

Thesis

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2 FRIEDA VON RICHTHOFEN LAWRENCE:

FRIEDA DELIVERED?



Chapter 7 Historical Note: Frieda and the Matriots

In turning from Catherine Hogarth Dickens to Frieda von Richthofen Lawrence we have to change our historical perspective. Catherine's life we could consider under the perspective of magnanimous individualism, for Frieda's life this is not enough. Catherine can be called, without detracting from her stature, an ordinary woman. Her sincerity, her willingness to fill her place in the system and her inability to cope with its double think are part of the ordinary woman's life experience. Frieda was an extraordinary woman who belongs to the history of women's rebellion against the system. This does not mean that her life does not also belong to the history of magnanimous individualism. It does, though on the face of it Frieda rejected magnanimous assumptions. She rejected them, however only in the form of what I have called the division-of-labour society. She saw, rightly, that this was an ethos that traps women in situations where their magnanimity is turned against them, and she decided from an early age that she would be undomesticated. She flaunted idleness, and though in fact she learnt a lot about housework from Lawrence and had to do more than her share because of his illness, she was always careful to be unobtrusive about it. This was not how she wanted to make her mark. Her idea of life well spent was a creative co-operation with Lawrence resulting in work that would change society. In this

she belongs without doubt to the history of magnanimous individualism. But her contribution, her 'magnanimous gift' so to say, was her socially critical attitude, down to the freely chosen, ideological gesture of idleness. In this she belongs to a narrower, more sharply defined sector of women's history.

Frieda can be characterised by a woman's anti-tradition that I call matriotic because it is especially hostile to the patriotic virtues and precepts. Industry is a patriotic virtue in women as well as chastity. Matriotic assumptions, the formation of matriotic groups, may be as old a tradition as urban society, but in the way of many anti-traditions it is badly documented. We can follow it back clearly to the 18th Century, the Enlightenment and the French Revolution. As an anti-tradition it is shaped by the contingencies of its immediate historical context. There are, however, values which remain stable over time and which allow us to see a continuity. In all these features it belongs to the general history of European culture. But because of the contingent nature there are necessarily national differences in its expression. The stable values too have for obvious cultural-historical reasons different overtones in different countries.

As an anti-tradition matriotism is always concerned with freedom. Frieda belongs to German matriotism, which is characterised by a revolutionary attitude to the body, to female sexuality and to freedom in sexual

relations. Its political outlook is anti-national, anti-military and strongly international. It overlaps with socialism, especially the utopian socialism I have discussed in Part I. It shares with Marxism that concern with individualism, with a society that promotes the unfolding of individual capacities and of human wholeness, which is so often forgotten in socialist practice. It is different from socialism in that it is historically dominated by women and that its political aim is the sexual revolution. In our context of 'Lives of Wives' my description of it may appear as something of an excursus. It is, however, relevant if Frieda is to be anything more than Lawrence's wife. It is also necessary as background, especially to Mr Noon which I discuss in the last chapter.

The English primer of <sup>a</sup>matriotism, accessible to us all is Virginia Woolf's Three Guineas. ' Three Guineas is narrowly and realistically based on the position of 'the daughters of professional men' in the 1930s. It has no utopian aspect and Woolf is not interested in the social and political concerns we shall meet in looking at German matriotism. There is no consciousness of a woman's anti-tradition stretching behind: the positive, matriotism, is here a negative, Woolf's 'society of outsiders'. Her framework is spare and puritan: women who want to belong to this society have to take a vow of poverty and chastity (by which she means intellectual chastity). But Three Guineas is unsurpassed in its

analysis of why women cannot be patriots. The virtue of the Roman matron is demolished, the feeling for la patria, la patrie, the fatherland, the motherland (which is the land of the mothers of the fathers, the sons, the heroes) - so carefully implanted in the young girl - is shown to be absurd. Woolf wants a freedom for women which she calls 'freedom from unreal loyalties' (1977: 90).

Her imaginary daughter of a professional man, always referred to as the outsider, speaks to herself and her brother as follows:

'What does "our country" mean to me an outsider?' To decide this she will analyse the meaning of patriotism in her own case. She will inform herself of the position of her sex and her class in the past. She will inform herself of the amount of land, wealth, property in the possession of her own sex and class in the present - how much of "England" in fact belongs to her. She will inform herself of the legal protection which the law has given her in the past and now gives her.... "Our country", she will say, 'throughout the greater part of its history has treated me as a slave; it has denied me education or any share in its possessions. "Our country" still ceases to be mine if I marry a foreigner. "Our country" denies me the means of protecting myself [and] forces me to pay others a very large sum annually to protect me.... Therefore if you insist upon fighting to protect me, or "our country", let it be understood, soberly and rationally between us, that you are fighting to gratify a sex instinct which I cannot share; to procure benefits which I have not shared and probably will not share; but not to gratify my instincts.... For, the outsider will say, 'in fact as a woman I have no country. As a woman I want no country. As a woman my country is the whole world.' (1977: 125)

Woolf adds some rules of conduct, all of them negative:

She will bind herself to take no share in patriotic demonstrations; to assent to no form of national self-praise; to make no part of any claue or audience that encourages war; to absent herself from all military displays ... and all such ceremonies as encourage the desire to impose 'our' civilization or 'our' dominion upon other people. (1977: 125)

These have been meanwhile turned into the positive rules of a duty to demonstrate against armament and warmongering. The issue of patriotism is, however, far from resolved. Feminists have not yet effectively sabotaged a war effort. It is well known that in the period leading up to the Great War feminism turned patriotic and conservative in all European countries, and it is not unknown today that feminists 'assent to national self-praise'. There have been, historically, great isolated gestures: for instance that of the first German feminist movement, which dissolved itself in 1933 rather than accept Nazi patronage.<sup>22</sup> But by and large feminism cannot be equated with matriotism. As there have been patriotic elements in feminism historically, so there are certain conservative and patriotic elements in feminism today. The roll call of feminist forebears includes, indifferently, great women who have helped men establish a state of affairs that is essentially against women's interest and great women who have fought against such a state of affairs.

Woolf's internationalism - 'as a woman my country is the whole world' - characterises matriotism for a good

reason she does not touch on: the link between patriotism and misogyny. The 'Futurist Manifesto' of Marinetti, the Italian futurist Lawrence was interested in, is instructive in this context:-

We are out to glorify war:  
The only health-giver of the world!  
Militarism! Patriotism!  
The Destructive Arm of the Anarchist!  
Ideas that Kill!  
Contempt for women!<sup>28</sup>

Marinetti published this in 1909, the period when Weininger's Sex and Character began to percolate among the avant-garde.<sup>4</sup> I would like to contrast it with another, much earlier manifesto which could be called, roughly speaking, matriotic. It was published by the early German feminist Luise Otto in her Frauen-Zeitung ('newspaper for women') in the 1840s. Luise Otto illustrates the area where a revolutionary or reformist patriotism overlaps with matriotism. She was active in the 1848 liberal revolution, a patriotic movement that fostered her feminism (When we come to Bettine von Arnim we shall meet again with the phenomenon of a complex, enlightened and critical patriotism intertwined with matriotism).

I call the women of this country to the realm  
of freedom

We demand our share

- (a) The right to develop the human in us in  
free unfolding of all our powers
- (b) the right of being responsible and  
independent citizens in the state

For our part we promise

- (c) we want to devote our powers to the cause of liberating the world, first by making known wherever we can the great ideas of the future, freedom and humanity, which at bottom mean the same thing, ...
- (d) that we will not struggle separately, each for herself but rather each for all
- (e) that above all we will concern ourselves with those who are forgotten because of poverty, misery and ignorance and live and die in neglect.<sup>25</sup>

We have here, coming together, the ideas of freedom, of internationalism ('the cause of liberating the world') and, in embryonic form, of a woman's sexual self-determination as the right to own her body ('free unfolding of all our powers').

The German patriots occurred as small diverse groups that rebelled against the ethos of mainstream culture sometimes politically, sometimes only culturally, but always socially. The main thing they have in common is that they rebel against the existing power relations between the sexes and 'feminise' society by practicing new forms of loving. It is the stress on a new morality of sexual love as the nucleus of a new society that runs like a red thread through the ideologies of the historically heterogeneous groups and that we meet as the concern paramount with Frieda. I can only roughly sketch here a few of the groups. No research has so far been done on the continuity of the ideas - in other words, no continuity has been seen - but there are sources for the



shape the ideas took in historical individuals.<sup>66</sup> I have chosen almost at random some examples of group formations for the late 18th Century, an individual figure for the 1840s and a phase in the German women's movement in the late 19th century called Neue Ethik. This means barely touching the surface of what the history of women holds, especially in the 19th Century. Frieda, who was born in 1879, was influenced by the Neue Ethik through her elder sister, but mainly, in its heyday in the 1900s, through Otto Gross who gave a scientific psychoanalytic basis to the feminist conception of the new morality and extended its social and political range. These were the ideas she brought to Lawrence when they met in 1912 and which form the background to Mr Noon II.

The four sketches I offer below are illustrative moments in the matriotic anti-tradition. None of the group formations lasted over time, many of the individuals involved reverted to traditional patterns. The Humboldts became patriots. The Jena Circle broke up with Caroline Schlegel's attachment to Schelling and divorce from August Wilhelm Schlegel. Friedrich and Dorothea Schlegel became Catholics. Schelling abandoned his matriotic position for religion (Caroline fortunately died too early to witness it - she did not go back on their early convictions and remained a freethinker all her life). Bettine von Arnim continued writing and growing in stature in her old age, but her circle crumbled and her most important work remained unfinished

or did not find a public. The Neue Ethik dominated German feminism only for a brief period. It did, however, continue to influence German life and thought through the work of Helene Stoecker and others far beyond its shortlived phase as a movement.

The essential thing about the enterprises I describe below is not their longevity but the vitality of the ideas that we see springing up again and again. I have taken individual figures each time to represent the historical movement in question.

1. Karoline and Wilhelm von Humboldt

I will begin with a few remarks about an 18th century couple who had a truly revolutionary marriage. Since Karoline von Dachroeden Humboldt (1766-1829) and Wilhelm von Humboldt (brother of Alexander) belong to the aristocracy and were both highly educated people, we can assume the impact of the Enlightenment on their ideas and behind it that of the German conception of the Renaissance. They were dedicated to an ideal of human wholeness in which reason is not any longer opposed to instinct, but reason and instinct together make for true human reason. But if it was indeed enlightenment ideas that guided them, they had a highly original way of applying them to personal life. They eschewed the

double morality (unquestioned at their time) and agreed on perfect freedom for both, sexual and emotional, within the framework of a love marriage. They saw the connection between chastity and the woman as property and dismissed it.<sup>7</sup> The woman is a human being with the same claim to wholeness as a man: her wholeness is sexual and instinctive as well as reasonable; she is self-directed, that is reasonable, and she owns her own body, that is her instincts are acknowledged and allowed to be her own.

Our sources are family letters published three generations later. I am using Marianne Weber's account in Die Frauen and die Liebe and all references are to her.<sup>8</sup> We do not know whether there were other revolutionary marriages like theirs. There may be other correspondences buried in family archives. Most will have been burnt by shocked descendants. It is probable, however, that personal temperament led the Humboldts to their unusual agreement. Karoline was older than Wilhelm when they married, a clever, independent young woman, more healthily balanced, more mature and physically more passionate than he was. Wilhelm had been psychologically injured as a child and had a curiously split personality. With a great capacity for love and empathy, for loyalty and devotion, went a difficulty about sex and sexual attraction (The parallel with Lawrence is striking).<sup>9</sup> Karoline was the dominant partner in the sexual relationship.

At the time of their marriage Wilhelm was on the

threshold of a brilliant career in the Prussian Civil Service. He gave up his post and withdrew into private life, giving as his reason that Karoline (and other people important to him) had opened his eyes to what he really wanted: to be himself, not represent something in the world. After their marriage in 1791 Wilhelm writes to Karoline in terms that remind one of Lawrence's experience of becoming himself, expressed in the poem 'I Am Like A Rose', which begins 'I am myself at last; now I achieve/My very self', (only Wilhelm goes on beyond himself to her):

... that I am one with myself, that I am what I was meant to be, that I see the truth, that I can apprehend and feel harmonious beauty, this is your work alone - and my work is, my work alone, that you too are what you were meant to be, that you too see the truth and feel and apprehend beauty and harmony. (acc. to Weber 1936: 72)

They first withdrew to the country, then lived in Jena which was, at the end of the 18th century, the centre of German intellectual life, then travelled, and finally settled in Rome. There Karoline became the art historian and critic as which she is known. She did not publish her work. This withdrawal from 'the world of men', really a contempt for the world of men, is a feature of the history of matriotism and makes chronicling this history particularly difficult.

Both spouses had physical love relationships and friendships with people who were important to their

lives. Karoline writes to her friend Rahel Levin (later Varnhagen) about such experiences that they allow her to plumb depths in herself which would otherwise have been for ever unknown to her (p. 74). The bond with Humboldt remained the central fact of her life. Only once do we hear a breath of criticism. When three of her children had died within four years of the dreaded 'Roman fever' (later recognised as malaria) she writes:

No-one has been with me, I walk my dark road alone. No human being helps another; unless we find strength for living in our own breast nothing will give it us from outside. Everything that is said about the sharing and communicating of feeling is after all words and nothing else. (acc. to Weber 1936: 78).

She adds 'Humboldt is so good ... but no human being can help another in the depths of despair'. Humboldt was good. He was away a great deal at that time, and he writes to her simply and movingly about their pain; that their life will not be happy again in the same way as before, that it has been disturbed at its source. 'But, love, the main thing is not to live happily, but to accept this fate and live in a fully human way' (p. 79). He adds: 'And, if only you are preserved for me'.

After the rise of Napoleon, when their native Prussia was in need of all the help it could get, they returned home, and both devoted themselves to public service. Without a trace of political ambition, Humboldt became the statesman as which he is known. The basis of their personal relationship remained the same.

On their 19th wedding anniversary he writes to Karoline:

Each human life has an aim; nothing of me shall remain, nothing of what I have done. I will hardly still produce something that will outlive me. But one thing I believe I have accomplished: to have accompanied you through life in a way that was not unworthy of you. To have made it possible for you to live in freedom and beauty and take life in, deep and pure, in happiness and unhappiness. This is the one thing that people who understand themselves and their lot must wish for. And working and being concerned about another, a life devoted to another has always been the highest and best form of existence for me and always will be.... And if it is you, if one may be the cause that a being like you, such as may be born I don't know how rarely, should not be bound or forced to lower itself, then life can make no finer use of a human being, even if it is a use that is not acknowledged by others.... So if you were not entirely free with me, my sweet child, if you had to give up what you wanted, if you had to do what you had no inclination to, then you would make nonsense of my whole life, within and without, for you must be entirely free and entirely your own master and be as happy as I can make you within and without. (acc. to Weber 1936: 80-81)

Such devotion to a spouse's absolute freedom raises some questions. Humboldt's 'my sweet child' jars, though it was the usage of the time. Is this amount of devotion parental rather than adult to adult? More to the point: does such an exclusive devotion to a spouse's freedom not speak of too great an isolation of the couple? If they had been part of a community, would they not have put other things first? The Humboldts were alone among the people we are discussing in having enough wealth to make self perfection an aim in itself. It makes their 'freedom' a different thing from the

'freedom' the early romantics spoke of. For the early romantics freedom was contingent on conditions; only where you had a proper hold on the here and now could you create a 'space of freedom'. Strung together, over time, these 'spaces' make up the kind of society people can live in, what they called 'gegluecktes Dasein' (something like 'happy here and now'). This seems to me a more challenging conception. However, the Humboldts aim was noble, and Humboldt expressed its own challenge clearly in a letter he wrote to a daughter on her marriage, long after Karoline's death:

The secret of a higher married happiness such as your mother and I felt from our wedding to her death consists in knowing how to preserve and to stimulate for one another the inner freedom of the mind. It is precisely by doing that that one comes closer and closer. (acc. to Weber 1936: 86)

The Humboldts might speak to adult children or friends about their marriage, but essentially their venture was private. Their very creed made them apolitical. Their letters have nevertheless a political interest, especially when one compares their ideas with those of the Early Romantics (Fruehromantiker). They reached out for a society of equals, forming that smallest of all societies, the society of two in their marriage. The early romantics, or Jena Circle as they are also called, were highly political. They formed a group of the kind we would today call a commune, which they consciously meant as a model for society. They

wanted to replace the idea of collectivity as instrumental and dictated from above, where the individual is expected to sacrifice itself for 'the whole' with that of community as condition for individual self-fulfilment. In other words, they opposed a patriotic conception of the state. Their model is incidentally also a criticism of modern socialist practice. The member of their group who made the realization of their 'model' practicable was Caroline Schlegel.

## 2. Caroline Schlegel and the Jena Circle

Both the Jena group's and the Humboldts' 'models' are matriotic, but they are very different. The political significance of the Humboldts' venture lies in their seeing marriage as a contract between two complete and equal human beings. Wholeness includes reason and passion. This means that wholeness demands freedom, to grow whole and to exercise wholeness. Since the woman is human like the man there can be no double morality. The Jena group, with greater political acumen, saw that a contract between two sexually equal partners is not possible in a society which treats women as inferior to men on other counts: legal, economically, cultural. Marriage has to be revolutionised in such a way that it



revolutionises society. Where the Humboldts were highminded and idealistic, they were playful and utopian. They put their faith in the body. Marriage must be based on physical attraction. Where there is real, elemental desire, there is marriage. Such desire is exclusive - you do not want anyone else while you feel it. It is also permanent - with the partner of your desire you will find constant renewal, constant satisfaction. Once people live from the sources of their desire, society will change. They will work less; work will be more like play, and play be more like work. Much of early romantic social analysis anticipates the young Marx.

They formed their commune in the house of Caroline Schlegel in the Jena of the 1790s. Caroline (1763-1809), is the pivotal figure among them. She was the initiator and practical organiser of the group; her political convictions gave it its life and purpose. The early romantics were influenced by the French revolution. We must look at a few facts from Caroline's biography to appreciate how direct that influence was. Caroline's life is mainly known to us through her famous letters. Unfortunately most of the politically most interesting, the so-called Demokratenbriefe from Mainz, that in her life time were passed from hand to hand among her friends are lost. It is an irreparable loss for the history of women. 10

In April 1792 Caroline, then a young widow with a child, moved to Mainz to be near her friends, Therese Heyne Forster and Georg Forster. Her family tried to stop her, but she was independent of them: she had a small widow's pension and could keep herself and her little daughter by adding to it with sewing and translating. She was attracted by revolutionary Mainz in which Forster played an active political role. Forster was an extraordinary man, a naturalist and anthropologist who had sailed as a boy with Captain Cook. He had been in Paris during the Revolution and was determined to put his knowledge into the service of the freedom of his own people. Caroline was made aware by him of the situation of the working classes. He acquainted her with the literature of the Revolution, made her translate Mirabeau's letters from prison to Sophie Mennieur and gave her Condorcet to read. Caroline did not like Forster as a man, by which she meant as a husband: she disapproved of the way he treated his wife, her friend Therese. She was never regarded by him as an equal; even after Therese had left and she worked with him side by side, he regarded her as a sort of nuisance like all women. She found equal companionship with men only later with the Schlegel brothers and in the Jena Circle. But she admired Forster as a politician and she served her political apprenticeship with him.

In October 1792 the French revolutionary army

entered Mainz. The elector had fled. The citizens planted the tree of liberty and burnt the documents of the feudal German constitution. Forster made his famous speech to the friends of liberty and justice. The citizens, with them Caroline, danced with the French in the streets. This period was the time of greatest change in Caroline's life. To become a Republikanerin meant the overcoming of the taboos of her socialization, a 'new morality'. She had been alone for five years, and she entered now into a love relationship with a young French officer, a friend of Forster.

Politically it was a time of resolutions and reversals. After deliberation, Forster and his committee decided that the Southwest German republic could not stand alone. On 30 March 1793 he asked for annexation by the French Republic. On the same day the anti-revolutionary forces of the King of Prussia began to besiege Mainz. In July the French withdrew and Mainz fell back into the hands of absolutism. In January 1794 Forster died in Paris. In July 1794 Robespierre was guillotined, and with him died the hope that the Revolution would bring about a radical change in social conditions.

Caroline fled with her little daughter (we must remind ourselves that all through we have to do with a double biography, the story of Caroline and Auguste, who are not only mother and daughter but companions and friends). On the way to Frankfurt she was arrested as a

Jacobin. She was not in fact a Jacobin, but the close association with Forster made the charge possible. Apparently the authorities were embarrassed by her capture and gave her a chance to escape, but she was too inexperienced to take it. She was imprisoned in the fortress of Koenigstein. Here, under inhuman and intolerable conditions, Caroline realised she was pregnant. Being freed became now a question of life and death. She had to keep the pregnancy secret for two reasons: the child's father was related to well known French Jacobins and associated with the defence of Mainz, and an illegitimate pregnancy meant by the law of the time that she would lose custody of her daughter and the right to her widow's pension. She implored her friends in letters to do something for her. But they could not understand her plight fully and were afraid to help. She decided she would kill herself when the pregnancy could not be hidden any more. Finally, however, August Wilhelm Schlegel had the political courage to intervene on her behalf and Alexander von Humboldt effected a pardon. Caroline was five months pregnant when August Wilhelm took her to Lucka, near Leipzig, in July 1793. As he had to take up a teaching post in Amsterdam, he left her in the care of his younger brother Friedrich, who was a student at Leipzig.

In Caroline's meeting with the Schlegel brothers lay hidden the germ of the Jena Circle. The partnership between the pregnant woman and the young student that

developed in Lucka is a touching and important incident in the history of ideas. Caroline, whose life had been kindled by the Revolution, fired Friedrich Schlegel with revolutionary zeal. Under her influence, he began to write about the consequences of the French revolution for the emancipation of women and their future role, as well as for the emancipation and future role of the working class. Caroline's political attitude remained resolutely republican and democratic in this period of fear and reaction. She told him of Forster, and he wrote the essay on Forster at a time when mentioning his name took courage. They debated, wrote to one another, and he began his work on questions of emancipation, morals and social ethics. Here in Lucka the foundations for the Jena group were laid. They planned the novel Lucinde, whose revolutionary doctrine about love was to make it the sensation of their time.<sup>12</sup> Friedrich admired this woman who, though in hiding and socially 'dead', had such a sense of her own worth. He saw her as his intellectual superior. She was, he wrote in Lucinde, 'a firm centre and ground of a new world' for him (p. 56). At the same time he looked after her tenderly, made friends with the eleven year old Guste and reported on 19 November, as proudly as if he was the father, the birth of 'the little citizen'.

Friedrich was struck by the respect with which Caroline treated children and by the companionable tone between mother and daughter, a rarity in the 18th

Century. All these experiences are precipitated in his writing: he becomes the first writer who gave pregnancy and childbirth the place they really have in a love relation and whose child characters come to life as real children.<sup>13</sup>

In 1796 Caroline married August Wilhelm Schlegel, Friedrich's elder brother. They moved to Jena. It took courage on August Wilhelm's part to marry a social outcast. Presumably both Schlegel brothers loved her. Caroline decided on rational grounds. She could not go on wandering between friends and relations. She needed a home for the children.<sup>14</sup> But mainly she had one aim in life: to be active in the shaping of a new society. She wanted her house to be the nucleus of the new society, and with August Wilhelm she could realise her plan. It is ironic that her marriage betrays the central belief of the Jena group: that society can change only if love marriage replaces the mercenary marrying men and women practice.

As hopes of the French Revolution were receding, people became more aware that cultural change - a change of consciousness - was necessary for a revolution. In such a change they could still play an active part. Caroline's idea of the beginning of a new society was a creative sociability<sup>15</sup> (She taps here a persistent notion of patriotism; it is a notion, as old as myth and we see it recur again in Frieda Lawrence's letters). The other founding members of the group, the Schlegel brothers,

Schelling, Novalis, Tieck had come to feel that their work could only prosper if it was done freely in a free community. By 'free' they meant more natural: they are hoping for 'a new golden age' where 'nature is treated more humanely and humans are more natural'.<sup>17</sup> Something of this new age they want to anticipate in their group, simultaneously helping it on its way. The group grew once there was a base in Jena in Caroline's house. Apart from the original members, who were all writers and philosophers, there were now also scientists, medical men and artists. The house was small, most lived near and came to Caroline's famous mid-day table and in the evening.<sup>18</sup> Clemens Brentano came to stay in the house, for a time, so did the poet and writer Sophie Mereau who later became his wife and Tieck's sister Sophie Bernhardt, the novelist. Fichte was close to the Circle; he gave welcome practical advice about running the commune. Caroline was particularly happy when in 1799 Friedrich Schlegel moved into the house with Dorothea Mendelsohn Veit, his future wife and the Lucinde of the novel. With them came Dorothea's son; children were important to the group, and with the Tiecks's daughter there were now three.

All the members of the Jena Circle were poor at the time but they were immensely productive. They were very different. They were connected not by an overarching idea but by the ideal of furthering each other's work. Their aim was a society without competition, without

jealousy, based on brotherly love, and for a time they succeeded. They favoured play and wit; their's was a 'synrevolution', they said, based on 'synidleness'. In 1798 they started a journal, The Athenaeum as an outlet for their work. In 1799 Friedrich Schlegel published Lucinde.

From Lucinde we learn more about the Jena Circle than from any other source, including the members' letters. It is the heartpiece of the group; it condenses their commonly held beliefs, even though it is the personal and autobiographical account of Friedrich's and Dorothea's love. And yet what we have as Lucinde is only a fragment of the book Friedrich and Caroline planned in Lucka. The four volume work that was to contain Caroline's revolutionary experiences and their political and social analyses has shrunk to one slender volume, written in a fortnight. However, though the political part had to be abandoned, what is left contains a good deal of revolutionary insight in its small compass.

Lucinde is a comic novel; high spirited and teasing, it is not easy on the reader. It has no plot and no action to speak of; there are only two characters; it changes from first person narrative to third person and back again and is realistic and surrealist in turn. Like Mr Noon, which it resembles, it is about 'true marriage'. Unlike Mr Noon, it is unreservedly enthusiastic about women, especially strong



and independent women, and makes itself a textbook of what men can learn from them. In its wider didactic purpose it resembles Lady Chatterley's Lover, but unlike Lady Chatterley it glows with sex. It works on many levels of significance and Schlegel uses sexual innuendo as a vehicle for multiple applications. What he implies is that a revolution in sexual morals, which liberates what is 'true' in people, must coincide with a revolution in art. Lighter, more fragmentary forms will make for what is truer in art, and this again must coincide with a breaking down of what is mechanical and unfeeling, or 'false', in social life.<sup>17</sup>

The reception of Lucinde in the Germany of 1799 reduplicates amusingly some of the features of the Lady Chatterley trial of 1960. It was denounced as corrupting public morals. While its detractors called it pornography and sluttishness masquerading as sanctity, its defenders (especially Schleiermacher, the Berlin pastor and theologian) spoke of a new morality that put a true marriage ideal in the place of an empty and false one.<sup>20</sup> Lucinde was of course meant to provoke. Unlike Lady Chatterley, whose tone is elegaic (and which is moving, I think, because it is about the loss of sex, or the loss of orgasm), its tone is jaunty and full of the joy of sex and orgasm. It is written from the point of view of a rather cocky young man. The middle piece, 'Lehrjahre der Maennlichkeit', which joins the first and last part together like a hinge, is indeed a sort of

rake's progress and shows up those false and mechanical forms of feeling into which young men are socialised. The hero has the luck, however, to progress from the wish to seduce young virgins, the exploitation of prostitutes, the danger of throwing himself into a conventional marriage out of loneliness and despair, to the difficult, initially unglamorous love of the mature, 'sensual-witty' woman. The first part of the book celebrates their love-making. One can understand the outcry about pornography, but it also speaks for the 18th Century that such a book could be offered on the open market for serious reading. Here is a passage from a letter to Lucinde which opens the book. It describes a wishdream that becomes a vision.

All the mysteries of female and male wantonness seemed to float about me in my loneliness, when suddenly your true presence, the glow of joy on your face, set me completely on fire. Wit and delight began now their exchange and were the common pulse of our united life; we embraced with as much frolic as religion. I begged you to let yourself go once and for all in your rage, and implored you to be insatiable.  
(n.d.: 5, my translation)

The Jena group spoke of a satisfying way of living together as 'gegluecktes Dasein', a phrase that means both living successfully in the present and blissfully enjoying the here and now. In this context one of their most interesting sexual theories is that the changing of sex roles in intercourse teaches us something about full humanity (Gross later echoed and adapted this when he

said our natural homosexuality helps us understand the other sex). Schlegel develops it comically in his 'dithyrambic fantasy about the loveliest situation in the most lovely of worlds', still part of the letters to Lucinde with which the book begins, still about absence and presence.

How could distance distance us since presence itself is, so to speak, too present. We have to assuage and cool its raging blaze in jokes, and so to us the wittiest among joy's shapes and situations is also the loveliest. One above all is wittiest and loveliest: when we exchange roles and compete in childish glee who can ape the other more cunningly, whether you are more successful with a considerate manly vehemence or I with a taking womanly yielding. But do you know this sweet game has quite other attractions to me beside its own? It is not just the voluptuousness of exhaustion or the anticipation of getting my own back. I see a marvellous, significant allegory here of the completion of male and female in a full human being. A great deal lies in this, yet what lies in it surely does not rise up more quickly than I do beneath your sway. (n. d.: 11, my translation)

Contemporaries saw this quite rightly as parodying all that is most sacred to morality and patriotism. Sexual love, instead of being sanctified by love of country and issuing in the procreating of children for the state, is presented here as a quest for wholeness of self and leads - as the defenders of Lucinde saw clearly - to the love of humankind as a whole. In this sense Lucinde is linked with the group's internationalism and political hope for a 'world republic'.

What also should be mentioned about Lucinde is how

Schlegel uses 'Verwilderung' and 'Verwirrung' ('entzuckende Verwirrung'). 'Verwilderung' means reversion to nature of something highly cultivated, usually a garden or a piece of land going wild, but it can also be used of people. 'Verwirrung' in this context means the exuberance of unpruned vegetation (that he uses 'delightful confusion' shows what a positive value it is). Running wild in Lucinde refers both to the form of the novel, which is fragmentary and a mixture of styles and to the sexuality which the novel recommends. In this way the utopian theme of the novel we have discussed in Part I, that is the theme of desocialization, is brought together in Lucinde with the matriotic theme of the polymorphous perverse so signally picked out in écriture feminine.

Caroline took part in all the enterprises of the group - she helped with Lucinde, wrote for The Athenaeum, translated whole plays for August Wilhelm's Shakespeare <sup>l</sup>translation - but produced nothing under her own name. Her friends urged her to do independent work, and Friedrich Schlegel succeeded in making her treat at least her letters as a serious form of art, but Caroline had a strong anti-work ethic. This seems to have been rooted in early experience. As a young woman she refused the chance of studying at her father's university and becoming a learned woman, though that was the form that the 'bluestocking' feminism fashionable in the 18th Century took. Her seventeen year old friend Dorothea

Schloezer was prepared by her father in her own home for her finals and doctorate. Caroline rejected this as an unnatural and one-sided drilling in male forms of thinking. She thought of her father as having been 'killed' in all that matters by academic demands, and saw his scholarly work as the cause of a deadly isolation (Her whole attitude, though the circumstances are different, parallels that of Frieda Lawrence). Her ideal of sociability meant that work had to bring people together, like play; in fact that the two were related. The reason why she did not produce any independent intellectual work is surely that her creative energy went into the common enterprise. Even on the practical level, the work of organising such a large household at a time when much was still produced at home must have been prodigious. And though the group talked of 'synorganising' as well as 'synidling', it was only an intellectual communal ideal, since it was still unimaginable for the men to share the cooking, shopping, cleaning and looking after the children. Caroline had always dismissed the notion of self-sacrifice. So this dispersal of energies must have been a choice, her way, I think, of living out the group's rejection of all that was oversystematical, rigidly complete, a closed system, and their preference for the fragmentary, for partial solutions, instead of a hierarchy of knowledge. She lived what they thought about. Again she reminds one of Frieda, who for Gross and Lawrence was the living

embodiment of what they constructed through thought. The difference between them is that Caroline was political and Frieda apolitical. While Caroline put her creative energy into a cause and a communal enterprise, Frieda put hers into the work of one man, Lawrence.

### 3. Bettine von Arnim

I am moving on now to two major 19th Century figures, Bettine von Arnim and Helene Stoecker. Bettine Brentano Arnim (1785-1859) was a generation younger than Caroline. With her brother, Clemens Brentano, and her husband, Achim von Arnim (the 'father of French surrealism') she belongs to the late romantics. Because she lived so long, however, and produced much of her work late in life, she forms a bridge between romantic and modern political, revolutionary and utopian thinking. She does not belong strictly speaking to the history of matriotism. There is no trace of evidence that she was interested in a sexual revolution or had given any thought to the need for women to own their own bodies. She is an odd, isolated figure, both more romantic as a writer and more modern in her politics than we would expect by mid-century. She was sensible and progressive about the relation of the sexes, but she had had a conventional marriage and become self-directed and

extremely unconventional after her husband's death without apparently feeling the need to generalise her experiences. What makes her belong to the anti-tradition of the patriots is an erotic bias in her work, a way of eroticising nature and human relations that leads directly on to her political prescriptions about the renewal of the state. Only the Marxists have known how to resist ridiculing her position. In the communist international she is claimed as a forerunner.

