

action is exploited which consists largely in working Cyril's greatness around suffering and redemption. His Nethermere resembles the chorus of the Greek drama, which holds him back, warns him, sighs for him, till at last Cyril learns to live with those very aspects of his life, which are responsible for his suffering: his attachment to his milieu, his abrupt break from it, and his love for Emily. Similarly, it seems that *The White Peacock* was written out of the difficulties which made it at one time impossible to write.

This paradox may have originated in what Daniel Gunn calls, *à propos* of Proust, 'an apparent pair of alternatives: between the "I" which is telling the story; and the "I" which is told'<sup>11</sup>. Precisely that is, when Lawrence started to write to Blanche of a warfare between Cyril the narrator of his story and himself who could not write. Apparently, however, the main problem in writing a novel, according to Italo Calvino, does not lie in finding the characters; but in ascertaining which one, out of them all, will be he who writes the novel. It seems as if at least, Lawrence's temporary connection with a unknown woman reinforced his intimacy with them.

#### Notes

1. *The Letters of D.H.Lawrence*, vol 1, 1901-1913 ed. James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979), p.46. All subsequent references in the body of the text are to this volume.
2. 'E.T.' (Jessie Chambers), *D.H.Lawrence: a Personal Record* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980), p.82.
3. Charles Mauron, *Des Métaphores Obsédants au Mythe Personnel* (Paris: Corti, 1980), p.228.
4. Didier Anzieu, 'Les Antinomies du Narcissisme dans la Crédation Littéraire' in *Corps Crédation* (Lyons: Presses Université de Lyon, 1980), p.126.
5. Emile Delavenay, *D.H.Lawrence: the Man and his Work: the Formative Years: 1885-1919* (London: Heinemann, 1972), p.53.
6. Didier Anzieu, *Le Corps de l'Oeuvre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1981), p. 33
7. Chambers, pp.88-9
8. George H.Neville, *A Memoir of D.H.Lawrence* ed Carl Baron (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), p.2
9. Siegmund Freud, *Art and Literature* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books 1985), p.356.
10. Chambers, p.138.
11. Daniel Gunn, *Psychoanalysis and Fiction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1988), p.5

#### D.H.Lawrence and 'Real Knowledge': holistic wisdom and is there a future for it

John R.Doheny

The fragmentation of knowledge is an aspect of the fragmentation of society which, paradoxically, takes place within a process of social integration. In the coming decade one of the most serious challenges may be how to overcome those tendencies, if we want to avoid slipping into chaos. Can Western science, with its stress on rationality and quantifications, fruitfully respond to this challenge without bringing in more humanist, soft, emotional and qualitative aspects? ... <sup>1</sup>

This is a very slippery subject, and there is nothing resembling general agreement. What looks like chaos to a person who is concerned with overall control and social integration, may look like essential human diversity to a philosophical anarchist like me. A friend who is a practical scientist said when he read this statement that while it is unfortunate, perhaps, it is also inevitable that in science at least, knowledge is always partial. There is just too much information to digest, analyze and draw conclusions from for any one person to have any more than partial knowledge, but to share one's knowledge freely is a mitigating factor. In some sense this may always have been true, but we might well ask, as Paul Goodman does, 'can a science with the stress on rationality and quantification'<sup>2</sup> be worthwhile unless it is concerned with humanness? Perhaps this division between rationality and quantification aspects on the one hand and humanist, soft, emotional and qualitative aspects on the other is part of the problem and not just a given, a widespread delusion justifying rockets in space and preparations for war.

What Paul Goodman actually said is that if you can't explain an idea, a concept, a theory concretely and clearly enough for it to be understandable to an unlettered person, then you must ask yourself if you understand the idea or concept or theory clearly enough yourself, and then ask whether or not it is actually an idea, concept, or theory worth holding.

