

buildings ... Whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to the Hags'. As familiar as the letter is, it still provokes a pang of poignancy in the reader which must be not unlike the feeling shared by Lawrence and David Chambers and Jessie whenever they thought back to those early years of innocence.

Above all, this volume is dedicated to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The period is dominated by the novel, its creation, production, publication and reception; the novel seeps through Lawrence's every pore and haunts his every waking thought. As a chronicle of the creative process, this volume is of immense value; as a testament of the agony which a pioneering writer must endure in bringing forth his most controversial work, it is incomparable. And if there is a hero to the collection, it is Pino Orioli, *Lady Chatterley's* Italian publisher, though really just a small bookseller in Florence. Without Orioli, the book would almost certainly not have seen the light of day, so determined was the opposition of the authorities in England, America and elsewhere. Lawrence's avalanche of letters to Orioli – and the many references to him in letters to others – are testimony to a warm and sympathetic working relationship, a mutual trust quite distinct from Lawrence's relations with friends and literary acquaintances. People like Lawrence need people like Orioli, and fate sometimes kindly thrusts them together; this volume is a fine tribute to the vital role played by a quiet hero in the Lawrence story.

Andrew Cooper

***D.H. Lawrence cent'anni dopo. Nuove prospettive della critica Lawrenceana*, ed. Carla Comellini and Vita Fortunati (Bologna: Patron Editore, 1991; pp. 181; paper L.21000).**

This collection of essays is the result of a symposium organised by the Department of Foreign Languages of the University of Bologna in 1987, to mark the centenary of Lawrence's birth. Its main aim is to approach its subject without any prejudice or stereotyped ideas and to concentrate on aspects of Lawrence's work which, in the opinion of the authors and editors, have been neglected or misunderstood. This approach represents the main unifying element of these essays, their methodology varying as much as their subject matter. This book is a significant contribution to the already substantial body of Italian criticism on Lawrence, and since there are no essays here about any of the Italian-based works, it confirms how wide-ranging is the interest of Italian scholars in Lawrence.

Silvia Albertazzi, in 'The Man who Loved Women (in his way): Notes of a "hell-bird reader"', reconsiders Lawrence's complex relationship with women, and the danger that it may sometimes turn towards male chauvinism or even misogyny, and notes

how Lawrence can be seen as a forerunner of Freud in his attempt to solve 'the enigma of womanliness'. Her discussion of *Mr Noon* is particularly illuminating, showing how Lawrence shares with Calvino the use of stylistic devices which imply complicity with the reader. 'Psycho-narration and interior monologue in "The Prussian Officer" and "The Fox"' by Serena Cenni, is about the hatred and sadism latent in the relationships of the captain and his attendant and March and Banford, each text representing an extremely important stage in Lawrence's career, as he tried to go beyond the old firm, balanced ego. Carla Comellini, in an essay on *Kangaroo*, argues that the novel has been misunderstood by those critics who say that it lacks unity. Its unifying point is Somers' psychological growth, while its experimental form is the outcome of Lawrence's attempt to represent the flow of the unconscious mind. Lawrence himself defined *Kangaroo* as a 'thought adventure' and a 'quest', through which he tried to solve his contradictory feelings about having been born into the working-class but having become bourgeois.

Simonetta de Filippis, in 'The Plays of D.H. Lawrence: Between Tradition and Experiment', highlights the importance of Lawrence's plays in relation to his development as an artist, and how they throw light on the themes of his other works. In this genre, free of the burden of the fictional tradition, Lawrence felt free to concentrate on linguistic and formal experiment. Mario Domenichelli in 'Lawrence, the Unconscious and Freud: the Limit and the Repetition' argues that the man who wants to teach women how to liberate themselves, is actually trying to free the feminine in himself. The result is a form of 'spoken' or 'written' sex which, for Domenichelli is 'written perversion'. Mark Kinkead-Weekes in 'The "Gringo" Senora who Rode Away', offers a highly original reading of the 'The Woman Who Rode Away', placing it in the context of the decolonisation of the European mind, and arguing that, apart from Kipling, Lawrence is the only English writer who has ever tried to understand the religious and cultural dimensions of civilisations other than his own.

Vita Fortunati, in '"The word unsaid": Homosexuality in the work of D.H. Lawrence', maintains that Lawrence, far from being the priest of love who believed that sex as a natural and vital force could solve any problem, is deeply ambivalent about the subject. She believes that the obliqueness of his writing about lesbianism and male homosexuality reveals a man fighting to keep his real ideas from surfacing. Donna R. Miller's 'The Rainbow: Three Women, the Unknown and the Holy Spirit' offers a deconstructionist reading of the novel. She draws attention to 'the narrative moment' and 'the narrative process' in Lawrence, which she sees as the 'law' which both the text and its creator depend upon. The 'law' that Lawrence himself applies to the text is based on the notion of polarity. The final essay in the collection is Rina Nicolai's 'The Collected Poems of D.H. Lawrence: the Meaning of Poetry in Lawrence's Career'. She traces Lawrence's struggle to acquire the right poetic style

to render 'a new world within the known world', and argues for *Look! We Have Come Through!* as a turning point when Lawrence began to liberate himself from the constraints of rhyming poetry, while *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* represents the full achievement of his new mode of expression.