Bettine's aims were purely reformist; it was the logic of her convictions and political experiences that carried her toward a revolutionary attitude. All the groups she is associated with are patriotic, in the sense of the 'higher', progressive and dissenting patriotism I mentioned in connection with Luise Otto. None of them overlap with patriotism. With Heine and other reformist patriots, she was associated with the Jungdeutschen, the 'Young Germans'.<sup>21</sup> She asked in 1835 to contribute to their journal, Phoenix, but its publication was forbidden in the same year, the group outlawed and its main members imprisoned or exiled.<sup>22</sup> She was sympathetic to the student movements of the 1830s and 1840s, and dedicated her book of correspondence with the poet Karoline Guenderode to the students. In this dedication she allies herself boldly with the rebelling young against the rule of 'the philistines' and the law, encouraging the students to struggle for a politically free Prussia.<sup>23</sup> In the same book Bettine takes up the case

of the Jews, asserting that their consciousness of freedom, refined in centuries of oppression, was their gift to the German nation. Bettine had had a special love for Jewish culture since her childhood in Frankfurt, and had even then defended the equality of her friends from the ghetto against her governess and her family.<sup>24</sup> In 1830 she was a passionate partisan of the Poles in their rising against the Tzar, Nicolas I.<sup>25</sup> In 1840 Prussia's liberal crown prince ascended the throne as Friedrich Wilhelm IV, and Bettine, who as a Berlin aristocrat was close to the court, <sup>made</sup> ~~made~~ it the task of her life to educate him for his office. She told him that only if he considered himself one of the people, and acted and spoke for the oppressed and the poor would his office continue to make sense.<sup>26</sup> She calls his ministers donkeys and dedicates to him a book written, she says, to protect him from them. Dies Buch gehoert dem Koenig (This Book is for the King), published in 1842, was the first of her writings in which objective statistical reporting made its appearance: she drew the King's attention to the appalling phenomenon of increasing poverty in a nation that was growing richer all the time through industrialization. She informed the King, both in the book and in bringing cases to his attention, of the state his proletarian subjects, the industrial workers on which the wealth of the nation depended lived in, practically under his nose. She informed him of the equally appalling state of poverty of



his subjects in the countryside, the artisans whose crafts had been superseded by industrialization, especially the weavers. In 1843, when the situation of the Silesian weavers had become desperate she tried to prove with the help of a statistic of incomes and taxes that the state and its economic system was at the root of the matter. This was to be her Armenbuch, her Book of the Poor, to which I return below. In her 'King's book' already she had asked the King to transplant the dome planned for the Berlin Lustgarten to Silesia in the form of 'a thousand huts for the weavers'.<sup>27</sup> She was considered to be calling for revolution. When the rising of the Silesian weavers in 1844 was suppressed by military force (Friedrich Wilhelm had soon stopped being a liberal) she had to withdraw the Armenbuch from publication to avoid the charge of treason. She was under constant police surveillance, her correspondence was censored. When George Sand wrote to her, suggesting some common work and publishing what Bettine could not bring out in Prussia in France, the letter reached Bettine opened and the contents had been leaked to the press.<sup>28</sup> In 1848 Bettine followed with passionate interest the progress of the revolution in Berlin where the citizens - students and workers combined as in Paris in 1793 - forced the King to accede to the demands of the people.<sup>29</sup> When the revolution had failed and the humiliated King began to take his revenge, she interfered actively on behalf of the Polish insurgents who had been

freed from a Berlin prison by the people during the fighting but reapprehended and condemned to death.<sup>30</sup> It was at this period, that she gave up trying to 'educate' the King. Her last book, Gespraech mit Daemonen (Conversation with Spirits), though still addressed to the King, is a book of accusation. It contains the vision of an oppressed and bound community of nations: the spirits or daimons are the voices that tell them to break their chains. They are the voices of reason, of progress, Marx's spirit of history<sup>31</sup> (Bettine and the young Marx knew one another, but there is no evidence that she understood his new 'scientific' communism: she was called a communist by contemporaries but belonged to the old emotional form he thought vague).<sup>32</sup> Bettine is one of the 'daimons' who whispers in the ear of the sleeping King, the 'bag of maggots', the failure. With this Bettine recognises her own idea of educating the King as a failure. For years she has told him that the progressive element in the nations is the future, that as a King he need not fear revolution if he makes himself the conscience of his nation and stands in the vanguard of revolution. But the King hears all as if in a dream. For all her fanciful framework the book is realistic and Bettine supports her argument with facts.<sup>33</sup> Gespraech mit Daemonen was published in 1852 but did not sell. Later it was forgotten. In the German revolution of 1919, however, it appeared again, bound in red, with the subtitle 'Aufruf zur Revolution und zum Voelkerbund' ('Summons to the Revolution and League of Peoples').<sup>34</sup>

The political Bettine is of course not the famous Bettine we know from literary history. In fact we did not know of her till the 1960s, though she was well known to her contemporaries.<sup>35</sup> The Bettine of literary history is the late romantic (Spaetromantiker) who published her correspondence with her brother Clemens Brentano, with her friend, the poet Karoline Guenderode who killed herself, and above all, of course, the writer of the 'letters of a child' to Goethe. The last particularly always aroused a snigger. But all of Bettine's novels in letters are permeated by an eroticism that has for a long time seemed exaggerated (In fact her language is robust, very free and easy, with a slightly clumsy turn of phrase that recalls the Southwest German dialect she spoke). What is it that connects the romantic Bettine with the political Bettine? (It is the answer to this question that shows in what way she was connected with patriotism). It is that she writes about feeling. She puts into words what remains politely unspoken. She breaks a taboo. Schlegel addresses this question in Lucinde (after talking about 'the loveliest situation'). Lucinde asks: 'How can one write about that which one is barely permitted to say, which one should only feel?', and her lover answers: 'If you feel it, you must want to say it, and what one wants to say one should also be able to write' (n. d. p. 11).

But Bettine did not write about sexual love. She taps an eroticism that lies deeper and is more universal than that of Lucinde. It is physical love too that is at issue

here - the expression of physical love - but it is not the love between men and women, it is the love of the child. The questions of equality and female strength, of domination and submission, so central to the matriotic debate are irrelevant here. The child 'submits' to love. The child loves with her whole body, and she seeks to love what is near her body, what 'touches' her. This ability to love which we call polymorphously perverse, and which we think is lost in normal development Bettine kept all her life.

This is why almost all her writing is in the form of letters. She is talking to the 'thou' that 'touches' her, and she is frank in a way that is unusual, almost indecent, about the fact that this touch involves her body, her erotic feelings. Her books were not the publication of authentic correspondence her contemporaries took them for. They are 'forgeries', works of art, whatever one will; carefully written, carefully crafted structures (though based on genuine old letters). This means Bettine knew what she was doing. Eroticism in a young girl writing to an older man, as in the letters to Goethe, is allowed; it is titillating. But eroticism in an old woman is disgusting. Bettine was not out to titillate. The books based on letters she wrote in her mid and late fifties to students are equally erotic, and here we find the language embarrassing to painfulness. Bettine was not embarrassed. She is unabashed at making the point that aging women are erotic too, their 'thous' erotic objects. If they are 'in touch' with the young, that too is a physical, not only intellectual touch.

Like all the patriots, Bettine knows that lovingness strengthens the self. So here too, where there is so much 'surrender', we find the defining of what is 'I' through love, though it is not sexual love. 'You gain, you have yourself where you love - where you don't love, you deprive yourself of yourself' she says.<sup>36</sup> And also, as if to convince us that to keep our polymorphous perversity is the shortcut to what we so painfully try to achieve through adult love, she shows us how it makes the world that 'new world' we seek, where we are ourselves. For her the earth is always alive, always Schlegel's 'vigorous maternal bosom' where we are at home:

So this is lovetalk, when I lie on my face in the shade and hear the stream beside me, all it has to say, and have to answer it! and stretch my arms in the cool grass above my head and ask my inmost soul all I want to know.<sup>37</sup>

'Lovetalk': language becomes the means of connecting, of 'touching'. Bettine worked on her language, she was a conscious writer as the many versions and drafts that are extant show. But essential to her language is that it reaches out, touches.

This is why the change in her writing from the letter form, in which she addresses a 'thou' to the documenting statistical form is natural. The statistics of poverty 'touch' us with an immediacy, economic force and clarity that is not given to description. They strike heart and mind simultaneously, they shock us into seeing reality.<sup>38</sup> Bettine became mature when she started using documentation

for her political arguments (a process that began already in the 'Koenigsbuch'). The maturity shows in a change from polymorphous perversity to a pan-eroticism that sees hope for humankind in a uniting in love across national and racial boundaries. Freud, who did not share her politics, shared her fears and also saw the only hope in a strengthening of the unifying erotic instinct against the power of 'thanatos'. He ends Civilization and its Discontents:

The fateful question for the human species seems to me to be whether and to what extent their cultural development will succeed in mastering the disturbance of their communal life by the human instinct of aggression and self-destruction.... And now it is to be expected that the other of the two 'Heavenly Powers', eternal Eros, will make an effort to assert himself in the struggle with his equally immortal adversary. \*\*

Bettine was a progressive patriot rather than a matriot as we have seen; her Armenbuch was meant to be reformist, though it was interpreted (by friend and foe) as revolutionary. Before turning from her to the feminism of the Neue Ethik I want to mention an aspect of the Armenbuch that pillories patriotism. Vordtriede, who made the Armenbuch (which had been forgotten) accessible in 1962, tells us that in 1844 Bettine was at the height of her fame, but that no other of her books aroused such public interest even before it came out: 'All over Germany it was discussed, friends inquired eagerly for its progress, government and police watched Bettine even more suspiciously

than before. Everyone expected an unusual, bold and extremely topical publication' (1969: 7, my translation). The widespread interest was partly the result of a signed advertisement Bettine put on 15 May 1844 into all the big German papers. It announces that she is going to lay the result of her research into pauperism before the public and asks for more information from other parts of Germany. The response was immediate and overwhelming and resulted in a great deal of valuable statistical material for the book (1969: 8-9). At the end of the Armenbuch, however, there is surprisingly, a short story 'Die Geschichte vom Heckebeutel' ('The Tale of the Magic Purse') and this is the part I want to look at. It is not entirely clear whether Bettine meant to incorporate it; it was written a year after she had been forced to give up publication and is in a different style. But Vordtriede found it among the other material, and it is likely that this was the way in which she meant to take up her book again. The story has also been called 'Das Armenmaerchen' ('Fairytale of the Poor').

The story is very short, only about ten pages. To my mind it is one of the best short stories ever written. It is vigorous, clear, robust in tone. Bettine took great trouble with it; there are four versions. It makes the point that the poor are fleeced, while we think they are fleecing us. It is carefully crafted: there is an ironic topical frame that alludes to Bettine's own position vis-a-vis the police and the King. Vordtriede comments on how 'brentanosch' the tale is. It has some obvious echoes of

Clemens Brentano's famous Vom braven Kasperl and schoenen Annerl', but they only bring out how different it is and how much better. Yet Clemens's story has a world reputation, while Bettine's has not even been separately published.

The story opens with a meeting between a lady (the narrator) and an old woman on the doorstep of the lady's house. The woman is a beggar. The lady gives her money. The scene repeats itself throughout the story; first it is money to buy firewood, then to build up a little business of buying butter and eggs in the country and selling them in the town. The money comes out of the Heckebeutel, the purse whose contents always renew themselves. The old woman talks of repaying but always comes back with a tale of woe, the money gone. Every time she gets another advance she praises God who preserved her 'subtle intelligence' for her into old age, so that she can get round people and persuade them to give her money..

Before the story gets into its stride, however, Bettine sounds another theme, that of patriotism. It makes a little vignette at the very beginning, as the autobiography of the old woman, and we only see at the end how closely it is knit up with the theme of poverty. Coming to her door, the lady is confronted by an old woman 'tall like those distinguished women of Germany who have done their bit toward the Prussian grenadier regiments. "And that I have too", says the woman as the lady helps her off with her basket, "I'm the mother of three mighty tall grenadiers and another son, who wasn't so tall"' (p. 112). The lady



congratulates her on her stature and good looks and she replies that ten years ago she wouldn't have taken it for flattery 'but when one is in one's 90th year beauty fades, and one is lucky if one's mind stays bright'. She uses her bright mind, she explains, to found a viable basis of existence for her grandchildren before she dies. Three of the six she has brought up are still unprovided for. Their father was a carpenter, killed at the building of the great church in Potsdam; <sup>40</sup> her daughter died of consumption, leaving her the children. Her own father, she tells the lady, fell as a standard bearer in the Seven Years' War; her mother was left with nine sons, all soldiers, all killed in France; her own husband was a grenadier so tall she could walk under his arm, he was killed too; her four sons were all killed in the war except the one who wasn't so well grown, he was a cripple; but he was killed by accident when a soldier stabbed him. Her grandchildren have helped her by collecting herbs and selling them to the apothecary, but it's a long way to town and you get only a few pennies for a full basket and there is the winter, when there are no herbs; and so the autobiographical vignette blends into the story.

The woman is practical, resolute, ingenious but the odds are too heavily stacked against her. The law itself is set up so that she cannot succeed. She needs permission to ply her trade, the year's permit will cost her an amount that she must borrow and cannot pay back, and that makes it impossible for her to live on what she earns. 'So',

comments the narrator, 'the very business of being poor impoverishes, poverty must bleed to death in the attempt to work its way up! - Yes! says the woman, I shan't cheat the King, he must have what's owed him, no, I will go to the grave with honour. What, I not pay for the work permit, when all my menfolk served the King and fell under the Prussian flag! No, I will do what I ought and pay back the King his dues' (p. 120).

As can be seen, Bettine is good on the web made by morality and patriotism, ideology and consent. She does not criticise the old woman's patriotism - she is a patriot herself - it is part of the old woman's goodness. If the beginning of the story shows that the poor give to the nation far more than the nation gives back, the end shows that while we thought we were being fleeced by the poor we were in fact involved in fleecing them. The woman's very openness and courage make her a victim of the system. It is a tale of the poor, but it is patriotic also because it shows how poverty puts burdens on women it doesn't put on men, and how patriotism mocks their lives in a way it does not mock men's.

#### 4. Helene Stoecker and the Neue Ethik

With the Neue Ethik and Helene Stoecker we come to Frieda and the modern world. Helene Stoecker (1869-1943)

was born only ten years before Frieda. The Neue Ethik was a radical phase in the German women's movement. We have seen that the phrase was already in use among the early romantics. The 'new morality' was a new sexual morality for women. What is different in relation to the other matriotic movements is that it recognised that conventional female sexual morality was a tool of political oppression (This was really a rediscovery, but after a hundred years and in the middle of the Victorian - or rather Wilhelminian- era, it had the force of a new discovery). It was different also because of its propaganda and its notoriety and because it agitated for change in the law. It had a much broader appeal than to those who were interested strictly in its political aims. Frieda for instance was not interested in the political aims of the Neue Ethik. She was close to it through her sister Else, who was a feminist. It is through Else that she is connected with the matriotic anti-tradition of the past. Else belonged to a Heidelberg circle that was particularly interested in the early romantics. She knew Helene Stoecker, who wrote about Bettine von Arnim,<sup>41</sup> and was a close friend of Marianne Weber, who wrote on Karoline von Humboldt.<sup>42</sup> What Frieda knew of these antecedents we cannot tell. According to her own record she was influenced by the Neue Ethik as it came to her through Otto Gross.<sup>43</sup>

In spite of Frieda's lack of political interest, we should take a brief look at the history of feminism in Germany. Feminism had organised itself on a national basis

in 1865, an organization which included the left-wing groups of women workers (Early socialism could be ambivalent or even hostile to the women's cause because of the workers' fear of competition in the labour market - the phenomenon is known as proletarian anti-feminism. Early working women's groups were therefore part of feminism rather than part of socialism).<sup>44</sup> By the 1890s, however, the socialist women's movement had split off from the general women's movement and become part of the socialist party.<sup>45</sup> The German socialist party had originally been born with the help of feminist midwives like Bebel, Engels and Zetkin. Bebel's Die Frau and der Sozialismus was at that time the most widely read socialist book in the world.<sup>46</sup> Clara Eissner-Zetkin first formulated the theoretical basis for the union of socialism and feminism at the Paris International.<sup>47</sup> Her definition of feminism and formulation of feminist policy for the Party was adopted at the Gotha Congress in 1896. Zetkin, an 'inveterate Marxist' as she called herself, was afraid that feminism might weaken the revolutionary aim of the Party, if it were not subordinated to the class war. She therefore adopted a less broad base than Bebel, and was adamantly opposed to any co-operation with the bourgeois women's movement. From a modern point of view the lines cross, however, and some of the policies the 'bourgeois' movement adopted are seen as more radical.<sup>48</sup> Zetkin based herself on Engels, and for her women's oppression was the result of the emergence of private property. Engels can, however, also be understood to mean that women were the first private

property, and that the first step in a revolution must be that women change their status as private property, that is free themselves from all forms of male ownership. This would have been roughly the aim of the Neue Ethik.

The aim of the women's movement so far had been to improve the opportunities for women's education. In other words they had been concerned with women's heads. The change the Neue Ethik represents is that now they concerned themselves with women's bodies. Socialism had always called for a greater sexual liberation of women and demanded that they should own their own bodies. Concerning themselves with women's bodies meant concerning themselves also with such issues as maternity care and childcare, creches, maternity leave, the equality of unmarried mothers, reform of laws regarding illegitimacy, abortion and contraception.<sup>49</sup> In other words, in spite of the split, never had the socialist and the bourgeois women's movements been so close in what they wanted as in the phase of the Neue Ethik of the 1890s and the first decade of the 20th century.

Helene Stoecker was an admirer of Nietzsche, the iconoclast, the prophet who called for a transvaluation of all values.<sup>50</sup> It may seem astonishing that feminists should go to Nietzsche. But for many German feminists Nietzsche had been a liberation and an affirmation of their sense of self. It was after all Nietzsche who moved the centre of the self from the cogito to the body. With their traditional exclusion from education women had never

developed a proper sense of the Cartesian self. Having always been associated with 'nature', 'the flesh' and 'matter' versus the spirit, Nietzsche's move of the self to the body was a transvaluation that gave them the advantage. With Nietzsche the virtues of purity and chastity became widely suspect. Frieda, who had herself a qualified admiration for Nietzsche, expressed all her life a dislike of purity and chastity.

Owning their bodies raised for women the question of what attitude they should take to paternity. One of the maxims of the Neue Ethik was that owning their bodies meant for women being able to choose the father of their children. The Neue Ethik was therefore interested in marriage reform: legally, they pressed for easier divorce; ideologically, they demanded love marriage, a recognition of free unions based on love and a woman's right to choose the father of her child regardless of whether she was married to him or not. This has little to do with present-day sexual liberation. Like all matriotic groups the women of the Neue Ethik were highly moral; words like 'restraint' and 'responsibility' are frequent in Stoecker's writing for instance. They wanted a new morality because the old was corrupt and corrupting. But the stress had shifted since the early romantics had insisted on marriage based on sexual attraction and love. It was not any longer on women teaching men about sexuality. It was now on women teaching themselves to recognise their needs and to take action to fulfil them.

The question of voluntary maternity involves a change not only in the divorce laws but also in the abortion laws. The women of the Neue Ethik campaigned for legal abortion very much as feminists do today. Altogether the Neue Ethik corresponds to modern feminism more closely than anything else in the first wave of the women's movement. Richard Evans in his The Feminists brings out the historic significance of the Neue Ethik. He calls the German situation unique; only in Germany, he says, did these radical demands achieve domination in the feminist movement; in other countries they did not gain as much as a foothold in the organised movements.<sup>51</sup> By 1908 Stoecker had persuaded the Federation of German Women's Associations (the national umbrella organization, itself a part of the international umbrella organization) to endorse legalization of abortion. She was supported by the strongly radical president at the time, Marie Stritt. A commission was formed whose arguments for legal abortion parallel those put forward today.<sup>52</sup> But abortion is a controversial subject. It was over this issue that the radical feminists lost their ascendancy over the movement. The moderate faction led by Helene Lange and Gertrud Baeumer gained force. Their aim was to reverse the drive of the Neue Ethik and channel the energies of the movement back into education and social welfare.<sup>53</sup>

Helene Stoecker and with her many leading members of the Neue Ethik left the League of German Women and formed an independent radical movement. But as this movement was

pacifist, it could not, in the atmosphere of growing nationalism before the Great War, put up the effective challenge to the main feminist movement. Helene Lange and Gertrud Baeumer became the exponents of German feminism. The gap between bourgeois feminism (represented now again by moderate tendencies) and socialist party feminism widened once more.

After 1918 Helene Stoecker and other leading radical feminists cut off almost all their ties to the mainstream feminist movement. They organised groups representing their own interests and published their own journals (Stoecker's was Die Neue Generation, Augspurg and Heymann's, 'Die Frau im Staat'). Stoecker became well known for her support of the Russian revolution and took an active part in the German revolution of 1918. Evans writes of these women collectively: 'their organizations ... combined their own feminist objectives with their more recently developed pacifist ideals. They stood on the far left of the political spectrum, courageously opposed militarism, chauvinism and anti-democratic institutions in the Weimar Republic and declared their sympathy with the Soviet Union'.<sup>54</sup> What he does not say is that though there was no place for them in the feminist movement, the socialist and communist parties could not accommodate their feminism either. Official socialist feminism became more and more conservative in the 1920s. They therefore stood alone, though their impact on the public was considerable. When the National Socialists came to power many of them



emigrated. For Helene Stoecker too Germany became too dangerous and she left in 1933 for Prague (where German socialists were welcome and formed a sort of Weimar republic in exile - until they were forced to emigrate again). From Prague she moved via Vienna to Switzerland, where she worked for the pacifist movement till 1938. She then began a life of wandering that led her to Russia and Japan and finally the United States where she died in 1943. She remained active till her death and tried to write her memoirs. But her papers and manuscripts had been left behind in Germany, and were destroyed by order at the beginning of the war. Her 'Selbstbiographie' therefore remained fragmentary, which means that another invaluable documentation of the matriotic anti-traditions is lost to us.

Helene Stoecker and Otto Gross published in the same journals.<sup>55</sup> We do not know whether they met. That Gross was close to the Neue Ethik is shown by the frequency with which he uses the phrase in his writing, as for instance in the 1913 essay 'Anmerkungen zu einer neuen Ethik' ('Notes to a new morality').<sup>56</sup> But he is a patriot of a new kind again. His critique of society is rooted in psychoanalysis and his grasp of the modern woman's dilemma and suggestions of how she can cope with it go beyond anything feminism has so far offered. I have discussed his work in Part I. Politically Gross was rooted both in socialist feminism and in the Neue Ethik. Like Zetkin he had a 'circular' view of history - he believed in a communist utopia that would restore a lost matriarchal state to society.<sup>57</sup> But in his

views on happiness he belongs to matriotic Stoecker. Happiness is revolutionary, he says. It is the point where we turn 'our life' into living. We should say we are happy because we are there. <sup>==</sup> It seems it was Frieda who originally demonstrated to him what it means to be properly alive and happy.

With this I come to the end of my four sketches. It is clear from them that Frieda is only a little fish in this pond. But this is because her considerable energy went into Lawrence's work and not because it wasn't her element. In some respects Lawrence's work shows that energy expended like this is wasted - he subverted the matriotism she brought him at the same time as taking it. In others it shows how fruitful such a co-operation can be for literature. But in the end her devotion simply makes her less clear a figure than those I have discussed. Frieda's life raises the old question of magnanimous individualism: whether, things being what they are, such a co-operation between women and men is not always based on a misunderstanding.

Chapter 8 An Immoral German Aristocrat

I said to her: 'Brett, I'll give you half a crown if you contradict Lawrence', but she never did. Her blind adoration of him ... was touching, but it was naturally balanced by a preconceived critical attitude to me. He was perfect, I always in the wrong in her eyes.... 'Brett, I said, 'I detest your adoration for Lawrence, only one thing I would detest more, and that is if you adored me.' (Frieda Lawrence, 1935)'

Frieda herself contradicted Lawrence all the time. The debate with her entered into his work and gave it its quality. This is one reason why Frieda Lawrence is important to us (the only one I have ever seen stated). Is she of interest to us also intrinsically, in her own right? She herself thought so. This is an enquiry into her claim.

Frieda Lawrence was the wife of a great artist; no one could have been more aware of the fact than she was. Yet she insisted - to the dismay of the admirers and disciples who clustered around Lawrence - that she was as important as he was. As late as the days of Taos she would say to Dorothy Brett, truculently: 'I'm important too'. Brett, for whom only Lawrence was important, had to tell her gently (according to her own account) that there are some people, you know, who are great creative artists ... (denying or forgetting by the way that she herself was an artist).<sup>2</sup> Frieda's answer was 'he always wants to

boss'.<sup>3</sup> Lawrence was important because he had a charismatic personality. He thought of himself as a prophet and a leader of men. Brett and some other women, Mabel Luhan for instance, were attracted by his power and wanted power over him. Lawrence's importance was a power game they played (which Lawrence won because he was too wily for them - had he lost it he would have lost his 'importance').

Frieda was entirely outside such a game. She may have been right in saying that she was as important as Lawrence, but power over people was not part of what made her important. On the contrary, what made her important lies in the opposite direction. She would never have claimed to lead, nor would she have wanted to follow. People for her were linked in a web of live contacts, and it was the genuineness of the contact that interested her, not any relative hierarchical position.<sup>4</sup>

The main thing to know about Frieda is that she was an anarchist. Not as a political creed with its 19th Century implications of terrorism, but in its original sense of a wish to do without dominion and a belief that mastery is unnecessary. She never wavered in this (She refers jokingly to her anarchism in a letter to David Garnett of 19 November 1912: 'of course I am an anarchist and a beastly artist' and Lawrence scibbles across 'and a fool'. All three things are true of her.) Only when one has grasped

this basic fact about her can one understand Lawrence's work. In the first years of their life together Lawrence wrote under her influence; in his later years he wrote against her. Mr Noon which we look at in the next chapter, occupies a sort of watershed position. All his work is an attempt at coming to terms with what Frieda stood for. And behind Frieda in this stands Otto Gross, who had articulated her belief and shown her its social implications. Gross's life was dedicated to showing that the anarchic wish is legitimate and that the belief that mastery is bad is borne out both by the state of the individual (he was a psychoanalyst) and by the state of our society. Lawrence himself was close to this attitude by temperament. But the desire to defeat Frieda was stronger and drove him to assert the opposite. His work is therefore full of contradictions on the subject. He would write vehemently about the need for dominion over people (by 'the best') when he quarrelled with her and she disgusted him, and perceptively about how life can flourish only if there is no mastery when he was at peace with her and she delighted him. He pulled both ways until the very end. There was a period near the end of his life when it seems he cut himself off from her. Only then could he write about his doctrine of power convincingly, without the bombast that accompanies the earlier pronouncements. He did so in

Apocalypse\*

For Lawrence the question of mastery was of intense personal importance, as important as it was indifferent to Frieda. Frieda remembers an incident in old age, that shows on what different tracks the two were: 'At the Fontana Vecchia when he was worked up and finally had his hands on my throat [he] said fiercely: 'I am the master, I am the master'! and I said in astonishment: 'Is that all? I don't care, you can be the master as much as you like'. And then he was astonished all right'.\*

There are of course different sorts of anarchism. Frieda's we can best get at through looking at Otto Gross's. We have discussed Gross's belief's in Chapter 1. Frieda herself made no theoretical independent references to her beliefs; all her references are piecemeal and tied to concrete occasions. Apparently they were so natural to her that she did not think it necessary to extrapolate them. We shall therefore also come to them piecemeal.

The question about Frieda really is what enabled her to keep out of the scrabbling for power in which we are all involved. She kept to an astonishing extent free from rivalry and competition, which after all surrounded her all her life. How did she do it? Where did her sureness come from? Anyone writing about Frieda is faced with this question.

Martin Green must have been faced with it when

he wrote his book on the Richthofen sisters.<sup>7</sup> He answered it psychologically: it was due to sibling rivalry. Frieda's sister Else, five years older, was so good at everything to do with the world that Frieda decided she would not compete. Green is supported in his argument by some facts he does not go into, but which are of interest to us here. For instance, Else was a feminist and Frieda presumably learnt about feminism from her and her close friend Friedl (later Otto Gross's wife). This might explain why Frieda, who was if anything more radical in her beliefs in women's liberation than Else, never became a feminist<sup>8</sup> (The same holds to a lesser extent about the socialism with which she came in touch first through Else's husband, Edgar Jaffe, who later played a role in the German revolution of 1918). Else was also learned and professionally successful: she taught sociology at Heidelberg, worked as a factory inspector for women workers and was the centre of an intellectual circle. Frieda sometimes expresses a dislike of bluestockings, or a fear of becoming a bluestocking when she begins some intellectual work. But far more often she complains about not being taken intellectually seriously, about being seen as the instinctual woman to Lawrence's thinking man. She accuses both Edward Garnett and Koteliansky of not seeing her and women in general as human beings, and says to Koteliansky in a letter I quote below, 'I take my ideals quite as

seriously as Lawrence does his'. Whatever the truth of Green's psychological answer, it is in the end only negative. It still leaves us with the question of how Frieda 'did it'. After all, opting out because of sibling rivalry does not necessarily lead to a positive achievement. However, what precisely was Frieda's achievement?

Green's answer to this further question is contained in the title of his book: The Von Richthofen Sisters: The Triumphant and Tragic Modes of Love. Frieda's was the triumphant mode: her achievement was that she was the triumphant woman dedicated to 'the service of life and love' to adapt his phrase. She is the golden child, the creature of the sun.<sup>2</sup> His book contains sketches of other women who lived in the triumphant mode. By the 'service of life and love' he means creating a matriarchal world, affirming femaleness, standing by the body and its desires. Frieda stood staunchly by the body and its desires all her life. And yet when we listen to her own voice, the tone is different; there seems to be more to it than being a golden child. She writes as an older woman of herself as a young woman: 'Theories applied to life aren't any use. Fanatically I believed that if only sex were 'free' the world would straightaway turn into a paradise. I suffered and struggled at outs with society, and felt absolutely isolated. The process left me unbalanced. I felt



alone. What could I do when there were so many millions who thought differently from me? But I wouldn't give in, I couldn't submit. It wasn't that I felt hostile, only different. I could not accept society' (1935: 3). The tone is not necessarily that of a woman who cannot be a triumphant woman, but it is not the tone of a golden child.

Frieda has more sociological insight than Green and fewer illusions about what the implications of being triumphant are for a woman. It seems to me Green's triumphant women are the projections of men. He sees them through their famous lovers rather than as themselves (as we indeed tend to see Frieda). They are a troupe of glorious houris serving the Ewig Maennliche. Frieda on the other hand is very conscious of the other face of sexual love in our society, the face of fear, that can turn into hatred and sadism. She writes to Edward Garnett about his play Jeanne D'Arc.

We both men and women are frightened of 'It' - call it love or passion - this fear we think is due to each other! The fear makes brutal and hopeless and helpless! ... Poor Jeanne in her simple broken vitality! Don't you men all love her better because she was sacrificed! Why are all heroines really Gretchens? You don't like triumphant females, it's too much for you!'<sup>o</sup>

In spite of the many breathless exclamation marks and the unsure and undercutting ending - 'I have written

some bosh here! I ask for the kind consideration of the triumphant male being. The poor female! Frieda'- Frieda is at her most serious here. The fear of sex, the overcoming of the fear of sex without projecting it are important topics for her. She believes in being a triumphant woman but she realises it can only be done against men, because historically men have projected their fear onto women. The world of men is dangerous for the triumphant woman. Frieda's realistic attitude to the relation between the sexes must have helped her to keep from involvement in the world of power.

A. Alvarez, writing on Frieda and Lawrence in his book on divorce and also faced with the question of 'how Frieda did it' says simply that she was selfish, so colossally selfish that she saw herself as centre stage all the time.<sup>11</sup> This, it seems to me, comes really near the truth, and should be taken together with Leavis's suggestion that she was an immoral German aristocrat.<sup>12</sup> The aristocrat is not of great importance - Frieda was uninterested in the raffish life of the aristocracy - but as a 'matriot' she belongs to a group of women who have always had a reputation for immorality in Germany. Caroline Schlegel is a case in point. She is remembered as the central figure in Early German Romanticism, but for most people what her name conjures up is the fact that she had an illegitimate child by a French officer.

This is not the attitude of a bygone age: a look at the introduction to her letters, re-edited in Bern in 1970, will show that it still flourishes.<sup>13</sup> The editor does not mention Caroline's political convictions and plans. Not a word about what drove her to Mainz, why she sympathised with the French revolutionary army. He speaks instead of her 'sensuality', her 'sinking' and 'falling', her love affair that 'shrinks from the light', and excuses her by saying it consisted perhaps 'of only one hour of self forgetfulness' (1970: viii). Bettine von Arnim is also remembered for her immorality.<sup>14</sup> Helene Stoecker and her Neue Ethik is forgotten, but at the time she was overcome by the conservative element within the women's movement because of slander about her sexual conduct: she lived unmarried with a partner. The pattern is general. The men who belonged to the same groups are remembered for their acceptable achievements, philosophical and literary. The women are 'visible' in German history writing not for what they wanted politically, personally and socially, but as 'loose' women. Frieda may not have known much about these women, but she knew Stoecker's Neue Ethik and their spirit was therefore alive to her. She was in good company.

