and at the same time a flight from the miseries and evils of a society into which he was born, and for which, in spite of his artist's detachment, he could not help feeling profoundly responsible." If, as Mr. Huxley concludes, Lawrence's "search was as fruitless as his flight was ineffective," we are still quite unjustified in believing that Lawrence from the outset could or should have known what he knew so pathetically in the end: the inevitability of disillusionment and failure.

What Lawrence sought was for him a profound personal need, not the satisfaction of a perverse and childish whim. This much is certain, countless intimations in the canons of Lawrence criticism to the contrary notwithstanding. To argue that Lawrence merely vaguely felt rather than understood the urgency of his need is to miss the point entirely. Those who would have had Lawrence's life cut to a pattern of their own designing have speculated again and again upon what his life might have been had he stuck to England—or perhaps to Europe. Their conjectures—and they are only that—are compounded largely of wishful thinking and disregard for realities. Without any of Lawrence's justification, all such commentators, big and

little alike, have sought what doesn't exist and fled from what does. Had Lawrence made his fight solely in England, there probably would have been gains, but there certainly would have been losses. The latter we know and can appraise in wonder. The former, which are for ever unknowable, we can only surmise with regret.

The essays which appear under the general heading *Peoples, Countries, Races* are with a single exception directly related to Lawrence's travels. Three are joyful, rather youthful and topical sketches of experiences connected with Lawrence's first trip to the Continent. The remainder, except for "Nottingham and the Mining Countryside," record much later impressions of certain aspects of America, Mexico, Germany, France, and Italy. For the earliest essays the time is 1912; for the latest 1928 or 1929. "See Mexico After" and "Germans and Latins" are now published for the first time. The typescript of the latter bore, apparently by mistake, the title "Flowery Tuscany" and was attached, as the fourth essay, to the three nature pieces discussed above. The title "Germans and Latins" is, therefore, not Lawrence's but was chosen as being reasonably descriptive. "A Letter from Germany," republished here from the *New Statesman and Nation* for October 13, 1934, is of great interest. An editorial note which accompanied it reads as follows: "This letter written by D. H. Lawrence in 1928, shows a remarkable sensitiveness to the trend of events in Germany at a time when Hitlerism, as we know it, hardly existed." If this letter, as is certain, belongs to March 1924 rather than to 1928, then it becomes all the more remarkable that Lawrence should so early have sensed Germany's swing "away from the polarity of civilized Christian Europe" and have felt "the ancient spirit of prehistoric Germany coming back, at the end of history." Two other papers of the first importance represent very late work. "Nottingham and the Mining Countryside," especially valuable for its autobiographical matter, is a blistering indictment of the crass and blind materialism of English industrialism. "The real tragedy of England, as I see it, is the tragedy of ugliness. The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile." If the political and economic implications of this essay are not new, they are at any rate only too true. The mere bulk of Lawrence's writings about his life in Old and New Mexico is astonishingly large—and the quality in the main very high. Among these writings few deserve to rank above "New Mexico," the last essay in the section now under discussion. If one would know why Lawrence went to New Mexico, what he saw there, and what ultimate meaning he attached to his life there, one can scarcely do better than

ponder this essay. For one thing, a good deal that others have said on these points then becomes largely superfluous.

The title "Christs in the Tirol" will be familiar to many readers of this book, though few of them will have read exactly what is here reprinted under that title. Now for the first time the original form of this sketch is reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette* for March 22, 1913. Considerably expanded with descriptive matter and otherwise altered, this essay was, in 1916, included in *Twilight in Italy* as "The Crucifix across the Mountains." Reduced to its original length, but with many textual changes, it reappeared under its first title in the *Atlantic Monthly* as recently as August 1933. Whence it was garnered into the American edition of *Love among the Haystacks*. In its different forms this beautiful essay is probably the most ubiquitous of Lawrence's writings.

III. Love, Sex, Men and Women. With the exception of "Love," first published in the *English Review* early in 1918, the essays in this section belong to the last few years of Lawrence's life. "All There," "Making Love to Music," and "Women Are So Cocksure" have apparently not heretofore been published. For both matter and manner they belong in that category of quasi-journalistic writings which came from Lawrence's pen with surprising frequency between 1927 and 1929. In her *Reminiscences* Mrs. Brewster refers to a sojourn of four months near the Lawrences at Gsteig, Switzerland, in 1928. Of this period she writes in part: "Lawrence was writing articles during those days for the newspapers, which have since been collected under the title *Assorted Articles*. Almost every day there would be a new one to read to us."

