

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



Professor Worthen points out, it soon became more complex and ambivalent. He chooses, consistent with his theme, to concentrate on the lesbian element in the novel, arguing that it is not lesbianism per se but the way it stultifies creativity that Lawrence condemns; that, and the illicit kinds of power Winifred exercises over Ursula. Perhaps: the chapter is extraordinarily subtle, and its title (as Professor Worthen rightly says) is not a simple condemnation; but it is an instance of that powerful and seductive Lawrencian transgression of the boundaries between the particular and the general, the descriptive and the normative, that will always leave many readers seething with rage. With *Women in Love* (1921) anal intercourse rears its ugly head: the latent homosexual in Lawrence codes the encounter with 'the unknown' in potentially psychotic terms (Lawrence was at times close to Eliot's kind of disintegration when he wrote this novel); but the novel itself ('never trust the artist, trust the tale') makes the bizarre thesis about male friendship almost acceptable by dramatising it through Lawrence's *persona*, Birkin, whose complex need for the kinds of 'connection' E. M. Forster, too, spoke of, and whose emotional blocks, are subtly delineated and counterbalanced.

Every Lawrence interpreter has to make some sort of sense of what happened to him after he had written his masterpiece. Professor Worthen's chapter title is 'The end of the line': the patriarchal line of assertive male sexuality, that is. *The Lost Girl* (1920) and *Aaron's Rod* (1922) are 'brash, often comic, polemical and offensive' (60), says Professor Worthen, and they play with comic narrative procedures of a popular sort. 'Sceptical' (65) is the apposite term Professor Worthen uses of them: sceptical, especially, of 'the last, perhaps highest, love-impulse' by which Lawrence had set such store. Parts of *Mr Noon* have a 'shocking arbitrariness' (67): Professor Worthen is too modest in his claims for this extraordinarily original, very funny, and desperately honest novel. The same honesty pervades *Aaron's Rod*, though it is shadowed by what Professor Worthen sees as a kind of paranoia, and is bleak and bitter in a way Lawrence had never quite been before. As usual, Professor Worthen is exceptionally precise and well-informed about the publishing history of this novel, which enables him to link it very closely to the 'censor-moron' theme of his study. In the end, the 'phallic' philosophy leads away from sex altogether, and Professor Worthen notes that *Kangaroo* (1923) is exceptionally lacking in erotic encounters (a different reading is possible of Somers's failure to respond to Victoria's sexual advances: one that might have something to say about the splendid 'Harriet and Lovat at Sea in Marriage' chapter). *The Ladybird* (1923) and *The Woman who Rode Away* (1925) are adduced as further instances of sexual bitterness: Professor Worthen defends the latter (surely unconvincingly?) against the charge that it is pornographic: it is actually very illuminating about the death wish in pornography, and why our society is so fascinated by it. Lawrence has moved, with Freud, 'beyond the pleasure principle' quite decisively, and in *The Plumed Serpent* imagines submission to an impersonal power (a sort of

confrontation of the death wish) as the answer to Kate's questionings. Professor Worthen frankly dislikes this, though he tells us that 'the treatment of sexuality is ... a perfect match for its fictional method' (98).

Death is taboo in Protestant cultures as it is not (for example) in Catholic cultures, where it is ritualised as part of life, and the dead commune intimately with the living. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and Lawrence's commentaries on it, link sex and death, the mansion of love pitched in the place of excrement, in ritual encounters that appealed strongly to W.B. Yeats; and Lawrence linked his novel with his idiosyncratic reading of Catholicism as kinder to the dark gods than our northern consciousness knows how to be. Professor Worthen gives a lucid and helpful account of the transformations the novel underwent in its three versions; but in the end it is the last version that matters, and Professor Worthen gets rather bogged down in the cunts and the fucks because he wants it all to match up with the lives of 'ordinary, imperfect, awkward but desiring people' (116). I do not think that Lawrence (unlike Eliot, after his psychotic episode) was ever able to accept that we live in a fallen world, and this (among other things) affects his attitude to women very deeply. But I do think that in his last two novels Lawrence was looking for a way of praying.

So: all credit to John Worthen for writing a book about Lawrence that sticks close to the themes of sexuality (some critics, especially since the initial feminist attack on Lawrence, write as if it were a side-issue). No one can know how Lawrence's ideas might have changed if he had lived longer, or if he had had children, or if Frieda had left him, which sometimes seemed on the cards. Lawrence against censorship is a major presence in our literary heritage; Lawrence on sex is a mixture of marvellous perceptiveness and arrogant disinformation. His self-righteous urge to pass judgement (cf. Leavis's brutal jibe at Eliot) is one of the less endearing English traits; but Lawrence more than substantiated his claim that the novel could take us into 'the secret places', as Professor Worthen demonstrates.

George Hyde

***D.H. Lawrence and the Authoritarian Personality* by Barbara Mensch (Basingstoke and London: Macmillan, 1991; pp. 276; cloth £40.00).**

*D.H. Lawrence and the Authoritarian Personality* traces the development of Lawrence's ideas about totalitarianism, fascism and liberalism in a wide range of works written after *Women in Love*, but particularly the novels of the so-called 'power period' – *Aaron's Rod*, *Kangaroo* and *The Plumed Serpent*. Beginning with a detailed account of how critical discussion of Lawrence's politics has been characterised by imprecision and emotive generalisation, Mensch makes a strong case for a more sympathetic reassessment of Lawrence's later works. Her analysis