The political independence of these women expressed itself inevitably also as sexual independence, even if this was not the main thrust of

their beliefs. Being independent they proclaimed that they owned their bodies. It is this that marks them as selfish from the established 'patriotic' point of view. A virtuous, unselfish woman is chaste, bears children to one husband, preferably male children, and brings these children up to be of service to the established institutions again, especially the male children, especially the institution of war. Frieda knew this; it was why she fanatically believed that if only sex were free, the world would turn into a paradise. But she also belonged to the establishment society in her first marriage and brought up her children for it. As a result she lived in the intolerable tension she describes. By going off with Lawrence she finally managed to break this tension. But it was also the paradigmatically selfish act, which was never forgiven and for which she was punished by losing her children.

The women I have mentioned as Frieda's spiritual forebears were all primarily 'activists' concerned with living; none of them were conventional writers. But they all left their mark on history by writing: Caroline Schlegel with her letters, Bettine von Arnim with her odd books, Helene Stoecker with her polemics and novels. Without their writing it would be difficult for us to reconstruct their true place in history, because the very nature of their beliefs and activities exposed them to distortion or neglect.

Frieda was dedicated to living in a more absolute sense than they were and, even more than they, was opposed to writing. Moreover, she was impatient with all overt political activity. And yet she wanted her true place in history. She thought of her life as exemplary, or she would not have insisted on her importance. Her 'insistence on herself' does in fact give an emphasis to all her actions that makes them stand out and appear vivid and exemplary. For Frieda the personal was truly the political. She moved her everyday behaviour into a political light through her insistence on herself. It also made her copy for Lawrence in a way a self-denying woman could not have been, and this again makes her actions exemplary, though here we have to be careful: Lawrence often gives back a distorted echo.

Frieda is difficult to write about. For all her selfishness she was modest, even humble about herself and quite unselfconscious. In a sense she was childlike. She had a habit, probably out of some unsureness, of undercutting herself when she was most serious, because she was afraid of being pompous. One is always afraid of claiming too much for her, and then finds one has claimed too little. People found it difficult to come to terms with what she was in her life time. It is striking how often they use animal imagery when talking about her, or call her elemental, a force, of nature or similar vague things. Middleton

Murray and Katherine Mansfield agreed to see her as less than human, a thing, or a monster. In a letter we shall come to Murray uses interestingly the Latin informe and ingens to describe her. Her sister Else saw her as an original (the German is closer here to what she saw in Frieda than the English, an eccentric) and her mother called her an atavism. It took the clever Gross to see that what people projected into the past or the extra-human, because they could not grasp it, might belong to the future. He told Frieda, according to Green, that he had dreamt of the woman of the future but that in her he had received confirmation of his dreams. 'My most paralysing doubts about mankind's future and my own striving are over ... How have you managed this miracle, you golden child - kept the curse and the dirt of two gloomy millenia from your soul with your laughter and your love?' (1974: 47)

This was 80 years ago, and we haven't come much nearer to Frieda's future woman of laughter and of love (nor was she quite the golden child Gross saw in her, as we have seen). Few of us have her insouciance or her generosity, her sense for the reality of feeling or her directness and lack of rancour. Nor can we afford (or so we think) her simplicities and her determination not to be involved in the world of men and their games of power. But we have come nearer her in one way: we believe in owning our sexuality

and in giving direction to our own life. In other words we have come nearer to Frieda in selfishness. I have a hunch that if Frieda is future woman in any sense, that sense has to do with her immorality. I say this with some hesitation because it was in this area that she also made most of her mistakes; there is no doubt that she could be crude, foolish and treacherous (She lacked of course what we all lack: participation in a society where women's self-assertion has a recognised place.)<sup>15</sup> And yet her disdain for altruism makes sense to me whenever I have a chance of looking at the facts closely. I think that where Frieda shocks and offends us, even today, where she outrages our sense of decorum, she is worth thinking about.<sup>16</sup> She is different, and society being what it is and our involvement in society being what it is the only space she can inhabit is that of immorality.

I can quote very little in support of my hunch. Practically nothing from Frieda, unless we count some letters in which she defends herself, to which we shall come. Gross connects his sense of her as the woman of the future with her immorality: 'I know now how people will be who are no longer stained by all the things I hate and fight - I know it through you, the only person who today has stayed free of chastity as a moral code' (acc. to Green, 1974: 47). What is striking here is that the new woman of Gross's letter

is not Frieda as a result of Gross's teaching, but Frieda as she came to Gross, an apparently conventional young housewife from Nottingham. It was Gross who learnt from her what the future would look like. How did she become this 'only person'? We have no clues, not even in her biographical writing. Gross thought her 'newness' was connected with her 'genius for insisting on herself' (p.49).<sup>17</sup>

The document one could take as supporting my hunch best is Lawrence's Mr Noon. The fun of Mr Noon is that in it Lawrence is 'saved' - that is gains his human and artistic integrity - through Frieda's being 'not a nice woman'. He dwells lovingly on all the ways in which she is not nice. But the book is of course written from a man's point of view, from the perspective of 'what she did for me'. Lawrence never saw Frieda as the new woman, perhaps because he was so pre-occupied with seeing himself as the new man (or the prophet of the new man).<sup>18</sup> His psychic limitations, which he never overcame forced him to see her as 'woman'.<sup>19</sup> In Middleton Murry's Son of Woman she becomes 'the Woman'.<sup>20</sup> We need not concern ourselves with books like Son of Woman here, but it is interesting that Murry suggests that Lawrence's 'new woman' was Teresa in The Plumed Serpent (1931: 304). Teresa is simply an anti-Frieda, a Frieda stood on her head. She is all morality: she is chaste but serves Ramon sexually without wanting satisfaction for



herself, altruistic, industrious, self-sacrificing, self-denying, selfless. So that turned right side up, we find Frieda again inhabiting the space of immorality; Leavis's immoral German aristocrat indeed.

In each of the men's discourses Frieda is treated as 'object', that is given a significance that fits their construction of reality, their ideological drift, never as 'subject' transmitting its own meaning. But Frieda wanted to transmit a meaning over which she had control; she did not adapt to the role the men gave her. She refused to enter 'the symbolic order'. She hated being adored (not only by Brett), she did not want to be put on a pedestal (her grievance against her first husband), she would not be a 'heroine' or 'great' ('marble busts!'). She liked being in Lawrence's books but on her own terms: she writes to Garnett on 17 May 1913 'it's like his impudence, they're me these beastly, superior, arrogant females! Lawrence hated me just then over the children, I dare say I wasn't all I might have been, so he wrote this! ... The book will be all right in the end, you trust me, for my own sake, they will have to be women and not superior flounders.' She may have been pleased about Gross's 'new woman' too; all she ever said she wanted was to be seen 'as a human being' and she protested vigorously against the contempt or condescension she met as a woman (to

Garnett, to Forster, to Koteliansky). But she also had a distaste for consciously shaping and perfecting one's humanity, 'mastering life' as Goethe did in her eyes - it seemed cold and a male enterprise to her. How then did she see herself as exemplary, what 'meaning' did she want to transmit? Or did she throw the baby out with the bath water and never enter 'the symbolic order' at all, not even on her own terms? If that were so, it would explain her curious invisibility, her quality of non-person. But it is hardly likely in someone who insists on herself, who signals something so urgently: 'I am as important as Lawrence'.

I think it is true nevertheless. Frieda's insistence on herself, on intrinsic meaning, is what makes Lawrence's writing so good when he gets near her. But the meaning she wants to transmit is surely 'the woman who exists outside the male symbolic order'. She chose a writer for husband so that this woman could be made known. But of course this woman cannot be known because the male symbolic order is the only order in which we can be known (so far). It is 'reality' because an alternative does not yet exist. So that Frieda is the new woman in her resistance against the male symbolic order. This is in a sense an absence, not a presence. Her invisibility and non-person quality are part of what she is transmitting. It is here that the challenge for us lies in writing

about her.

One must hand it to Lawrence that in an odd way he fulfils his trust. He may manipulate Frieda when he puts her into his fiction, make her signify this or that according to his fancy (and it can be a sinister fancy), he may revenge himself, bend and force her, humiliate her (as Murry claims he does in The Plumed Serpent), but there is always a subtext in which Frieda speaks for herself. In Mr Noon this subtext is most clearly readable because the book is so biographical and the Frieda figure not heavily manipulated from the start.

I myself cannot understand Frieda. What I say in the following chapters about her must be taken more as a question to which there may be more answers than the one I arrive at. The important thing at this stage is to ask the right kind of question. I find the best way of approaching Frieda is through contemporary texts in which she comes alive; not necessarily long ones (and not necessarily complimentary ones). This first chapter is mainly on how others saw her and how she comes across in her own writing. It is a series of views and impressions counterpointed by what Frieda had to say about herself - how she corrected these impressions and objected to these views. The next chapter is on Mr Noon, Lawrence's unfinished novel on his marriage to Frieda.

There are three books in which Frieda comes alive. The main one is Mr Noon, subject of the next chapter. The others are HD's Bid Me to Live<sup>21</sup> where she appears as Elsa, and Mabel Luhan's Lorenzo in Taos<sup>22</sup>, the only non-fictional biography of the three. Lorenzo in Taos is an intelligent and interesting book, interesting mainly, at least to me, in the way it shows how the cult of genius affects relations between women. How it does can be said in a word: it makes them impossible. Mabel Luhan recounts in her usual frank way how she would have been Frieda's friend if she had not made up her mind to 'get' Lawrence. Her natural attraction, her actual affinity was with Frieda.<sup>23</sup> But she suppressed it and even twisted it into hostility in her attempt to draw 'power' from Lawrence's genius. Frieda felt Lawrence's genius was rooted in her relationship with her and Mabel's efforts were destructive. But she mainly resented Mabel for wanting Lawrence without being genuinely physically attracted to him, another thing Mabel is quite frank about.<sup>24</sup> Frieda did not see other women as rivals: she judged by the genuineness of the attachment. In April 1930 when she had received Lorenzo in Taos (the book must have been a shock following directly on Lawrence's death because it reveals him as treacherous to her in a way she cannot have known about), she writes to Mabel: 'If I did think you horrid sometimes and wicked, I didn't

judge you with narrow guts but thought well, she is like that, she has the right to be what she is. And I never denied Lawrence the ultimate freedom to choose any other woman he liked better than me'.<sup>25</sup> The treacheries she ignores. She just says: 'we were all more than that. I know we were! It isn't fair to put only our sicknesses down and meannesses, and not much else. It all had more meaning and affection and tenderness.' (p. 409).

In Bid Me to Live Frieda only plays a very minor role. Nevertheless HD is perceptive about her; she notices things which escape other contemporaries altogether. The book is therefore interesting about Frieda and worth looking at briefly. It is even more interesting about Lawrence and his relation to women other than Frieda, and about Frieda's reaction and her attitude to women. It is another book about Lawrence and a woman who wants power from him. But Julia (HD) is herself an artist, a poet like Rico (Lawrence) and that makes them 'equal ... in intensity, matched, mated'. What she wants is the power to live. HD realises at the same time that Lawrence lives on Frieda: 'Elsa had fed Rico on her 'power', it was through her, in her and around her that he had done his writing.'<sup>26</sup> Lawrence has made some kind of promise to HD, but he evades her, as he did Mabel Luhan. But unlike Mabel, HD does not hold Frieda responsible; indeed the book is not malicious about

Frieda, or about Lawrence for that matter. Frieda is treated with affection and respect, a thing almost unheard of among the Lawrences' friends. The book, intense and introverted, is a haunting imagist evocation of the big London bed-sitting room into which they all crowd during the war when Frieda and Lawrence have been evicted from Cornwall as spies. 'You damn Prussian, it's all your fault' he had shouted last night at Elsa. But even if it was Elsa's fault, it was wonderful to have Elsa in this room' (Virago ed. 1984: 86). HD gets Frieda's dash as no one else has. With her imagist's eye she catches physical stance and gesture, and Frieda comes alive in her whole superb insouciance. 'Elsa found matches, she fumbled in her handbag for the packet of cigarettes, she lighted a cigarette like a booted Uhlan.... 'Ah-hhh' ... she sighed deeply. 'What have you and Frederico been doing?' she asked Julia. 'Oh, nothing, he was writing'. 'Ah-hh-' puffed Elsa ... 'we never pay any attention to that writing.' (p.83).

HD gets more than Frieda's dash; she gets something of the wholeness of personality from which Frieda's directness comes, and she gets how Lawrence as a writer profits not only from Frieda's vitality but from her tradition, her foreign, German heritage. 'Elsa was at one in her straightforward manner, she was an enemy in a foreign country, she had touched bed-rock. It didn't really matter. She had the flair

and the indifference and the independence of her class; her pre-war German distinction seemed to send out waves of warmth, it was Rubens in a gallery. It was she really who had made a sort of aura round Rico, no-one of his own people had been able to give him this confidence, it was the old German attitude that they jeered at in the daily papers, 'Kultur' really if you come to think of it' (p.87). HD is aware of this aspect of Frieda's and Lawrence's relation because of her own connection with German culture. Her mother was German, and she was unusually close to her mother, choosing her as muse for her poetry. Her childhood memoir, The Gift, gives a picture of her relation to German culture. The gift - her gift of poetry - had a strange and deep-going significance to HD. Frieda, she felt had some inkling of this significance. The above passage continues: 'Even she, Julia, was a woman with some sort of gift to Elsa; not the supreme gift of her supreme and surprisingly hatched Phoenix, but maybe, it seemed to Julia watching Elsa relight another cigarette from the diminished stubb of the last, it was a sort of recognition' (pp.87-8).

Having said all this, HD's perception of Frieda's Germanness is still very stereotyped; there is a tiresome repetition of the adjective teutonic, perhaps due to Lawrence's obsession with her Prussianness as in this scene: 'Julia moved like a ghost about this room, avoiding like missiles in the

air the shouted trumpet notes Rico and Elsa were hurling at one another. 'You damn fool Frederico - I can tell you -' and his 'shut-up, shut-up, shut-up, you damn Prussian, I don't want to hear anything you can tell me' (p.89). Frieda herself stressed the Prussian side of her family because it was the aristocratic side and she needed all the backing she could muster as a foreigner in a class-conscious country. But the German tradition which meant most to her, and which she saw as her special gift to Lawrence has nothing to do with being Prussian. Alvarez has pointed this out in his chapter on Lawrence and Frieda in Life After Marriage (incidentally one of the most hostile and misleading pieces written on Frieda but perceptive in its hostility):

Because he [Lawrence] made so much of Frieda in his books, we tend to see her as his creation. At times she also saw herself in this way: her literary style was a pastiche of Lawrence, and so occasionally was her behaviour. But this tends to confuse the fact that she was a lady with vivid ideas about herself before she met Lawrence. So vivid, indeed, that there seems in the end less difference between Lawrence and Weekly than between Frieda and them both. It was not a question of class. Too much has been made of her aristocratic background, particularly by Lawrence who boasted about it in their early days together when he was still keen to 'get on' in ways that would have impressed his mother. In comparison, not enough has been made of Frieda's concept of herself as a new woman, an embodiment of the sexual avant garde, who did as much to create Lawrence, both as a man and an artist, as he did to create her. (1982: 70)



The tradition was really a feminist tradition, as I have already said, and older than turn-of-the-Century avant gardeism.

At any rate, in that imagist room into which they are all crowded, HD has a rather touching vision which tells us something about Frieda's attitude to women. It is a vision of an eternal bond between Lawrence, herself and Frieda which Lawrence seems to have promised: a sort of holy trinity, 'Elsa on my right and you on my left for eternity'.

Last night he had sat there and Elsa had sat in the chair where Julia was now sitting and Julia had sat like a good child between them. 'Elsa is there' said Rico, 'you are here. Elsa is at my right hand', he said. 'You are here' he said, while Elsa went on placidly hemming the torn edge of an old jumper. Her work-bag spilled homely contents on the floor. Their bags, the few belongings they had had time to get together, all they now had, were stacked against the book-shelf, the other side of the room. - There were the usual teacups. Rico didn't smoke. Elsa chain-smoked till the cigarettes had given out. Rico said 'You are there for all eternity, our love is written in blood', he said 'for all eternity'. But whose love? His and Elsa's? No - that was taken for granted. It was to be a perfect triangle. Elsa acquiesced.  
(Virago ed. 1984: 77-8)

But in the face of reality the vision changes and crumbles.

And now, here was this track between them, written in the air, not fiery, but imbued with some familiar magnetism. Not tense and taut, not tense as she had felt him to

be, throwing out his strange and somehow theatrical statement last night, his 'written in blood for all eternity'. Not written in blood, written in this grey city air, in this dim room, where so much else had happened, yet written for all eternity. She got up, as at a certain signal, she moved toward him... Now was the time to answer his amazing proposal of last night, his 'for all eternity'. She put out her hand. Her hand touched his sleeve. He shivered, he seemed to move back, move away.... Yet last night, sitting there, with Elsa sitting opposite, he had blazed at her; those words had cut blood and lava-trail on this air. Last night, with the coffee-cups beside them on the little table, he had said: 'It is written in blood and fire for all eternity'. Yet only a touch on his arm made him shiver away, hurt, like a hurt jaguar. (Virago ed. 1984: 81)

It was of course an example of the grandiose rhetoric about friendship Lawrence indulged in at that time. It was also a sexual advance to HD; and as a sexual advance Frieda approved of it. They had had a bad time in Cornwall, both in their personal relationship and their relations to the public, and Frieda felt, it seems, that an affair would do them both good. According to Bid Me to Live she planned herself to have an affair, with a musician, Vanio (Cecil Gray). I shall come back to this when I discuss Lawrence's and Frieda's notions of fidelity in the context of Carswell's description of Frieda.

What surprises one about HD's account is that neither of the two women questioned Lawrence's rhetoric. Frieda was usually quick to cry bosh. What does she 'acquiesce' in here, apart from his physical

approach to a woman she respected and whom she knew to be sexually attracted to him? What does this sitting on the right hand and the left mean? A triangle of equals? It sounds more like the gods and goddess of The Plumed Serpent, a very hierarchical arrangement. And why is it written in blood? How could the wary Frieda and the intellectually fastidious HD let such stuff pass unquestioned?

We cannot answer these questions, because the novel does not answer them. We know that Lawrence was looking for a blood brother: he had offered bloodbrotherhood to Middleton Murry in Cornwall, and to his Cornish farmer friend. Both men had withdrawn. What is less well known is that Lawrence was looking not for another man, necessarily, but for another friend, male or female. Letters to Katherine Mansfield, and this passage from Bid Me To Live confirm it. What is even less well known is that Frieda not only approved of Lawrence's search, but was herself engaged in the same search: she too wanted a permanent friend outside marriage. She is usually considered to have been sceptical, even cynical, about all relations with outsiders. This is based on what Lawrence makes Ursula say to Birkin at the end of The Rainbow, and on the accounts of Mabel Luhan and Dorothy Brett.<sup>27</sup> If we look at her letters we see this is wrong: she wooed, painfully, several women and one man, Koteliansky. The women 'traded' her friendship for Lawrence's. Koteliansky disapproved of her morally.

It is true that Frieda was quick to jump on any relation of Lawrence's she thought wrong (dishonest, 'soulmush'). But she acquiesced in the plan for a permanent bond with HD.

Perhaps HD was the only woman Frieda met who was capable of friendship with her and Lawrence at the same time. That was because she was at the end of her tether: she was not interested in playing power games, all she wanted was 'to live'. Mabel Luhan has accused Lawrence of spoiling her friendship with Frieda. She said about Frieda what Frieda in her inimitable way said about HD to Richard Aldington: 'she wasn't small beer anyhow'\*\*.

There's no doubt about it, Jeffers, Frieda was somebody. Somebody real, hearty, and full of meat. What she lacked in spiritual insight of the kind Lawrence had, she made up for in a volume of zestful enjoyment. She was good company. I could have enjoyed life with her, had it not been for him. In fact, I did have fun with her sometimes but he always broke it up. (1932: 152)

But if Mabel had not been involved in the game of trying to get power from Lawrence by having power over Lawrence she could have stood out against him easily.

The friendship with HD was spoiled by Lawrence's fear of physical contact. He first made a bid for it, then when HD responded withdrew. He may have lacked the physical stamina, exhausted by the strain of the war. In any case, HD was mortified. It is also possible that he was psychologically incapable of forming any vital

relationship other than the one to Frieda. Frieda often complains about Lawrence's clinging; it annoys her that on top of it people see it the other way round. There is a letter to Mabel Luhan written on 5 April 1929 that sums up her exasperation with her women friends.

You seem to think I hang on to Lawrence like grim death; it's the other way about. He hates to be without me nowadays even for hours. Much too much for my taste is he dependent on me, and the Brett's fixed idea that Lawrence doesn't care for me is so queer. I don't understand it, except I was sorry for the Brett, was very decent to her, and then she does detest one for it. Poor thing. Isn't it jolly for me? Ada, L's sister and I are friends; she detests me too.... I am so glad my enemies are friends!  
(Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 408)

Let us look for a moment at this triangle of women, HD, Mabel, Frieda, and how they illustrate different relations to men. HD was burning herself out psychologically in the hopeless struggle with a husband, and was so absorbed in asking Lawrence to help her 'live' that she registered Frieda only at the edges of consciousness. Mabel was a woman with powerful creative urges who had the grotesque idea that women can be creative only through a man. (Lorenzo in Taos puts forward this theory). She chose Lawrence to 'fertilise' her creativity, and Frieda became the obstructing agent in this programme. Frieda was fond of men as everyone knows. What is less well known is that she trusted women and had a basic primitive belief in the bond between

women. Her commitment to Lawrence and his work - generally speaking her sense of mission where men were concerned - was rooted in her feeling for women, paradoxical as that may sound. At times her trust of women appears to one naive, she is so slow to register backbiting and slander where she has formed an attachment. But probably she was just too grand to notice such details; in any case her anger, when it flares up, tells a different story. Her letters about Katherine Mansfield and to Ottoline Morel show an extraordinary love and forbearance for women. We shall come to those letters later. First we will turn to Frieda's conception of the relation between women and men.

We get another glimpse of Frieda in HD's bedsitting room in Bridget Patmore's memoirs, a glimpse in which she comes unusually alive. This time a larger party is present than in Bid Me To Live: HD and her husband Richard Aldington, 'Arabella', the woman Aldington lived with (Dorothy Yorke), the Lawrences, Cecil Gray, the man HD was to live with, and Bridget Patmore, who later lived with Aldington. They were all dancing.

Everyone burnt with a different incandescence. Frieda in a sun-drenched way, wild, blond hair waving happily, gray-green eyes raying laughter, her fair skin are effulgent pale rose. Lorenzo as if he had drunk fire and was quite used to it. Hilda, a swaying sapling almost destroyed by the tempests, all the blueness of flame gone into her large distracted eyes. <sup>29</sup>

Frieda had a bacchantic streak, and the 'wildness' Bridget Patmore notices, as well as the affinity with the sun 'raying laughter', is very much part of her nature.<sup>30</sup> She was very fond of expressive dancing and tried to teach Lawrence to dance too. In Mr Noon she succeeds in a fashion as we shall see. Later he seems to have gone back to his resistance; Mabel Luhan reports how in Taos he held contemptuously aloof where everyone danced.<sup>31</sup> Here he is obviously caught up in it as much as the others. It is a bacchantic occasion, the women outnumbering the men and drawing them on. Lawrence is very much the man among women here Green sees in him; it was a role natural to him, which he strenuously resisted.

Frieda is related to the bacchante in more ways than one, but she also differs from them, especially in her attitude to men. We cannot be certain of course that the bacchantes' murderous fierceness is historical; the only reports we have are by men, whose terror of independent women may have made them imagine all sorts of things. All we know for certain is that the Greek women celebrated once a year a ritual rebellion against their heavily oppressive patriarchal society. They climbed Parnassus at the winter solstice, danced barefoot to their music and slept under the stars. On this occasion, more than at any other of the rituals which were also women's festivals they created a women's world, a world of sisterhood. That it was a wild women's world,

dangerous and hostile to men is natural if one considers the explosive charge the occasion must have had after their year-long cloistering and repression. What was for the women of Greece a symbolic occasion was for Frieda a way of life. She too danced barefoot in the mountains (Mr Noon is in part the report of her 'wildness'). But she did not rebel symbolically: she lived as if the state of patriarchy did not exist, was a phase that was past. She was not rebellious, she was revolutionary.

Revolution to Frieda meant sexual revolution, as it did to the women of the new wave of feminism in the late 1960s. Millett in Sexual Politics has a hypothetical definition of what the sexual revolution would be like if it arrived, and this not only agrees with what Frieda believed but is also what the Neue Ethik put forward as a programme of action in the 1890s in Germany (Frieda and the shortlived Neue Ethik are therefore surprisingly modern, though some accents have necessarily changed in the intervening 80 years).

A sexual revolution would require, perhaps first of all, an end of traditional sexual inhibitions and taboos.... The negative aura with which sex has generally been surrounded would necessarily be eliminated together with the double standard and prostitution. The goal of revolution would be a permissive single standard of sexual freedom, and one uncorrupted by crass and exploitative economic bases of traditional sexual alliances. Primarily, however, a sexual revolution would bring the institution of patriarchy to an end, abolishing both the ideology of male supremacy and the traditional socialization by which it is upheld in matters of status, role and temperament.



This would produce an integration of the separate sexual subcultures, an assimilation by both sides of previously segregated human experience. A related event would be the re-examination of the traits categorised as 'masculine' and 'feminine', with a reassessment of their human desirability: the violence encouraged as virile, the excessive passivity defined as 'feminine' proving useless to either sex.<sup>32</sup>

Clearly such a revolution must be a revolution of consciousness for both women and men. Frieda believed that women were nearer to a revolutionary consciousness than men because they were less involved in the institutions of patriarchy and less deformed by the pressure to conform. They were therefore stronger and could help men. Frieda was fond of men all her life from this position of strength (Basically her attitude had been formed when as a child she pitied the simple soldiers who were subjected to army training near her house - a training in conformity if ever there was one<sup>33</sup>). Her attitude is therefore not strictly feminist; she had no desire to compete in the male world. She thought women were more realistic in the way they used their will. In a fragment of the autobiographical novel written when she was an old woman she says: 'Paula had always had a great sympathy, almost pity for men, because of their job in this world, to go ahead and face the unknown and shape it to their will' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 398, my emphasis).

Lawrence has accused Frieda, especially in her

fictional forms, and women generally, of using their will in an evil way against men. It is, therefore, interesting to see what Frieda says in the passage from which I have quoted above about the right sort of submission in women, contrasting a necessary passivity with an arbitrary 'mastery'.

Though Andrew [Lawrence] had been dead for donkey's years now, she still had to argue with him, she still wanted to fight him. She was glad she had fought him in the past. He had insisted in his male arrogance that man was the master and woman had to submit to him. When a woman has a child she learns what submission is. She has to submit to forces over which she has no control. For her lifetime she has learnt that she can't be the master of her fate. This gives her a great security and her own female wisdom.

Frieda's sister Else said that men were Frieda's mission, in a clear reference to her reputation for immorality. 'Moore reports Else Jaffe as remembering Frieda as being essentially innocent, believing in "the good of men"; though outwardly gay, she took them seriously and felt she had a "mission" to help whichever of them caught her interest and sympathy' (Tedlock in Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 425). Frieda's mission is the subject of many jokes. Lawrence himself in Mr Noon remarks that she 'believed in much love, a la Mary Magdalene'. If Frieda believed in 'the good in men', however, she did so in a spirit of opposing their wrongheadedness. Even at her most peaceful and positive she sees her mission as teaching men more directness and

giving them a better relation to reality. In the letter to Garnett about Lawrence<sup>n</sup>'s draft of Sons and Lovers in February 1914, which I have already discussed in Part I, she says

If he denies my life and suffering [over the children] I deny his art, so you see he wrote without me at the back of him. The novel is a failure but you must feel something at the back of it struggling, trying to come out.... It does not seem the deepest and last thing said; if for instance a man loves in a book the pretty curl on the neck of 'her', he loves it ever so intensely and beautifully, there is something behind that curl, more than that curl; there is she, the living striving she. Writers are so beside the point, not direct enough. I am going to throw myself into the novel and you will see what a gioia it will be. There is one triumph for us women you can't do things alone. Just as little as we can live alone.

And in another part of the autobiographical fragment quoted above she puts it generally: 'Man thinks he is so much cleverer than the woman is and so he truly is, but in his own man's way he races off into the most fantastic ideas and ideals, concepts, leaves the ground, soars away into heights. The woman has her own wisdom and she had better stick to it and not try to have a man's mentality. Her job is also to pull a man back from his flights and put his feet on the firm ground again' (1961: 398).

On the whole female wisdom had a combative quality in Frieda. Her reality, the living striving she she was, was a fighting she. She had none of the 'excessive passivity defined as feminine' Millett sees as

the conventional ideal, and she fought the 'violence encouraged as virile' all her life, sometimes on general grounds, mostly as she met with it in Lawrence. Her mission in its essence was to oppose men, as Lawrence bitterly notes many times. He characterises it as 'expostulation and opposition' in The Plumed Serpent in what is probably the clearest description of it, since here it is contrasted with a true woman's mission, with a woman who has the 'excessive passivity defined as feminine' which Lawrence at his weakest thought desirable.

She [Kate] thought of Teresa soothing him [Ramon], soothing him and saying nothing. and him like a great helpless wounded thing. It was rather horrible really. Herself she would have to expostulate, she would have to try to prevent him. Why should men damage themselves with this useless struggling and fighting, and then come home to their women to be restored! Yet he would do it. Even as Joachim had done. And Teresa with her silence and infinitely soft administering, she would heal him far better than Kate with her expostulation and opposition. 34

Frieda is often called crude and materialistic because of her insistence on directness and 'reality'. There is truth in that: she could be reductive in an annoying way (reminiscent of her mother, to whom we shall come when we look at Mr Noon). But it can also be seen differently. When she says women should not develop men's abstract mentality, when she insists on the physical, the direct and the 'real' especially in

feeling, she is pointing to areas that have traditionally lain outside men's interest and played only a marginal role in our cultural tradition. The experience of impersonal forces in motherhood, the importance of getting at a young girl's self behind 'the pretty curl' in writing are good examples of areas that are still relatively uncolonised by the 'symbolic order' - unoccupied, unpoliced as it were by our patriarchal unconscious. They are therefore areas where a new consciousness could begin. Lawrence for one profited in his writing from Frieda's insistence and did develop a new feminised consciousness in some ways.

Frieda has also been accused of savagery because of her resistance to Lawrence and the ensuing battles. For this I see no justification; it rests on our assumptions about 'genius' and more generally a male feeling that women should keep their mouths shut which is shared unconsciously by women. Frieda reacted to Lawrence's provocation, always cast in a form wounding to female self-conception. Delany says in Lawrence's Nightmare that on joining the Lawrences in Cornwall 'Katherine [Mansfield] was privately disgusted by the savage side of Frieda that revealed itself in these battles' (1979: 223). But the only savagery that emerges from the letters Katherine and Murry wrote at the time is Lawrence's, who behaved with extreme physical and verbal violence. The same is true of the other accounts of the Lawrences' quarrels. Frieda's 'savagery' consists in

disagreeing with Lawrence, contradicting him, particularly when he laid down the law about women's inferiority (she tended to accuse him then of wanting to be God) and sticking to her guns when he threatened her. Mabel Luhan tells us that Lawrence was unable to bear criticism: 'He was all right as long as things went his way. That is, if nothing happened to slight him. He simply couldn't bear to have anyone question his power, his rightness, even his appearance' (1933: 82).<sup>25</sup> (All Frieda did, as far as I can see was question his power and his rightness). The extraordinary thing is that in all the accounts Lawrence is described as a gentle sensitive spirit, often immediately after he has been shown as brutal and violent. In Lorenzo in Taos we find on p. 88

[I never] got used to the physical signs on Frieda of what took place between them. For when we went to the Hot Springs, and I saw the big voluptuous woman standing naked in the dim stone room where we dressed and undressed ... there were often great black and blue bruises on her blond flesh. And sometimes I found her with eyes swollen and red from weeping. One morning in particular I remember I found her in her kitchen spent and old from too many tears.... 'I cannot stand it', she wept. 'He tears me to pieces. Last night he was so loving and so tender with me, and this morning he hates me. He hit me ... and said he would not be any woman's servant. Sometimes I believe he is mad'.

And we find on p. 89, after a conversation in which Frieda 'defamed' Lawrence (saying with a spite that seems

rather natural after the foregoing, 'He's finished. He's like glass. Brittle. You don't know what it's like living with him. Sometimes I think I'll leave him. I could make a real life for myself!'):>

How terrible this was. He of the warm living flow, whose tenderness was so instant and responsive, he had constantly to watch out that it did not betray him!

The most striking example comes from Brett. It is an account of a teaparty in London where people pitied Lawrence for having to break the tea things to teach Frieda a lesson. The deaf Brett could not properly understand what the conversation (with Koteliansky, Gertler, Murry) was about:

You [Lawrence] seem to be talking ... on some favourite topic of yours... Suddenly Frieda begins attacking you, contradicting you, then denouncing you; finally accusing you of making a God of yourself, of being God... Your temper rises to meet the sledgehammer blows from Frieda's violent tongue. You break into the midland vernacular. The rich Yorkshire dialect purrs softly from your lips with an ever-increasing force, a steadily rising anger. In that language, strange to our ears, you fiercely denounce her. We sit and listen spell-bound until you suddenly seize the poker, and in a white heat of rage, you emphasize your words by breaking the cups and saucers. It becomes terrible to watch and to hear - the slow deadly words and the steady smash of the poker, until, looking at Frieda, you say slowly, menacingly: 'Beware Frieda! If ever you talk to me like that again it will not be the tea things I smash, but your head. Oh yes, I'll kill you. So beware!' And down comes the poker on the teapot... No-one speaks. You are silent too, until sighing heavily you hold out your hand to me. I take it

and silently hold it.... Later Frieda on her hands and knees sweeps up the broken china with a dustpan and brush. But in all of us something seems to have been violated by our incapacity to protect you, by having to witness in silence the battle for your own existence. (1933: 30-31)

The only conclusion one can come to is that the attribution of 'savage' is as sex specific as the attribution of 'selfish'. Merely by standing up for herself (especially if she does it in an emphatic way like Frieda), a woman so shocks and disconcerts us she impresses herself on our minds as brutal, unnatural and a predator. A man on the other hand can behave with extreme violence without our noticing very much or seeing anything but a justifiable anger. It is his moments of gentleness (or helplessness) that impress themselves on our minds and typify him for us. Hence the savage Frieda and the tender sensitive Lawrence.