Knowledge is, by its very nature, partial and always in the state of change and conflict, at least on its frontiers. It is essential, then, that ideas, theories, conclusions and opinions be continually voiced, shared, and tested. It is in this area where I believe modern concerns are focused. From at least the Middle Ages on, priests, magicians and medicine men have practiced mystification or demagoguery while engaging in the politics of power, sometimes speaking a language which ordinary people neither used nor understood, and pretending to make miracles. While modern social and literary theorists and politicians don't speak and write in Latin or Greek, many do purposely or inadvertently create languages of their own which are understood only by the initiated either to gain power over others or to preserve the sisterhood and the brotherhood (the guild) from outside threats. But those modern mystifiers are not very important,

whatever they may think themselves. Only a very tiny minority of the people even listen to them, and when no one listens, there is no effect on human life at all.

However, moving a step deeper, there are serious problems which have been threatening ever since the beginning of the industrial revolution and especially since its latest phase — the cybernetic revolution. There are good possibilities which don't show any real signs of working out. For example, computerized robots could relieve great numbers of people from physically and mentally debilitating semi-automatic routine labour and allow them to enjoy more satisfying *occupation*. But, for the most part, what has happened is that people are put out of work and obliged to accept other debilitating *employment* at lower wages, or else they go despairingly onto the welfare rolls while, at the same time, prices are inflated in order to pay for the machinery and to create profit. Since we live in a society where employment is a positive value and a means of gauging self-esteem and since employment is usually undertaken not for satisfying and useful occupations but only for the income it produces, this situation also produces problems. There is, along with all of this, the computerized society's tendency to centralize 'information and ideas', which usually becomes a form of propaganda, and the consequent tendency is to standardize and to control thought and language.

There are, however, hopeful signs (though I must admit that many of my friends say this is wishful thinking on my part), hopeful signs that many people are trying to neutralize the centralizing, standardizing, controlling tendencies without rejecting altogether the advantages of cybernetics. Many people are making the distinction in realistic terms between useful and satisfying *occupation* and the slavery of *employment*. Denis Pym, writing and lecturing in England, goes so far as to suggest that what he calls 'The Other Economy' already exists, and he presents examples of 'The Possibilities of Work Beyond Employment'.<sup>3</sup> And I believe that with the present disintegration of the old industrial society and the gradual rejection of the ideas of centralization and growth which have been essential to it, we can and may be moving toward a 'culture' (i.e. a living society with traditions and widely shared values which can be passed on), a culture freed from the politics of power, and we may be developing an intelligentsia capable of passing the values of the Humanities to future generations. It may be that those genuinely independent intellectuals of the first half of this century who carried out this activity, often in spite of the institution under whose care it was, have followers.<sup>4</sup> From the margins of the present society we can create a culture of participation, invention, and creative innovation based on the contribution of individuals whose needs and services are autonomously motivated. And, certainly, intellectuals have a place in the changing society: not so much as 'brainworkers' whom Dwight Macdonald defined as 'specialists whose thinking is pretty much confined to their limited "fields"' but 'intellectuals' whom he defined as those 'who take all of culture for their province'.<sup>5</sup>

But I want to get at the issue of fragmentation in a different way, in what I see as a deeper and directly human way to approach the dilemma. During the first three decades of this century when the fragmentation of life began to point clearly in the direction of our present dilemmas, some writers, such as George Bernard Shaw in *Heartbreak House* (1917), began to look back to the nineteenth century and to Charles Dickens for the early indications of fragmentation and chaos in society. Others, such as E.M. Forster, James Joyce, and D.H. Lawrence, wrote powerfully and not always wholly consciously of their own perceptions of the conflicts resulting from fragmentation as they saw it in their own times.