Lawrence emerges from these essays as an eclectic, contradictory and fascinating artist. On the one hand, he struggles to escape from the blight of modern industrial society; while on the other he plays an active role in avant-garde literary practices. He is accused of being immoral, Victorian, fascist, chauvinist, misogynist and obscene. Thanks to the ambiguity of his work and his ability to transgress established literary and moral boundaries he retains the interest, as this challenging collection of essays proves, of readers in many countries.

Nick Ceramella

***D.H. Lawrence's Manuscripts: the Correspondence of Frieda Lawrence, Jake Zeitlin and others*, ed. Michael Squires (London: Macmillan, 1991; pp.xii + 319; cloth £50.00).**

This handsome and carefully edited volume prints for the first time over 300 letters and documents describing the disposal of Lawrence's manuscripts between 1934 and 1966; it tells the story of how they made their way into the world (and into the world's great academic libraries). The volume creates a fascinating chronological sequence out of materials brought together from widely scattered places; it is a monument to editorial effectiveness.

Its editor claims, however, that the book records 'the transmission of a major writer's manuscripts amid the play of market forces' (26). I would rather say that it records how people made as much money as they could out of the manuscripts over three decades. I had never realised how much money the sale of a manuscript can generate for people who do not own it. In the case of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for example, the University of Texas paid \$50,000 for the three manuscripts and for Lawrence's own blue-paper copy of the novel. The person selling all four items realised only \$30,000. We can certainly consider 'the play of market forces' revealed by such a deal, and can also ponder yet another subject claimed by the book – 'the art of negotiation' (1). But if Amalia de Schulthess (who then owned the manuscripts) had dealt directly with Texas, she could have gained herself an extra \$10,000 and saved them the same. She, however, was extricating herself from the complicated winding-up of her husband's estate, and Texas could not put up all the money at once. Enter the bookseller and entrepreneur Jake Zeitlin, in many ways the hero of this book, and Lew D. Feldman, a New York bookseller. They put up the money, bought the

manuscripts and re-sold them, making a profit of 40%. C'est la vie: c'est les Market Forces. But I for one cannot detach the excitement of the deal from the irony of its outcome; cannot forget the poverty and skill of the man who actually wrote those manuscripts and who remarked – just before starting the last – 'I'm as poor as a mouse. It's chronic with me: and shameful, really, that I make so little.' And then one reads these pages of wheeler-dealing, of the 'play of market forces' and the making of tens of thousands of dollars in the 'art of negotiation'.

I must stress that I exclude Frieda herself from the bitterness of these reflections. Royalties from the published books, and the sale value of the manuscripts which Lawrence began collecting before he died – 'they may come in so handy some rainy day', he remarked – were his legacy to her. She was by turns generous, cautious, shrewd and careless with them. She was splendidly honest when she admitted in 1938 that 'I wish I were rich, then I would have a huge fire of all his MSS, that's what he would have liked, you know he hated the personal touch. But I daresay he wanted me to have the money' (167). Indeed he did.

As well as depending on the sale of the manuscripts, however, she was also startlingly generous with them. They were the nicest presents she could make: and she regularly gave them away. Just within this volume we see her giving 'Laura Phillipine' to someone unknown (109), *St. Mawr* to Aldous Huxley and 'None of That' to Witter Bynner (125), the Eric Gill review to someone else unknown – perhaps Gill himself – (128, 234); a poem to Charlie Chaplin (146, 149), 'Wintry Peacock' and 'Goose Fair' to her lawyer C.H. Medley (159-60), the 'Foreword' to *Collected Poems* to L.C. Powell (183), the manuscripts of *Apocalypse* to Knud Merrild (198) and two manuscripts to Dudley Nicholls (200).

Her behaviour could enrage the hard-headed men advising her; Zeitlin remarked that 'You are as always, too generous' (183), and her third husband Angelo Ravagli also tried to restrain her. But she was as skilled at putting people off as she was generous; and there are some amusing stories running just beneath the surface of this edition. Zeitlin, for example, tells her in November 1937 how much he would like a manuscript for himself – he who had worked so hard for her at selling them to others: 'If you ever feel like making a present of another one of them I wish you would keep me in mind' (131). Frieda puts him off, four days later, with 'We will see about an MSS for you. How things go' (134). She is clearly concerned that her precious stock is diminishing. A little while later, however, when Zeitlin confirms that he has despatched the two manuscripts Frieda is giving her lawyer, he adds plaintively: 'I am still hoping that you will find something around that you would care to let me have' (159). But Frieda does not refer to the matter in her next surviving letter to him.