What gave Frieda her real name for savagery are Katherine Mansfield's and Middleton Murry's letters to Ottoline Morel while staying in Cornwall with the Lawrences (as well as Katherine's simultaneous letters to Koteliansky). I shall quote extensively from these letters on several further occasions. Murry suppressed the worst of Katherine Mansfield's letters while Frieda was alive. Frieda was fond of Katherine all her life and very kind to her while they stayed at upper Tregerthen (Katherine: 'Frieda is such a liar. To my face she is all sweetness. She used to bring me



flowers' - to Koteliansky 11 May 1916; Frieda: 'We had great times doing things together like making pot-pourri with dried rose leaves and herbs and spices . She trusted me.... She had a Dickensish kind of way to give small events a funny twist and sharp and quick she pounced on anything funny' - in her memoirs 1961: 425.) The Murrys' repeated assertion of falseness (the only concrete accusation among the fantasies of what Frieda was doing to Lawrence) is puzzling in face of the evidence: Frieda's letters show her to be direct and straightforward to a fault with her friends, while Katherine's show her to be double, treacherous and evasive. Delany assumes that Frieda 'was not aware of some of the darker undercurrents in her relation with the Murrys' (1979: 223). The evidence points the other way: Frieda was aware. The Murrys' sense of falseness is probably based on an early, still intuitive awareness: Mabel Luhan notices that when Frieda was uneasy she could be 'overexpansive, vociferous, with a kind of false forced bonhomie, assumed (it felt so to me at least) to cover her inability to strike just the real right note' (1933: 36). The situation in Cornwall, when the Murrys had joined the Lawrences would have been one in which it was impossible to strike the real right note. The Murrys hated the quarrels between the Lawrences (for which one cannot blame them) and blamed Frieda. They hated even more their making up. They were sure, as many people are in the matter of wife battering, that

Frieda enjoyed being beaten.<sup>26</sup> After describing a quarrel when Frieda calls Lawrence 'little God Almighty', and he batters her and threatens to cut her throat, Katherine writes 'they have degraded each other and brutalised each other beyond words but ... all the same I never did imagine anyone so to thrive upon a beating as Frieda seemed to thrive. For I never shall be persuaded that she did not take some awful relish in it.'<sup>27</sup> This last because Frieda appeared very happy the next day; Katherine heard her sing, Lawrence was seen trimming a hat for her. The idea that a woman likes to be beaten is of course general; it is a way for women as well as men to avoid thinking about women-battering. But here the reason for Frieda's happiness is surely transparent: Lawrence was ashamed, and behaved decently and lovingly to her the next day (probably for the first time in a long while). Frieda was resilient; she was incapable of bearing a grudge. Nevertheless, the fact that she could forgive and forget so blithely (at least at this early date) is disconcerting. Frieda prided herself on having a robust ego (unlike Lawrence): but I think it has mainly to do with her conception of her relation to Lawrence.

Frieda believed in the 'new relation' between her and Lawrence. She explains it in the introduction to Not I But The Wind: 'We are so much more than we understand ... there is so much in us of unexplored territory that understanding can never grasp. As

Lawrence and I were adventurers by nature we explored' (1935: vii). She lived by what can only be called a radiant vision of the thing a woman like her and a man like Lawrence can make together, a vision based on love, but of a new, more comprehensive kind. When Lawrence behaved decently (and we can take it on trust that when he laid himself out to be nice as he would on occasions like these he could be very nice indeed) her vision became reality, or came near reality. This gave her the confidence Murry and Katherine so deplored. Lawrence's rages she fitted into the framework of the vision: 'I learnt that a genius contains the whole gamut of human emotions, from highest to lowest. I learnt that a man must be himself, bad or good at any price' (1935: vii). She is actually a bit disingenuous here. What she felt at the time, when Lawrence was still alive, was that though a genius must embrace 'the lowest' in himself as well as the highest, a woman must also fight this lowness for the sake of his genius. Lawrence's particular lowness ranged from jeering at women to beating them. His genius would lie in the opposite for her: his particular affinity with women. In jeering at women he did not just jeer at her but at the new thing they were making together; and she did not refrain from attacking him 'savagely' when he jeered.<sup>22</sup>

The Murrays did not see her reasons for this savagery, and misunderstood her happiness. Katherine ends her letter by saying how that Awful Relish 'left

Murry and me speechless with amazement and disgust - disgust especially! - But I cannot help it - I hate them for it - I hate them for falsity. Lawrence has definitely chosen to sin against himself and Frieda is triumphant. It is horrible. You understand - don't you - that I could not write this to anyone but you.' This was written on 17 May 1916 to Ottoline Morel when Katherine had barely met Ottoline, who was Frieda's friend. The accusation of falsity also rings strange to one's ear in view of the fact that Katherine was writing a simultaneous account to Koteliansky, in spite of what she says to Ottoline. Frieda might battle Lawrence but she was helpless against her friends. Ottoline meant much to her; she was one of the few people whose friendship she had actively sought. Koteliansky was another. We shall come to the letters she wrote to both below.

That Frieda knew is clear from a letter to Koteliansky, written on 20 September 1919, two or three months after the Murrays had left Higher Treggerthen. The occasion is that Koteliansky had now had a taste of the Murrays duplicity. Frieda always excused Katherine (Murry she calls a liar and sneak). 'I have had so many good hours with Katherine that I owe it to her to make her more honest with me. Her duplicity is not all; it's a small part of Katherine but if I love her I will hate her lies all the more - I will tell her. Shall I see her again and tell her?' (Memoirs and Correspondence)

1916: 214-15). She was quite conscious that she was accused of savagery toward Lawrence. The issue is still fresh in her mind when she writes to Murry in May 1954, two years before her death: 'I know you and Katherine blamed me a lot, but I had to throw myself against that elemental Lawrence and fight him. That somehow was my job and, as you know, when the elements had settled it was wonderful' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 342; my emphasis).

One wishes Frieda had put some of her famous savageness into her writing. She began to write after Lawrence's death, as an already elderly woman. She worked on her autobiographical novel from the late 30s into the 1950s, as well as writing Not I But The Wind (1933) and numerous small essays on Lawrence.<sup>39</sup> The novel, which interests us most here was never finished. But what is really disconcerting is that after Lawrence's death her writing becomes bland.

Frieda felt that good writing, writing from 'the deep centres of the self' is rooted in gratitude. It comes out in what she says to Mabel Luhan, who had shocked her with her malicious memoirs Lorenzo in Taos: 'No. Mabel, we were all so much more than that, I know we were! ... Write it again, Mabel, with all the meaning it had for us ... Write it from a deeper self, I am sure that's what Lorenzo would say to you. And you so generous too! and how he tried to help you in your living' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 409-10).

Gratitude is obviously a better basis for writing one's memoirs than spite. But it can make one forget and conventionalise. Frieda had never been able to bear a grudge - 'once the elements had settled it was wonderful'. Death had settled the elements for ever, and she was not going to unsettle them again by remembering. But she had in fact always written best and most generously in anger. Now gratitude spoilt her style. The very phrase 'from the deep centres of the self' shows how heavily Lawrence's shadow fell on her writing. Before his death Frieda would not have worried from what centres she wrote as long as she made her point.

The novel, edited by Tedlock in Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence is extant as a sequence of chapters, a number of different introductions and an appendix that contains fragments belonging to an earlier draft or drafts, written in a more highly fictionalised style. We are not told to what phase the title belongs, 'And the Fullness Thereof ...', which itself underlines the attitude of being grateful. Some of the writing is excellent, especially the fragments in the appendix. These are presumably the 'pastiche of Lawrence' Alvarez speaks about. But Lawrence (whose writing after all Frieda had helped to 'feminise') is not such a bad model for a woman writing about herself. His bluster about power and mastery can easily be isolated and ignored. It is not because she imitated Lawrence that the novel is

essentially uninteresting. In the sequential chapters - the body of the novel - she tries to be simpler and more direct than in the fragments, which are pure memory-pictures. She uses authorial comment (a thing Lawrence excelled in) to bring her memories nearer to her present self. But it is just these efforts that make her sound naive and trivial. Possibly the manuscript is over-edited. Perhaps if Tedlock had been less conventional and more careless, not smoothed over discontinuities so much, been less concerned with chronology, the novel would show more life. The many pieces written about the same themes in different styles could have been placed side by side as we do with painters' work. One could almost certainly make a more exciting experimental 'woman's novel' of the material. But the basic weakness is Frieda's, and it would remain.

In the sequential part she interweaves chapters on her present life with Angelo Ravagli on her Taos ranch with memories from her childhood, accounts of her meeting with Gross and Lawrence and chapters on her first marriage and life with her children. These last are the most lively; and the account of her wedding night is fascinating. But none of it is sharp enough to be really interesting. The chapter on Gross ('Octavio'), is the most disappointing, probably because we expect most from it. Frieda had all her life remembered her meeting with Gross and their short love relationship as the turning point of her life. He made her what she

was. Now that she is finally writing about herself, the importance of the event seems to escape her. She has forgotten what a truly remarkable man she met in him and how influenced she was by his milieu, by the ideas she, her sister Else and his wife Friedl shared with him. Frieda was all her life a discreet woman, and discretion may account to an extent for the meagreness of her account. The temper of the times had changed since her meeting with Gross - a fact that influenced her writing in general, and to which we shall return. But one's impression is that she does not truly remember. The chapter consists mainly of translations of his letters to her and a vague statement about her attraction to his revolutionary socialism rather than to him personally. The chapter on Lawrence ('Andrew') was placed by her editor next to that on Gross.<sup>40</sup> The juxtaposition brings out something interesting which invites speculation. It brings out that in deciding against Gross and for Lawrence, Frieda decided against a public, politically committed life, offered her by Gross, and for outsiderdom, private values and withdrawal, offered her by Lawrence. What Lawrence offered met with a need in her: there was a streak in her of timidity, of mistrust not only of 'the world of men' but of herself, of her ability to be effective in the world of men. There is no analysis of this in the book. On the face of it Gross was the odder of the two men and Frieda says in fact that she rejected him because he did not have his



feet on the ground of reality. But her old mistrust of herself was compounded by the life she lived with Lawrence, and it is not impossible that this selfmistrust had to do with the difficulties she experienced when writing for publication. If she had analysed her motives for choosing Lawrence over Gross in her writing, she might have resolved some of her difficulties; in fact the very act of analysis would have given her characters - Octavio, Andrew - the inner connection they lack and would have introduced tension and movement into her book.

Frieda is least successful of all in writing about herself. The figure of Paula in the sequential chapters positively subverts the Frieda we know, the Frieda of the letters, of the cheerful impieties, of the criticism of Lawrence and his writing. We hear nothing of the woman whose job it was to 'throw herself against that elemental Lawrence and fight him'. Not a word of her thinking, sometimes, 'I could still make a life for myself if I left him'. The Paula of the book is Frieda's opposite, a woman who in the conventional sense of the phrase 'lives for her husband': 'A woman like Paula knows and senses only the reality of her man. The rest was like a show, a performance that she watched' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 119).<sup>41</sup> This from the woman whose pride it had been all her life that she owned herself. Frieda's generosity, her insistence on having been happy, rob her here of something more important: a proper

insistence on herself. Insistence on herself had always been her forte, in spite of her self mistrust. 'Do I want to blow my own trumpet?' she asks, examining her own motives a little fearfully at the beginning of writing Not I But The Wind and answers at once 'Yes I do'. How was it that when it came to it she could not blow her own trumpet? Green mentions how Frieda was doomed to caricature herself in her writing (1974: 262). But it is not self-parody, it is self-alienation and self-subversion. If we assume self parody we assume that she actually saw herself as the naive animal woman who submits to the superior intellectual and rational powers of the male. The opposite is true: she complains all her life that others foisted this image on her.

The question why Frieda did not succeed better in writing about herself is an important one. Before looking at it, we must make a distinction: Frieda had a natural aptitude for writing and comes alive brilliantly in all her unselfconscious personal writing, her letters for instance; it is only in writing for publication that she fails. It is of course difficult to write about oneself, especially as a woman. Frieda felt she was entering 'the men's world' when she started writing. In this she showed the right instinct: she was. But though she was alternately fearful about it and then again bold - 'Do I want to blow my own trumpet? Yes I do' - she did not know how to handle it. Xaviere Gauthier has said: 'A real contradiction faces women:

as long as they remain silent they will be outside the historical process. But, if they begin to speak and write as men do, they will enter history subdued and alienated; it is a history that logically speaking their speech should disrupt'<sup>42</sup> She wanted to enter history. She also clearly wanted to write as a woman, and like a woman. Her misfortune was that she was writing at a time when women's consciousness of themselves was at its lowest. There was no concept as yet of a female language (or even a female consciousness) that could subvert and disrupt male traditions of literature. In the absence of such a concept, Frieda maimed herself by her own, true, evaluation of the standards of 'the male world'. She disliked its tradition of self-advertisement and competition. She distrusted 'fame' and indeed all hierarchies for the rigidity they cause. When she was 75 she reports how a friend who was also her doctor said to her 'you are a great woman with your simplicity and humility' and comments with asperity: 'I thought great women are different and I did not think my humility was so hot either ... 'great' would be a bore. Marble busts!' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 343).

As I see it, there are two main reasons for Frieda's failure to write vividly and truthfully, about herself and others, when she was writing for publication. One has to do with outer circumstances, the other is psychological. By the time she began to write she was too isolated on her New Mexico ranch, too cut off from

what was going on in the world. Christa Wolf has said, in an introduction to another woman's novel: 'It turns out; unreserved subjectivity can become the measure for what we call (imprecisely I believe) 'objective reality' - however, only if the subject is not forced to practice an empty self mirroring but is in active contact with social processes'<sup>43</sup> The subjectivity Frieda strove for does not quite become an empty self mirroring but it also never becomes a measure for objective reality - the personal does not become the political. Her struggle to establish Lawrence's reputation on the right basis is the only social process in which she is still involved after his death. As for herself, she was removed from the war, which her children experienced in England, and had clearly no notion of what was going on in her native Germany. She and Else had drifted apart, and Else did not (and indeed could not easily) convey to her what the fight against Nazism meant. We can speculate that if she had had to return to Germany after Lawrence's death and pit herself against the Nazi terror (she mentions her relations who did this with pride), live through the civilian bombing and rebuild her own house with her own hands, together with the now famous 'rubble women', she would willy-nilly have been involved in social processes. But all this passed her by. It is clear from her essays that she knew little or nothing of what was going on in Europe. Her contact with American society was also marginal. She was greatly influenced by the national

optimism of the years during and after the war. Of course, one must remember, in reading her essays, that she did not have American citizenship and that she therefore had to watch what she said; also that in contrast to what had happened to her in the last war in England, where she had had citizenship, the freedom from harrassment she experienced was indeed remarkable. Nevertheless her praise of American freedom is unrealistic and uninformed: she thinks for instance American society is free from racism and social oppression.

The psychological reason that made it difficult for Frieda to write for publication, and write about herself, was that Lawrence's long shadow fell on her writing. Like many women when facing the public Frieda wrote against a prohibition; but in her case the prohibition was not general and nebulous but had a face and a voice. She begins Not I But The Wind, which was to 'clarify her life with Lawrence' (that is, correct misrepresentations) by saying 'I did not want to write this book. I wanted to give Lawrence my silence. Would he have wanted me to write it? Would he have jeered at me as one of those intellectual females whom he disliked so much? Is it any use, my writing?' Luckily a moment later the old Frieda asserts herself and she says: 'Do I want to blow my own trumpet? Yes I do. But will it have a clear rousing sound or will it be a bit wheezy and out of tune?' (1933: vi). Lawrence had indeed been jealous:

he had been the one and only writer (he did not think much of his contemporaries as a whole), he had disliked women writing, he did not believe in any case that women could write. If Frieda was to write about her life which was mainly her life with Lawrence, she had to examine her relation with Lawrence and come to terms with his hostility to her.

In fact if Frieda was to write honestly about herself she would have had to write about the tension between them and remember that her opposition to him was the best of their relationship. Would she have had to sacrifice her gratitude, the radiant memory picture of their life together I spoke of to resentment and envy if she had done that? On the contrary, Lawrence himself said that it was 'the old and dead' in him she was fighting and held that spouses had a duty to do this for one another. But this was the reasonable early Lawrence. The real division between them appeared when he interpreted their conflict as the sex war and Frieda's opposition as the blind female force pitting itself against 'the man'. Frieda was caught here. She did not fight a generalised sex war; far from fighting Lawrence as a man she liked men. 'The old and dead' in Lawrence was precisely his conception of the sex war which was linked to his assumptions of superiority over women, his insistence on phallic worship, his dreams of power. Frieda fought him over these, as we have seen. But his interpretation of the conflict as a whole, his

saying 'Frieda opposes me because she is a woman' stalemated her and made her very angry. She could not blow her trumpet with a clear and rousing sound without mentioning this anger. Nor would a merely historical account of her anger have been enough. She would have had to be angry with Lawrence now, at the time of writing, instead of accepting his strictures on women and writing. This would have unclogged her style. She always wrote best when she was angry. It seems, however, that Frieda never pushed through to that recognition.

My hypothesis is that what had been her conflict with Lawrence while he was alive had now become her own inner conflict (Not that she turned her anger against herself; she was too healthy for that). Because she cannot free herself from the inner prohibition and yet wants to write, she is forced to write against it. As with many women, all the energy goes into overcoming the resistance to writing at all and is taken from the shaping impulse. She cannot tap her unconscious. She cannot get near to reality in words. A comparison with Lawrence's prose makes this instantly clear. It is too diffuse a matter for citation, one would have to quote several pages from each to make the point. But the Penguin edition of The First Lady Chatterly lends itself to an experiment if the reader is so inclined. The introduction is one of Frieda's best pieces of writing for publication. All one need do is read it and then go

on to the first pages of Lawrence's text. Frieda's writing is lively and intelligent. Lawrence's has punch. Lawrence's words have weight and reverberate, Frieda's do not.

One other possible reason for Frieda's failure has to be mentioned: she may have subscribed to a wrong cult of spontaneity. Lawrence wrote easily and often said he only wrote when he felt like it. Encouraged by his example she may have thought it wrong to work at her writing too seriously. But Lawrence was a man, he believed in his art and had an unshakable conviction of vocation. Besides he had actually served a careful and deliberate apprenticeship. It is, however, unlikely that Frieda deceived herself over this; her many attempts at rewriting speak against it. She would also have remembered how patiently Lawrence rewrote.

It is possible to approach Frieda's writing career from a totally different angle, not from that of her writing for publication, and this is what I would like to do now. In the beginning of her life with Lawrence Frieda saw it as her job to point out to writers the errors of their ways: lack of directness, remoteness from reality. Lawrence was centrally concerned with pointing out the dangers of a mechanization of life, of people becoming automatons. Frieda was urgently concerned with the forms of a new consciousness: a consciousness that was at the same time more alive and fuller than the old (and as such would take the place of



automatism) and was also truer to feelings and realities now neglected. She showed Lawrence what a writer of new consciousness must latch on to: human feelings that are ordinary but too unselfconscious to be expressed, things that are hidden, mute, repressed by conventional rules, never considered in conventional writing. She also showed him what he must not latch on to, what belongs to the 'old and dead'. Everything that is extant of her criticism (most of it must have been verbal, and much of what she wrote lost) is of this kind, whether she comments in the margin of a poem to his dead mother on the regressiveness of his love or tells Garnett about his Jeanne D'Arc that he, like other men, prefers a broken woman to a triumphant one, or says that writers must be more direct when commenting on a pretty curl on the neck, that they must see, like a lover, the living striving she in the curl. The measure for this new consciousness is herself. She is sure of her judgement and can be convincing because she knows how to stick to herself. To be true to oneself is one of the most difficult things in life. It was Frieda's forte.

Frieda believed that the quality of Lawrence's writing depended on her as we have seen; but was also free with her comments on the writing of others. The result of her critical activity is a small, dispersed body of work, all written with penetration and verve and humour. Toward the end of her life, however, when Lawrence was dead and she saw it as her task to defend

him from the obtuseness of academic critics (and writing friends) and to explain him to admirers and the world, her writing does not have these qualities any more. She fails (in her novel for instance) in exactly the qualities she demanded from a writer, directness and being close to reality. The reason lies in her shift of loyalties. Instead of examining Lawrence's texts carefully, it now seemed to her he had said all there was to say about the new consciousness. Her loyalty is now to him, not any longer to herself.

If Frieda had been encouraged in her critical writing in those early years, there would now be a body of work we could turn to as her 'true' writing. Unfortunately Lawrence did not encourage her after the first few years. During the war he began to withdraw from 'the work that was of them both together'. His friends positively snubbed her. Her letters were often tacked on to Lawrence's (or she would write first and he follow up) and this elicited Forster's ferocious response that he would not write to a firm. It is also clear from the extant correspondence that she was snubbed by Garnett and later by Russell. She cheerfully takes a snub, is straightforward in self-defence and attack, but her writing dries up.

There are, however, also letters of another sort, which should be counted as Frieda's best writing. These make remarkable and moving human documents. Frieda comes alive in her letters generally; at their best they

are very amusing, terse sharp and witty but also full of kindness. She was not as consistently a good letter writer as Lawrence was. Lawrence is didactic and always even in in the most personal letter, moves on to the general and universal. It is this that makes his letters interesting. Frieda hones in on one subject, the issue in hand. This she treats personally and passionately. And this gives her letters an interest, even a greatness, Lawrence's letters don't have. But among these 'good letters' there is a group to which I want to draw special attention. They are all written to women friends (with one exception) and have a tone of close emotional involvement that is unusual for Frieda. It is these letters that make the moving documents I referred to above.

I shall quote extracts here from letters to Ottoline Morel and Koteliansky, the only man in the group. Letters written to Mable Luhan and even Dorothy Brett have a similar tone. What distinguishes this group from others whom she liked and whose friendship she valued, like Cynthia Asquith or Catherine Carswell? They seem to have in common that they are all friends with whom she is angry because of betrayals, backbiting or rebuffs of friendship, and to whom she is nevertheless tied by strong emotional bonds. All the letters to this group of people have an overtone that might be called beseeching or wooing. It is most clearly heard in the letters to Ottoline and to Koteliansky. But all of them

are also embattled; Frieda both defends herself and attacks. She defends herself against her friends' contempt (always in relation to Lawrence) and attacks their hypocrisy and double dealing. In her rage Frieda is splendid: open, clear and full of generosity. Yet in the end the letters are strong because they are the strong expression of a painful impasse. Frieda needed a friend. The friendship she could offer she was confident was worthwhile, a thoroughly good thing. Yet it was met everywhere with dislike, even hatred.

The snubs Frieda received were of course not merely intellectual, from men of standing, but personal and social. If one asks oneself why she should have been snubbed socially, the only answer one can come up with is that she was unEnglish in the wrong way. She assumed things Englishwomen don't assume. She offended against unwritten laws that regulate conduct. She was direct, she assumed equality between people, she treated her husband in an offhand way. She was as Lawrence put it in Mr Noon 'not a nice woman'.

Frieda needed a woman friend to complement her relation to Lawrence as much as Lawrence needed a man friend. Like him she went the wrong way about it. She did not offer a mystic bloodsisterhood but she assumed a bond that excludes men and an over-concern with men. She was strongly attracted to Ottoline with whom she felt she had strong affinities. But Ottoline had no conception of such a female bond: women's relations were

instrumental to her and men had priority. Frieda was furious with her for involving Lawrence in a mystically intense relationship that excluded her. This kind of soulful intercourse seemed to her the translation of an erotic impulse into a spiritual one and an unclean thing. Ottoline might well have asked whether Frieda wanted her to go to bed with Lawrence. Frieda would have said yes, it would be the clean and straightforward thing to do. Frieda's attitude could only be puzzling to Ottoline, who thought in conventional terms about the relation of men and women and women and women. Women competed for men and sold one another for the sake of men.

Frieda was right in seeing a strong affinity between herself and Ottoline. It lay in their being outsiders in their class. Both had been 'odd' children in conventional upper class families, in the sense that they had been drawn to 'the warmth of life among common people', to use Delany's phrase about Ottoline.<sup>44</sup> Frieda had made this oddity the basis of her life. She must have felt it as a strong bond. She also saw that Ottoline was courageous, kind and generous and, like her, mistrustful of herself and uncertain in the world of men. They both could have said of themselves that 'men were their mission', but it was also here, as I have indicated that their basic difference lay. Frieda depended in her attitude to men on her feeling of female strength and solidarity. It grew from the old strong basis of her relation to her mother and her sisters. Where men were

concerned she was the giver, the superior, the firmly rooted. This was why she could be so lordly about Lawrence having to 'live' his physical attractions. Her sense of female strength based on female solidarity made Frieda 'free'. It had led her in the past to Gross and to her link with a tradition of female revolt against the rules of the male world. Ottoline had no such basis, no such backing, no such background. Where Frieda was 'free' she was limited by convention. She accepted the traditional authority structure and looked to men to 'empower' her. She was interested in the charismatic Lawrence; Frieda, therefore, became a nuisance. She was less open about it than Mabel Luhan, and Frieda failed for a long time to see the gulf that divided them.

The relation was formed and came to an end during the period of the Great War. This is not the place to follow the drama of it, which is vividly described in Delany's Lawrence's Nightmare. It involved outsiders like the Murrays and Russell and came to a head over Women in Love, in which Ottoline saw herself lampooned (as Hermione Roddice), and believed Frieda to have written the most offensive pages. Like the Murrays, with whom she was in constant touch, she blamed Frieda for anything she did not like in Lawrence. I do not agree with Delany's presentation of Frieda in the book, which seems to me as insensitive as his presentation of Lawrence is sensitive, but otherwise his account is excellent and I use him as a source for Frieda's letters as well as their

context.

Frieda's first letter shows clearly under what sign the relation to Ottoline stood for her: friendship, joy, an amazed relief. She is thanking Ottoline for having helped her over access to her children. She had sensibly calculated that Ottoline's title would pull some weight (which in the end it didn't). She is very open about the guilt she feels toward her first husband; generally speaking it is perhaps too open a letter to someone she didn't know at all well. 'And that everybody turned against me is only natural - but it has been so killing and desparate when I felt everybody against me, even Lawrence, who was always quite genuine, but couldn't bear it, when I was unhappy because of the children - Even they turned against me ... - and now I am no longer alone in this battle, you have given me a generous helping hand and I am so grateful that I could sing -' (acc. to Delany 1979: 59).

Then comes a letter written after a stay at Garsington, where the Lawrences had quarrelled (for obvious reasons it appears). Lawrence had been a charming guest, the life and soul of the houseparty, but Frieda had behaved badly. She left alone, before Lawrence. 'She was jealous that we all liked and admired Lawrence' says Ottoline in her memoirs, 'and that we did not consider her as important a person as he is. She even said in a loud, challenging voice 'I am just as remarkable and important as Lorenzo'. And she adds an

interesting aside, interesting because Strindberg's relation to women is never far from one's mind when one contemplates Lawrence's relation to Frieda: 'She has educated herself on Nietzsche, she appears to be a woman Strindberg might have married and hated, and is what is called "a clever fool"'. Lawrence was at a loss after Frieda had left and Ottoline reports that 'Philip [Morell] strongly urged him to assert himself and leave her. Of course he didn't.' Frieda's letter is written from London, her letter of thanks for the visit. Delany comments before quoting it, 'it was typical of her to continue doggedly trying to remain friends with people who plainly disliked her'.

When we came to you last time we were very antagonistic he and I and I was not at all happy - I thought you idealised him and you had a sort of unholy soulfulness between you that seems to me quite contrary to all good life - Say, I was jealous I may have been - but it was not only that - I know you are big and generous at the bottom and I want us to be friends. You can help us a lot if you want to - But if you leave me out then there can be no good anywhere it seems to me - But perhaps Lawrence will come to you alone next time - We all want love and the good things to be, don't we? (acc. to Delany, 1979: 113-114)

'An unholy soulfulness that seems to me quite contrary to all good life' is a memorable phrase and brings Frieda vividly alive in all she stood for. Assuming that she was writing to civilized people, the letter would seem to be irresistible, it is so open and mature. But Delany



adds to it that Ottoline meanwhile 'suggested a different solution, to Russell: 'She is a mad Egotist. I wish she would die or go off with another man who would beat her!' (Ottoline apparently didn't know that Lawrence filled the bill where beating was concerned).

Bloomsbury relations ensured that what Ottoline said about her came in the end round to Frieda. Frieda still thinks friendship is stronger than backbiting; all it needs is facing the controversy directly. Delany writes 'In her usual blunt style she confronted Ottoline': 'I know in your heart you have been my enemy. You thought that Lawrence ought to leave me, that he does not care for me, that I am bad for him... You have been very unfair to me, I think, you have tried to put me down as of no account... But you are good and understanding and I do think it's our real desire to be friends! We ought to be in spite of differences in temperament.' But Ottoline, says Delany, was 'set on playing the role of an injured innocent'. She sent the letter to Russell, writing: 'Isn't Frieda mad? She would send me mad too. I wonder why she makes this attack on me... I have written her an answer as soothing as I could' (acc. to Delany 1979: 200).

Such soothing answers finally resulted in Frieda's furious letter:

Now for over a year I was ready to be your friend - but steadily and persistently you have treated me with arrogance and insolence! It took me a long time to realise it. Your last letter to me was

again cheap and vulgar - You have told lies about me, you have tried to separate Lawrence and me because you wanted some sort of unwholesome relation with him - All the time you felt good and holy! ... But I have had enough. Either you treat me with ordinary courtesy and respect or I wish neither to hear from you or see you again! ... Some day it may dawn on you what a good thing you have rejected in my genuine friendship, that I offered you; but I know when you get this letter you will feel as you always do, that an injury has been done to you, while all your feelings and actions have been good and blameless. That is so hopeless about you and that I am the unreasonable person! But more than enough! (acc. to Delany 1979: 220-21)

Then presently Frieda forgot what was 'so hopeless about' Ottoline, and that she, Frieda, was immutably cast in the role of 'the unreasonable person' and wrote what Delany calls 'a naive but generous apology'. People disagree about what is naive. To me these seem greathearted and moving lines from one woman to another.

Have you forgotten my nasty letter of the spring? I wrote it chiefly because I was disappointed that we could not be friends. Few people I have met have moved me so deeply, I could feel how sad so much in your life had been and how you had kept on so courageously, I seem to have to weep your unwept tears for you - Very likely it was my fault to a great extent. I was very overwrought, things had been too much for me - You say, we are both too old to alter I don't think so - You are not happy and I know we both want new things to happen, new good things. (acc. to Delany 1979: 253-4)

The issue in the letters to Koteliansky is simpler. Kot, as he was affectionately called, was a close friend

of the Lawrences. He disapproved of Frieda, and his letters, which have not been preserved, expressed his censure. Frieda's letters are letters of self-defense.

Kot had met Lawrence first without Frieda, on an all male walking tour in the Lakes. It was the sort of occasion when Lawrence was at his best, and Kot fell in love with him. His love was of the admiring and at the same time protective sort Lawrence often inspired in men. When he met Lawrence with Frieda, in their house, he was shocked at how she, a mere wife, treated this great man. Kot did not have the imagination to see that the Lawrence Frieda had to deal with on a day to day basis was different from the convivial Lawrence he met and talked ideas with.

The objection to Frieda went deep with Koteliansky. It was a matter of temperament, of background, of unconsciously held convictions. He had a strong puritan streak. He was Russian Jewish, and though he was an emancipated humanist intellectually, the moral traditions of his orthodox upbringing were still powerful emotionally. Especially where male and female roles were concerned he was conservative. It was the place of a wife to submit to her husband. He saw Frieda as immoral in the same way as Leavis does.

Frieda on her side saw behind the moral judgement the same attitude she had already met in Garnett and other friends of Lawrence. She had complained to Garnett about his patronising tone putting her finger on

its cause: his contempt for women. She had told him good naturedly, almost as a piece of good advice, that he should see her less as a woman and more as a human being. To Forster she had written a spirited letter about wives expected to play second fiddle. Here, in addressing Kot, she is writing to a close friend, to whom she can speak freely and intimately. We find therefore her clearest statement in the two following letters, both from February 1915. I use Tedlock's text from Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence for my quotations.