In 'What I Believe', an essay published in 1938, E.M. Forster discusses the fragmentation of knowledge which led to making science the 'subservient pimp' of power and created an apathetic age of faith. His own response in the essay is to announce his belief in human relationships, unreliable as they sometimes are. It is, he argues, a faith which will keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit and will allow people to go on living and creating under the shadow of war until fate strikes them. Earlier, in 1910, in his novel, *Howards End*, Forster had set up the conflict between the values of industrialists like Henry Wilcox (concerned with getting things done and making money through cheap labour and through speculation) and people like Mrs Wilcox and Miss Avery (who are concerned with human values and the wholeness of life), and he did this with what seemed throughout the novel the intention of allowing the latter to triumph. But in the end, the triumph is ambiguous, a temporary victory in a confrontation which was purely personal rather than ideological, and Forster's attempt to eliminate the fragmentation by combining the best parts of the two views by creating a bridge between them failed because the main characters discovered that the two views are incompatible in their crucial aspects.

In *A Portrait of the Artist As A Young Man* (written in 1912 and published in 1916) James Joyce explores the fragmentation of knowledge which creates conflict between the budding human (mainly sexual) needs of his character, Stephen Dedalus, and the social and religious values of his time and place, which eventually leads Dedalus to divorce the seemingly chaotic, 'kinetic' concreteness of life from art and to define 'art' as abstract and universal truth, as 'stasis'.

However, it was D.H. Lawrence who faced the dilemma of fragmentation most squarely and even hopefully in his essays and novels. He wrote of it most directly in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which he published himself in 1928 rather than try to trim it down to satisfy commercial publishers. It is his most polemical, even idealistic, novel, and he writes of the conflict as an unhealthy modern one, a conflict between the full and satisfying life of the whole human being and not merely narrow sexual morality but the whole mechanized repressive culture of which that narrow sexual morality is an integral part. That culture denies our intrinsic human (animal) nature and sets up in its place an idealized non-entity called 'the mind'. But the human mind grows out of the body (often in opposition to it), and like hair, it depends on the body for its healthy existence. In our society,

according to Lawrence, the life of the mind is almost wholly occupied with a denial of the whole, physical, human being in all its diversity and individuality. This view manifests itself in the novel as a conflict between industry, strong control, and abstract concepts on the one hand and sensual fulfilment, creation and human relationships on the other. This point of view and argument are even more valid for us today than they were in 1926 when Lawrence began the novel. Even the complete rejection of the industrialized society by Connie Chatterley and Oliver Mellors does not seem so out of place as it sometimes did 30 or 40 years ago.

In Lawrence's early novels - especially *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow* and *Women In Love* (which as a student of literature, I think are his best novels) - the instincts, the passions, are primary. In a very important essay called 'Victorian Morals and the Modern Novel' which appeared in *Partisan Review* in the Spring of 1958, John Henry Raleigh writes, '... the moral stance of the workingman, passive and helpless as he was in the context of the society of which he was more or less the creature, prevailed in a deep sense, and the revolt that occurred in English fiction in Butler and in Hardy and in others, and later on pre-eminently in D.H.Lawrence, was in a sense an upsurge from below, an affirmation of the naturalistic and instinctive ways of life in the lower class, as against the theoretical and restrictive moral preconceptions of the middle class.'

So far as it goes, this statement is both true and important to an understanding of Lawrence's insights. The instincts, the passions, are primary in Lawrence, and the powerful sexual roots of the relationships between men and women are the continuous subject of most of Lawrence's novels. The emotions are primary and more powerful than the mind, the intellect. And though he does have affinities with Thomas Hardy and Samuel Butler, more importantly, Lawrence represents a new start for the English novel. Not only does he see the middle class consciousness and values as 'thin and neurotic, divorced from needs and instincts,' substituting affection, 'which is the great middle class positive emotion,'<sup>6</sup> for passion, he also insists that the conscious understanding of the dark and deep, unconscious passions is the only salvation for the human race and that the great novels can bring us to this understanding.

