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a distinction between "European and non-European masses"; as Kate thinks it, something "conscious, carefully chosen" rather than degenerative is taking place (200, 193). "Isn't *The Plumed Serpent*", Paik asks, "the first book ever by a major English novelist to deal in an affirmative spirit with the awakening of the Third World?" (189). Despite the anachronism of the terms, this is yet another of the characteristically energising suggestions to be discovered in Paik Nak-chung's fine study of D. H. Lawrence's thought.

Thalia Trigoni, *The Intelligent Unconscious in Modernist Literature and Science (Among the Victorians and Modernists).*
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Reviewed by John Turner

This book offers a valuable, lucid account of an interesting and important topic: the growing awareness in the later nineteenth century of unconscious neurological processes that might rightly be described, in their pursuit of practical rational ends, as intelligent. The author's aim is to counterbalance the excessive emphasis in literary criticism on the relations between literature and Freudian psychoanalysis, with its focus on a repressed unconscious, by drawing attention to the discoveries of the new science of psychology that probed the wisdom and the rich emotional life of the body, ceaselessly active below the threshold of conscious awareness. The first two chapters of the book, centring on the figure of William James, survey some of the more important issues and figures involved; and, if the source material is so voluminous as to resist tight organisation, it is always interestingly and clearly presented. Of particular relevance here are James's beliefs that

emotions are experienced in the mind only because they are first enacted in the body; that human life is an endless process of coming into being; that mental concepts are pale "post-mortem preparations" (William James, *Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy* [Alpha Editions, 2020], 99); and that the richness of life can never be known, only experienced through immersion in its flux. The following three chapters deal in succession with Lawrence, Woolf and Eliot, authors born in the 1880s into this new science that would help them resist the later appeal of psychoanalysis. In each case a representative text is chosen for study – *Women in Love*, *The Waves* and *Four Quartets* – in order to epitomise the authors' different concerns with the processes of the intelligent unconscious. Our main interest here is with Lawrence, and I turn now to the relevant chapter and offer what he himself called the "impertinence" of a brief *résumé* (*IR* 336).

After a brief noncommittal discussion as to whether Lawrence may or may not be called a monist, the chapter opens with an account of those nineteenth-century physiologists and psychologists who, under the influence of contemporary industrialisation, pictured the body as a machine or factory to be run by the mind. This establishes the context for a lengthy summary of Lawrence's two psychology books, presenting them as his mature account of the origins of the Jamesian stream of consciousness that had so preoccupied his adolescence, and demonstrating their comprehensive reversal of everything claimed by the physiologists. The mind is no rational supervisor in Lawrence but a bully, exerting "mechanical force" upon the bodily stream of unconscious life, and "subjecting everything spontaneous to certain machine-principles called ideals or ideas" (*PFU* 42). Freud, we are told, is associated by Lawrence with the physiologists, and psychoanalysis dispatched as a discipline subdued to the mechanism of science and idealism. The discussion of *Women in Love* begins with the 1914 letter to Garnett about allotropes (*2L* 182–4) – a metaphor then pressed into the service of a dialectic where diamond symbolises the conscious

mind and coal the unconscious, both of them seen as "manifestations of an essentially identical property: intelligence" (90). The mechanisation of modern life has caused a dissociation between the conscious and the unconscious mind, illustrated in *Women in Love* by the ambivalent relationship between Gerald and Birkin, where Gerald represents consciousness (diamond) and Birkin the unconscious (coal). Only in their wrestling do the two men fleetingly heal this dissociation, initiating new cognitive processes that enable direct mystical experience of the fountainhead of the stream of consciousness itself (carbon). Ursula too later achieves a comparable synthesis with Birkin when she apprehends "the mystic body of reality", ineffable beyond any possible "mind content" (*WL* 320). The chapter concludes by proclaiming this the fulfilment of the artistic ambition announced by Lawrence in *Study of Thomas Hardy* – to create an art "which knows the struggle between two conflicting laws, and knows the final reconciliation" (*STH* 128).

For my part I found the book an interesting, scholarly contextualisation of Lawrence's beliefs, especially with regard to the possible impact of James. My one reservation is that the thread of the argument is pulled too tight, tending often subtly to distort the material under discussion. Words such as neurasthenia, neurosis and nervousness swim too closely together, whilst *Women in Love* merges into later writings on the Nottinghamshire mining communities that serve a quite different purpose. Any argument that aims to integrate Lawrence's thinking from 1914 to the late 1920s risks downplaying his adventurous willingness to run with new ideas, and also his capacity to see around a problem. If he detested Freud, he also believed "we can get something from his suggestions" (*3L* 526); if he judged psychoanalysis mechanical, he also admitted the "mechanistic organism" of the body; and if he admired James, he also saw in his stream of consciousness the "stream of hell which undermined my adolescence" (*PFU* 10, 8). I do wonder too about the appropriateness of turning that 1914 letter to Garnett, prioritising the intrapersonal, elemental life of the body

over its many varied manifestations in visible human behaviours (a bipartite model), into a hierarchical, dialectical and interpersonal model where coal and diamond are made to represent different levels of consciousness aspiring towards a synthesis (a tripartite model). In *Women in Love*, if coal symbolises anything under Thomas Crich, it is surely the competition for money and the self-contradictions of Victorian capitalism, rather than any supposed unconscious warmth and sociability in the mining communities; and where can it be shown that Birkin is "associated with the industrial element of coal" (67)? More centrally, I am uneasy about the way in which the unconscious life of the body is presented here predominantly in terms of intelligence, cognition and reasoning process. These terms are all very well, and can be justified; but there is much in Lawrence that exceeds them. Where James was grounded in Darwin and traced the origins of the new and creative to the ceaseless interaction between environment and psychesoma, both conscious and unconscious, Lawrence scorned evolution and sang instead of Life, the "central Mystery" and the "unfolding of the creative unknown" (*RDP* 78, 80). He was both clear and urgent in his belief, his need: "I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience" (*2L* 165). The urgency driving Lawrence's religious view of creativity marks a qualitative difference from anything in James, which James himself would have been quick to appreciate, but which seems to me underappreciated here in what is otherwise a very stimulating chapter in an engaging book.