

17. *Ibid.*, p. 237.
18. Christopher Heywood, 'Birds, Beasts and Flowers: the Evolutionary Context and an African Literary Source', in Keith Brown, ed., *Rethinking Lawrence*, Milton Keynes: Open University Press, 1990, pp. 151–161.
19. Vivian de Sola Pinto, 'Introduction: D.H. Lawrence, Poet without a Mask', in Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, eds., *op.cit.*, p. 13.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
21. D.H. Lawrence, 'Fantasia of the Unconscious', in *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1971, pp. 42–43.
22. D.H. Lawrence, 'Pan in America', in Edward D. McDonald, ed., *Phoenix: the Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence*, London: Heinemann, 1936, pp. 24–25.
23. Takeda Izumo, 'Ashiyadouman Oouchikagami Kuzunoha ['The Fox-Wife in the Forest of Shinoda']', in *Haktaza Ookabuki*, Fukuoka: Hakata Theatre, 1999, pp. 4–9.
24. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, eds., *op.cit.*, p. 222.
25. Kazue Morisaki and Keiji Sunouchi, *Genseirin ni Kaze ga Fuku [The Wind Blows Through a Primitive Forest]*, Tokyo: Iwanami-shoten, 1996, p. 113 (my translation).
26. *Kojiki: Ancient Record of Japan*, trans. Donald Philippi, Tokyo: University of Tokyo Press, 1968, pp. 203–204.
27. Kazue Morisaki, *Chikyu no Inori [The Prayer of the Earth]*, Tokyo: Shinyasousho-sha, 1998, p. 18 (my translation).
28. *Ibid.*, pp. 18–19 (my translation).
29. D.H. Lawrence, 'Pan in America', in Edward D. McDonald, ed., *op.cit.*, p. 25.
30. Harry Thurston Peck, ed., *Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities*, New York: Cooper Square Publishers, 1965, p. 37.
31. *Ibid.*, p. 37.
32. Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge, eds., *English and Scottish Popular Ballads (The Cambridge Edition)*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1904, p. 240.
33. Kevin Crossley-Holland, ed., *The Folk-Tales of the British Isles*, London: Faber and Faber, 1985, pp. 39–42.
34. William Anderson, *Green Man: the Archetype of Our Oneness with the Earth*, London: HarperCollins, 1990, trans. Katsuko Itagaki, Tokyo: Kawadeshoboushinsha, 1998, p. 54.

## D.H. Lawrence's Sardinia

Sandro Corso

D.H. Lawrence travelled to Sardinia eighty years ago but, since it was translated into Italian by Elio Vittorini in 1940, few books have enjoyed such popularity as *Sea and Sardinia* in this part of the world – as a number of new translations in recent years clearly show. This is amazing since it is not really, as Anthony Burgess felt, a book on Sardinia, but rather a book on D.H. Lawrence himself.<sup>1</sup>

The first time I came across D.H. Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia* was in 1981, when, as a student of English literature and a Sardinian, I felt indebted to Lawrence for writing this work. Though I have been reading it for twenty years now – I still use the same Penguin edition, with a few misprinted Italian words, which bears the signs of time and use – it is more appealing to me than many other works by D.H. Lawrence. One of the reasons is that I know the places and the people he described, but this is not the main one. People who read the work to know something about Sardinia are likely to be disappointed, but it is a precious source of information on the author's intellectual biography in a crucial period of his life.<sup>2</sup> *Sea and Sardinia* is not a mere travel book, but much more. My aim is not only to propose an appreciation of the book – many scholars and writers have already made clear the reasons why it can be regarded as one of D.H. Lawrence's best works, certainly the best of his so-called travel books – but to suggest a less conventional reading as regards some aspects, taking into account also the influences he absorbed in Italy in that period: we know that the Italian years had had a deep influence on him because they had nourished his imagination, but *Sea and Sardinia*



shows his contact with the Italian cultural scene was more intense than we generally assume.<sup>3</sup>

I also would like to show that reading *Sea and Sardinia* as a travel book is reductive, both because it is an invaluable source of an understanding of the genesis of many of Lawrence's themes which were to characterise his mature production, and because from a stylistic viewpoint it is a unique work, combining a variety of narrative modes ranging from descriptions of people and places to autobiography, from considerations of contemporary European history to symbolic representations of life: a perfectly balanced, multi-layered literary patchwork which offers a much more complex view of the world than any travel book.