However, there is more to the sources of his art than Raleigh's statements express. Lawrence was, as Raleigh writes, definitively and defiantly from the working class, but he was not part of it. On the obvious level, had he been a part of the working class, he would not have written these novels where he functions as both the understanding observer and, indirectly, as the spokesman for those who do not fit in anywhere. There are all the well-known and much discussed reasons for this inability to fit in the working class or in the middle class. His mother's ambition and his own early acceptance of her values led him to desire to 'get ahead' in the world, and this culminated in his short-lived teaching career. For us, today, the idea of getting ahead is so widespread that we think of it as part of human nature, but in Lawrence's day it was not so, and in the nineteenth century

it was even less so. Class barriers were stronger and ambition, when it existed, aimed in different directions, more toward personal identification and ideology and less toward greed and monetary competition.

Lawrence's interest in culture and art, fostered by the social artistic, and intellectual influences of the Mechanics' Institute and the secular cultural emphasis of the Congregational chapel which, for Lawrence, overshadowed the religious purposes and shoved them into the background, provided him with a prospect for community outside the deadening routine of employment and helped him to rebel against the ambition of his mother. While his roots were in the lower class, his differences made him conscious of the separation between himself and the passive and destructive prospects of a life of labour in the coal mines or in the offices and factories. Thus, he became a man without a class because, like his character, Ursula, in *The Rainbow*, he was both the product of the working class and an analytical observer of the situation. He sees, as Keith Sagar writes, 'the betrayal of two of the most basic human instincts, the instinct for beauty and the instinct for community.'<sup>7</sup>

This idea is very evident throughout *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and especially is it so in Chapter 11 where Lawrence describes the miners' villages as seen through Connie Chatterley's eyes while she rides through in her car. I'm quoting some of her thoughts from the chapter: 'What could possibly become of such a people, a people in whom the living intuitive faculty was dead as nails, and only queer mechanical yells and uncanny will-power remained?'<sup>8</sup> '... what had man done to man?... They have reduced them to less than humanness; and now there can be no fellowship anymore! It is just a nightmare' (159). 'The fellowship was dead. There was only apartness and hopelessness, as far as all this was concerned' (159). 'They were good and kindly. But they were only half, only the grey half of a human being' (166).

This becomes an argument in her exchange with Clifford on the state of society in Chapter 13 where both their positions become clear. Clifford wishes to create authoritarian structures, and he believes that they are "for the good of everybody" (187). He wants to make sameness everywhere while, as he says, allowing people to "be what they like and feel what they like and do what they like, strictly privately, so long as they keep the form of life intact, and the apparatus" (187). He believes that "the industry comes before the individual" and that the disparity between his condition and the conditions of the workers is the work of "fate". "Somebody's got to be the boss of the show," Clifford says, and he believes that he was born to the job (188). He believes that, as a member of the ruling class, he must have complete control and that he must manipulate or force the lower class to do what is best for the industry, which he argues is for their good as well as his.

"... what we need to take up now .. is whips, not swords. The masses have been ruled since time began, and till time ends, ruled they will have to be ... there is a gulf, and an absolute one, between the ruling and the

serving classes. The two functions are opposed. And the function determines the individual". (190 and 191)

Connie Chatterley, who at the beginning of the novel is merely discontented, unhappy and unfulfilled in her own life and is unable to allay the discontent by having a brief affair with a young playwright who visits Clifford, is at this point beginning to see a connection between her own discontent and the world around her, mainly because she is beginning to come alive in her whole being through her sexual relationship with Mellors. In the preceding chapter (12), they have begun to reach a complete involvement through passion which is a permanent mating rather than a temporary sexual affair. She sees that unlike Clifford - whose central focus and reason for living is his position as ruler working for the salvation of the industry he helps to rule - Mellors, on the other hand, focuses on a full and living relationship with a woman: "For me," Mellors says, "it's the core of my life: if I have a right relation with a woman" (213). And Connie becomes conscious of her own human need for a life different from the one she lives with Clifford. Her relationship with Mellors also makes her much more conscious of the wrongness of the lives of others including the lower class.

