

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.

And then L.C. Powell – who had compiled the 1937 sale catalogue for Zeitlin – writes to Frieda that he has heard (via Zeitlin!) that she would like *him* to have a manuscript as a reward for his work in preparing the catalogue. Frieda, of course, consults Zeitlin about it: ‘Powell wants the *Foreword* to Coll. Poems. He deserves it, don’t you think?’ (182) Zeitlin is loyal and stoic, though he must have found it galling: ‘I think Powell does deserve the manuscript ... and I hope you give it to him.’ But he cannot resist adding his own plea, or showing how the word ‘deserves’ sticks in his craw: ‘I hope you will remember that I would like to have the manuscript of “We Need One Another.” If you feel I deserve it I should appreciate it very much’ (183). Whether he actually got it is not recorded; by 1941, his own financial position was so insecure that Frieda had to take away his job of selling the manuscripts. He only came back into the story in the 1950s, when the University of Texas entered the manuscript market and Frieda and Angie needed an experienced evaluator to help them. From then till the end of the story Zeitlin is again a major player. To be fair to him, he always had a deep love for Lawrence’s work, and a great liking for Frieda: and he had to live. But, for example, he insisted on a profit of \$1500 on the sale of the *Apocalypse* manuscripts to Texas (for \$7,500) in 1961, and only reduced his own profit to \$1000 when it became clear that Feldman wanted a cut too. The middle-men – who in this case did nothing except write persuasive letters, because Texas paid up immediately and no bridging loan had to be arranged – this time made only a 20% profit. There is a moral here for anyone wishing to sell valuable items.

There are some fascinating insights into Lawrence in this book – into the writing of *David*, for example. Frieda remembers how he ‘was these people while he wrote, and writing he escaped his own shadows and wrote himself back to health’ (174). After Frieda’s death in 1956, however, the volume’s first-hand connection with Lawrence vanishes, and I can recommend its fascinating financial stories only with a slightly sour taste in the mouth.

There are a few places where more information would have been helpful. There is, for example, a reference to a ‘four page fragment’ which L.C. Powell thought was part of ‘the first version’ of *Sons and Lovers*, ‘Paul Morel’: ‘It is on the same ruled notebook paper and the handwriting resembles closely that of the story “Odour of Chrysanthemums”’ (166). Powell did not know, however, that the latter manuscript is in the hand of Louie Burrows. Did Louie do some transcription of ‘Paul Morel’, unknown to anyone until now? Was Powell just mistaken? What was the manuscript? Michael Squires does not tell us: and leaves us (a little like his fascinating book) gripped, but just a little unsatisfied.

John Worthen

John Worthen, *D.H. Lawrence* (London: Edward Arnold, 1991; pp. 136; paper £6.99).

F.R. Leavis, speaking of T.S. Eliot, would clutch his abdomen and intone, in mock lamentation, ‘Poor Tom! there’s something wrong with him DOWN HERE, you know: or even lower.’ He would quote the notorious piece in which Eliot had condemned Lawrence for stripping sex of the civilised trappings that make it ‘supportable’, and suggest that it was Eliot, not Lawrence, who was obsessed by sex (at that time critics had not seen the excruciating record of personal sexual failure in *The Waste Land* for what it is, let alone understood how it related to Eliot’s breakdown). John Worthen’s new book sets out boldly on a path which it thereafter resolutely follows, taking the sexual theme as central to all Lawrence’s writing, from the fastidious young man who hated sexual display and vulgarity, but described sex as the ‘fountain-head’ of life, to the experienced writer of 1922 who speaks of it as central to ‘the greatest and most shattering human passions’. Lawrence at all times affirmed the body as a mystery, as against ‘sex in the head’, and claimed the right, and the responsibility, to challenge not only the ‘censor-morons’ but also the enlightened libertarians who wanted to rationalise and distort this great force. It seems a natural next step when Professor Worthen moves from this introduction to his commentary on Lawrence the young autodidact who wants to change not just fiction but people, especially in their sexual being. In the early fiction, Professor Worthen says, he can only express the power of sexuality as destructive and tragic. This destructiveness seems to me (especially in *The Trespasser*) to be linked to a recognisably English kind of claustrophobia: there isn’t anywhere to go, for Siegmund or Helena, after the idyllic island, though Lawrence is impudent enough to offer his services (as Byrne) to lead Helena back to life. *Sons and Lovers* too (and Professor Worthen cites enough of the manuscript version to show us how crucial the excised passages were) is oppressive with a kind of sexuality shut in; Professor Worthen takes too little cognisance of the bullying that goes on in this novel. If Lawrence is (as Professor Worthen says) ‘writing about people whose bodies’ language (and body language) reveals their inability to form creative and non-exploitative relationships’ (29), he shows very little compassion for them.

Frieda certainly played a crucial role in shocking Lawrence, at this sensitive moment, out of what remained of his adolescent priggishness. But he was probably never able to see women as autonomous agents in a real social world; and one reason for this is clearly that Frieda’s foreign ‘otherness’, making her ‘different’, allowed Lawrence to escape from the claustrophobia of England (with its ‘doggy’ Galsworthys and its Bennetts) into the dangerous glamour of European Modernism. The war thrust Lawrence into the world of Eliot’s great poem: spectral, searching, rootless, ‘disembodied’. *The Rainbow* (1915) was conceived with the new, independent woman in mind (‘I shall do my work for women, better than the suffrage’) but, as