Dear Kot: Thank you for the cake, it was good, but I hardly like it when you give me things, because you don't really like me. I was not cross when you did not come with me to Golder's Green, but I could not help thinking if L. had been there you would have come. Also I think he would be fonder of you if I were not there: your attitude to me is not really and truly a good one. I can feel it. You think I do not count besides Lawrence but I take myself, my ideals and life quite as seriously as he does his. This you will not allow, and it is our quarrel, you think I am conceited. I can't help that but it hurts me very much when you think I do not count as a human being. But you do not think much of women, they are not human beings in your eyes. It's your fault not mine. You will not have me for a friend. Yes, I like Katherine [Mansfield] there is something exquisite about her mind and body, and a great power for affection. You were not nice and patient with her. Will you come for the weekend? Jack is here. Don't mind what I say, it is better to be honest.  
Frieda. (1961, 206)

Dear Kot: I liked your last (no, the one before last) letter very much! So you

wish me to write my 'Xanthippe' lectures down instead of delivering them orally to poor Lawrence. But you see I am also his wife on this earth, the wife to the man as distinguished from the artist; to that latter I would always submit but, you see, some things I just know and he doesn't. Don't talk as if I were such a bad wife and he a blooming angel. But I think you like to make me cross. But we will really all be fond of one another and the quarrelling is just for love. It is so beautiful here and I want you and the Murrays to come here together, we would have plenty of room and it would be nice.... Lawrence is writing hard we go for long walks, the estate is very beautiful, much the most beautiful country I have seen in England. Such a nice letter from Katherine, I am glad the Lord made her. Lady Ottoline is nice, she is coming on Saturday with Bertrand Russell; our Rananim will come off in some form or another. We had a correspondence with Forster, very strange, quarrelling with Lawrence and me of course, saying to me: 'I will have no dealings with a firm', because I had written in Lawrence's letter. Don't you want to have anything to do with a firm either? I believe everybody feels like that, I feel everybody against me, but then I can stand up to it, thank God. And you will be my friend too, soon. Yours, Frieda.  
(1961: 207)

The distinction between the man and the artist at the beginning of the last letter is unlike Frieda. But one assumes in the face of Kot's distinction between Socrates and Xanthippe it was the least she could do. The reference to 'crossness' in both letters bring back an echo of Dickens's letters to Catherine in the time of their engagement; women must not be cross, whatever men do - Frieda is on the defensive. Koteliansky was not like Lawrence, he was not a man among women; he did not,

like Lawrence vacillate and say yes - no. He was a man and he said no. He was very tidy, a man of order and the cardinal point of the world's order for him was the hierarchy between men and women: the male principle was superior, the female inferior, hence women had to submit to men. Frieda shocked him; she must have seemed chaos and anarchy personified to him.

Tedlock published some 22 letters to Koteliansky in Frieda's Memoirs and Correspondence. In all of them the beseeching, wooing tone I mentioned earlier as characteristic to a special group of friends is evident. Friendship obviously meant much to Frieda. In her letters to Kot 'Rananim' (Lawrence's utopia named from a word heard from Kot) becomes a symbol for friendship, for that desired closeness between people who make one another happy through their differences. Why she should persist writing in this way to a man who, though he could forgive Lawrence anything (even his antisemitism, according to Delany 1979: 301-303) was evidently unable to see her as she was and remained locked in a state of permanent criticism of her is not clear. But Kot was a lovable and generous man and a loyal friend to Lawrence, and - as with Ottoline - Frieda must have discerned a kindred spirit under his prejudices. She was not one to let a mere prejudice stand in her way. To this rather grand attitude we owe the letters. Most of them are written in the Great War. They are tough and funny in Frieda's best vein, and her life with Lawrence comes

alive in them as it does in no other document. They are mainly about their happiness together: there are always walks in beautiful country. But they are also about how tired Frieda is. There are too many visitors - Ottoline Morel and Bertand Russell, Katherine Mansfield and Jack Murry - and Lawrence gets 'seedy', a recurrent theme. 'Its lovely weather, I do wish I had a rabbit hole of my own to creep into.... Lawrence has just spent two days trying to make me cross, I feel very happy in my skin, the weather was lovely, but he has been seedy, so he will make me cross. I wish I could become an animal, I am so tired of human beings. I would like to be a nasty animal that frightens people' (1961: 208).

She talks of Lawrence's illness and her fear for him. Just after the war was over, Lawrence was very ill and Frieda writes to Kot of his recovery:

It's been pitiful to see him try so hard to live, if he hadn't it would have been all over. I feel so bitter, so bitter against the world, if they had only given him some response, he would be happy! I feel two hundred years old - haven't slept at all. If you hear of anything nice in the world, tell him.... Will you also send some good chocolates, he is so thin, the doctor says, and must have plenty of sugar. (1961: 225)

She also talks to Kot of the Russia of 1917: 'It is marvellous for everybody, this new Russia that is a fact now, not only a dream. What may not happen if that has come to pass.... I wish we could go to Russia'.

(1961: 220-221). And about Russian literature: Kot has been reading The Possessed: 'I don't like Dostojewsky's women, they really are quite off their chumps and stupid. The feeling Dostojewsky gives me is rather like Nietzsche' (1961: 210) (The latter remark is interesting because Frieda was without a doubt influenced by Nietzsche. Her very way of writing - cavalier and throw-away - attests to Nietzsche's influence. But he was clearly too much for her when it came to women). She thinks Women In Love might be published first in Russia (it was impossible to publish it in England during the war): 'I think Russia would appreciate Lawrence' (1961: 220).

Sometimes a sense of intolerable confinement comes across in the war letters to Kot. But mostly Frieda manages to express it in the form of a longing for happiness. Animals play a great role in her longing for happiness; they are images of freedom and gentleness for her: 'I am so eager for jolly things to happen. The nice young cows are just going by, they are so attractive, and I must say, in watching the animals, they are not brutes but gentle. The young bull always goes with the cows when they are milked, evidently much distressed that he is out of it' (1961: 220). The picture of the young bull with the cows is like a lovely vision of peace. But her happiness depends mainly on people. When it looks as if she and Kot (and Mark Gertler) will finally be friends she is jubilant. 'It



was so jolly seeing you in London. I thought we had only been friends for the first time and I was very glad.... I was very happy with you and Gertler at Gustave's. You see everybody is Lawrence's friend and nobody seems to like me and I daresay it is my fault to a great extent. I can't express myself, when I speak I am a fool, but I want so much to have a good life with people' (1961: 215-16). The Theme of ostracism is a recurrent one in the letters. But this is the only time when she expresses a sense of being ostracised - being thought a fool - because she cannot 'speak'. It was this sense that made her undercut her own intelligence so curiously (Lawrence catches this making-a-fool-of-herself when she speaks exactly in the opening conversation between Gilbert and Johanna in Mr Noon).

The friendship with Kot she was so happy<sup>n</sup> about did not last long. Kot did not like Frieda's letters, for reasons that are now obscure since his part of the correspondence is not extant. But Frieda remains staunchly hopeful. The letter after the one I quoted above is typical in its wooing tone. It runs

Dear Kot: We always seem to rub each other the wrong way. You are cross at my letters and I am cross with you. Now I am coming to London next Saturday.... Shall we try to be nice to each other for once? I know you have quite the wrong idea of me and I daresay it's my fault - and I don't really know you. All right, we will try and see whether we can't get on better.... It's been the loveliest day, we went up to the moors, all covered with heather (do you have heather in Russia?), in the autumn mist the world was a real Zauberland and Lawrence and I were so happy! I should also

like to see Gertler. And we will not have any serious talks; shall we go to the Zoo and look at the animals, instead of the Cafe Royal? The animals are nice. How difficult it is to live, and one has just a simple idea of life, it might be so easy and everything is so difficult. (1961: 221-22)

Frieda also wrote a group of letters of extraordinary interest to Koteliansky about the trouble Katherine Mansfield's and John Middleton Murry's backbiting caused. There are four in Tedlock's collection, all written in the autumn of 1916, after the Murrays left Higher Treggerthen. For reasons of space I cannot include them here. They should be studied by themselves in connection with Katherine Mansfield's letters of the same period. It is astonishing that not even the new biography by Clair Tomalin raises the issue of Katherine Mansfield's letters about Frieda. Tomalin's tone is consistently hostile to Frieda. What is striking about Frieda's letters on the other hand is how lovingly she talks about Katherine, even after she has heard the worst of the slander..

Frieda continued writing to Koteliansky to the end of Lawrence's life, when he broke off the connection. The last two letters I shall quote are from 1923 when Frieda had left Lawrence and come to London by herself, while Lawrence was in Mexico finishing The Plumed Serpent. They are perhaps the most interesting of the letters to Koteliansky, and they need some putting into context. Lucas, Frieda's biographer, implies this

context in the following way:

No one knew better than he [Lawrence] that her refusal to return to him was more than a passing whim, something far more serious than the countless quarrels which had strewn the path of their marriage like milestones. This time it was all or nothing. He received a telegram from her, urging him to come to England. She had sent it only because Murry, Koteliansky and other friends insisted, and she regretted it as soon as it was done. Lawrence complied: the champion of male hegemony in marriage capitulated. At the beginning of December he arrived in London. (1973: 202)

With these two letters we come in a sense full circle in the correspondence with Koteliansky. Frieda is still fighting to be regarded 'less as a woman and more as a human being' except that she is far angrier and more outspoken now than she was in the first two letters. Having actually left Lawrence she is freer, both in what she sees and in what she says, than at any time when she is with him. She knows she should not have let herself be persuaded to a gesture of submission she doesn't feel. Both letters are written to show what the world looks like from a woman's point of view and why a woman (who is also a human being) cannot possibly 'submit' to men. The first letter begins with the most powerful denunciation of Lawrence and his idea of marriage we have from her pen: he dances round the golden calf of himself, and he wants her to dance round it with him. But all men, Kot included are 'tin gods'. Kot has obviously taken her to task again for being a bad wife, though it is not possible to reconstruct from her answer

in what form the accusation was cast. That he brought heavy guns to bear, of a moral and Christian kind is clear from Frieda's reference to chastity and to religion. The second letter begins with a demonstration that Kot is afraid of her as an agent of chaos and anarchy. He has accused her of disturbing the law and order inside him. What makes Frieda's letter interesting is that it shows that this is really the law and order of the patriarchal world, the 'world of war' which he has internalised. She cannot but be a destructive agent in that world. The issue is somehow Lawrence's 'greatness'; she is accused, one guesses, of not taking it properly into account. But in her world 'greatness' does not exist, because its laws are the laws of love. Frieda 'echoes' Ursula in Women in Love here, but her words come out more simply and strongly: 'to really love includes everything, intelligence and faith and sacrifice and passion'.

The address of the first letter, 'dear Adelphis', must mean that Koteliensky identified himself with Murry's Adelphi, started, as he claimed, as an outlet for Lawrence's work.

Dear Adelphis: Why did Lawrence write that article? Because I told him he was the golden calf round which he danced and wanted me to dance too. And I was sick of it. And so are you all, all golden calves or even 'tin ones' round which you dance. If you were really religious men, if the Lord were above you and you weren't little gods yourselves, you would also know that man was meant to have a woman; I am supposed to be impressed by your chastities, I am not, it's male conceit. How

little you must understand of Lawrence's books, Kot, when you can say that I am the 'Porter' in the firm! Why, my faith has been the heart of it! And as far as being a man, I know to my sorrow that I am six times the 'man' that any of you are! Now call me all the names you like, I don't care! And detest me, but if you were 'real' men, instead of tin gods, I wouldn't have to say these things! And I think you all treat that generous Brett vilely! Especially Jack! And you make me feel a sneak when I come to the 'Adelphi', nobody can have an open and free relationship with you. You make me feel as if I wanted to rob the safe or play the temptation of St Antony. No, there is no fun in temptation, one can't play the game for two! Why can't you simply treat me as a human being? - Now you have made me telegraph to Lawrence and I am not at all sure that he thinks I feel lovey-dovey; I don't; I am cross in my heart with all so-called 'men'! Frieda. (1961: 229/30 [Dec? 1923])

Dear Kot: You said it when you told the fact that you didn't like the law and order in yourself disordered. And that's just what I like to do: upset people's apple carts! They get such a surprise about themselves. And then they can make a new order! Sons and Lovers is not so great a book! I had more to do with that, than any of his others; but you don't want to accept the struggle and chaos of Women in Love, it's so upsetting!! And when I 'boast' about myself, I know that my religion is that I want people to love, genuine and whole and paradisisically - not like Christ but including everything! And I know I can love. When you say Lawrence has loved me I have loved him a thousand times more! And to really love includes everything, intelligence and faith and sacrifice - and passion! People don't think as I do, they have such other gods, but for all that I stick to my own to the bitter end! If the day came, which God forbid, that I should see Lawrence as the 'great man', he would be a dead thing to me and it would bore me. Greatness is a thing of the outer world, where I indeed am nothing and don't want to be any more! So I grant you that in the world of men Lawrence is and I am not. But that world is nothing to me, there's a deeper one where life itself flows, there I am at home! And the outer world isn't my affair! All I really want you to admit is the greater importance of

the deeper world! Well, Kot, we will have a solemn feast one day! It's no longer 'I have found thee, oh mine enemy!' but, 'I have found a friend'. Frieda. Another letter from L. Why can't he say he will be glad to see me? Always a misery and a pain. It makes me sick! (1961: 230/31 [Dec 1923])

Frieda brings here to life as nowhere else the world she believes in where 'life itself flows'. The two letters are indeed the most eloquent statement we have of her beliefs and of the targets of her anger. And it is true that she stuck to her gods to the bitter end. Nevertheless, none of this enters her writing for publication of the 30s and 40s. If she had let the spirit of her letters penetrate her memoirs of life with Lawrence, her novel and essays, what an exciting kind of work for that period it would have made. But either the spirit of the time or the dead hand of piety to Lawrence prevented her.

What is most interesting about the letters to Kot is how the friends invite each other into their respective, wholly different worlds. Kot is inviting her to a Christian and moral world, as is clear from replies in letters I have not quoted, such as 'No, if we try to be friends don't let's be 'Christian' ones!' (1961: 232). He is virtually saying: if you came into this good world of law and order and took up your proper place in it, you would be safe and happy and I would be your friend. That this world is hierarchical and her place that of being in tutelage to her husband is understood by all

concerned. It is no accident that Frieda had left Lawrence at this time; and the letters have a context we can discern from Lawrence's writing. He had begun to develop the concept of phallic lordship from Australia and Kangaroo on and, at the time when Frieda wrote her two letters, was working on the novel that exemplifies the husband's absolute, almost god-like supremacy in marriage, The Plumed Serpent. Whether Kot agreed with his position in detail is not the point: it was he who had from the start preached the necessity of a hierarchical relation between them.

The world Frieda evokes and invites Kot to is explicitly anti-hierarchical. Against the idea of a great man (her exclamation to Murry, 'marble busts!' expresses the rigidity the notion has for her) she puts the idea of a flow of life, life flowing. In almost all of the letters we have looked at, especially those to Ottoline, there is a yearning for happiness as bodily pleasure, as warm physical life, often expressed as a looking forward to the utopian community the friends will form. Indeed one could see in Frieda's letters an écriture feminine if the rational aspect wasn't so strong and if they didn't address themselves so firmly to concrete, day to day differences between men and women.

The pivot of the disagreement with Kot remains the question of submission. For Kot hierarchy is order and without order there can be no peace. Frieda shows him that there can be order and peace without hierarchy.

The feast she invites him to is a peace feast, the original love feast where enemies become friends. We have here two diametrically opposed ideas of how peace can be established, both grounded on concrete social experience. Frieda has hit with her 'solemn feast' on an old, enacted, symbol of order without hierarchy. Underlying the idea of the feast is the principle of sharing; she is saying that a more secure peace is grounded on a sociable egalitarian tolerance. The world she offers Kot is not a female world men cannot know or live in but the real social world, in a form in which both men and women can be happy.

On a smaller, concrete, scale the peace both Kot and Frieda were at the time anxious for was peace in the Lawrence's little society of marriage. Peace there was necessary if only for Lawrence's health. But with Lawrence as with Kot Frieda stuck to her own gods to the bitter end: peace as love and equality, not as domination and submission. We have no evidence from her pen that she ever formulated her creed in a general abstract way. As in the case of her letters to Kot, she would have talked about it to Lawrence in the context of one concrete event or another, whenever there was occasion to assert it. Lawrence's writing shows how frequently they must have talked about it and how aware he was of her point of view. All his Frieda-like heroines express aspects of what Frieda says to Kot in the last two letters I quoted. In Women in Love Ursula



tries to explain to Birkin what she means by love. Even in Kangaroo and The Plumed Serpent, when the doctrine of phallic lordship is well under way Harriet and Kate are allowed to put their case for marriage as a more egalitarian society, and against wifely submission.

Not everyone agrees with my assertion that Frieda did stick to her gods to the bitter end. If we turn back now from Frieda's own writing to what others said about her, we find that a close friend of the Lawrences, who knew them through most of their marriage, takes up this very issue and disagrees. This is Catherine Carswell, who in her Lawrence biography The Savage Pilgrimage claims that Frieda learnt to make the act of wifely submission.<sup>45</sup> Catherine Carswell knew the Lawrences well. In fact Frieda lived in her house, in the flat above her at the time when she had left Lawrence and wrote the two letters to Kot we have discussed. Frieda was fond of Catherine but not happy in the old Hampstead house which she refers to as 'that beastly place of Catherine's'. Catherine was one of the women who adored Lawrence; but she was not involved in the game of looking for power from him or wanting power over him, and never had the kind of relationship with him Frieda called unwholesome to Ottoline Morel. She was a novelist and seems to have been an intelligent, sensible and fair person.

She was, however, on Kot's side in the controversy about the relative positions of husband and wife in

marriage and was apparently one of the friends who persuaded Frieda to send the telegram to Lawrence telling him to come. Having her live in her house she saw with alarm that Frieda was striking out for herself. She was particularly shocked at Frieda's flirtation with Murr. She was hurt for Lawrence, but she also detested Murr as a person and mistrusted him as a friend, though she recognised that he was an able critic. Where the Lawrence's marriage was concerned her loyalty was entirely to Lawrence; Frieda she believed could accept anything and recover from anything Lawrence might care to offer her. The idea that Frieda learnt to submit utterly in time, which she expresses in her book may have been a form of reassuring herself and of making what she saw of Frieda's behaviour at the time all right. She evidently had no notion of Frieda's radical beliefs and was quite ignorant of their background. Considering Lawrence's overwhelming presence to their friends and the fact that they all wanted to hear what he had to say it was indeed difficult for Frieda to discuss her ideas with anyone at all. She tended to serve them up piecemeal in the heat of contradicting Lawrence and so shock people's sense of decorum without getting them across or making her point tell.

The Savage Pilgrimage was published in 1932, just after Lawrence's death. Because of its sensible and fair tone, it has had a great deal of influence. It was the biography of Lawrence Leavis approved of. I

think the ideas about Frieda it has spread are particularly wrong and I would like to look at them here in the context of the letters to Kot. Because Carswell's book was on Lawrence it was widely read; what Frieda had to say about herself was hardly regarded.

In her introduction Carswell says Frieda was the daughter of 'Baron von Richthofen who had been Governor of Alsace-Lorraine' (Frieda's father, invalided out of the army, was actually a minor official) and that when Lawrence met her, married with three children, 'she was not unhappy, had never known unhappiness. Merely she lived in a placid dream, which was variegated at times by love affairs that were equally unreal. This made a rich tapestried background that satisfied her well enough so long as nobody woke her up and made her aware that it was no more. And until Lawrence came nobody had' (1938: 8). (Frieda's account of herself is that she would not be miserable because she thought of misery as somehow dirty and demeaning. She had met and parted from Gross by that time, and she always remembered Gross as the one who changed her life and made her aware of herself. He had also led her to crystallise her radical political ideas. She felt fiercely alone with them, in her own words 'suffered and struggled at outs with society ... I couldn't give in, I couldn't submit. It wasn't that I felt hostile, only different. I could not accept society.' (1935: 3)). Lawrence, according to Carswell 'felt the glamour deeply. But he refused to be

intimidated. He held by his own experience, that was limited but intense. With Frieda added to him and dominated by him he could start in and live' (1932: 8, my emphasis). Carswell does add that Frieda 'did not see it so'. She goes on to describe Frieda as 'carelessly generous of herself as no provincial woman could have been generous. There was nothing of bargaining here nor of coquetry' and then puts her finger on what she sees as the problem of the marriage: 'This in itself was dazzlingly attractive to the many times wounded Lawrence. But all the more, and in its accompanying contempt for 'faithfulness', it made him suffer. From first to last Lawrence was for fidelity in marriage. While he admired this woman's 'freedom' it was torture to him. At the same time he would hold his own and not be at her mercy' (1932: 9). Carswell was of course writing without benefit of Mr Noon, where Lawrence gives his own account of how Frieda's freedom affected him, an account to which we will come in the next chapter (To Frieda's contempt for 'faithfulness' we will return below). Mr Noon shows that Lawrence, far from holding to his own experience, was wide open to the new experience Frieda brought. It is also pure fantasy to make him feel at this point in their relationship that if he could dominate her he could start in and live. Lawrence did not want to dominate Frieda till years later. He was far too sensible to start off on that foot. Mr Noon shows that in many ways Frieda was dominant at first (if one cares to use these

terms) and Lawrence glad of it as man and as artist.

Leavis also wrote without the benefit of Mr Noon, and his idea of Frieda as the 'immoral' German aristocrat seems to be based on Carswell's account rather than on her own. At least what he says about her in 'Anna Karenina' reads like an extension of Carswell's picture.

Anna was not an amoral German aristocrat - that seems to me an obvious opening comment. Frieda didn't give up her children without some suffering (Look! We Have Come Through!) but she got over that, and attained a floating indolence of well-being as, placidly undomesticated, she accompanied Lawrence about the world (we always see him doing the chores). There are delicacies in the way of offering to push further our divinations from such evidence concerning Frieda, as we have, but we can see that what Tolstoy makes present to us in Anna is certainly something finer. Frieda's vitality and charm in fact have close affinities ... with those of Stephen Oblonsky ... who 'can't believe that anything is wrong when it gives him so much enjoyment.' But the vitality that makes Anna's beauty irresistible manifests itself in a distinction of spirit that it is her brother's charm to be without. She has a delicate inner pride, a quick proud sense of responsibility towards life that puts the easy accommodation of amoral 'realism' out of the question. (1967: 22)

In a sense Frieda did believe that what gave enjoyment wasn't wrong (it is Vronsky who thinks this in Anna Karenina, not Oblonsky). But Leavis's method is unhistorical or he would have known that Frieda's affirmation of pleasure and of the body was not Oblonsky's easy accommodation of amoral 'realism' but a conscious radical stance, an attack on the world of Oblonsky in which Anna is also caught. Frieda tried to

put Leavis right in a splendidly brick letter written a few months before her death: 'She [Anna] made a mess of hers and Vronsky's marriage because she could not take the social condemnation. I decided I would not let that happen to me and my marriage' (1961: 374). But the historical 'space' from which she acted never became clear to him.

Carswell's account also puts Frieda in the wrong space, historically speaking. She is the only writer who acknowledges that Frieda is as remarkable as Lawrence. But she is incapable of showing her as remarkable or even defining for us how she was remarkable. As she is unhistorical in projecting back to the beginning of their relation the preoccupation with dominance she knew in Lawrence, so she has no clue to what made Frieda what she was. All she can come up with is a 19th Century conventional femme fatale and animal woman. Frieda did indeed remind people of a lioness; Lawrence in this context becomes naturally the lion tamer.

The rows between Lawrence and Frieda she understood as healthy. She is worth quoting because Frieda sometimes took the same attitude - not at the time, but when she remembered them, especially after Lawrence's death. It was easier for her to make sense of them in this light, (Only Brett, of all people, saw Lawrence's irritability with Frieda in its true light. She could swallow Lawrence's brutality because of her brutal

aristocratic background.<sup>46</sup> She comments on Frieda's and Lawrence's splashing and ducking one another in the Ranchos Hot Springs, 'it is no horseplay with you, but the threat of the man against the woman - the male against the female as you threaten her. "Cheek me if you dare, but if you do, Beware!" is your attitude' (1933: 56). If Frieda saw the fights as 'healthy' she saw them, however, always as open fights between equals, unlike Carswell. Carswell's argument (she puts it more ably than Lawrence himself) that the act of submission freed her to be a true woman, just as it made a man of Lawrence, was alien to her. It has to be, since his assumptions of superiority were for her the occasion for the fight.

I was present at many 'rows' between Lawrence and Frieda' some of them violent and exhausting enough. But I never felt any one of them to be of that deadly 'painful' nature which is of frequent occurrence between many couples who all the while protect their love with endearments and never get within arm's length of violence. It was indeed the thing which I understood best about Lawrence at the time, and it made me see in him a courage that I never saw in any other man to the same degree. Nor had I read of it, for it was something utterly remote from what is usually understood as the subjection of a woman by a man, in that it was free from egoism on the man's part, free too from bullying or any relying on tradition. Lawrence asserted himself on the strength of his power. And he asserted the male principle, which he believed was destined to lead. But there was no egoism in it and it left Frieda the utmost liberty of her female assertion, so long as she did not try to 'put across' her female egotism. On his male egotism, should it appear, she was welcome to jump with all her weight. She did. (1932: 68-69)

I am forced into a stress on the rows that is not really part of my theme here by quoting people who knew Frieda and Lawrence. When they thought of Frieda, they thought of 'rows' (not of Lawrence's bad temper). This was because Frieda was so combat<sup>ive</sup>~~ant~~ herself. She refused the role of battered wife. She saw herself as a sort of amazon who gave as good as she got (though after a vicious attack she knew she was wrong). She was always active in resistance rather than passive. For instance the famous 'unfaithfulness', to which we come below, was one of the actions her pride dictated. If Lawrence would break the bond between them - well, then it was not there and she could turn to other men. It is, however, also true that Lawrence, when he was not in an irritable state, had real strength and an authority she respected. Only it was not the authority Carswell connects with the 'male principle'. They had a great deal of happiness when they were alone together (without the added strain of visitors) and it was on this that Frieda built her faith in their relationship.

Lawrence himself, in a passage in Mr Noon, saw that he was not asserting himself on the strength of his power when he was incensed, but was the victim of an old weakness. He suddenly remembers - after a graphic description of murderous rage with Frieda - that he felt like this as a boy and asks himself why he should feel like it now when he is not a boy any more. It is the



only moment of such insight in Lawrence's work that I know of - the exercise of precise and vivid memory in Mr Noon helps him to break through the rational camouflage and rhetoric about the male principle he is building up at that very time in Aaron's Rod. We shall discuss Lawrence's rages when we come to the passage in Mr Noon. What is interesting here is how the rhetoric affected the way others saw Frieda (Carswell in this case) and Frieda herself.

In Carswell's account it is Frieda who is violent.

When I first arrived in Cornwall they told me in concert of a quarrel that had taken place shortly before. I don't remember what it was about - probably Frieda's children - but it had been fought out to what Lawrence took to be a finish, and he had gone into the scullery ... to wash up. While he was thus engaged, with his back to the living room door, singing quietly to himself ... Frieda came in from the living-room carrying one of the stone dinner plates. His unconcerned roundelay after what had just passed ... so wrought upon her that her wrath boiled up afresh. Down on the singer's head she brought the dinner plate. ... He was as far from bearing Frieda a grudge as he was from turning the other cheek. 'That was like a woman' said he turning on her viciously, but on this occasion too much astonished to strike back. 'No man could have done such a thing when the quarrel was over and from behind too! But as you are a woman,' he added ruefully, 'you were right to do as you felt. It was only lucky you didn't kill me. You might have. These plates are hard and heavy. ... Danger apart, there was nothing terrible about Frieda's rages, though Lawrence's did make you sit up and look out. Even though I never felt any sense of shame or of lasting misery as with so many human rages. True, Lawrence never really raged at me. Frieda, baffled and afraid of his intensity, felt more than once that he was mad and that she would have to leave him. But the feeling soon passed. She knew well enough that even beyond his own conscious knowledge he was

fighting her for something worthwhile in which she could share. That I knew it too was one of the reasons Lawrence put up with me. On this same visit Frieda appealed to me - not so much asking counsel as relieving herself by asking counsel of another woman in Lawrence's presence - 'What would you do, Catherine, if you had a man like that to deal with?' And I recall how deeply pleased they both seemed when I said I would thank my stars that a man like Lawrence should think it worth while to fight things out with me and bear no grudge that I fought with him. (1932: 71-73)

Frieda was grateful because it was a formula that suited her and that she could use to make sense of her life. But as a strategy it failed her of course utterly, since it made her more prone to challenge Lawrence openly and this roused in him the irrational response Brett had seen so clearly: 'the threat of the man against the woman'. Frieda herself never faced it fully. Carswell ignored this aspect entirely and distributes rationality and irrationality in the accepted way between men and women. There is something dishonest about Carswell, who appears so fair and sensible. There is something subtly wrong in the whole account I have just quoted, a shift, a slip that distorts. There is the anecdote about Frieda's violence, when Frieda behaves 'just like a woman', and the assertion, that there was nothing terrible about Frieda's rages ('danger apart'); it was Lawrence's that made you 'sit up and watch out'. Frieda, who sits up and watches out, who is afraid of Lawrence (his 'intensity') and thinks he may be mad, is told that it is a privilege to have a man like him think her worth

fighting things out with her and bearing no grudge.

The very anecdote about Frieda behaving like a woman has something disturbing about it. It is too slick and conventional. It is of course a recognised masterpiece of storytelling and has entered literary history as one of the best known anecdotes about Frieda. Few people know that Frieda also tells the story, very briefly but with a detail that is missing from Carswell's account and that puts the whole incident in a different light. It occurs in her Memoirs a propos of a visit to London after Lawrence's death when she lunched with the Shaws.

Suddenly Shaw turned to me: 'Is it true that you broke a plate over your husband's head?' - 'Yes, it is true.' - 'What did you do that for?' - 'Lawrence had said to me that women had no souls and couldn't love. So I broke a plate over his head.' This Shaw thought over.  
(1961: 148)

I suppose what makes Carswell's account of Frieda so opaque is the double assertion: Frieda submitted and Frieda was the most triumphant woman in the world. It is nothing more than the usual assumption that a woman gets her power through her husband. The confusing thing is that Carswell puts so much intelligence into the argument. There are the details: that Lawrence's assertion of the male principle left Frieda 'the utmost liberty of her female assertion' and that she was welcome to jump with all her weight on his male egotism. It is not as if she invented them; Lawrence really did say these things. If Frieda is baffled by his self-

contradictory behaviour, the reader is baffled by Carswell's self contradictory argument. I come now to the passage in which she claims that Frieda made the act of wifely submission. It contains her acknowledgement that Frieda is as remarkable a person as Lawrence, and I must stress again that she was the only one to say this. She was sincerely fond of Frieda. But her sincere admiration is a slur on Frieda, because it comes out of a wrong conception about the relationship between Lawrence and Frieda.

Lawrence was no shirker, just as he was no seeker of conquest over another human being for the sake of conquest. He succeeded in making Frieda pay the required tribute and become, in doing so, the most triumphant woman in the world. He had chosen (after shattering misadventures ...) a woman from whom he felt he could win the special submission he demanded, without defeating her womanhood. Sometimes it seemed to us that he had rather chosen a force of nature - a female force - than an individual woman. Frieda was to Lawrence by turns a buffeting and a laughing breeze, a healing rain or a maddening tempest of stupidity, a cheering sun or a stroke of indiscriminate lightning. She was mindless Womanhood, wilful, defiant, disrespectful, argumentative, assertive, vengeful, sly, illogical, treacherous, unscrupulous and self-seeking. At times she hated Lawrence and he her. There were things she jeered at in him and things in her that maddened him - things that neither would consent to subdue. But partly for that very reason - how he admired her! And to be ardently admired by Lawrence was something of a rarity and it meant that the admired was somebody rare. In Frieda Lawrence found a magnificent female probity of being, as well as of physical well-being. She could bear the pressure of his male probity - his 'demon' - as no other woman could have born it. Sure in herself, she could accept anything and recover from anything. She was the 'freest' woman he had ever met, and if not mild she was by Lawrence teachable.... Much will be written -

something has already been written about Frieda! For myself I find that in her own very different way Frieda is a person as remarkable as Lawrence, and that Lawrence knew it. Two things are certain: that in all his journeyings he never saw another woman whom he would or could have put in her place: also, that Lawrence cannot be accepted without acceptance of his wife. Recently in a popular daily newspaper ... I saw some such headings as this: 'The Old Loyalties gone, Husband and Wife now Simply Good Pals'. Lawrence and Frieda had dispensed with most of the old loyalties. Each was capable of bitter complaints about the other uttered behind the other's back to a third party. But they kept the most ancient loyalty of all, and they never descended into being good pals. Lawrence with Frieda was the man who does not shirk woman in any of her aspects. In return for her profound submission as wife to husband, he offered her fidelity and richness of life. She was a long time in coming to it. But the exchange, as I believe, was made. (1932: 69-70, my emphasis)

The concluding statement is surprising. It also raises central issues; we are here at the heart of what mattered to Frieda and to Lawrence. Can we believe that Frieda proffered profound submission in return for fidelity? (to look at it from her point of view). If that exchange had indeed been made we could not call her an anarchist in the sense of someone who rejects all mastery of people over people. And would Lawrence really have underwritten such a statement of their relation? It seems doubtful to me. It is true that all Carswell says can be found in his books, at one place or another. But Lawrence was making different statements at different times of his life, and even within these rough categories he was not consistent (Mr

Noon for instance is as late as 1921 and yet in it he warns against submission as destruction of true marriage. In the letter to Cecil Gray I quote below, he deplores subservience in women. Then again he can say something as extraordinary as he did in a letter to Mabel Luhan: 'one day I will take your submission' ). Lawrence the man is also rather different in his needs, from Lawrence the writer. He did want to establish mastery over Frieda, but if she had 'submitted' she would have taken all the wind out of his literary sails. Carswell does not take this into account. Lawrence was more honest in his chronicling of their life together in his work: Frieda remains Frieda, bobbing up unsubdued in every successive work, however often he makes her fictional counterpart have a change of heart and become the submissive woman of his wishes.