When Clifford says to her, "Who has given the colliers all they have that's worth having: all their political liberty, and their education, such as it is, their sanitation, the health-conditions, their books, their music, everything. Who has given it them? Have colliers given it to colliers? No! All the Wragbys and Shipleys in England have given their part, and must go on giving. There's your responsibility," Connie replies angrily, "Wragby and Shipley *sells* them to the people, at a good profit. Everything is sold. You don't give one heart-beat of real sympathy. And besides, who has taken away from the people their natural life and manhood, and given them this industrial horror? ... Their lives are industrialized and hopeless, and so are ours" (188-9).

Lawrence insisted that as a novelist he would do his work for human kind because "The novel is the perfect medium for revealing to us the changing rainbow of our living relationships. The novel can help us to live, as nothing else can: no didactic Scripture anyhow."<sup>9</sup> I want to add that, as this novel demonstrates, the novel can also show us how not to live. It can produce new and significant insights into the human dilemma by allowing us to participate vicariously with all the characters in their struggles against their conditions.

In working out this, his last important novel, Lawrence saw himself facing a two-pronged dilemma. He was angry and impatient with what he saw as a continuing misunderstanding of his purposes in his early novels; therefore, he wished to make his position as clear as possible. He wrote three complete and separate versions of this novel before he was satisfied. The most dramatic and important changes during the development through the three versions are in the characters of Connie Chatterley and the gamekeeper. The gamekeeper's name is Oliver Parkin in the first two versions, and in the first version (published in 1944 as *The First Lady Chatterley*), he is a common labourer, dissatisfied with his lot

but knowing nothing else. He speaks always in dialect, and he is secretary for the Communist League (a secret society): "It's something as I've laid hold of, an' I can't let go," he tells Duncan Forbes, Connie's friend, "like an electric thing. Ay, it's a sure thing." Though Connie still entertains some hope at the end of the first version, it is plain that she and Parkin cannot live a life together. While Parkin is "one of the odd ones that don't fit in any class," and while Connie energetically rejects the idea of her Ladyship, it is evident from their arguments about living together that they cannot. Connie is too intellectual and cultured to live as the wife of a labourer, and Parkin can't submit to living on her money because he believes it would unman him. 'Apparently it was impossible to have a whole man in any man', Connie thinks. 'Her two men were two halves. And she did not want to forfeit either half, to forego either man.'<sup>10</sup>

Because he wanted more than this resignation into partiality, Lawrence had to find a way to create a whole man in one man. In the second version (published in 1972 as *John Thomas and Lady Jane*), Connie learns through passion to reject her position in society in favour of a full life as a passionate woman, and Parkin can speak the King's English and often does, but he is not an intellectual working man with a version of conscious 'real knowledge' which would allow him to see the issue Lawrence was driving toward. There is more hope in this second version of a full life together because Connie has a bit more money, is determined to finance a farm for them somewhere, and because this second Parkin can give up his rather vague engagement in the class war and accept the prospect of living on Connie's money if he can also make the farm pay. But the question remains, can they make a life which is more than pure passion? Neither of these first two versions of Parkin was far enough outside any class for Lawrence's purpose since neither had experienced enough of the world and neither had 'real knowledge.' And Connie herself, had not awakened so completely into full, passionate, 'real knowledge' either in these first two versions.

In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, one of the minor characters, Tommy Dukes, sets the conditions straight throughout the whole of Chapter Four. A group of men meet occasionally with Clifford to discuss ideas. They want Connie to be in the room but they are made uneasy if she speaks, so she quietly knits instead. They are all professional men in one way or another, and they see themselves as intellectuals - "mental lifers," Tommy Dukes calls them, and he is one of them. "The tie that binds us just now is mental friction on one another," he says. "It's a curious thing that the mental life seems to flourish with its roots in spite, ineffable and fathomless spite. Always has been so ... No, there's something wrong with the mental life, radically. It's rooted in spite an envy, envy and spite. Ye shall know the tree by its fruit" (38).

"Real knowledge," he says, "comes out of the whole corpus of the consciousness; out of your belly and your penis as much as out of your brain and mind. The mind can only analyse and rationalise. Set the mind and the reason to cock it over the rest, and all they can do is to criticise, and make a deadness .. It

is vastly important ... the world needs criticising today ... criticising to death ... But, mind you, it's like this: while you *live* your life, you are in some way an organic whole with all life" (39).

