

in the service of a classicist transcendence? And don't Anna's questions imply that she is far less of a Hulme than Pinkney believes?

These are interesting questions, and the positive quality of this book is that the reader is often challenged in this way. The third chapter produces, among other things, an account of *The Plumed Serpent* that takes us mercifully far away from the familiar, easy repudiation of its politics - by which of course I don't mean that its politics are endorsed. Instead, we have an account which sees the novel as 'a formidably self-conscious work, preoccupied almost to the point of obsession with questions about the nature of reading, writing and meaning' (148). Kate Leslie is thus shown to be a kind of surrogate for the reader, and Ramon's advocacy of ritualised, non-individualistic reading (conducted in each town by the official Reader of Hymns) as a significant part of its politics. Pinkney even goes so far as to argue that Kate's problem in 'reading' Cipriano after the killing of the three captives - is he 'of the gods' and therefore unblameable? - is analogous to that of the reader of the great Modernist texts which employ the 'mythic method' and leave the reader in an indeterminate position between myth and empiricism. Here a reader like this reviewer may refuse to suspend his disbelief any further. But arguing such a case through is a stimulating act, and it is a virtue of this book that it consistently provides such stimulation in responding to the work of a writer too often the victim of easily taken critical positions. Perhaps an even greater virtue is that it embodies recent critical positions in a energetic and highly readable prose.

Peter Faulkner

[Editor's note: The American edition of this book is published by University of Iowa Press.]

D.H. Lawrence, *Movements in European History*, edited by Philip Crumpton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989; pp. xlvii + 351; Cloth £40.00)

'It's the edition with all those notes and appendices', a second-hand bookseller confirmed when offering me a previous Cambridge volume, 'but they still find room for the story - and you get more of it too!' In the present volume, not only is the apparatus almost impeccable (although one note ends in mid-sentence) and illuminating (even if CUP's standard page explaining f.s.d. is hardly relevant to matters European!); the Introduction, tracing OUP's commission of a textbook for younger pupils, Lawrence's hard work through the postwar flu epidemic, the largely favourable reactions of critics, and the ill-fated Irish edition, forms a fascinating story in itself. As for Lawrence's own story, it is more fully his in that the text draws on his proof-corrections and where possible his manuscript; and we get more of it in the form of an Epilogue that Oxford rejected.

Story is certainly the word for it. Lawrence may linger over the feel of early Christianity, the Hercynian Forest or Renaissance plenitude, but the prevailing current is swift narrative, full of what the Memoir of Magnus was to call 'sharp detail and definite event'. It has an eye for detail which would appeal to youngsters' relish of blood and guts - Attila the Hun dead in a pool of blood from

an artery burst on his wedding-night, the medieval heretic Dolcino forced to watch his mistress slowly roasted before 'his flesh was torn bit by bit with red-hot pincers. But he never murmured' (148) - which explains the length of the *Crusades* chapter. At one point the succinct narration of a telling incident reminds us of the way that in Lawrence the novelist merges with the dramatist. The victorious Garibaldi meets Victor Emmanuel: "'I greet the first King of Italy' he cried, saluting him, and hinting that he not only greeted but *created* the first King." "How are you, dear Garibaldi?" "Well, your Majesty. And you?" "First class" (238). The whole episode has the vividness and humour of Shakespeare's Octavius and Antony inviting each other to sit down.

Quite apart from the sustained narrative verve, many pages reveal D.H. Lawrence behind his pseudonym in conferring on the work 'movements' a sense not just of currents of thought or migratory tides but of progression through the clash of contraries (North and South, asceticism and splendour, leadership and egalitarianism). Yet despite Catholic protests - even at a version that its Irish publisher boasted 'has been most carefully censored' (xxxvi) - and despite Humphrey Milford's fear that the Epilogue showed 'D.H.L. has gone mad' (xxx), it is remarkable how Lawrence reins in his opinions. Dante with Beatrice, and Franklin in Paris, get off scot-free, while the account of the early Christian martyrs adopts much of Gibbon's information but little of his ironic tone. And, if we turn again to the book's overall mode, this reflects Lawrence's own temperament ('I loathe the broken pots of historical facts. But once I can get hold of the thread of the developing significance, then I am happy, and get ahead' (xxiii)) but it also answers the terms of OUP's contract, for 'a series of vivid sketches of movements and people' (xxxviii); and it was furthermore (as Philip Crumpton documents) in harmony with a new postwar spirit in history teaching. How sad that, on the very day this book reached me, a headline in *The Independent* announced a movement backwards: 'Facts and Dates Will Form Core of Common Curriculum for Schools'.

Of course the new historical spirit of seventy years or so ago reached beyond school walls. Everyone 'in a historical mood' was spurred by 'the general stir of the War' to 'think internationally' and to be concerned 'with history as one whole and with the general forces which make history'. While the first phrase quoted is Lawrence's, the others are from H.G. Wells whose *Outline of History* came out a little before *Movements*. In emphasis and underlying sense of values they diverge; in fact I read Lawrence's Epilogue as an implicit reply to Wells. But they both spring from the mood of the same historical moment, and would reward comparison. Among other things we could decide whether Wells's more expansive manner is dictated purely by his more global scope. But in any case my closing suggestion is that newcomers to Lawrence's work who have been put off by rumours that he is obtrusive and longwinded would be much reassured by starting with *Movements*. And they would be well served by this handsome and efficient edition.

Howard Mills.