Existing evaluations of Lawrence as a writer are at best partial. One thinks of his great skill in controversy. Who has done justice to that? "Pornography and Obscenity" is an amazing diagnosis of "the grey disease of sex-hatred, coupled with the yellow disease of dirt-lust" with which, according to Lawrence, guardians of public morals are often afflicted. Soundly reasoned and vigorously written, this treatise makes the usual run of pronouncements on censorship seem dull and insipid—including those of Lord Brentford, one-time Home Secretary, at whom Lawrence's arguments were in part directed. In "The Real Thing" and "We Need One Another" are discussed what Lawrence, in the very maturity of his thinking, considered to be the fundamental needs of modern men and women. The final essay in this section is an amusing and characteristic example of how Lawrence frequently used his friends for "copy." Writing to Mrs. Aldous

Huxley from Gsteig in the summer of 1928, he describes a visit of some old friends, whose names are deleted from the published letter, as follows: "The —'s came to tea and — as near being in a real temper as ever I've seen her. She said: 'I don't know how it (the place) makes you feel, but I've lost *all my cosmic consciousness* and *all my universal love*. I don't care one bit about humanity.'" These phrases, italics and all, were the spring-board from which Lawrence plunged into a heady disquisition on how cosmic consciousness, universal love, and humanity affect, for better or worse, the individual. Hence "Nobody Loves Me."

IV. Literature and Art. The essays which appear under this heading present Lawrence in the role of critic of art and letters. Numerous, diverse, and heretofore uncollected, indeed largely inaccessible, these writings make a comprehensive view of Lawrence's critical work for the first time conveniently possible. A very appropriate introduction to these prefaces, reviews, and critical studies is to be found in the opening paragraphs of Lawrence's long paper on the novels of John Galsworthy, which appears as the last title but one in the section now under consideration. There Lawrence defines the function and limits of literary criticism. Denying the possibility of scientific criticism, and in other respects unduly restrictive, this definition nevertheless describes clearly and briefly Lawrence's own approach to literature—and perhaps, by inference, to art. His general thesis will be apparent from the following excerpt:

"Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced upon the critic by the book 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 classification and analysing of books in an imitation-botanical fashion, is mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon."

In compiling the materials in this section every effort was made to represent adequately Lawrence's numerous and various ventures into literary and art criticism. Brought together here, along with essays on the novel and studies of Hardy and Galsworthy, are most of Lawrence's prefaces to books and all of his reviews. The prefaces fall principally into two classes: (a) introductions to books or translations by friends or acquaintances of Lawrence, such as S. S. Koteliansky, W. Siebenhaar, Harry Crosby, Frederick Carter, and others; (b) fore-

words to certain translations from the Italian by Lawrence himself and to a few more or less inaccessible books of his own, for example, the introductions to the American edition of *New Poems* and to the privately printed edition of *Pansies*. Two prefatory essays included in this section have never before been published. Both were apparently rejected in favour of shorter introductory notes. Hence their presence among Lawrence's unpublished papers. One of these, the typescript of which bore no title, had evidently been designed to serve as a preface to Lawrence's translation of Giovanni Verga's *Mastro-don Gesualdo*. Not quite so long as the later introduction to his translation to *Cavalleria Rusticana*, it is nevertheless Lawrence's most important general commentary on the work of Verga. The other, entitled "Foreword to Collected Poems," is of a much more personal nature than the preface published in *Collected Poems*. Lawrence's introduction to Harry Crosby's scarce *Chariot of the Sun* is also reprinted. This critical essay was first published in *Exchanges* under the title "Chaos in Poetry," and certain textual differences exist between the two versions, especially in the concluding paragraphs. Practically unknown except to bibliophiles, Lawrence's foreword to Edward D. McDonald's *Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence* is made available in the present collection, as is also the preface to the limited and expensive edition of S. S. Koteliensky's translation of Dostoievsky's *The Grand Inquisitor*. The most puzzling of all the prefatory essays is one entitled simply "Introduction." But introduction to what? To a book which apparently never got beyond the manuscript stage. Fortunately "Introduction" is in part self-explanatory, but only in part. For a long time Lawrence was deeply interested in Mr. Frederick Carter's astrological designs and speculations. This interest, according to one account, began with the publication of Mr. Carter's *The Dragon of the Alchemists*. Some time thereafter Lawrence and Carter evidently agreed to collaborate in a study of the Apocalypse. Considerable progress to that end must have been made. At any rate, the Mandrake Press, shortly before it suspended, announced its intention to publish *The Revelation of St. John the Divine*, with notes and designs by Frederick Carter, and an introduction by D. H. Lawrence. The book never appeared. Four months after Lawrence's death "Introduction" was published, without any pertinent editorial comment, in the *London Mercury*. In the spring of 1931 Lawrence's *Apocalypse* appeared in Florence. In this book no reference was made to Frederick Carter or his work. One thing seems clear: "Introduction" resulted chiefly from Lawrence's