Because he is bound to his class and profession, Tommy Dukes cannot live his life and is content to remain a "mental lifer," but Oliver Mellors, though he comes from the working class and is, therefore, still passionate, is much more emphatically of no class than either of the two Parkins were: he speaks broad dialect and proper King's English for specific reasons as the spirit moves him and conditions require; he has been an officer in the army in India and has seen and experienced a great deal of the world beyond his origins; he reads a great deal and thinks about the condition of the world, and he makes extended philosophical arguments. He is, in short, a man of experience who understands the condition of the world while remaining capable of living a full and passionate life with Connie Chatterley. He has made a deliberate decision to reject worldly matters by resigning his army commission, returning to his origins and taking on the job as gamekeeper in order to have as little as possible to do with people and with industrialized society. "Their spunk is gone dead," he tells Connie. "When the last man is killed, and they're all tame ... then they'll all be insane. Because the root of sanity is in the balls," and "if we go on in this way, with everybody, intellectuals, artists, government, industrialists, and workers all frantically killing off the last human feeling, the last bit of their intuition, the last healthy instinct; if it goes on in algebraical progression, as it is going on: then ta-tah! to the human species" (226-7). Thus, gradually, the two Parkins develop into Lawrence's version of the whole man and Connie - who has less distance to travel - becomes the whole woman.

The other part of Lawrence's dilemma can be best expressed by reference to a passage in the 'Autobiographical Sketch' which he wrote in the 1920s and which presents the issue much more clearly than any of his critics have done: 'whether I get on *in* the world is a question; but I certainly don't get on very well *with* the world. And whether I am a worldly success or not I really don't know. But I feel, somehow, not much of a human success.' The problem as he sees it

has something to do with class. Class makes a gulf, across which all the best human flow is lost. It is not exactly the triumph of the middle classes that has made the deadness, but the triumph of the middle class *thing*. As a man from the working class I feel that the middle class cut off some of my vital vibration when I am with them. I admit them charming and educated and good people often enough. *But they just stop some part of me from working.* Some part has to be left out. Then why don't I live with my working people? Because their vibration is limited in another direction. They are narrow, but still fairly deep and passionate, whereas the middle class is broad and shallow and passionless. Quite passionless. At the best they substitute affection, which is the great middle class positive emotion. But the working class is narrow in outlook, in

prejudice, and narrow in intelligence. This again makes a prison. One can belong absolutely to no class.<sup>11</sup>

This is a wish for full *human* life, 'real knowledge', which means both conscious intelligence and emotional awareness, a state where the mind and the body, ideas and sensual awareness, work together and where knowledge is not a series of obfuscating abstractions but concrete awareness. Therefore, it is not some accident or perverse decision on Lawrence's part merely to show the power of passion in spite of class differences, which is the issue here and in the novel. Instead, it is that he believes that the deep, natural passion has only survived in some people, mainly the lower class, and not in all of them as Mrs Bolton tells us in the novel, and that deep, natural passion is essential to human knowledge and to a whole and unfragmented life; and a whole and unfragmented life is a prerequisite for unfragmented knowledge. This message is reinforced in the last paragraph of this 'Autobiographical Sketch' and in an essay called, 'We Need One Another,' written just after *Lady Chatterley's Lover* came out:

I cannot, not for anything in the world, forfeit my passional consciousness and my old blood-affinity with my fellow-men and the animals and the land, for that other thin, spurious mental conceit which is all that is left of the mental consciousness one it has made itself exclusive.