We know virtually everything about D.H. and Frieda Lawrences' journey to Sardinia. They were living in Fontanavecchia at the time, a small village near Taormina in Sicily, and Lawrence grew suddenly fed up with it. As in 1919, when he left England for good because he could not bear the standardisation of individuals and the poor human relations in industrial England, in 1921 he found Sicily unbearable because of the Hellenic over-rationalism which characterised its inhabitants. As Lawrence puts it:

Intelligent, almost inspired, and soulless, like the Etna Sicilians. Intelligent daimons, and humanly, according to us, the most stupid people on earth... these maddening, exasperating, impossible Sicilians, who never knew what truth was and have long lost all notion of what a human being is.<sup>4</sup>

After considering a few places which would be free from ancient Greek civilisation the Lawrences chose Sardinia:

Sardinia, which is like nowhere. Sardinia which has no history, no date, no race, no offering. Let it be

Sardinia. They say neither Romans nor Phoenicians, Greeks nor Arabs ever subdued Sardinia. It lies outside; outside the circuit of civilization.<sup>5</sup>

In reality, Lawrence's information on Sardinia was rather inaccurate. Several British travellers, including Admiral Horatio Nelson and George Gordon Lord Byron had visited Sardinia, and J.W. Tyndale had written a lively and quite accurate description of it.<sup>6</sup>

What Lawrence does not say, but becomes quite apparent on reading the book, is that they were desperately looking for somewhere to start a new life. Frieda especially is quite explicit about the possibility of settling in Sardinia, and D.H. Lawrence represents her as always very positive about the idea of living in Sardinia – even when her husband was not. The fact that they considered the idea of living in Sardinia is beyond doubt, since in a letter dated 20 January 1921 he wrote to Eleanor Farjeon that they had been to Sardinia and had liked it a lot, 'though living there was impossible for practical reasons'.

The Lawrences' journey to Sardinia is, to my knowledge, the shortest journey they made which resulted in an outstanding literary work: only four nights and five days.

We can summarise Lawrence's journey as follows: after a few days' waiting in Palermo (the Lawrences did not know that the ferry boat to Cagliari was fortnightly) the couple finally arrived in Cagliari on Thursday, 6 January 1921 at about lunchtime. They went through the custom, which is no longer there, and then up Viale Regina Margherita, which has also radically changed. They took rooms at the Hotel Scala di Ferro, which last year was pulled down, after a long controversy, to host the premises of the local police prefect. In the afternoon they went to visit the old town, now a rather lower-class district still called 'The Castle', where Lawrence was struck by the elegance of middle-class people, visited



the medieval cathedral where he was not at all impressed by its magnificent baroque interiors, then went to the Café Roma on the sea-front, where he first saw the peasants in the traditional black and white costume of which he was very fond, and the children in carnival masks. The next morning they visited the market – which does not exist any longer – where he describes in a lively way both the quantity and variety of food and the multi-coloured costumes of peasant women. Early in the afternoon they took a steam-engine train – a very slow one, which is still used today especially for tourist purposes – to Sorgono. He watched the rather barren, flat land on the journey to Mandas, where they spent the night and had a curious conversation with three weary railway workers. The next day they travelled on the same train to Sorgono: D.H. Lawrence was fascinated by the wild woods the train went through – the wilderness has remained absolutely unaltered – but was enraged at the shabbiness of the only guest-house they found. On Sunday 9 they took a bus to Nuoro, with a stop over in Tonara where they saw a religious procession with women wearing their traditional costumes. In the evening they saw lively carnival masks in Nuoro and spent the night at a hotel. The next morning they visited the town and finally took a bus to Olbia: the bus conductor talked to Lawrence a lot and eventually asked his help to get a job in London, and a young boy demanded a generous tip to carry his sack to the port. In the evening they took the ship to Civitavecchia, near Rome, where they arrived early the next day.