Carswell curiously flattens the landscape of the Lawrences' relation in the passage quoted above. Frieda is allowed 'probity' as a woman; as a human being her lot is wifely submission. This is simply another version of the view Frieda deplored so much in men. Carswell conventionalises Frieda's nature and shows herself incapable of understanding what Frieda was after. It is clearest in her claim that Frieda accepted 'fidelity and richness of life' in exchange for wifely submission. First of all, the more sharp eyed Mabel Luhan (as well as HD) saw that it was Frieda who offered Lawrence richness of life, a point I have already made.<sup>42</sup>

Second and more importantly, what did fidelity mean to Frieda, what sort of fidelity did she expect from Lawrence? We remember that Carswell in introducing Frieda spoke of a 'contempt for "faithfulness"' that made Lawrence suffer. Here she intimates that in accepting the exchange Frieda was cured of the contempt.

That Frieda was staunchly loyal to Lawrence all her life there is no doubt. It is also well known that she was unfaithful to him. Huxley has summed up the questions this raises in a passage whose tone is, rather like the tone of Frieda's biographer who quotes it, full of amused male indulgence.

Frieda and Lawrence had undoubtedly a profound and passionate love-life. But this did not prevent Frieda from having every now and then affairs with Prussian cavalry officers and Italian peasants, whom she loved for a season without in any way detracting from her love for Lawrence or from her intense devotion to his genius. Lawrence, for his part, was aware of these erotic excursions, got angry about them sometimes, but never made the least effort to break away from her, for he realised his own organic dependence on her. He felt towards her as a man might feel towards his own liver: the liver may give trouble from time to time, but it remains one of the vital organs, absolutely necessary for survival. (Acc. to Lucas 1973: 202)

For Frieda fidelity meant fidelity to the live, physical, connectedness between her and Lawrence. Sensitivity to this connectedness in its fluctuations was her 'field' (Mabel Luhan sensed it but her interpretation is a crude parody of what Frieda wanted). The basis of this sensitivity is being faithful to

oneself. Frieda's talent, or discipline, or art, however one wants to look at it, was being with herself, living in her own skin (Both Lawrences were good at it as a matter of fact: Lawrence needed it to survive as a sick man; Frieda based it on her health). 'Unfaithfulness' for Frieda meant unfaithfulness to oneself as much as to one another.

If Frieda therefore was attracted to someone else, she had a habit of asking him to go to bed with her. Lawrence had to accept her logic, since it coincided with his own belief in the nature of their connectedness. Mr Noon (as well as their earliest correspondence) shows that they were quite open with one another. Lawrence protested that for his part she was enough for him; he didn't want anyone else. But he was proud of her courage and of her sticking to the principle: if we base our relation on listening to the voice of the body, and honour, in our relation, desire, we cannot shut off the voice and ignore desire when it manifests itself outside our relation. He saw that she wanted a world of clear love and physical attraction in the place of what she called the stuffy old show. He also saw the self-delusions and mistakes thinking she lived in that clear world led her into and laughed at her.

Frieda for her part laughed at Lawrence's fidelity and called it infidelity of a type she particularly disliked and which made her angry. Lawrence had a penchant for spiritual women with whom he entered into



the sort of platonic-erotic relationship which seemed to Frieda obscene and which she called soulmush. It seemed to her a dishonest evasion of physical attraction.

A relationship based on sensitivity to physical attraction, on the balancing of desire in oneself and the other, is necessarily an equal relation. Any assumption of 'mastery' or 'submission' must destroy such a balance. There is no doubt that in their later years Lawrence's rages disrupted their physical connectedness time and again. The rages established by violence a hierarchy of power that substituted for the sensitive balance gained through listening to the voice of the body. It is ironic that Lawrence called this substitute phallic lordship (On the other hand if the penis really has the social and symbolic importance that is claimed for it Lawrence has coined an excellent phrase).

Frieda reacted to the broken connection (and incidentally evaded the substituted hierarchy) by making a connection elsewhere. If all the evidence were available, we could probably make a correlation between the quarrels that did not lead to a speedy re-establishing of the balance and her affairs. The affair with Murry (after she had come back from Mexico by herself) which we have touched on in connection with her letters to Kot is an example (Her P.S. to the last letter, which I have already quoted reads: 'Why can't he be glad to see me.? Always this misery and pain. It makes me sick.' She was waiting for Lawrence:

because he had broken the connection, only he could mend it again.) Another example is her affair with Cecil Gray in 1917, to which I come below.<sup>42</sup> I believe that finally in 1925 at Spotorno, after the row when Lawrence locked ~~himself~~<sup>i</sup> in and gave his sister, Ada, the key so that Frieda could not come to him, their physical connectedness broke for ever, with deadly consequences for Lawrence. Frieda says of it, 'It was the only time he really hurt me; so I was quite still. "Now I don't care" I said to myself' (Not I But the Wind 1935: 168).<sup>43</sup> It was at this time that Frieda first turned to Angelo Ravagli. Lawrence had gone to Capri with Brett, but in the end returned to her, without the breach being properly healed. Brett's account of the incident is interesting. She sees it as usual from Lawrence's point of view. Here they are sitting under the olive trees of Capri: "I am so tired of it all, Brett", you say. "Oh so tired!" - "I know", I say, "it's terrible". - "I won't stand it!" you say bitterly. "I won't! My life is my own after all." Alertness seems to flow into you ... then you sink back wearily again.... "You have no idea Brett how humiliating it is to beat a woman; afterwards one feels simply humiliated"' (1933: 259-60).

Lawrence's sense of humiliation is justified. He had defeated himself. I believe that from this time Frieda 'stuck to him' rather than loved him, and that from this time he was impotent. With the physical connection broken, his health and his writing both

deteriorated. I am not an admirer of Lady Chatterley's Lover. All this is speculation; but if it is true, what Frieda said about Lawrence and his work is vindicated. She believed that he needed the equal relation with her, based on sensitivity to the body and respect for the body, one's own and the other's. She believed that his genius was connected with this sensitivity and respect. She believed that he depended as a man and as an artist on her sort of love, the crude material sort. In a peculiar way in later work like Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Escaped Cock Lawrence both appropriates this sort of love and perverts it.

We know from Frieda's letter to Kot that, for her, love entailed much more than the physical attraction I have talked about - 'intelligence and faith and sacrifice - and passion!'. But fundamentally she believed in the body. It is clear from his writing how much Lawrence learnt from her in this respect. Frieda could, however, be a bore in her insistence. Lawrence in any case liked a mystic, heightened relation with women that fed needs in him Frieda would not acknowledge and coarsely repudiated as soulmush. There were times, then, when he made a volte face and Frieda became the personification of a stifling sensuality for him, while his 'other women' promised something whose nature is not clear, but which he describes as subtly intellectual and ecstatic at the same time. It was in moods like this that he tells Ottoline Morel not to bother with the mundane female

business of being wife, mother, mistress but become priestess and prophetess, or that he made up to HD, both eliciting and shrinking from physical response as we have seen. He defends his preference in a letter to Cecil Gray which is, like all Lawrence, magnificently quotable, but is quite obscure (especially in its reference to the Hebridean underworld), either because it is pure rant ('bosh' as Frieda used to say) or we lack sufficient reference to the context. Gray had told Lawrence that he allowed women to make him into a cult figure, like Jesus or Adonis. Lawrence answered on 7 November 1917 from Mecklenburgh Square, that is HD's bed-sitting room address, which makes the letter part of the events described in Bid Me To Live we have discussed.

As for me and my 'women' I know what they are and aren't, and though there is a certain messiness, there is a further reality. Take away the subservience and feetwashing, and the pure understanding between the Magdalene and Jesus went deeper than the understanding between the disciples and Jesus, or Jesus and the Bethany women. But Jesus himself was frightened of the knowledge which subsisted between the Magdalene and him, a knowledge deeper than the knowledge of Christianity and 'good', deeper than love anyhow. and both you and Frieda need to go one world deeper in knowledge... It seems to me there is a whole world of knowledge to forsake, a new, deeper, lower one to entamer. And your hatred of me, like Frieda's hatred of me, is a cleavage to a world of knowledge and being which you ought to forsake, which by organic law you must depart from or die. And my 'women', Esther Andrews, Hilda Aldington etc. represent in an impure, unproud, subservient, cringing, bad, fashion, I admit - but represent nonetheless the threshold of a new world. or underworld of

knowledge and being. - And the Hebridean Songs, which represent you and Frieda in this, are songs of the damned: that is, songs of those who inhabit an underworld which is forever an underworld, never to be made open and whole. And you would like us all to inhabit a suggestive underworld which is never revealed or opened, only intimated, only felt between the initiated. - I won't have it.... You want an emotional sensuous underworld like Frieda and the Hebrideans: my 'women' want an ecstatic subtly-intellectual underworld like the Greeks - Orphicism - like Magdalene at her feet-washing - and there you are. <sup>50</sup>

Cecil Gray was a young musician, who later became the father of HD's daughter Perdita. The context at the time of the letter can be reconstructed as something like the following. Cecil Gray had a house not far from the Lawrence's Cottage in Cornwall, and after one of Lawrence's rages, with battering and threats to kill her, Frieda had gone to stay with him for a few days. This was immediately before the Lawrences' expulsion from Cornwall as spies and their move to HD's London bed-sitting room. Frieda may have had a physical relationship with Cecil Gray then, in Cornwall, or - as HD assumes in Bid Me To Live - planned to have one later. Lawrence had for some time before been sending letters and presents of wildflowers to HD in London, which she interpreted as an invitation to a physical relationship with him. But like the Jesus of his letter, Lawrence was 'frightened of the knowledge which subsisted between [her] and him'. Whatever the precise ins and outs, Frieda saw the 'messiness' but not the 'further reality'

of these half relationships, and because the women were soulful and adoring and Lawrence responded on a purely abstract plane, called them soulmush<sup>51</sup> (Later it was especially the relationship to the slavishly adoring Brett which caused her to feel a grim pity and amusement). It seems indeed that the 'voice of the body' directed Lawrence to Frieda and to noone else. In Mr Noon he speaks of himself when he says '... for the first time the passion broke like lightning out of Gilbert's blood: for the first time in his life. He went into her room with her and shut the door. The sultriness and lethargy of his soul broke into a storm of desire for her, a storm which shook and swept him at varying intervals all his life long.' Then follows an apostrophe to desire 'Oh wonderful desire: violent, genuine desire! Oh magnificence of stormy, elemental desire, which is at once so elemental and so intensely individual! Oh storms of acute sex passion, which shatter the soul, and remake it' (1984: 136-37), which is surely an apostrophe to the desire Frieda would have called genuine: 'sexual', 'elemental' and 'individual'. To be true to such desire was true fidelity according to her standards and she would see to it - especially by jeering at soulmush - that Lawrence would stay conscious of this standard.

Considering the evidence it seems unlikely then that Frieda made the act of wifely submission in return for fidelity and richness of life as Carswell says.

Carswell's view of Frieda is probably coloured by her own preferences. In The Camomile Ellen, who is Carswell's young self in this autobiographical novel in diary form, writes

To be a perfectly womanly woman - how I should like that! I'm not quite sure what a womanly woman is, but I know at least some of the things that make one unwomanly. Some are quite simple, such as a lack of attention to one's person and appearance, a too intense interest in intellectual matters, a too critical attitude, a lack of domestic gifts, a desire to fight for oneself, or to be regarded - at times anyhow - not essentially as a woman but as a human being. But these are all things that can be held in check simply by making an effort. I want to go much farther than that - farther I suspect than modern middle class life will let me. I should like to be the chosen love of some great warrior or statesman or artist of genius who would know how to give a woman her place in his life and how to keep her in that place. Then I should use all the brains and energy I had to make myself beautiful and for ever interesting and desirable in his sight.... But for such an existence not merely the women but the men are needed and a revolution of the whole social framework. If we would passionately insist - not merely fretfully exclaim - that women should be 'kept in their place'; if all men were individually male and creative, it could be done. <sup>532</sup>

It seems hardly possible that this is said in propria persona. Carswell was a pioneer of women's independence by making a career for herself as a journalist as early as 1906 (And the introduction to the Virago edition of The Camomile by her daughter-in-law, Ianthe Carswell, gives us a picture of other unusual and independent foragings into the male world). Yet, the same note is

struck in her work again and again. Carswell was an early admirer of Lawrence, and it is not impossible that she felt called upon to repeat his message from the woman's point of view as it were. The strangest thing about the passage as a whole (from which I have only quoted extracts) is that it reads like a comically misconceived portrait of Frieda as the womanly woman. 'The essence of womanliness' it asserts, 'is surely leisure' (p. 270). Her daughter-in-law tells us in her introduction that Carswell 'took her domestic duties seriously' (p. x). Frieda's outrageous idleness and her refusal to take housework seriously may have delighted her as well as shocked her Scottish sense of decorum. Above all the fact that Frieda was devoted to 'an artist of genius' ('and through him alone I should know of the world of men, just as he through me would know of the earth, stars and flowers' [p. 269]) may have suggested to her that Frieda would have accepted 'the place' he gave her 'in his life' and that Lawrence knew 'how to keep her in her place.' Lawrence himself was aware that his and Frieda's relation to each other was almost bound to be misconceived by outsiders, who construed it according to their own lights. But he himself was of course not above misrepresenting Frieda when it suited him.



Conclusion: Frieda the Hun

Carswell's misunderstanding is kind; others' misunderstandings are not. Carswell was right when she predicted that much would be written about Frieda, but it was not of the sort she expected. The question here is why in writing about Frieda one is always pushed into a position of defending her. There are two answers as I see it. One, which we have already considered, is that the reification of 'genius' and of 'the work of art', which is practiced in our culture and which puts everything near it in shadow, made her indeed shadowy. She herself, one has to point out, worked all her life to show that genius and work of art are properly part of everyday life. The other is that she was attacked not only as a woman but also as a German. This essentially racist attitude moved her into a sort of mythical realm and nullified her. To conclude, I want to make a few unconnected remarks on Frieda the Hun ('Frieda as "the Hun"' is a chapter heading in Delany's Lawrence's Nightmare).

As a German, Frieda's place is in the wrong. The amount of racial abuse she had to suffer in her lifetime and even now is astonishing. It would be tedious to repeat it, as it would be out of place to go into Russell's grotesque attack on her as a Nazi. Here, a few lighter and more absurd examples will show the general drift and tone. The word 'hausfrau' abounds.

Ottoline Morel could not be expected to make a friend of a blousy German hausfrau like Frieda.<sup>53</sup> Frieda's editor Tedlock tells us (in his introduction to her Memoirs and Correspondence) that she was clearly more than the robust hausfrau or wholly sexual woman critics have made her. When it became known that Frieda knew nothing about housework and did as little as possible, refusing a woman's responsibility for the house, the charge was simply inverted. She was a lazy parasite. Laziness and immorality go together and are propensities of foreign women. Leavis, always more perceptive than others, had early suspected it and in the passage from 'Anna Karenina' I have quoted says Frieda 'attained a floating indolence of well being as, placidly undomesticated, she accompanied Lawrence about the world [we always see him doing the chores]' [1967: 22]). In his classes in the 1950s he would speak of her more in sorrow than in anger and imply how much better it would have been for Lawrence had he married a nice English girl (This is ironic in the light of the ending of Mr Noon; by the end of Leavis's life Lawrence had become a figure above criticism and Leavis would have had to revise his opinion). Leavis also blamed Frieda for Lawrence's vagabondage. But the really libellous charge is that Frieda as the hausfrau tied Lawrence down with her petty domestic demands. Two good examples of this are to be found in Denis Donoghue's article 'Till The Fight is finished: D H Lawrence in his Letters'<sup>54</sup>, and in letters

from Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield to Ottoline Morel from their Ranamin with the Lawrences in Cornwall. Donoghue, after having quoted Lady Glenavy on how Frieda's 'over-vital and noisy presence usually reduced [Lawrence] to a gentle bearded shadow' ends his article:

Lawrence saw the force of that too, as well as its figurative truth. When he and Frieda combined in a letter he said that Frieda's hand sprawled so large that he had to squeeze himself small, and he added 'I am very contractable'.... Frieda's 'God Almightyness' was always to be taken into account: she was a German hausfrau and she wanted a haus, not Lawrence's next Paradise. She stayed large: Lawrence, consumed with illness, wasted away....'

Katherine Mansfield called Frieda an immense German Christmas pudding in her letters (Germans don't have Christmas puddings), but also 'that fat slob'. Largeness, Germanness and hausfrau go together (Frieda, who was very fond of Katherine and never held her treacheries against her, as her letters to Koteliansky show, admired Katherine for her proficiency in doing housework and learnt a lot from her). But it was Middleton Murry who gives us the real stuff, dramatic and detailed at the same time. When Ottoline Morel had sent on to the Murrys, newly installed in Treggerthen with the Lawrences in 1915, Frieda's angry letter, which I have quoted above ('Either you treat me with ordinary courtesy and respect or I wish neither to hear from you or see you again ... Some day it may dawn on you what a good thing you have rejected ... but I know when you get this

letter you will feel as you always do, that an injury has been done to you, while all your feelings and actions have been good and blameless'), Murry wrote back (having first touched Ottoline for the loan of ten pounds, according to Delany (1979: 221-2):

F is monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens. Really, we are frightened of her. She is sure to break out against us sooner or later; if only because she feels that we imperil her present triumph over L... There is in her an ultimate vulgarity [Frieda's letter to Ottoline had said: 'Your last letter of me was again cheap and vulgar'] which does appall us both. And that is the real reason why she turned so against you, I think. Because she is no longer married to a man who can afford to keep 3 servants, she really does feel herself declassé. Nothing you could have done would have saved you from her, simply because of this. She despises herself for having thrown up Professor W. for L.; and when a woman like that despises herself ... You know how much we both love you. Yours ever. J. M. M. (according to Delany 1979: 221-2)

No wonder Frieda wrote to Catherine Carswell two years later: 'the people (she means people in general) seem no longer to exist for me any more'; but it is surprising that she could add 'I am not frightened any more, I know new things will be, I am sure and damn the rest.'<sup>55</sup> She was indomitable; she forgave Murry too (she heard of his letters through Koteliansky), though from then on she remained wary of him. In this context the publication of Mr Noon is welcome simply because it documents how unconventional Frieda was, what a relief it was for her to get away from her existence as a bourgeois housewife

in Nottingham, and so squashes the hausfrau story. On the other hand it substantiates of course Leavis's charge of her love for vagabonding and her immorality.

Alvarez, like Leavis, is too perceptive for the crude German hausfrau charge. For him Frieda is characterised by brutality: she enjoys a 'brutal physical imperviousness to illness or fatigue' (1982: 76), her love for Angelo Ravagli is 'Frieda's brutal betrayal of Lawrence after his death (1982: 84), and as a mother she is 'marvellous' but 'intensely, brutally selfish' (1982: 87). The saddest jibe in that sad account concerns Frieda's son Montague, whom she loved so much and for whom she fought so bravely and who, according to Alvarez, disliked her and called her an erotic adventuress. There is no attempt to show that it was not Frieda but 'the stuffy old show' (as she called it) that spoilt his life. Alvarez's account of Frieda and Lawrence ends with Montague Weekly, on the occasion of a speech in honour of Lawrence, making 'a tender joke at the expense of Frieda's accent' (1982: 8). Frieda herself would have laughed at it all and said, as she did once to Mabel Luhan, 'I am so glad my enemies are friends'.

Alvarez is of course a well known chauvinist, and Leavis is not exactly known as a supporter of women's liberation. What is surprising, however, is that Frieda has not found a champion in the women's movement. None of the books and articles that discuss Lawrence and

feminism mention Frieda's feminism and its effect on Lawrence.<sup>56</sup> (Alvarez is indeed the only writer to my knowledge who recognised that Lawrence was influenced by Frieda's feminism; I have quoted him to this effect above). What men have said about her makes her too hot to touch. Racism is not unknown in the women's movement, and anti-German prejudice, a form of racism like any other (three quarters of which is ignorance) is stronger than sisterly solidarity in this case. Kate Millett is kind to Frieda in Sexual Politics in a qualified way: 'Married to a stubborn woman, who though she did devote her life to his service, steadily refused to relinquish her dignity to him, he must have found the task of mastery exhausting' (1969: 280). At the same time her account of the German women's movement is factually so wrong that Frieda is left without a context. 'The Woman's Movement had begun late in Germany. Not until the first decade in the twentieth century had it made any inroads there.... Feminism began with Helene Lange's pioneering efforts for the school reforms of 1908' (1969: 159 and n. 6). This is nonsense, as we know from the last chapter. German feminists had in fact organised themselves on a national basis in 1865 and by the 1890s German feminism was radicalised as a whole to a degree that did not happen in other countries. (This was the Neue Ethik, the 'new morality' that influenced Frieda). Because it was the biggest and best organised movement in Europe the International Congress

of Feminism of 1896 was held in Berlin. In 1908 conservative forces within the movement came to the fore with Helene Lange. In other words the year and person Millett chooses as the beginning are generally agreed to mark the decline of German feminism. Though Millett's book went through many editions and has been translated into many languages including German these factual mistakes have not been corrected. Exactly as male historians underplay feminism, so Millett underplays German feminism.

It is true that the significance of the Neue Ethik has been suppressed even in German histories of the movement. But if women follow these accounts - as Millett does in a particularly flagrant way - they lay themselves open to being still blinded - or at least unwittingly dazzled - by the male view of history.

Frieda has particularly suffered from the male view of history, largely because her talent was not that of writing and documenting herself as Lawrence did. She was not a feminist; she belongs to a women's tradition that is both older and broader than feminism. But like many otherwomen who did not think of themselves as feminists she is an important figure in the history of women's liberation and should be recognised as such by modern feminists. Had she joined her life with Gross instead of Lawrence, she might have become a socialist feminist. But the highly organised nature of the first wave of feminism probably repelled her. She would have

been perfectly at home in modern feminism, whose blend of radicalism and individualism she anticipated.

For all his ambivalence about Frieda, Lawrence has been her most honest champion. He did not fully understand her, but if we trust the tale rather than the teller we learn much about her from his work. Especially in Mr Noon to which we turn now Frieda comes alive. In Mr Noon Lawrence gathered together once more their happiness and what mattered to them in their relationship, before he struck out to conquer for himself a place in the world of men. It is therefore his happiest book. He meant to call it Lucky Noon at one time: lucky because he, Lawrence, got Frieda.



Chapter 9 Mr. Noon: Lessons in Openness

Mr. Noon Part II (the novel which concerns us here) was written at high speed in the winter of 1920/21 at Taormina, Sicily. It is a first draft. This was lost in Lawrence's lifetime and the novel was published for the first time now, in 1984, by Cambridge University Press as part of the Cambridge Edition of The Works of D.H. Lawrence.

Lawrence wrote Mr. Noon at an unsettled time, unsettled physically, in regard to his work and in his relation to Frieda. Behind him lay the war with its disruptive influence. The war had disturbed him profoundly in two ways. The enforced stay in England without money and often in damp cottages had unsettled his health, which had been improving during his pre-war stay in Germany and Italy. It was a damage that was never properly repaired. And the war hysteria had changed his relation to England and to human nature generally. His values were changed; the fact that he could neither fight 'like a man' nor exert an influence for reason, deflected his values toward violence and 'manliness'. In October 1917 the Lawrences had been evicted from Cornwall as spies. Until the end of the war, from the end of 1917 to November 1919, they lived in London, Berkshire and Derbyshire. They then went back to Italy, first Capri, then Sicily, where they found a house in Taormina. It is here at the end of 1920 that Lawrence began the

second Mr Noon, the part which concerns us. He had begun Aaron's Rod in the summer and put it away again. He worked on Mr Noon rapidly in the new year, but interrupted it for a trip to Sardinia that resulted in Sea and Sardinia. They were looking for somewhere to stay; Sardinia was a possibility they explored. The manuscript of Mr Noon as it stands, that it is the unfinished draft broken off in mid-sentence, was probably finished in February 1921; in May Lawrence was working on Aaron's Rod again, which was finished on 31 May and accepted by Seltzer. Meanwhile he had written Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious which was published on 10 May 1921. On 5 November 1921 he sent the manuscript of the second Mr Noon to be typed. In February 1922 Lawrence and Frieda left Europe; they set sail for Ceylon, Australia and the New World, the Taos and New Mexico of Mabel Luhan. In October 1922 Fantasia of the Unconscious was published. Mr Noon must therefore be seen in the context of Aaron's Rod, with which it was written simultaneously and of Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious, which were written between December 1919 and July 1921 and therefore frame Mr Noon.

A great deal of what went into Kangaroo was probably deflected from the third part of Mr Noon as Lawrence had planned it, which was to cover the war years. Nothing shows Lawrence's unsettledness during this time more clearly than the contrast between Aaron's Rod, which I consider his worst book, and Mr Noon which, in the

unfinished draft version we have, I consider his best. It is a fact, which Lawrence scholarship will have to acknowledge, that Lawrence at this point gathered his forces as a novelist together once more. The touchstone of what mattered to him, in his work and his life was Frieda and his relation to Frieda. She embodied the progressive and utopian aspect of his work, the aspect that, by the standards I employ here, makes for good novel writing. In Mr Noon he documented to himself that he could still make the right choice. Writing a comedy about their coming together, he turns once more seriously to what Frieda taught him. After Mr Noon he favours antiprogressive, conservative themes: leadership, power, women's secondary status. He writes the later parts of Aaron's Rod and goes on via Kangaroo to The Plumed Serpent. Even when he turns away again from leadership to personal relations, the basic attitude does not change. Lady Chatterley, though a utopia, is anti-utopian and anti-progressive in my sense.

It is as if in writing Mr Noon Lawrence once more remembered what made him a great novelist. Yet Mr Noon is complex and not consistent: it faces both ways. Lawrence believed that a novel should have a metaphysic. In Study of Thomas Hardy he says: 'Because the novel is a microcosm, and because man in viewing the universe must view it in the light of a theory, therefore every novel must have the background or the structural skeleton of some theory of being, some metaphysic'. The 'theory of

being' in Mr. Noon is that men and women are willy nilly involved in the sex war. With this he had chosen a highly topical theme, that should have made his book sell in the 20s. According to Gilbert and Gubar's No Man's Land it is the literary theme of this century: 'We can conflate and collate individual literary narratives, so that they constitute one possible meta story, a story of stories about gender strife in this period'.<sup>2</sup> The salient point for us here, of course, is how the story is handled. For all the modernism, Lawrence's theme of the sex war in Mr Noon is a conservative theory of being. But it was only his overt theme. His brilliant recall of his meeting with Frieda, of what she is and what she brought him, makes for a second hidden theme which is a positive and forward looking theory of being. It lifts the novel right above his 'intentions' and puts it among his best work. Unfortunately Frieda tends to get lost in the gap that opens between intention and telling the tale. It is one of our tasks here to read the novel so that she is restored to view.

Another thing that makes the novel complex is that the relation to Frieda Lawrence recalls is not the relation as it existed at the time of writing. When he wrote Mr. Noon, Lawrence had already opted for leadership and against Frieda, or probably had. This is not a problem for Lawrence - as a writer his memory is so accurate and vivid that the contradiction is resolved for him in the act of writing. It is a problem for the reader

who reads in the light of Lawrence's and Frieda's history pre and post Mr Noon, literary and personal.

Frieda's relation to Lawrence too had changed at the time of the writing of Mr Noon. There was now 'bad history' between them; and it is worth looking at this history from her point of view. Lawrence had begun to beat Frieda from the time in Cornwall on, that is four or five years before the writing of Mr Noon. That this could happen would have seemed impossible at the time of their meeting, the time at which Mr Noon is set. And in writing Mr Noon it seemed impossible too as we see from a joke in the text at the expense of the husband figure (standing for Frieda's first husband) who prophesies that Lawrence will beat her: 'And what kind of life do you hope to have with that lout? He will not treat you as I have done... take care or before you have finished he will beat you' (1984; 234). He is of course meant to be a snob. He implies that Lawrence, being 'a lout', can't help behaving along these lines. The element of truth in what he says seems to escape Lawrence the writer. Lawrence had in fact reverted quite consciously, in this habit of beating, which he kept up till he was patently too ill at the end, to a cultural pattern of the mining community in which he spent his childhood and to the patriarchal assumptions of his father. He had moved away from the standards of his mother, which he had originally adopted. The beatings are the concrete and substantial part of the change in Lawrence away from his mother and toward his father which

biographers have noted and which Lawrence himself notes in his work. And yet though biographers make much of the father's rich original spontaneity (in contrast to the bourgeois prissiness of the mother) they never discuss wife battering as an expression of that spontaneity. Frieda could not defend herself; she says Lawrence was as if possessed. She never mentions the beatings in her writing but speaks of 'quarrels'. Her belief in 'genius', and above all her belief that it was her task to produce work communally with Lawrence helped her ignore what was going on. Frieda was also determinedly anti-tragic. Her life with Lawrence was what she basically wanted - she had learnt to value in her first marriage what it offered. She is most open in the introduction to The First Lady Chatterley about what it was like,

Of Lawrence's faults I think the chief one was quick changes of mood and temper. He could be so furious so easily... He did not keep anything to himself, but it burst forth and that was not easy to live with. I had my own way, but it was always broken into by his reactions. No wonder we fought. His insistence on every trifle was maddening. Every trifle became a problem to be solved his way. He was never easy-going. He took all the hard grim way.... But then, can I describe what it was like when we were first together? It just had to be. What others find in other ways, the oneness with all that lives and breathes, the peace of all peace, it does pass all understanding, that was between us never to be lost completely.... We weren't Tristram and Isolde-ish. There wasn't time for tragedy. This new world of freedom and love kept us in its hold.... We quarrelled so fiercely. But it was never mean or sneaky. We had come so close to each other, so we met each other naked and direct. It was ugly sometimes, this awful quarrelling.... We took it all very seriously.... To see him right through to the end makes me for ever glad! I am grateful I

could see him back into the earth he loved.<sup>33</sup>

'This new world of freedom and love' is also the subject of Mr Noon. But meanwhile, four or five years before its writing, Cornwall had been a bad experience for Frieda in more ways than one. She had enjoyed Katherine Mansfield's company, but Katherine had not been a good friend. The Murrays moved away. Alone with Lawrence again, Lawrence deliberately neglected her. He flaunted the greater attraction the young Cornish farmer William Henry had for him. She was very lonely. The local people mistrusted her. Delany says in Lawrence's Nightmare about her feelings at leaving Cornwall: 'the hostility of the locals at Zennor had deeply frightened her as a German, in a way Lawrence seems not to have felt at all'.<sup>34</sup> Frieda was the least nationalistic of beings; she was German as naturally as the bird flies and had no need for self-conscious national assertion. She had come to England young and had a lifelong deep attachment to England. In spite of all this she could not help suffering from the war hysteria that surrounded her. The remarkable thing is how she withstood such feelings and kept her common sense. But she was lonely, and Lawrence did not stand by her. The best description of what their love and freedom had come to in Cornwall can actually be found in Lawrence's own work, in the 'nightmare chapter' of Kangaroo.

Poor Harriet spent many lonely days in the cottage. Richard was not interested in her now. He was only interested in John Thomas and the farm-people, and he was growing more and more

like a labourer every day. And the farm-people didn't mind how long she was left alone, at night too, in that lonely little cottage, and with all the tension and fear upon her.... Richard neglected her and hated her. She was driven back on herself like a fury.™

Another thing that changed Frieda's relation to Lawrence was that she realised during the war years how frail he was. The winters were too cold for him, the cottages damp, there was not enough food, and we know from her letters to Koteliansky that he was so ill several times that she was afraid he would die. Nursing him made great demands on her. She would have liked to share the responsibility for his life with his friends. There is a letter to Bertrand Russell from Cornwall in 1916 in which she cries out for help to keep Lawrence alive.

Dear Mr. Russell, I am so worried about Lawrence. He isn't at all well. I really don't know what to do. If you have a few days to spare it really would be kind if you came down. I know he would very much enjoy seeing you, and to me it would be a help. I feel such responsibility, it's too much for me. He might just die because everything is too much for him. But he simply mustn't die. Its not as if it concerned me alone.™

But Russell though he had not yet conceived his hatred for Frieda and Lawrence at that time was otherwise engaged and did not even answer her letter. Frieda learnt during the war that she was alone. She learnt that Lawrence, more infantile as the result of his illness than she had thought, relied on her for his life, and that she had to sustain his life. His friends left it to her as



her responsibility; and this undistributed responsibility made her relation to him more unequal than it would have been otherwise, more that of a mother to a child. After her experience with Katherine Mansfield and Ottoline Morel, Frieda also learnt that she would never have a friend herself. In this she was alone too. Lawrence was too coveted a personality; in comparison with him she meant nothing to people. Her friends would always be willing to sell her for his sake.

For both Lawrence and Frieda it was a relief to be able to leave for abroad after the war. By the time they left England Lawrence too had lost, or cut himself off from his close friends; those with whom he had planned to make an impact on the public world, like Bertrand Russell and Ottoline Morel, and those with whom he had hoped to establish an alternative emotional relationship to the one with Frieda, like Jack Murry and William Henry Hocking. So Frieda and Lawrence were thrown back on each other. It was almost again like leaving England for Germany at the time of their first meeting; a repetition in a different key. Again they were looking for remote wild places where they could be together undisturbed and live their life as they saw fit. Under these conditions Lawrence began Mr Noon II, or 'Lucky Noon' as he sometimes called it.

Mr Noon is Lawrence's account of his and Frieda's marriage, his marriage dissertation as it were. Vassey in his introduction to the Cambridge edition points out that the first part (which is a different story with a

different hero) is connected to the part that concerns us here by the contrast between false marriage and true marriage.<sup>7</sup> The first Mr Noon's relation to Emmie was false and Emmie's ideas of marriage were false.