We have our very individuality in relationship ... Apart from our connections with other people, we are barely individuals ... It is in the living touch between us and other people, other lives, other phenomena that we move and have our being ... With men and women ... [it] is in relationship to one another that they have their true individuality and their distinct being: in contact not out of contact ... It is a living contact, give and take: the great and subtle relationship of men and women, man and woman. In this and through this we become real individuals [:] without it, without the real contact, we remain more or less nonentities.<sup>12</sup>

The 'real knowledge' is difficult to explain or even discuss, for, as Lawrence writes, we don't have a language for the deep unconscious feelings. Freud began the project, but no one has continued his work very well. Most often such knowledge is praised or dismissed as mere intuition or sentimentality or utopian fantasy. Mellors, probably speaking for Lawrence, tells Connie of his anger at the social conditions and attitudes of his own working people, and I think they are ideas worth discussing and arguing. "Their spunk is gone dead. Motor-cars and cinemas and aeroplanes suck that last bit out of them. I tell you, every generation breeds a more rabbity generation, with indiarubber tubing for guts and tin legs and tin faces. Tin people! It is all ... killing off the human thing, and worshipping the mechanical thing ... killing the old human feeling ... making mincemeat of the old Adam and the old Eve" (226).

He tells her what he would say to the working people if they would listen: “Let’s live for summat else. Let’s not live ter make money, neither for us selves nor for anybody else ... Bit by bit, let’s stop it. We needn’t rant an rave. Bit by bit let’s drop the whole industrial life an’ go back” (228). “Look at yourselves. Yer ought to be alive an’ beautiful, an’ yer ugly an’ half dead ... Look at Tevershall! It’s horrible. That’s because it was built while you was working for money. Look at your girls! They don’t care about you, you don’t care about them ... You can’t talk nor move nor live, you can’t properly be with a woman. You’re not alive. Look at yourselves” (229).

He says that he would “wipe the machines off the face of the earth again, and end the industrial epoch absolutely, like a black mistake” (230). But he can’t wipe it out, and nobody else can either, so he decides to start small and to live his own life. He and Connie consider going off to the colonies, to Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada to start a new life. From 1915 on Lawrence urged his utopian dream of a new colony of whole humans in community somewhere away from England on his friends. But nothing ever came of it.

My own view is that we needn’t dispense with the whole lot, and I have no detailed plan of action; but we do need to work toward a situation which is more centred on full human existence, and great novels can help us to do that. Now that we are reaching the end of the 200 year old industrial revolution and the values which are part of it and we are well into the cybernetic revolution, we need to find ways to avoid the burgeoning horrors of the future. We need to take stock of the human, emotional damage we have suffered just as people are now taking stock of the damage to nature, our environment.

Lawrence’s novels can teach us to acquire ‘real knowledge’ because by nature we already have the ability to acquire it. We urgently need to work toward a situation which is more centred on ‘life values and not on the money values,’<sup>13</sup> on full human existence. We must eliminate the politics of power; and because the pursuit of power over other people is neurotic behaviour, it is possible to cure ourselves of the neurosis. Of course, we can only do all this through voluntary cooperative effort. We are ‘on the brink of great changes, radical changes.’

Within the next fifty years the whole framework of our social life will be altered ... The old world of our grandfathers is disappearing like thawing snow, and is as likely to cause a flood. What the world of our grandchildren will be, fifty years hence, we don’t know. But in its social form it will be very different from our world of today. We’ve got to change. And in our power to change, in our capacity to make new intelligent adaptation to new conditions, in our readiness to admit and fulfill new needs, to give expression to new desires and new feelings, lies our hope and our health. Courage is the great word. Funk spells sheer disaster.<sup>14</sup>

D.H.Lawrence wrote those words about 52 years ago. They are certainly apropos today.