This is roughly all the material the author had in his hands – or in his mind, if it is true, as he maintained in conversations, that he took no notes.<sup>7</sup> This material was enough to produce *Sea and Sardinia*.

After abjuring industrial England, on the grounds that industry had standardised human beings and deprived them of their individuality, making them incapable of feeling the

instinctual drives, in *Sea and Sardinia* D.H. Lawrence abjures the Hellenic rationalism represented by Sicily (one of the chief Greek colonies before the Romans took over) inaugurating the five years of 'savage pilgrimage' which took him to Ceylon, Australia and New Mexico. The Lawrences considered Sardinia as an eligible residence as it was free from the forces which had enslaved western man: industry and rationalism. D.H. Lawrence is one of the two non-native authors with a plaque in Cagliari (the other one is Cervantes), a tribute to a writer who wrote immortal pages on Sardinia. In reality, he wrote some of the most flattering – but also some of the least flattering – things ever written on Sardinia. His report shows a progressive awareness that, though fascinating as an idealistic aim, living in a pre-industrial world would be impossible for him.

Quite surprisingly, D.H. Lawrence appreciated in Sardinia especially the things he didn't expect to find. In Cagliari – a town which in that period under the mayor Ottone Bacaredda was enjoying a remarkable development – he admired the elegance of the middle class young ladies and of children who showed off walking in the town squares with papa and mama ('Better than Kensington Gardens very often... Who would have expected it?'),<sup>8</sup> and the variety of food displayed in the market in those post-war days, which made Frieda ejaculate: 'I must come and live in Cagliari, to do my shopping here... I must have one of those big grass baskets... if I don't live in Cagliari and come and do my shopping here, I shall die with one of my wishes unfulfilled.'<sup>9</sup>

The rest of the journey is the chronicle of a disillusionment: the dream of living in an innocent, primeval society, unaffected by class distinction and hypocrisy, was pure illusion. Cultural and social barriers prove insurmountable, as shown also in a short story written at the end of 1925 which might ideally close the 'savage pilgrimage' period: 'Sun' (1926).



In the central part of Sardinia Lawrence found the society which any sensible traveller would reasonably expect to find in a pre-industrial agricultural country. He saw simple and sincere interpersonal relations, which he admired, as shown in the passage below:

It is extraordinary how generous and, from the inside, well-bred these men were. To be sure the second conductor waved his knife and fork and made bitter faces if one of us took only a little bit of the lamb. He wanted us to take more. But the *essential* courtesy of all of them was quite perfect, so manly and utterly simple. Just the same with the q-b. They treated her with a sensitive, manly simplicity, which one could be but thankful for. They made none of the odious politenesses which are so detestable in well-brought-up people. They made no advances and did none of the hateful homage of the adulating male. They were quiet, and kind, and sensitive to the natural flow of life.<sup>10</sup>

But more often the people he met became caricatures and were mocked, in some cases even violently attacked, if they failed to conform to the image he had of them.

On January 7 he arrived in Mandas, where he has a conversation with three local workers, bored to death about their life in a solitary station. He laughed at their simplicity, and one of them, who looked like a little pig, is reported saying 'At Mandas one does *nothing*. At Mandas one goes to bed when it's dark, like a chicken. At Mandas one walks down the road like a pig that is going nowhere. At Mandas a goat understands more than the inhabitants understand. At Mandas one needs socialism...' <sup>11</sup> The mocking intention through hyperbolic distortion of the character's words is quite obvious.