interest in Mr. Carter's manuscript version of *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*, which Lawrence calls "the first *Dragon*," and which he apparently preferred to a later version. "The *Dragon* as it exists now is no longer the *Dragon* which I read in Mexico. It has been made more—more argumentative, shall we say. Give me the old manuscript and let me write an introduction to that! I urge. But: No, says Carter. It isn't sound." When finally in 1932 Mr. Carter's *The Dragon of Revelation* was announced by Desmond Harmsworth, this publisher spoke of it as "the major document in an interesting and important collaboration," and inferentially of Lawrence's *Apocalypse* as the "first draft" of an introduction which, had Lawrence lived to see the project through, would have been his contribution to that collaboration.

The reviews reprinted in this section span almost twenty years of time—from early 1913 to within a few days of Lawrence's death. After a quarter of a century the reviews of 1913 are still alive and spirited, like those of later years. The authentic Lawrence stamp is upon all of them. 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 favorite word, of the mystery of consciousness. These things in some measure Lawrence insisted upon in all of his critical writings. Witness his first review, that of *Georgian Poetry: 1911-1912*. Rejoicing in English poetry's release from doubt and fear, he wrote: "God is there, faith, belief, love, everything. We are drunk with the joy of it, having got away from fear. In almost every poem in this book comes the note of exultation after fear, the exultation in the vast freedom, the illimitable wealth that we have suddenly got." At the same time, writing about Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*, Lawrence flatly announced: "Already I find Thomas Mann . . . somewhat banal. His expression may be very fine. But by now what he expresses is stale." All this in 1913! Thomas Mann failed to meet Lawrence's highly subjective criteria. Hence his amusingly premature dismissal of the great German writer. In a burst of youthful self-assurance he closed the issue: "But Thomas Mann is old—and we are young."

As a reviewer Lawrence was occasionally very diverting and amusing. Witness his analysis of Stuart P. Sherman's *Americans*. At times he would claw a book savagely. His report on Mr. Carl Van Vechten's *Nigger Heaven* is a case in point. But after making necessary allowances for the completely personal character of Lawrence's critical

standards, one usually finds that his reviews are serious efforts to arrive at the deeper implications of books. To this end he could be extremely patient with serious defects in a writer. This is convincingly shown by a review which he wrote during his last illness. The book was Mr. Eric Gill's *Art Nonsense and Other Essays*. The involved style and other faults of this book set Lawrence's nerves on edge. But once convinced that its author had looked into his soul and had spoken, however awkwardly, out of "his living experience" illuminating truths about men's relation to their work, then Lawrence, quickly dropping all fault-finding, proclaimed Mr. Gill "almost always good, simple and profound, truly a prophet." That Lawrence must have heard in *Art Nonsense* echoes of his own pronouncements on work is beside the point.

On July 15, 1914, Lawrence wrote to Mr. Edward Marsh in part as follows: "I am going to write a little book on Hardy's people. I think it will interest me." On September 5, 1914, he wrote to Mr. J. B. Pinker: "What a miserable world. What colossal idiocy, this war. Out of sheer rage I've begun my book about Thomas Hardy. It will be about anything but Thomas Hardy, I am afraid—queer stuff—but not bad." On October 13, 1914, to Mr. Edward Garnett: "I am writing my book more or less—very much less—about Thomas Hardy, I have done a third of it." And writing to Amy Lowell, November 18, 1914, Lawrence, among other things, had this to say: "I am finishing a book, supposed to be on Thomas Hardy, but in reality a sort of Confession of my Heart. I wonder if ever it will come out—& what you'd say to it."