### Notes.

1. This is part of a statement on a call for papers for a conference on ‘Fragmentation of Knowledge’ at the Capri Institute for International Social Philosophy, Anacapri, Italy, June 1989. This essay is a slightly revised version of a paper read at the conference.
2. *New Reformation* (New York, 1970), p.80.
3. *The Employment Question and Other Essays* (London, 1986). See also *Why Work?* ed. Vernon Richards (London, 1983).
4. See Wayne Burns, *Journey Through The Dark Woods* (Seattle, 1982). See Russell Jacoby, *The Last Intellectuals* (New York, 1987), for an argument that they do not.
5. Dwight Macdonald, ‘A Theory of Mass Culture,’ *Diogenes*, 3, Summer, 1953, pp. 1-17. In England Alex Comfort is a remarkable example of Macdonald’s ‘intellectual’ and his *Art and Social Responsibility* (London, 1946), ‘The Individual and World Peace’ (*Resistance*, 12:2, New York, 1954), and *Authority and Delinquency* (London, 1950 and 1970 and 1989) are relevant here.
6. ‘Autobiographical Sketch,’ *Selected Literary Criticism of D.H.Lawrence* ed. Anthony Beal, (New York, 1956), p.5.
7. *The Life of D.H.Lawrence* (London, 1980), p.8.
8. *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* (London, 1961), p.158. She is responding in this passage to the sound of children singing in school. Further references to this novel appear in parentheses in the text of the essay.
9. ‘Morality and the Novel,’ Beal, p.113.
10. Shakespeare House edition 1951, pp. 204 and 46.
11. Beal, pp.4-5
12. Beal, p.5, and *Phoenix* ed. E.McDonald (New York, 1936), pp. 190-1
13. ‘The State of Funk,’ *Phoenix II* ed. Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (London, 1968), p. 567.
14. ‘The State of Funk,’ *Phoenix II* p.566

## ADA LAWRENCE AT BEAUVALE BOARD SCHOOL



Beauvale Board School c. 1902: staff and student teachers.

Ada Lawrence is on the left of the front row, with Frances Cooper on her right. The headmaster, Mr. Lindley, sits in the centre of the second row, and second from left in the same row is Sam Wood, later landlord of the Sun Inn, who appears in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as 'Sam Black'.



photographs and information supplied by George Hardy.

## In the Shadow of Etna - D.H.Lawrence, Verga and the landscape of Sicily

Christopher De Vido

D.H.Lawrence's association with Italy, and with Sicily in particular, which provided the inspiration and dramatic background for several of his works in a particularly prolific period, has been well documented. That he was attracted to, and subsequently translated, several of the works of the Sicilian writer, Giovanni Verga (1840-1922), is also well-known. However, from these two great writers' portrayals of Sicily there emerge two completely different visions of the island's people, history and landscape.

Of course, the two were influenced by vastly differing parts of Sicily. Verga was a native of Catania and many of his stories are set in the immense, barren, desolate plain which expands inland from the city, and depict the peasants' struggle to survive there in the sultry, suffocating heat. Lawrence, on the other hand, spent most of his time in Sicily (18 months between March 1920 and February 1922) at Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, at a rented villa overlooking the sea, with grounds full of flowers and orange, almond and lemon trees. Perhaps not surprisingly, therefore, Lawrence's highly subjective response to this exotic location was often idealised descriptions of a rich, fertile, colourful landscape dominated by the towering presence of Etna. However, the differences between the two writers go far deeper than mere geographical location.

Verga emphasised the squalid, brutal and depressing aspects of Sicilian peasant life and depicted the cruel, merciless landscape as one of the relentless forces, of equal (if not greater) importance than political, religious, economic and social factors, behind the tragic fate of the humble poor. The sun-scorched, forsaken landscape, which he presents as an independent force, and the eternal cycle of the seasons are portrayed as the dominating arbiters of life and death in the impotent peasants' existence.

Only very occasionally does Lawrence find anything oppressive in the landscape. In his poem 'Tropic', for example, he writes,

Sun, dark sun,  
Sun of black void heat,  
Sun of the torrid mid-day's horrific darkness ...  
What is the horizontal rolling of water  
Compared to the flood of black heat that rolls upwards past my eyes?

(Poems 301-2)

More often, he contrasts the depressing aspects of peasant life with what he sees as the wild, exhilarating mountain scenery:

Sicily, the beautiful, that which goes deepest into the blood. It is so clear,  
so beautiful, so like the physical beauty of the Greek. Yet the lives of the