Even the slow journey by train, which had appealed to his imagination so much, is in the end too boring:

Oh, twisty, wooded, steep slopes, oh, glimpses of Gen-nargentu, oh, nigger-striped cork-trees, oh, smells of peasants, of wooden, wearisome railway carriage, we are sick of you! Nearly seven hours of this journey already: and a distance of sixty miles.<sup>12</sup>

On January 8 he arrived in Sorgono, which has been for a very long time the farthest village reached by the railway. It is not by chance that in Sardinia people still say, as a half-serious curse '*anku t'iskudighide in Sorgono*', that is 'May you find yourself after sunset in Sorgono', meaning that nobody will offer you a shelter. But D.H. Lawrence did not know that even few Sardinians would have hoped to receive hospitality in that village; forgetting he had reached one of the farthest villages touched by civilisation, he gave a grim description of what he found there:

We pass into a big dreary bar, where are innumerable bottles behind a tin counter. Flutter-jack yells: and at length appears mine host, a youngish fellow of the Eskimo type, but rather bigger, in a dreary black suit and a cutaway waistcoat, and innumerable wine stains on his shirt front. I instantly hated him for the filthy appearance he made. He wore a battered hat and his face was long unwashed.

Was there a bedroom?

Yes.

And he led the way down the passage, just as dirty as the road outside, up the hollow, wooden stairs also just as clean as the passage, along a hollow, drum-rearing dirty corridor, and into a bedroom. Well, it contained a large bed, thin and flat with a grey-white counterpane, like a large, poor, marble-slabbed tomb

in the room's sordid emptiness; one dilapidated chair on which stood the miserablest weed of a candle I have ever seen: a broken wash saucer in a wire ring: and for the rest, an expanse of wooden floor as dirty-grey-black as it could be, and an expanse of wall charted with the bloody deaths of mosquitoes. The window was about two feet above the level of a sort of stable yard outside, with a fowl-house just by the sash. There, at the window flew lousy feathers and dirty straw, the ground was thick with chicken droppings. An ass and two oxen comfortably chewed hay in an open shed just across, and plump in the middle of the yard lay a bristly black pig taking the last of the sun. Smells of course were varied.<sup>13</sup>

D.H. Lawrence gets literally furious:

'Dirty, disgusting swine!', said I, and I was in a rage. I could have forgiven him anything, except his horrible shirt-breast, his personal shamelessness...

I attacked the spotty breast again.

Could I have milk?

No. Perhaps in an hour there would be milk. Perhaps not.

Was there anything to eat?

No – at half-past seven there would be something to eat.

Was there a fire?

No – the man hadn't made a fire.<sup>14</sup>

No doubt that would have made anyone lose his temper – even other Sardinians, I would guess. But D.H. Lawrence was in a country village *outside the circuit of civilisation*, where proximity between man and beasts was to be expected. Even the queen bee, Frieda, is surprised at his anger:

And the q-b was angry with me for my fury.

'Why are you so indignant! Anyone would think your moral self has been outraged! Why take it so morally? You petrify that man at the inn by the very way you speak to him, such condemnation! Why don't you take as it comes? It's all life.'

But no, my rage is black, black, black. Why, heaven knows. But I think it was because Sorgono had seemed so fascinating to me, when I imagined it beforehand. Oh, so fascinating! If I had expected nothing I should have been not so hit... I cursed the degenerate aborigines, the dirty-breasted host who dared to keep such an inn, the sordid villagers who had the baseness to squat their beastly human nastiness in this upland valley. All my praise of the long stocking-cap – you remember? – vanished from my mouth. I cursed them all, and the q-b for an interfering female...<sup>15</sup>

He speaks long to a bus conductor, who scribbled on a piece of paper his most deep-felt aspiration: 'You will find me a post in England, when you go in the summer? You will find me a place in London as a chauffeur...!'<sup>16</sup> Lawrence answers politely, but cannot help having a patronizing and mocking attitude:

The bus-mate climbed in and out, coming in to sit near us. He was like a dove which has at last found an olive bough to nest in. And we were the olive bough in this world of waste waters. Alas, I felt a broken reed. But he sat so serenely near us, now, like a dog that has found a master.<sup>17</sup>

In reality, he finds this bus-mate an intruder and escapes from acquaintances that risk becoming, as it were, too intimate:

I told the bus-Hamlet, who was abstract with nerve fatigue, please to tell his comrade that I would not



forget the commission: and I tapped my waistcoat pocket, where the paper lay over my heart. He briefly promised – and we escaped. We escaped any further friendship.<sup>18</sup>

Here the intellectual posing has completely vanished, together with the illusion of having found a suitable world in which to live. When eventually he arrives in Civitavecchia, how excited he is to meet at the railway station in Rome some compatriots who speak in a lively way about their recent journeys! Sardinia and its pre-Christian spirit is quickly gone:

Once more we knew ourselves in the real active world, where the air seems like a lively wine dissolving the pearl of the old order. I hope, dear reader, that you like the metaphor. Yet I cannot forbear repeating how strongly one is sensible of the solvent property of the atmosphere... and in one hour one changes one's psyche. The human being is a most curious creature. He thinks he has got one soul and he has got dozens. I felt my sound Sardinian soul melting off me, I felt myself evaporating into the real Italian uncertainty and momentaneity. So I perused the 'Corriere' whilst the metamorphosis took place.<sup>19</sup>

And in the last chapter, he becomes excited at watching a marionettes show, where he enjoys 'the hot southern blood, so subtle and spontaneous, that asks for blood contact, not for mental communion or spirit sympathy.'<sup>20</sup> A final confession which seems to circle back to the first chapter is: '...let me confess, in parentheses, that I am not at all sure whether I do not really prefer these demons to our sanctified humanity.'<sup>21</sup>

Some of the most typical themes in D.H. Lawrence's work are clearly expressed in *Sea and Sardinia*. As a first

example, the quest for a pre-industrial, even pre-Christian and pre-Apollonian society, in which man would be free from the psychological manacles of western rationalism and Christian self-restraint, for which Lawrence seems to be indebted to the influence exerted by Frederick Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*, (1872), is to be found in several passages:

One sees a few fascinating faces in Cagliari: those great dark unlighted eyes. There are fascinating dark eyes in Sicily, bright, big, with an impudent point of light and a curious roll, and long lashes: the eyes of old Greece, surely. But here one sees eyes of soft, blank darkness, all velvet, with no imp looking out of them. And they strike a stranger, older note: before the soul became self-conscious. before the mentality of Greece appeared in the world. Remote, always remote, as if the intelligence lay deep into the cave, and never came forward. One searches into the gloom for one second, while the glance lasts. But without being able to penetrate to the reality. It recedes, like some unknown creature, deeper into its lair. There is a creature, dark and potent. But what?<sup>22</sup>

And again:

They have no inkling of our crucifixion, our universal consciousness. Each of them is pivoted and limited to himself, as the wild animals are. They look out, and they see other objects, objects to ridicule or mistrust, or to sniff curiously at. But 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself' has never entered their soul at all, not even the thin end of it. they might love their neighbour with a hot, dark, unquestioning love. But the love would probably leave off abruptly. The fascination of what is beyond them has not seized on them. Their neighbour is a mere external... One

feels for the first time the real old medieval life, which is enclosed in itself and has no interest in the world outside... They are not going to be broken in upon by world-consciousness. They are not going into the world's common clothes. Coarse, vigorous, determined, they will stick to their own coarse dark stupidity and let the big world find its own unenlightened hell. Their hell is their own hell, they prefer it unenlightened.<sup>23</sup>

Another theme, which is to be found across all of Lawrence's works is the search for individuality, the desire to escape from the standardisation of a homogeneous world, which deprived people of their natural freedom:

I am glad that the era of love and oneness is over: hateful homogeneous world-oneness. I am glad that Russia flies back into savage Russianism, Scythism, savagely self-pivoting. I am glad America is doing the same. I shall be glad when men hate their common, world-alike clothes, when they tear them up and clothe themselves fiercely for distinction, savage distinction, savage distinction against the rest of the creeping world: when America kicks the billy-cock and the collar-and-tie into limbo, and takes to her own national costume... The era of love and oneness is over. The era of world-alike should be at an end. Men will set their bonnets at one another now, and fight themselves into separation and sharp distinction. The day of peace and oneness is over, the day of the great fight into multifariousness is at hand. Hasten the day, and save us from proletarian homogeneity and khaki all-alikeness.<sup>24</sup>

The responsibility of depriving man of his individuality and of the capacity of enjoying life is attributed both to democ-

racy and socialism, between which he seems to make no distinction:

...the peasants of the South [of Italy] have left off the costume. Usually it is the invisible soldier's grey-green cloth, the Italian khaki. Wherever you go, wherever you be, you see this khaki, this grey-green war clothing... It is symbolic of the universal grey mist that has come over men, the extinguishing of all bright individuality, the blotting out of all wild singleness. Oh, democracy! Oh, khaki democracy!<sup>25</sup>

Lawrence's anti-feminism, possibly a consequence of his essential misogyny, is quite evident in the description of the old witch in the marionettes show:

The old witch with her grey hair and staring eyes, succeeds in being ghastly. With just a touch she should be a tall benevolent old lady. But listen to her. Hear her horrible female voice with its scraping yells of evil lustfulness. Yes, she fills me with horror. And I am staggered to find how I believe in her as the evil principle. Beelzebub, poor devil, is only one of her instruments... But behold this image of the witch. This white, submerged idea of woman which rules from the deeps of the unconscious.<sup>26</sup>

According to Lawrence the battle of the sexes is not concealed by good manners in Sardinia:

They are amusing, these peasant girls and women: so brisk and defiant. They have straight backs like little walls, and decided, well-drawn brows. And they are amusingly on the alert... and you feel they would fetch you a bang over the head as lief as look at you. Tenderness, thank heaven, is not a Sardinian quality... When the men from the country look at these



women, then it is Mind yourself, my lady... Man is going to be male Lord if he can. And woman is not going to give him too much of his own way either. So there you have it, the fine old martial split between the sexes. It is tonic and splendid, really...<sup>27</sup>

In *Sea and Sardinia* there is an absent theme: history and art. This is a meaningful omission. We have seen already that Lawrence says that Sardinia has no history, and no doubt he thinks the same about its artistic heritage. This is obviously not true: history has left its marks for about five thousand years. The nuraghi (there are about seven thousand of these conic towers built between 3000 and 500 BC, spread all over Sardinia) are maybe the most striking example of integrated defence system in the Mediterranean Sea; Cagliari has the second most important Punic necropolis after Carthage and a big Roman amphitheatre and very nice examples of Spanish baroque, to mention only the most striking. None of these treasures was even visited (Lawrence must have known about them because he was travelling with a Baedeker at hand). The only monumental work of art he mentions, apart from a breath-taking square described as 'a strange place called the Bastions', is the Cathedral of Cagliari:

The Cathedral must have been a fine old pagan stone fortress once. Now it has come, as it were, through the mincing machine of the ages, and oozed out Baroque and sausagey, a bit like the horrible baldachins in St Peter's at Rome. None the less it is homely and hole-and-cornery, with a rather ragged high mass trailing across the pavement towards the high altar, since it is almost sunset, and Epiphany. It feels as if one might squat in a corner and play marbles and eat bread and cheese and be at home: a comfortable old-time churchy feel. There is some striking filet lace on the

various altar-cloths. And St Joseph must be a prime saint. He has an altar and a verse of invocation praying for the dying.<sup>28</sup>

It is true that the cathedral was not in its full splendour – the beautiful baroque facade had been pulled down by an engineer who thought he would find the medieval facade underneath – but no doubt Lawrence's description is rather poor for a 12<sup>th</sup> century cathedral literally stuffed with works of art, especially if you think that he devoted some three pages to the description of a fruit and vegetable market, and some two to the discussion about prices in Sardinian coaches.

Since it is quite unlikely that Lawrence ignored all this, the meaningful silence on history and art might be the consequence of a repulsion for art and antiquities which was quite widespread in those years in Italy. In 1909 Filippo Tommaso Marinetti (who, incidentally, visited Cagliari only weeks after Lawrence) had published in a French leading newspaper, *Le Figaro*, the Manifesto of Futurism. This movement, which was to attract painters and authors, gained popularity thanks to its bombastic and aggressive propaganda. Here are a few extracts from Marinetti's startling Manifesto:

We want to glorify war – the only hygiene of the world – militarism, patriotism, actions to destroy libertarians, beautiful ideas for which one dies and the contempt for women. We want to destroy museums, libraries and any sort of academies; fight militarism, feminism any opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice. ...It is from Italy we launch to the world this Manifesto... because we want to free our country from the fetid gangrene of professors, archaeologists, know-alls and antiquarians.<sup>29</sup>