The book referred to in these four letters, which is now published entire for the first time, bears the title, *Study of Thomas Hardy*. It is Lawrence's most pretentious critical work. Of the ten chapters which constitute this study only one has ever before been published. Chapter III, "Six Novels and the Real Tragedy," was published in the *Book Collector's Quarterly* for January–March 1932. This same chapter was reprinted in two issues of *John O'London's Weekly*, March 12 and 19, 1932. In both instances editorial notes accompanied publication. Because of its somewhat greater accuracy the note from the *Book Collector's Quarterly* is here reproduced. It is as follows: "This chapter, complete in itself, which gives a criticism of one distinguished novelist by another, forms part of a larger unfinished study, which was written shortly before the War, during the *Sons and Lovers* period. Lawrence gave it for safe keeping to Mr. J. Middleton Murry, in whose hands it lay, forgotten by both of them until

today—this being the first time that any portion of it has been published. For its importance, as well as its intrinsic interest, we have therefore obtained the privilege of first printing it." In *The Savage Pilgrimage* Catherine Carswell asserts that the *Study of Thomas Hardy* was "everywhere rejected at the time," meaning presumably 1914–1915. Unfortunately she cites no proof for this statement. If the manuscript of this study was "everywhere rejected," then Lawrence must have offered it for publication. Hence he must have considered it whole and complete, not "unfinished." Whole and complete it certainly appears to be. Now that the *Study of Thomas Hardy* is at last generally available one may safely predict that it will arouse intense interest among the more serious readers of Lawrence. For, as the letters quoted above make clear, Hardy is merely the ostensible subject of this treatise; the real subject is Lawrence himself.

On February 28, 1927, Lawrence wrote to Miss Nancy Pearn in part as follows: "I am sending a 'Scrutiny' on John Galsworthy, for a book of 'scrutinies' by the younger writers on the elder. . . . I'm afraid it is not very nice to Galsworthy—but really, reading one novel after another just nauseated me up to the nose. Probably you like him, though— But I can't help it—either I must say what I say, or I put the whole thing in the fire."

The book here referred to was published in March 1928. Lawrence's contribution to it is reprinted in the collection of critical papers now being discussed. Compared with the *Study of Thomas Hardy* Lawrence's essay on Galsworthy is in manner distinctly pedestrian, and in tone unremittingly hostile. That Lawrence's criticism of the Forsyte novels is to some extent vitiated by personal animus towards Galsworthy can hardly be denied. The lives of these two writers seldom touched directly, but whenever they did friction points seem always to have been set up against a helpful relationship. Whose the blame? One likes to think that artists, different from the common run of men, are beyond prejudice. But, alas, the evidence does not support this pious thought. Neither Galsworthy nor Lawrence can be held wholly responsible for the instinctive and half-unconscious antagonism which existed between them. Galsworthy had praised parts of *Sons and Lovers* highly and had strongly condemned other parts. *The Rainbow*, Galsworthy told Lawrence "calmly and ex cathedra, was a failure as a work of art." Then there is the much rehashed story of certain established writers (Galsworthy among them) refusing, in 1918, to join with Arnold Bennett in giving to Lawrence material or

moral support, or both. And before this Galsworthy had seen the manuscript of *Women in Love*. What he thought of this novel is not of record. But possibly Lawrence knew.

In the recently published *The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy*, by H. V. Marrott, appears a notation by Galsworthy on a meeting with Lawrence, November 13, 1917. "Lunched with Pinker to meet D. H. Lawrence, that provincial genius. Interesting, but a type I could not get on with. Obsessed with self. Dead eyes, and a red beard, long narrow face. A strange bird." Desiring to find in this note something more than a series of deprecations, and putting the best possible construction upon it, one nevertheless sadly concludes that Galsworthy lacked the will to face the difficulties which, he must have felt, would attend any effort to get at the mystery of the "strange bird" who had come to lunch with him. Neither his naturally rich sympathies nor his artist's curiosity responded to the challenge in those "dead eyes" across the table.

Would the situation have been otherwise with *The Rainbow*, with *Women in Love*, between Lawrence and such writers as Bennett and Galsworthy had the War somehow not made normal human relations difficult, if not impossible? Who can say? In any event, behind Lawrence's destructive analysis of Galsworthy's novels may lie some of the personal history sketched in above.

In addition to the studies of Hardy and Galsworthy three general essays on the novel are included in the present collection of critical writings. "Surgery for the Novel—or a Bomb" and "Morality and the Novel" are reprinted from ephemeral literary journals, one American, the other English. These essays will be familiar only to avid readers of Lawrence. "Why the Novel Matters" has here its initial publication. In this illuminating paper Lawrence pays tribute to the novelist and to the novel as a literary form. "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." The novel alone, Lawrence insists, is capable of presenting the whole of life. Compared with it, religion, science, philosophy, and poetry deal merely with parts abstracted from that whole. This theme, amplified and illustrated anew, appears again in "Morality and the Novel." That these two essays are also closely related in time of composition seems certain. With them, almost as surely, belongs "Art and Morality," wherein Lawrence, among other things, gustfully analyses the commonsense (or Kodak) approach to "the unsteady apples of Cézanne" and to the general problem of distortion in art.