Mr Noon is written from Lawrence's male point of view (it is after all about Lawrence: 'Mr Noon' not 'Mrs Noon'). Much that was Frieda's and acquired from Frieda is put in Noon's mouth. Much of this we will never bring back to Frieda with certainty; as with most women's work done in cooperation with a man it is absorbed into the man's work. But Lawrence had an astonishing faculty for recall and worked very accurately; also he repeats himself and the themes and the stories of Mr Noon appear elsewhere in his work and in his letters within different contexts. It would probably not be possible to trace details but cumulatively and comparatively we get an impression of what Frieda contributed. Whether Lawrence appropriated her deliberately or unconsciously we do not know nor is it important; the habit of using her for his work was of such long standing that words like 'deliberate' or 'unconscious' do not apply; the process was a matter of course. Lawrence cogitated on what Frieda had told him; and having cogitated long enough what had been hers became his. Mr Noon is in one sense one long cogitation about what Frieda had told him. But this goes on under the camouflage of another theme that is important to Lawrence, and we must acknowledge that main theme first.

Mr Noon is about the sex war. I have mentioned that

Gilbert and Gubar have found this to be the story of stories, the metastory of the 20th century. But it is of course a story as old as mankind (though not as old as humankind one might guess) and its popularity undergoes fluctuations. As an oldfashioned idea it had come back into vogue with men in the 20s when Weininger's Sex and Character was much read and the women's movement had stopped being militant and become more conservative. With women themselves claiming that their fulfilment lay in marriage and that all they wanted was respect and recognition for their womanly roles men had a breather and could complain again that women were no longer women or warm up old chestnuts like the battle of the sexes. Lawrence's work shows that one can do both simultaneously. But the theme of Mr Noon is specifically the battle of the sexes, that is the ordained, the unavoidable and necessary struggle between the man and the woman who are truly married. This is of course a sustained and serious theme in all of Lawrence's work. He gave a great deal of thought to it. But in Mr Noon alone of all the novels it is stated in so many words to be the theme. What is this struggle about? We had better let Lawrence himself speak on the subject.

The theme is introduced in Chapter XVIII, the sixth chapter of our novel, Mr Noon II, a chapter called 'The First Round'. In the first chapter, 'High Germany', Lawrence has described the liberation it meant for him to get out of England, to enter a wider world. The second

chapter, called "Snowflower", recounts the liberation that meeting a woman like Frieda meant for him. The third, 'Jupiter Tonans' is about the 'birth into passion', into 'pure sensual desire'. The intervening ones recount events and fill in background. In 'The First Round' he comes to his theme;

And so, hell-cat of a reader, let me tell you... that all the ring-dove sonata you'll get out of me you've got already and for the rest you've got to hear the howl of tom-cats like myself and she-cats like yourself going it tooth and nail. I sometimes wish it weren't so. I wish we could sing the old old song "List to the sound of coo-oo-oo..." But, my dear reader, you've sung that song to rags till there isn't a coo left in the universe. So now you've got to listen to the fire-works, and the fire and water fizzing and cat-fight of my precious protagonists. And remember ... you girning, snarl-voiced hell-bird of a detestable reader that you are, remember that the fight doesn't take place because Little Jack Horner ate all the pie or because Little Bo Peep didn't mend Jack's socks, or didn't cook his dinner. Remember, you bitch, that the fight is over nothing at all, if it isn't everything. Remember that Jack and Jill are both decent people, not particularly bad-tempered and not mean at all. Therefore you sniffy mongrel bitch of a reader, you cannot smell out any specific why or specific wherefore, with your carrion-smelling, psycho-analysing nose, because there is no why and wherefore. If fire meets water there's sure to be a dust. That's the why and the wherefore. (1984: 205)

In other words the fight is about nothing at all; It is simply ordained. Who ordained it? Surley not nature from whose point of view it is a senseless waste of energy. The parallel with the elements, fire and water, points to some cosmic law, an immutable necessity of the yin and yang sort.

Lawrence seems to have reverted for the purposes of his metaphysic here to an old enthusiasm, long laid by. Delany tells us that in 1915 Bertrand Russell introduced him to Heraclitus through Early Greek Philosophy by John Burnet and that Lawrence was deeply impressed. He says:

'In his cosmology Lawrence had relied up to now on such Judaeo Christian dualisms as Love and Law, Body and Spirit, God and the Devil. Heraclitus' cosmology was similar in structure - but Pagan and elemental in its concepts. He argued that a constant intermingling of opposites constitutes the world; it followed that to distinguish between, for instance, good and evil, was meaningless, and that to deplore violence and war was to deny life itself (1979; 118-19).

Is it 'Life' then that ordains that there has to be a battle of the sexes? It is in fact mainly a logical necessity as part of Lawrence's theory of the polarity of the sexes. We know from the Study of Thomas Hardy that he had quite a conventional picture of the differences between men and women. The theory boils down to the idea that men are adventurous, women conservative. In the face of such fundamental differences the two must fight.

In writing Mr Noon and recalling the Frieda he had first met, her talk and her actions, this must have struck him as singularly inadequate. He therefore remembered his political philosophy of the Heraclitan phase. He had tried to persuade Russell in 1915 that democracy was old hat; each class must look after itself; there had to be an elite and what England needed was a leader or dictator.

Lawrence developed a kind of 'Republic' as ideal for Russell's contemplation. Nothing of the political action programme of the time enters into Mr Noon. Yet the stance suited the tone of Mr Noon far better than the theory of male leadership and female submission developed in Aaron's Rod. Delany tells us that:

The governing principles in Lawrence's ideal state - as in Plato's - is that each class should control only what it knows from direct experience. Since women have a different experience from men, it follows that they should have their own political structure . . . . As the men elect and govern the industrial side of life, so the women must elect and govern the domestic side. And there must be a rising rank of women governors, as of men, culminating in a woman Dictator, of equal authority with the supreme Man (1979: 120-21).

Adapted to a society of two, this is the spirit that suffuses Mr Noon.

Mr. Noon is not the only book by Lawrence in which the fight between the sexes is a central theme. It is a main theme in Women in Love. 'It was a fight to the death between them - or to new life, thought in what the conflict lay, no one could say', Lawrence says at the end of the chapter called 'Coal Dust', when Birkin has had a vigorous dressing down from Ursula. What death? - we ask in vain. That new life emerges from the battle is a Lawrentian notion we will examine later. What makes Mr Noon different from the other books, including Women in Love is that the actual story of Frieda and Lawrence is not so heavily fictionalised. The events, the

characters's difficulties, are the events and difficulties Frieda and Lawrence lived through. Here we can therefore see what was at the bottom of the fight, what were the issues they fought over. Marriage as a cosmic war of the sexes was, it appears, Lawrence's idea, not Frieda's. Frieda thought she had real, concrete grievances. The long disquisition to the reader on the necessity (but groundlessness) of the fight, for instance, follows on the account of a row. It is an eerie bloodcurdling account of what happens to the hero, in Lawrence's most interesting psychological vein. Gilbert wakes one night with a click, and the forces of Chaos and Old Night are upon him. Johanna suddenly, unmotivatedly, leaves his bed. She insists on sleeping alone. He is left with a vision of chaos and horror. It is a truly cosmic vision and at the same time an excellent account of the fear at the depth of the soul.

But if we look more closely, we see that this row did not erupt out of nowhere, did not simply break like a storm on the innocent hero's unsuspecting head. A little dispute preceded it on the evening before. 'Think of my little boys!' she said. 'Why think of them!' he said. (p.202). Frieda's grievances were his attitude over the children, his callousness, his cowardice. Johanna leaves Gilbert in no doubt about this in the book.

The mythic cosmic fight that has no why and wherefore is therefore an evasion of the real issues. It is a convenience. It allowed Lawrence never to see

Frieda's problem over the children as what it really was; the legitimate; justified wish to have her children with her, at least some of the time. Instead he made it into a general theory of her as WOMAN and MOTHER, the polar counterpart of MAN. As MAN he had to oppose her. In this way a real problem, created by the contingencies of their relationship, and asking for resolution inside the relationship became a lot of words. 'Bosh', Frieda called such verbalising. It was not too far from her other jeer; 'soulmush'.

The theory had, however, psychologically too, its practical uses for Lawrence. Into it he poured all his fear of women and unresolved love-hate of his mother. One does not need to be a carrion smelling, psycho-analysing reader to smell this out, he spills it out himself in the poetry of this period. On the daily level the evasion became a source of ever renewed friction, which reinforced the theory. On a literary level the theory became part of the Lawrence philosophy on which we spend so much thought and another lot of words.

But Mr Noon has another face as well. Lawrence was an excellent writer and in Mr Noon he chronicled Frieda's and his actual adventures with great zest. The screening verbiage is only a small part of the book and it belongs to Lawrence the teller. The tale is something which Lawrence remembered with a vividness that has its own honesty. Even where he misremembered, its richness of detail, its accurate little vignettes can put him right.



The battle of the sexes as a theme was dear to Lawrence the teller and it makes for bosh. If we look at the tale we can find out what was dear to Frieda. Frieda's idea of the relation of the sexes is another, underlying theme of the book. It never amounted to a theory because Frieda would never have formulated a theory - she lived what she believed - and Lawrence, torn between admiration and fear for his own ego-sustaining theory, borrowed it only piecemeal. But it is a theme well worth digging out, both for the light it throws on Frieda (and on Lawrence) and for itself. So let us turn to the tale. We must only remember to keep an eye open for the teller and his special reasons for putting things the way he does.

The story of Frieda and Lawrence - in the novel *Johanna and Gilbert* - begins in the chapter called 'High Germany' with a description of the South German countryside. Lawrence was an expert at describing country, but among many wonderful passages this description of the pre-alpine country in the melting snow stands out. It is so wonderful to us because the outer world with its width and light and chill and colours corresponds to the experience of the inner man. This is what we ask from the world, this response, this correspondence between inside and outside which makes us part of a bigger whole. We rarely get it; Lawrence caught it in this passage perfectly. In actual fact he saw this country after he had met Frieda, whom he met in

England. In the story his walk in the country is placed before Gilbert meets Johanna. This gives the experience a third dimension, one that complements the correspondence of outer and inner worlds; the country in its spaciousness and glamour, the melting snow and the sense of freedom are Johanna, the 'dandelion' of the next chapter, and an overture to their relationship. I quote at length because the theme is diffused over a large passage.

The train ran comfortably beside the highroad, whose snow was melted or lay in mounds at the road side. Students in groups were strolling down the road between the high, wind-tired pear trees and apple trees. Men from the mountains in short leather trousers and bare knees, like footballers, short little embroidered jackets and a chamois-tail in their green hats jumped on the train at the station. There was a sparkle and crackle of energy everywhere on the sunny Sunday morning after the winter. And Gilbert loved it; he loved the snow-ruddy men from the Alp foothills, so hardy-seeming with their hard handsome knees like Highlanders, and their large blue eyes and their curiously handsomere plastique form and mould. He loved the peasant women trudging along the road from church in their full blue dresses and dark silk aprons and funny cup-and-saucer black hats. They all stood to look at the little train, which rattled beside the road unfenced and unhampered... Alfred and Gilbert got down at Ommershausen... He went with Alfred across the lines where the snow lay only in pieces here and there: over the rushing little streams to the village of Genbach, whose white farms with their great roofs and low balconies clustered round the toy looking church... Then the two men turned round and surveyed the world. The great Isar valley lay beneath them in the spring morning, the pale, icy green river winding its way down from the far Alps, coming as it were down the long stairs of the far foothills, between the shoals of the pinkish sand, a wide, pale riverbed, from far off.... The mountains, a long rank were bright in heaven, glittering their snow under the horizon. Villages with the white-and-black

churches lay in the valley and on the opposite hill slope. It was a lovely ringing, morning-bright world, for the Englishman vast and glamorous. The sense of space was an intoxication for him. He felt he could walk without stopping on to the far north-eastern magic of Russia, or south to Italy... The bigness, that was what he loved so much. The bigness and the sense of an infinite multiplicity of connections... Many magical lands many magical peoples, all magnetic and strange, uniting to form the vast patchwork of Europe... This seemed to break his soul like a chrysalis into a new life... For the first time he saw England from the outside; tiny she seemed and tight and so partial. Such a little bit among all the vast rest. Whereas till now she had seemed all-in-all in herself. Now he knew it was not so. Her all-in-allness was a delusion of her natives. Her marvellous truths and standards and ideals were just local, not universal. They were just a piece of local pattern, in what was really a vast complicated, far-reaching design. So he watched the glitter of the range of Alps towards the Tyrol: he saw the pale-green Isar climbing down her curved levels towards him making for Munich and then Austria, the Danube, the enormous meanderings of the Danube. He saw the white road, which seemed to him to lead to Russia. And he became unEnglished. His tight and exclusive nationality seemed to break down in his heart. He loved the world in its multiplicity, not in its horrible oneness, uniformity, homogeneity. He loved the rich and free variegation of Europe, the manyness. His old obtuseness, which saw everything alike, in one term, fell from his eyes and from his soul and he felt rich. There were so many lands and peoples besides himself and his own land. And all were magically different, and it was so nice to be among many and feel the horrible imprisoning oneness and insularity collapsed, a real delusion broken, and to know that the universal ideals and words were after all only local and temporal. Gilbert smoked his pipe, and pondered. He seemed to feel a new salt running vital in his veins, a new free vibration in all his nerves, like a bird that has got out of a cage. (1984: 106-8)

And then once more, caught in a detail that was to become a symbol of death for Lawrence before he died:

Gilbert had spied sparks of blue in the steep bank facing the sun, just below where he was standing. He went down and saw, for the first time in his life, blue gentian flowers open after the snow. They were low in the rough grass of the bank, and so blue, again his heart seemed to break one of its limits, and take a larger swing. So blue, so much more than heaven blue; blue from the whiteness of snow and the intensity of ice. He touched the perfect petals with his finger. (1984: 109)

The theme that is struck is freedom: and freedom was for Lawrence the essence of Frieda, 'the freest human being I ever met'. In the early stories written after he met her there is still a certain horror of this freedom, a certain prissy fear of what his mother might say: 'is she fast?', 'what if I got involved with a fast woman?', but in Mr Noon there is no trace of this left. Gilbert may be sceptical of what Johanna says, but he welcomes the freedom she brings.

The heading of the next chapter, 'Snowflower', is ironic. In this chapter Gilbert, a mathematician and musician, who is doing some unspecified work at Munich University, meets Johanna, German wife of an English doctor practising in the States. It is her husband who calls her a snowflower. 'I don't think I am a white snowflower, do you?' she says in her first talk to Gilbert.

He looked at her across the table.  
'I shouldn't say so' he said. 'No by Jove! anything but. Oh, if he knew - Do you know he is quite capable of killing me because I'm not a white snowflower. Don't you think it's absurd? When I'm a born dandelion. I was born to get the sun. I love love and hate worship. Don't you agree?' 'Yes, quite', said Gilbert, shaking

his head solemnly (p.125)

The real name of the chapter is obviously Sunflower.

Johanna is not described as beautiful. Gilbert, fresh-faced, blue-eyed, with full pouting lips, is attractive to women. He himself is susceptible to beauty. A number of the women he meets are described as very beautiful: Marta, the girl from the mountains, Louise, Johanna's 'school-sister', Lotte, her sister. But for Johanna, the word is never used. She has something different, perhaps more than beauty: a life radiance. This is how Gilbert sees her on that first night when she arrives unexpectedly at the professor's flat where he happens to be staying alone.

So, instead of facing the little white-bearded professor, Gilbert sat facing a young and lovely, glowing woman. His double-breasted overcoat was buttoned over his breast (he did not have a dressing gown), his fresh face and pouting lips perched above inquiringly. The woman was glowing with zest and animation, her grey-green eyes laughed and lighted, she laughed with her wide mouth and showed all her beautiful teeth. Her hair was soft and brownish and took glints, her throat, as it rose from the fine texture of her blouse, that was dark blue and red frail stuff transparent over white, rose like a lovely little column, so soft and warm and curd-white. She was full-bosomed and full of life, gleaming with life, like a flower in the sun, and like a cat that looks round in the sunshine and finds it good. (1984: 123)

Johanna who is given such vivid turns of phrase like 'No by Jove! When I'm a born dandelion', talks badly. She gushes about love. Her argument is incoherent and

unconvincing. It is in fact banal and she sounds silly. Gilbert can mock her gently. And this becomes a characteristic of the book which I find interesting. Johanna talks badly and acts superbly. Her actions and reactions are always unexpected and original. But the only person who does any serious thinking and reflecting is Gilbert, supported by the authorial voice. The reflections are usually about Johanna. This is not simply because the book is written from Gilbert's point of view. It is not, in the ordinary sense of the term; things are seen through Johanna's consciousness as well as Gilbert's. And the material of Gilbert's reflections about Johanna the ideas that make them up, are Johanna's, not Gilbert's. This is quite clear, from the fact that they are basically stories about her past, her development, her convictions, which only she could have told him. But she is not allowed to reflect coherently herself, nor does the authorial voice ever join her in thinking about Gilbert. Why is she condemned to incoherence?

One answer may be that Lawrence remembered the conversations and caught Frieda's tone realistically. Green says that Frieda was shy of expressing herself well, and habitually undercut her intelligence. In the situation Lawrence set up for that first talk - young woman meeting young man for the first time, under embarrassing circumstances - he may have thought it realistic to make this characteristic more marked. But there is also another answer, which I think is the right

one. Lawrence was writing this book simultaneously with Aaron's Rod with its totally different message. He remembered Frieda's talk as he had heard it and gave us a realistic picture of what he heard. But he had never understood it. Now, when he is at a crossroads in his life and his career and must decide which direction to take he understands what she is saying for the first time. This understanding is reflected in the thoughts of Gilbert, who is after all, himself. He is forced to understand now because he has to decide whether he is for Frieda's way of seeing the world or against it. So in Gilbert's musings to which he joins his own authorial voice he develops the other underlying theme of the book, Frieda's theme. But Lawrence decided against Frieda's values. Hence Mr Noon remained unfinished and Frieda's argument is taken up again and completed in a spirit that satisfies Lawrence in a different context, that of Kangaroo. The context of Kangaroo puts it in its place. The sex war is now coloured by a definite belief in the dominance of the male. The conversations between Harriet and Somers about equality and lordship were once to have gone into Mr Noon Part III.

So here the two sit on their first meeting talking to one another and misunderstanding one another. Johanna tells Gilbert about her lover, Eberhard, the name Lawrence uses here for Otto Gross. She gushes about how beautiful he was, and how real and how much she owes him. But she cannot properly define what she owes him and Gross remains

a dim, somewhat doubtful figure. 'Oh, he was a genius - a genius at love. He understood so much. And then he made one feel so free. He was almost the first psychoanalyst, you know - he was Viennese too and far, far more brilliant than Freud. They were all friends. But Eberhard was spiritual... which Freud isn't, don't you think?' (p127).

The word 'spiritual' is much in Johanna's mouth in Mr Noon. It is hard to see what she means by it, especially in the context of Gross and his idea about love, which are most unspiritual. The concept of unspiritual love did most certainly come to Lawrence through Frieda, as the conversation following makes clear. Did Frieda really use the word? Or did Lawrence make Johanna use it in Mr Noon as an underhand way of appropriating ideas from her and giving them to Gilbert? We will return to the question later. As far as Gross goes, 'spiritual' is often used in contrast to practical, mundane, and this is how Johanna may be using it here. Gross was anything but practical. He was unconcerned with the respectability and viability of psychoanalysis as an institution, which meant so much to Freud. He was interested in what psychoanalysis could do for people, and urged Freud to draw the obvious conclusion from his science, namely that society had to change if people were to be helped. His communism and feminism were not only 'unpractical' they were distasteful to Freud and to Jung and regarded as dangerous by them. The two joined in ousting Gross from psychoanalysis, Jung, who had a stake in Gross's ideas actively, Freud,



supporting him uneasily and indirectly. Johanna cannot have known about this when she was talking to Gilbert. But by saying that 'Eberhard' was spiritual in a way that Freud was not she may have meant that he cared in a way Freud did not. 'He made me believe in love' Johanna tells Gilbert. 'He made me see that marriage and all those things are based on fear.... Love is so much greater than the individual.... And then there can't be love without sex. Eberhard taught me that.... Love is sex. But you can have your sex all in your head, like the saints did. But that I call a sort of perversion. Don't you? Sex is sex and ought to find its expression in the proper way - don't you think?' It is surprising that this expression of so Lawrentian a doctrine should make Gilbert 'troubled and depressed. It all saddened him and he did not agree, but did not know what to say' (p. 127).

Johanna may be feeble about Gross's ideas but she is good on her husband's respectability and moral rectitude. It expresses itself in putting her on a throne and kissing her feet and calling her his white snowflower.

You don't know how uncomfortable I feel .... I hate a throne, its so hard and uncomfortable.... To sit and be worshipped all my life by one solemn ass - well, it's not good enough. There are lots of men in the world - such lovely men, I think'. (pp. 124-25)

Her husband's respectability forbids him to know. She wanted to tell him about Eberhard because it was the most important experience in her life and allowed her for

the first time to be herself, to recognise what she, herself was, but

'When I try to tell him he sneers. I tried to tell him about Eberhard. But he won't let me. He didn't want to know. And he would kill me rather than know. Isn't it strange. And yet the secrecy sends me almost mad. Why can't I tell him? - 'It isn't a pretty thing for a man to hear - from his wife', said Gilbert. 'But why? It isn't unnatural - Ah!' she said with a distraught reckless sigh 'it is all so complicated. I feel sometimes I might go mad. Why is it all so complicated? Why can't we admit love simply and not go into paroxysms about it?' - 'Perhaps it isn't natural to be simple about it' said Gilbert. 'Perhaps it would be unnatural if Everard, your husband, let you do as you do and knew about it' - 'But why can it be any more natural, his refusing to know? He only refuses to know. And if that is natural, well, better be educated beyond nature.'  
(1984: 128-29)

Johanna complains that the secrecy makes her hate a husband she is fond of. 'But I hate Everard, really, for making me lie. I hate him for it, with a deep deep hatred. He has made me lie and I can't do it any more. I can't do it'. Gilbert suggests she write and tell him so. She is afraid of what he would do <sup>to</sup> the children - a reasonable fear which Gilbert dismisses. 'But I am not going to be self-sacrificing', Johanna sums up. 'Since Eberhard, I can't, even if I want to. I can't, I really disbelieve in it' (p.129).

And then Johanna does a rather superb thing, the thing that makes Frieda come alive more clearly and vividly here than anywhere else. They have already said goodnight when she looks Gilbert straight in the eyes and

asks 'You wouldn't like to come to me?' And in the next few words of dialogue Lawrence manages to convey the enormous change this openness meant in his, or here in Gilbert's life. 'When?' he asked, looking back into her eyes. 'Tonight', she said. He was silent for a moment looking unconsciously at her. 'Yes' he said, and was surprised that his lungs had no breath (p.130).

In spite of the significance Lawrence gives to this exchange a question obtrudes itself. Was all the talk then simply about 'free love'? Was the freedom Johanna offers to Gilbert in the book and Frieda offered to Lawrence simply that of 'free love', as Alvarez claims writing on Frieda? One has the impression that it is only much later in the book that Lawrence understands what Gilbert was being offered. Gilbert was offered a new sort of relationship which might be called a partnership in openness. The basis of this openness was an openness in sexual and marital relations. There are much later in the book two passages, which I shall quote below, where Gilbert in his musings takes up what Johanna so confusedly asserted in this first conversation, cleans it up as it were and raises it to the level of an articulated principle.

For 'free love', openness in sexual and marital relations is a necessary, but also a sufficient condition. Frieda offered a partnership in openness that included the whole human being and branched out in many directions. For her openness about the body was the necessary basis for an

openness to the world that taught you to 'feel' the world in a way that came hard to Lawrence, for respecting each others separateness, for a partnership in work and a partnership in mutual criticism. To learn to let one another be and yet be open to one another's criticism was probably the crowning achievement in the relationship Frieda offered, and the most difficult. Let it be said at once that Frieda was good at both because she was both independent and never bore a grudge and Lawrence was good at neither.

Lawrence accepted and didn't accept the new sort of relationship Frieda offered. One might say that he borrowed the ideas but, in the end, rejected the relationship. He did, however, chronicle Frieda's offer in Mr Noon. Not directly but at a slant. It is there in episodes, anecdotes and scenes from life. We can trace it as the underlying theme through the book.

Lawrence was forced to write about this, his own theme at a slant for two reasons. Much of what Frieda offered him he seems never to have understood. And much of what he understood and accepted in the beginning of their relationship (the subject of Mr Noon) he had rejected again at the time of writing Mr Noon. So he was in a difficult position as a writer. The idea of a partnership he never accepted. It ran counter to his notion of the sex war, and it took equality for granted. And yet he half expected it at times: many of Frieda's ideas of partnership have for instance entered into Women

in Love where they exist uneasily with his own ideas of men and women. This makes in part for the opacity of the book. What Lawrence welcomes wholeheartedly in Mr Noon is the openness about the body Frieda offered him. The experience of the wider German landscape and the shedding of restrictions and puritanical repressions coincide and reaffirm one another in the book. This theme of respect for the body and for people as bodily creatures is one that Lawrence returned to all his life and treated with great intensity as late as Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Man Who Died. For Frieda it was the basis for relationship. Not conventional love, but openness and respect for the body must join two people together. To Lawrence, who had been brought up in an atmosphere where the doctrine of love (both religious and secular) was preached with an intensity unimaginable to us today this debunking was a true liberation. In Mr Noon we see Gilbert slowly internalise what Johanna has told him in their first conversation, and Lawrence follow as it were and explain to us what Gilbert has internalised.

The first of the two passages is a good 60 pages on from that first conversation. But it is clearly a continuation of what Johanna touched on that evening when she talked about her husband, respectability and secrecy. It therefore comes first. The scene has shifted meanwhile. Gilbert has visited Johanna at her home and met her parents, has waited for her to join him (in Trier) and been disappointed, has done a little more waiting in a

quiet Rhenish village where he stays with relations and has finally had the wire that tells him that Johanna has made up her mind to leave husband and children and will meet him in Munich. He then delays for a week; now, however, the lovers are united. They are in fact in bed in a Munich hotel 'launched on the wild seas of the bridal bed' as Lawrence puts it. There follows a hint that Gilbert was 'a raw hand', and then a long discourse on passion and marriage, at the end of which Lawrence speculates somewhat surprisingly, that marriage may be 'the secret of the English greatness. The English have gone far down the sensual avenues of the marriage bed and they have not so easily, like the French or Germans or other nations, given up ~~of~~<sup>or</sup> turned to prostitution or chastity or some other pis aller. But now the English adventure has broken down' (p.191). He then turns back to his protagonists in bed.

Mr Gilbert, therefore ... was no very wonderful experience for Johanna, though she was a wonderful experience to him. To tell the truth Johanna had had far more sensual satisfaction out of her husband, Everard, than out of her other lovers. Everard was a dark-eyed handsome man, rather stiff and marquis-like, learned and a bit sarcastic. He loved his Johanna violently .... There you are then. As a husband he was darkly furiously sensual - in his hour; and in this hour, deeply satisfying to the woman. Yet here she was, racing round and looking for sexual love, and taking it from men who could not give her the passional gratification and fulfilment Everard had given her. Which is the perversity of women. - But hold a minute. Women are not so perverse as men would like to find them. - Everard's nature was basically sensual. But this he hid - though mind you, he was au fond proud of it. Secretly, almost diabolically he flattered himself on his dark

sensual prowess.... But he had to keep it lurking in secret. Openly: ah, openly he was all for the non-existence of such things. - He had a terrible passion for Johanna - and he craved madly that it should remain a tacit secret even between him and her. Let it remain in the dark. He kneeled before her, he kissed her feet in a frenzy of craving sensual desire. If she would give him his tremendous gratification, he would sacrifice his very soul for her. Truly, he would sacrifice his individual male soul for her. - So you see, he did not ask and take his terrific sexual gratification as if it was something natural and true to marriage. He asked for it, he craved for it as if in some way it was a sin. The terrific, the magnificent black sin of sensual marriage: the gorgeous legal sin which one was proud of, but which one kept dark: which one hated to think of in the open day, but which one lusted for by night. -Ah, he could not bear to be consciously reminded of it. And so he called Johanna his snowflower, his white snowflower. He liked to think of her as an eternal white virgin whom he was almost violating. - So that she could continue in this wise he kneeled before her, he gave her everything. He gave her all the money he had, and perfect perfect freedom. Nay, he would gladly have borne that she had lovers, if only she could have pretended it was not so. - This is typical of him. In the daytime he had no lower man. In the night time he had nothing else. (1984 192)

Then comes the hilarious interlude and example of the WC. Johanna pulls and twists the handle. Everard sits inside mum, till he emerges white with fury. 'Oh are you there!' she would exclaim. 'Are you mad, woman!' he would snarl as he passed her. 'But why?' Are you the only man in the world that must never go to the W?' (p192)

At such moments his hate of her was diabolical, inhuman. - Now perhaps we may judge Everard: the darkly passionate, upright, unmercenary man, noble enough, whose sensual secrecy and weakness in this direction prevents him from ever being quite lovable. Whatever we are, this we must stand by. If we are sensual...then let us not be humble about it. Man has his native right to

his dark, flaming, sensual fulfilment.... Shall he creep then for it, and grovel for it: even under the permission of the law? If he does, he will pay the price. - For the sensual humbleness in her husband threw Johanna off her balance. It made her distraught and at last even vindictive. For is it not a maddening thing for a woman to have the deep sensual relation so insulted, written Number O, like a WC. Johanna turned against her husband, and because he was humble she trampled on him. It is the fate of slaves. Because he was craving, she flouted him. Yet she feared him, as one fears a lurking beast.... Look, you then! Everard was a true Englishman. Milton, Wordsworth, Dickens, Hardy, even Tennyson these are the truly sensual poets of England; great men they are, perhaps the greatest, But they are the great sensual non-admitters. There is a doom on them. ... Now Johanna, after Everard, was aiming in the Shelley direction, at the mid-heaven spiritual, which is still sexual but quite spiritually so. Sex as open and as common and as simple as any other human conversation. And this is quite a logical conclusion of the spiritual programme. If in the beginning was the Word - then sex is a word also. And we know that the word is one word for all of us. Therefore why not free sexual love, as free as human speech? - Why not? Because the a priori are all wrong. In the beginning was not the Word, but something from which the Word merely proceeded later on. Let us stick to the first and greatest God, and let the Logos look after itself. The first great passionately generating God. - So Gilbert seemed a really lovely and spiritual lover to Johannan. He was really frightened, like Everard. But gathering his courage in his hands, he managed to look at the naked woman of his desire without starting to grovel. Which if you have profound desire, is not so easy. You either grovel or overwhelm. Or else, grovelling, you overwhelm. To be neither more nor less than just yourself on such an occasion; well, it takes time and a sound heart. (1984: 193-4)

It seems rather hard on Johanna/Frieda to be first made out to be inarticulate and then to be accused of having espoused the word, especially if Lawrence is allowed to talk about sex as fluently, brilliantly and in



as many words as he does here. But there is of course a connection between revolutionary Shelley and the German radical/feminist/free love traditions from which Frieda's ideas stem. These traditions had surfaced newly in the Neue Ethik of the 90s, an influential movement within German feminism as we have seen. To talk openly and use direct words was an important ingredient of the revolution the Neue Ethik proclaimed and Frieda was part of it through Otto Gross. But was not Lawrence also part of it through Frieda? Was not Lady Chatterley written in its spirit? With a difference, he would say. Frieda hankered after the spiritual. We must examine presently why he used the words spiritual and ideal so persistently in connection with Johanna in Mr Noon.

The passage seems to me unfair to Johanna/Frieda in another way. While it seems to argue on the women's side of the question, it seems to me to be implicitly on the men's, especially at the end. Lawrence was good at understanding the humiliation involved for women in the conventionally identified with the body, and so, metonymically, the denial of the part is the denial of the whole. They therefore have a stake in openness about the body. But the passage does not establish the solidarity with women it promises. It seems to me to establish a sort of freemasonry with the men, and the woman becomes the object, the prize of a friendly sort of rivalry. To the bold the prize. Her rebellion becomes a challenge. He who can tame her shall have her.

This seems to me an example of the undercutting of Frieda's ideas Lawrence practices in his writing. He borrowed what he could, but he gave it a twist. Frieda's dream of partnership was a pipedream.

The second passage I want to quote belongs to a much earlier part of the story than the one above. Johanna and Gilbert, who had met accidentally and had spent only one day together so far are separated now. Johanna has gone on to her parents, Gilbert is still in Munich, waiting to join her. The event it describes has become a famous property of the literary establishment. It is the stick Frieda is beaten with. This is how the Cambridge Edition of Mr Noon was advertised: 'Mr Noon tells the story of a Nottinghamshire school teacher who, like Lawrence himself in 1912, travels to Europe and falls in love with a German aristocrat who is then unfaithful to him'. Surely an extraordinary sentence by any standard.