Futurism was one of the first modernist movements in Europe, and maybe the most militant (Marinetti officially sup-



ported fascism) and influential (through the technical treatise which proposed artistic principles such as the abolition of adjectives, adverbs and syntax in literature, and the representation of movement and the interpenetration of spaces in visual arts, spread by the 1912 Paris exhibition organised by Boccioni, they influenced the Paris cubists, Russian constructivists and British vorticists.) Lawrence's prediction that a dictator would rule Italy in the next decade, an event he welcomes (Mussolini was to march on Rome and take power in October 1922, even earlier than he expected) shows a correlation with futurist ideas. As regards style, Lawrence's rich adjectivation and frequent *-isms* especially when dealing with contemporary political issues does not diverge significantly from Gabriele D'Annunzio's prose.<sup>30</sup>

### Endnotes

1. 'Introduction' to *D.H. Lawrence and Italy*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985.
2. In January 1921, when he travelled in Sardinia, he was by no means an inexperienced writer, since he had published such major narrative works as *Sons and Lovers* (1913), *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Women in Love* (1920); but a new five-year period in his life, 'the savage pilgrimage', was just starting, bearing the publication of his chief essays ('Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious', 1921; 'Movements in European History', 1921; 'Fantasia and the Unconscious', 1922), and the writing of short stories included in *England, My England*, short novels like 'St. Mawr' and 'The Ladybird', 'The Fox' and 'The Captain's Doll', novels like *Kangaroo* and *The Boy in the Bush*, the poems collected in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, and most of *The Plumed Serpent* and *Mornings in Mexico*. Finally, he translated Verga's *Mastro Don Gesualdo* (1923) and *Cavalleria Rusticana* (1925): a very productive period indeed.
3. D.H. Lawrence translated into English *Mastro-Don Gesualdo* (1923), *Little Novels of Sicily* (1925) and *Cavalleria Rusticana* (1925) by G. Verga, and *The Story of Dr. Menante* (1929) by G. Grazzini. He also wrote an introduction to the English edition of *La Madre*, a novel by the Sardinian author Grazia Deledda, who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1926. His translations are rather peculiar because he deliberately kept the syntactic structures of the Italian text.

4. D.H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia*, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1981, pp. 8-9.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 9.
6. Admiral Nelson spent a couple of months on his *Victory* in Sardinian seas between 1804 and 1805, with a fleet of ten vessels and a few frigates. In his letters to Lord Habard and to Lord Harrowby (the latter served as foreign minister at the time) he insisted that the British government should make any effort to purchase Sardinia from the Savoy king. He was struck by the beauty of its coastline, by the favourable strategic position right in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea, which would turn very useful in case of conflict with the French fleets. John Galt published a description of Sardinia which is read nowadays especially because of his travel companion, Lord Byron. J.W. Tyndale, who spent six years writing *The Island of Sardinia*, a remarkable work in three volumes which alternates landscape descriptions with lively reports on the nature of people, somehow supports Lawrence's idea that average Sardinians were 'far from the circuit of civilization': one could not believe that the English people were ruled by 'a female' (i.e. Queen Victoria) and another refused to believe that the English people were so crazy as to sail as far as India to import dried leaves - that's what he called tea. An introduction to British travellers in Sardinia can be found in M. Cabiddu, (1982) *La Sardegna vista dagli Inglesi - Viaggiatori dell'800*, Quartu S.E., E.S.A.
7. Edward Nehls, *D.H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*, University Of Wisconsin, 1957; quoted by J. Franks, 'Introduction' to *Sea and Sardinia*, London: Penguin, p. xvii.
8. D.H. Lawrence, *Sea and Sardinia*, p. 62.
9. *Ibid.*, pp. 71-72.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 142.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 87.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 102.
13. *Ibid.*, pp. 103-4.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 104.
15. *Ibid.*, p. 107.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 175.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 177.
18. *Ibid.*, p. 179.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 189.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 213.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 9.
22. *Ibid.*, p. 74.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 98-9.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 100.