There is nothing spiritual about Johanna in this passage. Again Frieda comes across with a sort of happy clarity:

[Johanna] sunned herself and flirted with her old friend Rudolf von Daumling. Rudolf was thin and pleasant-looking and still, at the age of thirty eight, wrote little poems for his own delectation. Johanna had a certain fondness for him: der gute Rudolf. He was one of the men who did not fit the army.... We mention him gently. He was not happy with his wife, who wounded his over-sensitive spirit. Therefore though he lived under the same roof as she, he did not live with her actually. He was sad and wistful and did not know what he lived for. - Johanna, of course, who took her sex as a religion, felt herself bound to administer the cup of consolation to him. He had thought his

days of love and love-making were over. - 'Ah, you' cried Johanna to him... 'you are a young man and awfully good looking. You might give any woman a good time. Why do you sit moping?' ... And so the fires began to beat up in Rudolf's breast, the sun came out on his brow, faintly. 'But you don't love me, Johanna', he said. 'Yes, I do. Why not?' which is one way of putting it. Why not? ... Johanna sailed bravely on. She found occasion to draw her old Rudolf to her breast, and even further. 'Ja, Du', she said to him, teasing. 'Du! You! You say you can't love any more'. And he laughed and blushed and was restored in his manliness. For, in spite of Tolstoi and chastity he had found his own impotent purity unmanly, and a sense of humiliation ate into him like a canker. Now that Johanna had demonstrated his almost splendid capabilities, he felt he had been rather a fool. And he was rather pleased with himself. But...! But...! He wanted love. And Johanna only loved him because - why not? Well, and why not? - It ought to be a sufficient reason. But alas, Rudolf, though a cavalry officer belonged to the wistful of this world. And why not? wasn't enough... Now my latest critics complain that my heroines show no spark of nobility: never did show any spark of nobility, and never do: perchance never will. Speriamo. - But I ask you, especially you, gentle reader, whether it is not a noble deed to give to a poor, self-mistrustful Rudolf substantial proof of his own virility. We say substantial advisedly. Nothing ideal and in the air. Substantial proof of his own abundantly adequate virility. Would it have been more noble, under the circumstances, to give him the baby's dummy teat of ideal sympathy and a kind breast? Should she have said: 'Dear Rudolf, our two spirits, divested of this earthy dross of physicality, shall fly untrammelled?' Should she once more have done the pure and pitiful touch? Should she have proceeded to embrace the dear depressed Captain of the fifth regiment in the spirit, to whoosh with him in unison of pure love through the blue empyrean... Would this have been noble? Is the baby's dummy teat really the patent of true female spirituality and nobility, or is it just a fourpence - halfpenny fraud? Gentle reader, I know your answer. But unfortunately my critics are usually of the sterner sex, which sex is by now so used to the dummy, that its gentle lips flutter if the india rubber gag of female spiritual nobility is taken away for one moment... Well, my dear Johanna has so far

showed no spark of nobility, and if I can help it she never shall. Therefore, oh sterner sex, bend your agitated brows away from this page and suck your dummy of sympathy in peace. (1984: 139-141)

But though he stands up nobly for his Johanna/Frieda's ignobility, Lawrence also has to gently mock her for having so much 'soul'.

The twilight of the same day saw Johanna walking sentimentally with Captain von Daumling, who was sparkling in his blue and pink uniform, but whose heart was veiled in a grey chiffon of tears. They strayed unconsciously to the spiny cathedral. 'Let us go' said Rudolf, 'and light a candle to our love, on the altar of the Virgin'. 'Yes do let us', cried Johanna thrilled to her soul. Now that the candle of Rudolf's brief passion was drooping... Johanna was thrilled to her marrow to stick up a good stout candle of wax to burn on the altar of the Virgin... On white, oh waxen candle of purified love, how still, how golden the spirit hovers upon you, while the wax lasts. Oh beautiful tall erect candle of chastened aspiration how soothing is the sight of you to a soul perplexed and suffering. Nay, quench the dusky, crimson burning torch of unhallowed passion (1984: 155-156).

and then follows a long apostrophe to Uplift.

The real life equivalent to this episode is known from the letters. On 16 May 1912 Lawrence writes to Frieda from Waldbroel (where he was staying with his relations):

If you want Henning, or anybody, have him. But I don't want anybody, till I see you. But all natures aren't alike. But I don't believe even you are your best, when you are using Henning as a dose of morphia - he's not much else to you. But sometimes one needs a dose of morphia. I've had many a one. So you know best. (Letters, 1, 1979: 404)

and on 17 May 1912 again from Waldbroel

I like the way you stick to your guns. It's rather splendid. We won't fight, because you'd win, from sheer lack of sense of danger. - I think you're rather horrid to Henning. You make him more babyfied - baby-fied. Or shall you leave him more manly? - You make me think of Maupassant's story. An Italian workman, a young man, was crossing in the train to France, and had no money, and had eaten nothing for a long time. There came a woman with breasts full of milk - she was going into France as a wet nurse. Her breasts full of milk hurt her - the young man was in a bad way with hunger. They relieved each other and went their several ways. Only where is Henning to get his next feed? (Letters, I, 1979: 406-7)

In the face of this it seems just uninformed as well as inaccurate, when experts on Lawrence talk of Frieda's miserable infidelities. What is important is that Frieda and Lawrence really communicated: they were open with one another and talked about their differing views. A partnership was in the making on the basis of openness about the body, and Lawrence would perhaps not even have balked at the word partnership in those early days. Openness about sex was after all what he had missed in his relation to women, particularly Louie Burrows to whom he was engaged. Anne Smith in her 'A new Adam and new Eve' put forward the view that at that time (when he was first with Frieda) it was he who lacked in openness about the body: 'Prometheus was unbound at last, and no longer had to be ashamed of his body, as Lawrence had clearly been during his engagement to Louie Burrows and, indeed, with his mother'.<sup>28</sup> Intellectually Lawrence postured as not

being ashamed, but there is some support for her view in the bathing episode in Noon and the dancing episodes to which we will come.<sup>29</sup> However that may be, he was clearly relieved to find in Frieda someone who could coach him in his struggle for openness. He admired her attitude, with qualifications, as the quotation from Mr Noon shows. And he admired her for sticking to her guns. The basic difference in their attitude hinges on 'spirituality'.

I have already mentioned that when Frieda called 'Eberhard', that is Gross, 'spiritual' she may have meant that he cared for human beings, or for being human, in a passionate sort of way that included social aspects, questions of domination and subjection. The contrast she makes with Freud who, she says is not spiritual, points in this direction. Now, beyond the free acknowledgement of sensuality, of desire, Johanna invites Gilbert to another sort of partnership, as I have already said, the partnership of open mutual criticism. The paradigm for it is 'love'. By love Frieda meant, as Gross had taught her, a caring not so much for the person of the other, or for oneself, as for 'the third thing', the relationship. Desire, sensuality, openness about the body are caught up in this greater value. In fact as values they do not exist without that greater value. Lawrence seems not to have understood this. Certainly Gilbert in Mr Noon does not understand it. There is a muddle here. If Johanna uses the word spiritual she does it for lack of a better word. The truth is we haven't got a word for what she is

getting at. If Gilbert uses the word spiritual to describe her, or her kind of loving, he misunderstands her.

There is a scene in the book which describes the difference in their attitude to desire and openness about the body very clearly. Gilbert and Johanna have started walking across the Alps to Italy. They are resting for some days in a village in the Tyrol, Eckershofen. 'The highroad ended at Eckershofen. Beyond only mule-tracks. And the muleteers with their strings of mules, fierce bygone looking men hewing and slashing up the hills, would suddenly change as they drew near a crucifix.... They advanced insidiously, taking off their hats to the great Christ. And then Gilbert's heart stood still. He knew it was not Christ. It was an older, more fearful god, tree-terrible.' Lawrence is clearly fascinated by the men.

Once Gilbert and Johanna went into the common inn at evening, where zithers were twanging and the men were dancing the Schuhplattler in their heavy mountain shoes. There was a violent commotion, a violent noise, and a sense of violent animal spirits. Gilbert, with his fatal reserve, hung back from mingling. Besides, he could not dance the dance. But Johanna, watching with bright excited face, was accepted and invited. In all the fume and dust she was carried into the dance by a lusty villager.... How powerful and muscular he was, the coarse male animal with his large, curious blue eyes! He caught her beneath the breasts with his big hands and threw her into the air, at the moment of the dance crisis, and stamped his great shod feet like a bull. And Johanna gave a cry of unconsciousness, such as a woman gives in her crisis of embrace. And the peasant flashed his big blue eyes at her, and caught her again. - Gilbert, watching, saw the flame of anticipation

over the man. Johanna was in a Bavarian peasant-dress, tight at the breasts.... And the peasant desired her, with his powerful mountain loins and broad shoulders. And Gilbert sympathised with him. He saw that legitimately Johanna was the bride of the mountaineer that night. He also saw that she would never submit. She would not have love without some sort of spiritual recognition. Given the spiritual recognition she was a queen, more a queen the more men loved her. But the peasant's was the other kind of desire: the male desire for possession of the female, not the spiritual man offering himself up sexually. She would get no worship from the mountaineer: only lusty mating and possession. And she would never capitulate her female castle of pre-eminence. She would go down before no male. The males must go down before her. 'On your knees, oh man!' was her command in love. Useless to command this all-muscular peasant. So she withdrew. She said 'Danke-schoen', and withdrew. The lady had let him down. The lady would let him down as long as time lasted. He would have to forfeit his male lustihood, she would yield only to worship, not to male over-weening possession. And he did not know how to forfeit his hardy male lustihood. Gilbert was in a bad mood. He knew that at the bottom Johanna hated the peasant. How she would hate him if she were given into his possession! And yet how excited she was.... He sympathised with the peasant. Johanna was a fraud. (1984: 249-50)

It is a curious passage, in which class resentment and sexual resentment join. It was Gilbert who 'hung back from mingling', not Johanna. The Schulplattler is a ritual mating dance, as Lawrence saw: but like all these folk mimes it is at the same time a parody, and the sexual parallel is meant to be laughed at. It is exciting, but the excitement is caused by the violent physical motion and acrobatic skills the dance demands. For the woman there is the shock of being thrown into the air, for the man the test of throwing and catching again at the right



moment and in the right way. If Gilbert saw resentment in the mountaineer's face it was resentment against the lady from the town, as he would have thought of her, so casually joining him for a dance and withdrawing again to her safe and superior position. It was an emotion Lawrence well understood. He would also understand that this resentment links up with sexual possessiveness. So would Frieda. In the actual situation Frieda would join with zest and excitement in the dancing but would be careful not to get involved in the jeers cum sexual innuendo into which such occasions can develop.

That Johanna/Frieda was 'legitimately' the 'bride of the mountaineer that night' is a sexual fantasy, tinged with a sadism that is subliminally present in Lawrence's grasp of the social situation. It stirs up an echo in the reader's mind of The Woman Who Rode Away, written years later, in which he worked it out. The fantasy is of the punishment meted out to the woman who chooses to go her own way, who of her own free will leaves her white husband to join the savages. The savages will humble her pride. They will teach her the true place of a woman. They stand in this fantasy for 'true men', for the maleness Lawrence appropriates for himself. But as savages they have the courage to treat the woman as prey and use violence in a way the civilised Lawrence never could or would.

Lawrence is right in saying that Johanna/Frieda would never submit to sexual desire treated like that. Her primitivism isn't of this kind. Submission and

possession to her belong to the conventions that pervert sexual desire and which her openness about the body will make impossible (If anything she goes back to a 'primitive time' where such openness about the body prevailed and submission and possession were unknown). That she 'would not have love without some sort of spiritual recognition' is a more tricky assertion. 'Spiritual recognition' implies presumably some sort of relationship and a relationship implies a recognition of the other person as an individual, not simply a member of a generalised species. Such a recognition can pass between very diverse people and can pass in a moment. In this sense Lawrence is right. She would demand something like that.

For her wanting 'the spiritual man offering himself up' we only have Lawrence's word. Frieda never says anything sounding remotely like it. Being fulfilled in love, as the two were in the period Noon describes may well have made her feel queenly (as it made Lawrence feel kingly) and she may have preened herself quite a bit. She always had a grand manner. But she did not want worship. She had a deep dislike and distrust of the worshipping man, as is clear from what Johanna says to Gilbert about her husband in their first conversation. In fact Frieda had no time for any inflation of the individual. One of her criticisms of Lawrence's writing was that he inflated certain characters beyond human stature. Brett reports a conversation in which she told Lawrence his hero should

have died at the end. Lawrence said 'I know... I made him die... only Frieda made me change it.' Frieda joined in with 'Yes... I made him change it. I couldn't stand the superiority of the man. Always the same self importance. "Let him become ordinary" I said. Always this superiority and death'.<sup>10</sup>

Her idea of relationship as the real object of love results in fact in a new attitude to the individual as lover. If it is the relation that matters, love neither inflates nor degrades the individual any more. The lovers remain people, remain 'normal', and that they are equal is a matter of course. This fits in with Frieda's hatred of all self-aggrandising, and of 'mastering' life with cold determination. She has to a great degree what Keats called negative capability. If love means that the relationship is the important thing, love must also mean negative capability, since the moment you want to master a relationship, control its growth, plumb its depth, it escapes you and dissolves. Lawrence followed Frieda in this. But only to an extent. The passage shows how great his need was to oppose her.

Mr Noon II was meant to show what true marriage was (in contrast to the 'false marriage' of Noon I). As a basis for true marriage Frieda's ideas seem more sensible than what Lawrence offers us in this passage. For Frieda being open about the body meant basically communicating. For Lawrence being open means depersonalising. This seems to have grown out of a youthful need for debunking, for

applying a Schopenhaueresque scepticism to what he had been brought up to believe. Lawrence could not quite outgrow the 'biological' attitude that had originally helped him to overcome too close an adherence to his mother's puritanism. There is always a touch of the pseudo-scientific in what he puts forward as the objective and impersonal. Johanna in the passage 'was a fraud'. Because she did not admit - what, exactly one asks oneself. That she was legitimately the bride of the mountaineer? That, if she were open, she would submit to his 'male overweening possession'? Mr Noon's theme of the battle of the sexes is a depersonalising one. Lawrence's idea of men and women as utterly different is depersonalising. The theme of female submission takes the process a step further. Lawrence does not usually uphold the male wish for possession as its counterpart, as he does here. There is no other passage in Mr Noon touching on it, and I cannot think of another in his work. But female submission becomes more and more important as the condition of male lordship. Mark Spilka argues that Lawrence finally found how to get it; you let the world do it for you (i. e. it will break the woman and you can move in).'' It must be said that in Mr Noon the theme of submission is treated lightly; Gilbert's misogynist brooding in this passage is an aberration, an episode that hardly counts in the rich texture of the book. As a whole, Mr Noon is irradiated by Frieda's notion of openness. But in general, it was this theme, not

Frieda's that gave direction to his work from Women in Love on.

If this passage is important in showing the difference between Lawrence's and Frieda's conception of openness, it does not bring Frieda alive at all. Gilbert's 'hanging back' is vividly there and Johanna bright and eager, joining the dance is vivid for a moment, then her actions and reactions are muffled in the jealous brooding of Gilbert. Imagine for a moment it had been the other way. Johanna had hung back, Gilbert eager to do something. We would have had not a brooding misanthropist Johanna, but a Johanna who attacked Gilbert to his face and told him what she thought of his behaviour. We would have had, not a general maxim - women are like that - but a particular demand: don't be like that. What I pointed out at the beginning as a stylistic oddity of the book, that Gilbert/Lawrence does all the thinking and reflecting (and his opinions have in consequence a tremendous authorial weight) while Johanna/Frieda acts and talks, turns out to be more than stylistic. It is directly connected with the undercurrent theme of openness, Frieda's theme. To Lawrence openness came with difficulty. He was by temperament secretive, deceitful, backbiting, 'all things to all men' as Jessie Chamber's sister May pointed out. Frieda's forthrightness was one of the reasons why he admired her. Frieda's openness was personal in this too that it included open criticism. Lawrence's impersonal openness eschews criticism; as a

writer he has the tremendous power to condemn the woman (and with her all women) behind her back and, what is even better, not just for the moment, when he has a grudge, but for ever and ever as long as his works are read.

Lawrence made copious use of this power.

There is another scene in which things go wrong between them, but this time under reversed signs. Johanna/Frieda is the critic here, Gilbert/Lawrence the criticised. Johanna attacks Gilbert first for a form of cowardice, an inability to say no when he means no, and second for the wrong sort of openness, a form of blabbing. The truth about Frieda and Lawrence was that Frieda, though open by temperament, was discreet and Lawrence, though secretive by temperament, was indiscreet. What is at stake is again the matter of spirituality versus openness about the body, but this time it is Gilbert who is accused of spirituality, or wanting to have a spiritual lover. Because Johanna attacks directly these philosophical considerations remain, however, implicit; the scene is dramatised and both Lawrence and Frieda come vividly alive in it. Lawrence's rueful take-off of himself reminds me of David Garnett's account of how he mimicked himself for the amusement of his friends as a 'shy and gawky Lawrence being patronised by literary lions.... a winsome Lawrence charming his landlady ... a bad-tempered whining Lawrence picking a quarrel with Frieda over nothing.'<sup>12</sup> Such a self presentation of course pre-empts criticism (and Lawrence borrowed freely

from Frieda for this pre-empting) and so afforded Lawrence a certain amount of protection against Frieda's direct criticism.

Here Gilbert and Johanna fall out over Johanna's 'school sister', Louise (in reality Frieda's sister Else). They had decided some time before that Louise's attempts to help them did more harm than good, that they were in fact unwarranted interferences in their affairs and that they would not discuss their affairs with her any more. On this occasion Louise overtakes them on a walk, dismisses her car and asks Gilbert to walk her home - a considerable distance - because she wants to talk with him. Johanna demurs; Louise points out that he is a man and can speak for himself.

'Will you go?' said Johanna. 'Yes, I will walk along. I shan't be very long' he said. 'Good-bye' cried Johanna. And she went into the house in a fury. Gilbert wondered at her unkindness. He and Louise continued on the evening road together. And she had a heart to heart with him. She was very nice - very sweet - very kind; and so thoughtful for him. He expanded and opened to her and spread out his soul and his thoughts like a dish of hors d'oeuvres for her. And she tasted these hors d'oeuvres of him... And so she talked seriously to him - about Johanna and his future and her future. And she said she believed Johanna loved him, but, oh it would be so hard and did he really think love was so important. And yes, he did, said naive Gilbert. What else mattered. And 'yes. Yes I know', replied Louise - but what of all the other difficulties... To all of which our hero, strutting very heroic and confidential and like a warbling Minnesinger beside the beautiful and expensive woman, along the twilight road, replied in extenso, giving his reasons and his ideas and his deductions, and all he thought upon the matter, all he had thought in the past, all he would think in the future, and he sounded very sweet, a soul of

honey and fine steel of course. And Louise sipped it all.... So they parted at last, at the entrance to Wolfratsberg both in a whoosh of wonderful sympathetic understanding, after all their Rausch of soul-communion. And he walked back the long five miles with a prancing step, fancying himself somewhat.... Meanwhile Johanna sat at home gnawing her wrath, her anxiety and her fingers. When our bright-eyed Gilbert landed back at last, she broke out on him. 'You must have been all the way' - 'To the beginning of the village' - 'The more fool you. You know you are dead tired.' - 'No I'm not. And how could I have refused to go with her?' - 'Easily enough. She could have gone on in the taxi. But you are a simple fool. Any woman who likes to give you a flattering look or ask you for something, can dangle you after her at the end of a piece of string. Interfering minx that she is! And you to be taken in, after the other day. I bet you poured yourself out to her.' - 'No I didn't. We only talked.' - 'What else should you do! I know what talk means, with folks like you and her. Nasty soul messing, that's what.... Talking it over with her - everything - everything - I know. How much you love me and are ready to sacrifice for me. I hate you. I hate you. You are always ready for a soul mess with one of her sort. Don't come near me.' (1984: 235-36)

This is Frieda's authentic voice. Lawrence implies by the tone of the passage that he accepted her charge of cowardice and false spirituality. He should not have 'leaked'. But he is also amused: 'Gilbert didn't feel guilty of the mischief part of it.... Talk, sympathy, soul-truck had very little influence on his actions. He did not act from the same centres as he talked from, and sympathised from .... Whereas Johanna was risky to meddle with. Set a cycle of ideas and emotions going in her, and heaven knows how fatally logical she might be in her resultant actions' (p.237). This surely throws an interesting light on the two protagonists of the book and



on Lawrence and Frieda. Lawrence is saying here that Frieda did not understand him, did not understand that as a 'maker of words' he had another relationship to truth and openness than she had herself.

Another quarrel, also about the right relation to others (but not, this time concerned with false or true spirituality) gives us an even more interesting lead about the differences between Lawrence and Frieda. The quarrel happens a little before the one above, like it at the time when Johanna and Gilbert are still in Bavaria, before they have set off on their tramp to Italy. Johanna's mother pays them a surprise visit in their love nest, the little flat high above the shop in a little Bavarian village. Again Gilbert is accused of cowardice. But this quarrel is particularly interesting for what it tells us about Frieda's relation to her mother, and Lawrence's and Frieda's differing attitudes to maternity.

The comedy is again superb. The scene is a rainy morning after midday. Johanna, happening to glance out of the kitchen window sees

a figure which surely was familiar coming down the path from the station; a sturdy, even burly, figure in a black coat and skirt, and a white chiffon scarf, and an insecure boat-shaped hat, bobbing along under an umbrella.... Johanna rushed into the bedroom where Gilbert was sitting stark naked his feet under him, musing on the bed. 'Mama!', said Johanna, flinging off her blue silk wrap and appearing like a Rubens Venus. 'What?' said Gilbert 'Quick! there's Mama! coming from the station. Thank the Lord I saw her.' And Johanna flew into her chemise, whilst Gilbert got into his shirt. By the time the Baroness had had a word with Frau Breitgau, and had struggled up the stairs, two correct

young people were standing on their feet, dressed and ready. But alas, they both, and he in particular had that soft, vague, warm look in their eyes and in their faces, that tender after-glow of a fierce round of passion. Into this mild, dawn-tender, rosy half-awakedness came the Baroness like a black and ponderous blast of Boreas. Gilbert was bewildered at being honoured so unexpectedly but as yet he was unsuspecting. He took the umbrella of the visitor, and gave her a seat on the honourable and comfortable deep sofa. Then he took a chair at the desk, where he had been working the evening before at music. There was a lull. And then suddenly like a bomb which has been quietly steaming and then goes off the Baroness went off. She planted her knees square, she pushed her hat off her forehead, and she let her white chiffon scarf hang loose. And then in a child's high strange lament voice, she turned to Gilbert and began. (1984: 216-7)

There follows a long moral curtain lecture. Again all three people involved in the scene and its repercussions - Frieda's mother, Frieda, Lawrence - are vividly caught. Lawrence liked his mother-in-law and had taken her measure in flash when he met her. He writes to Garnett from Waldbroehl on 21 May 1912: 'They are a rare family - father a fierce old aristocrat - mother utterly non-moral, very kind'. The non-morality however, needs explanation if we want to understand Frieda, who was her mother's daughter. It is quite different, for instance, from the worldliness of Nush, the youngest sister whom Lawrence describes to Garnett as 'very beautiful - and in a large and splendid way - cocotte' (9 May 1912). As with so many people he met in Germany and wrote about, so it was with Frieda's mother: he had a quick grasp of their essence but was quite ignorant of the context of these

'essences' or the traditions that lay behind them. This is a legacy which he has handed on to us and which contributes to the misunderstanding of Frieda. Frieda's mother was in no way a Prussian aristocrat. She was quite simply not a Prussian. She was the daughter of a Donaueschingen lawyer, and was very typically what can perhaps best be described as a Swabian countrywoman. She belonged to a female tradition found in the Swabian-Allemannic culture- and linguistic area, that is south-western Germany, eastern France and Switzerland. It is not found anywhere else to my knowledge and its boundaries are well marked, especially in France where the female traditions west of it are quite different. When I say 'countrywoman', I do not mean that it cannot be urban - it exists in big cities like Stuttgart, Strasbourg and Zurich - but that it is rooted in the culture of the small old town where town and country meet. The tradition goes through all classes, and can still be met with. Of course no living woman could embody the type I am going to describe purely; mainstream cultural traditions and class differences would modify it in different ways in individuals.

The women are sturdy, down to earth and self-reliant, obtuse to the claims of male superiority or to finer points of logic and abstraction (which they consider more or less the same). They do not fight the male world or imagine for a moment that they do not live in a patriarchal set up - they have their place in it - they

just repudiate its values and ignore it. They behave with a calm assumption of equality. They are earthy, bawdy and secure in their sense of female importance. If they have an opinion they speak it. They are sovereign, indifferent to male opinion and independent.

They are not unconventional; it is more that they take from convention what suits them, but are openly contemptuous of it where it goes against their values. Their values are always human; it is the living creature that matters to them, not the institution and convention. They are immensely kind; very knowledgeable of human needs and compassionate of failings, especially other women's. But they are kind in a practical, no nonsense way. What matters to them is the physical being (Or at least this is what the tradition allows them to express). The body with its needs and habits is their field. At 'soul', 'mind' or 'spirit' they tend to snort. They are interested in food, both in the cooking and the eating of it. Not for nothing is the area one of the best culinary areas in the world.

They radiate strength and comfort and security; men and small children love them. They are artists of material life; they have a highly developed sense for colour and texture and their houses are said to have the sun always shine in them. They are altogether good with things, including live things: they are always good with flowers and animals, and gardens thrive in their care. But inspite of their capability and warmth, and the life

and security they radiate, their tradition entails a certain cultural impoverishment. It is hard to lay ones finger on exactly why that is, where it occurs. Is it their scorn of sentimentality? Their refusal to admit anything 'finer'? Their impatience with things of the intellect and the spirit? All of this could be salutary. Perhaps it is in the end what they do to themselves; they cut themselves off from too many possibilities. The tradition makes it impossible for them, for instance, to develop their own creative possibilities. It is interesting in this context that magnanimous individualism is only weakly developed with them. They are too proud, they do things for themselves and because 'it is right', not for others. On the one hand this makes them less exploitable and puts their relations to others on a solid basis, on the other it impoverishes their interaction with others and also certain ranges of inner development and fulfilment.

They are not silent, and they have no hesitation about imposing themselves. They often rail; the 'lament voice' Lawrence noticed in Frieda's mother is very typical. They are totally unafraid of being thought low, crude or boring and curiously enough, they are not: the lament is tongue-in-cheek, a ritual, and there is too much good humour in it to make it offensive. Also their bawdiness which can be breathtaking makes them fun. They are fine, strong women and they know it - does not everything depend on them? - and they do not care about

their husband's wincing sensibilities or anyone else's. Husband's are physical creatures and had better know it. They often get on badly with their adolescent daughters. They seem unimaginative and heavyhanded to a sensitive young girl. The daughters tend to see their father as misunderstood at that time. But when they grow into women and in her turn take on the same sturdy self-reliant character, they draw closer to their mothers. This is what happened in the Richthofen family. Frieda was especially like her mother. But all of the sisters had, each in her own way the no nonsense attitude to the male world with its abstractions and institutions which is typical of the tradition (All of them were 'non-moral' in the sense Lawrence used when speaking of the mother, though the mother, belonging to a different generation, would not have been 'sexually liberated', of course). But in the daughters the tradition was more greatly modified because their lives removed them even further from the culture in which it is understood and respected. The mother at least remained in the cultural area, even if she did marry a Prussian officer, a man who belonged to a different, invading culture.

Frieda went further abroad than her sisters. But she was more like her mother than they were. The Swabian countrywoman and her tradition made up the bedrock of her character in a surprisingly unmodified way. It was the basis of her 'God Almightyness'; Lawrence called her the queen bee because of it and complained about her 'queenly

habits' and 'female castle of pre-eminence'. Frieda's inner security and confidence, her physicality and impatience with 'soulmush' (the 'materialism' spiritually-attuned Mabel Luhan was to deplore), her impatience with 'bosh' as a manifestation of the male ego or with the 'virginity' of an intense young girl like Jessie Chambers all go back to this tradition. In Frieda, however, the tradition was made conscious and lifted into the sphere of ideas (though never given an ideological form) through her meeting with Gross. When Gross talked of her blessed lack of chastity (and asked where she might have got it) he unwittingly recognised the same tradition which Lawrence recognised when he called her mother 'utterly non-moral': an old female tradition which, though not necessarily technically 'immoral', is quite simply kind to the body. Frieda was lucky in meeting two men clever enough to recognise the quality of what she represented. In Gross particularly Frieda found someone who affirmed her tradition (rather than being puzzled by her 'atavism'), and this affirmation gave her the confidence she needed to make it her personal possession, her 'style' within a culture that was ignorant of it and hostile to it.

Frieda did not, however, follow Gross in all his ideas. Gross believed in the regeneration of society through matriarchy, a sort of matriarchal communism. Frieda, based on her maternal tradition is anti-matriarchal. Matriarchy means ruling as a mother or being ruled by a mother. Even if such a rule is an

improvement on patriarchy, it belongs to it as its counterpart.<sup>13</sup> The Swabian countrywoman - the mothers and daughters of the tradition Frieda followed - do not form a hierarchy, they are equals. They are under the rule of the mother when they are children, but as women they and the mother are equals (Men could be equals too - there is no animus against them - if they could grow up, which in the view of these women they never do). It is quite clear from the relation Frieda and her sisters had with their mother that we do not have to do with a matriarchal set up. They are women-among-themselves. However special the relation of a mother to her children always must be, they neither excuse their mother nor attack her in any special way because of her motherhood. Nor do they honour her for her senior age. In the scene from Mr Noon to which we now come back Frieda/Johanna coolly assumes equality with her mother. It is Lawrence/Gilbert who is frightened. As the Baroness blasts away he 'shrank and shrank behind the pedestal desk and said never a word, not a single word ...he only gazed at her in silence. Johanna, much more on the spot, gazed at the pair of them in a kind of indignation. .. 'Aber nein, Mama! Aber das ist dumm! Aber was meinst Du Mama!' she shouted from time to time (p.218). She is anxious to get it across to her mother that she is behaving in a stupid way, that it is rude to break in on people's privacy unannounced and uninvited. Gilbert is anxious to do the honours and be polite. To treat mothers as equals seems improper to him, impossible,



monstrous. It is over this the quarrel breaks out when the Baroness has gone.

Johanna closed the door behind her mother, and did not go down with her. 'Well I call that an interruption' she said. 'So do I' said Gilbert vaguely. 'Just in our lovely morning --' there was a pause. 'But I call it mean. I call it mean to burst on us like that. What right has she?' And Johanna flounced into the bedroom. Then she flounced back. 'But what do you let it upset you for?' she said. 'You look so ridiculous! You shrank and shrank until I thought you'd disappear between the legs of the desk. And not a word did you say. But not a word...' Then she called: 'come and look'. Gilbert went. A way below they saw the Baroness going sturdily up the incline in the rain. 'Look at her! Look at her! How long has she got to wait?' - 'An hour' said Gilbert. 'Ought I go to her?' - 'Go to her? What for? She doesn't want you' - 'She's had no lunch' - 'Oh well, she's had her satisfaction schimpfung. I don't forgive it her. Look at her now! Doesn't she look a sight in the rain! What right had she to spring on us like that. I call it mean of them - mean. Now let her stand in the station - and you - you. What do you look such a muff for? Why do you look as if you were going to hide in the deskhole? A rare fool you looked too.' Gilbert did not answer but his eyes were dark and full of remembrance. 'Ach Mama', said Johanna, addressing the figure in the rain. 'You always were clumsy and ungraceful. And a sight you look, standing on the station. You've made a rare angel of yourself this day. And I don't forgive it you! - And you' she turned to Gilbert. 'You are worse than she is - shrinking and being such a muff. - Bah, a man! You never said one word'. (1984: 219-20)

Over the next two days the quarrel accelerates. On a walk Johanna insists on walking behind Gilbert, but Gilbert tries to force her to walk in front of him. Later Johanna makes cruel fun of Gilbert as a little dog who withdraws to the deskhole and barks from there at her mother. She finds that very funny but it makes Gilbert

senseless with rage. 'What could I say to a woman with white hair - what could I say? What was the good of saying anything?' - 'Yes, but why should you go pale and shrink six sizes smaller than before. It was a sight to see you' (p.223). In all this Lawrence is fascinated by Gilbert's (his) 'dark eyes of remembrance' which get darker and darker. Finally they become simply openings for a darkness inside.

But his eyes only watched her from the white blotch of his face. And she winced. It wasn't a human being looking at her. Out of a ghastly mask a black horrible force seemed to be streaming. She winced and was frightened. Oh God, these Englishmen, what depths of horrors they had at the bottom of their souls!... 'Can I never laugh at you?' she said. 'Not more than enough', he said... And still the black, impersonal, horrible look lingered on his brow and in his eyes, his face was void. 'And must you say when it is enough?' she asked, almost submissively. She was afraid of him as she might be of a rock that was just going to fall. 'Yes', he said. And he looked full at her again. And she was frightened - not of him, personally - but of some powerful impersonal force of which he was only the vehicle: a force which he hardly could contain, and which seemed ready to break horribly out of him. (1984: 224-25)

This was the first of the murderous rages Frieda roused in Lawrence. Lawrence himself called them murderous; a few lines below he makes Gilbert remember that his sister could 'taunt them up in him. And he could have murdered her... But that was long ago, and he had forgotten... And he was no longer a boy. He was a man now.' What do Lawrence's 'dark eyes of remembrance' remember? What insult to his amour propre, what disappointment or

deprivation? Could it have come from his mother, a woman to whom he could not retaliate, so that other women, his sister, Frieda, have to stand in for her? After all the quarrel is, on the surface at least, about whether one should be firm with a mother or not.

Or could the 'mother' simply be a measure here for whether he is grown up? Frieda wants him to act like a man. The rage with her is a substitute for acting like a man. It is a relapse into childhood that astonishes him himself: 'he was no longer a boy, he was a man now'. But in the end it is his mother who is to blame: 'what could I say to a woman with white hair?'

Frieda is generally spoken of as matriarchal. Anne Smith in her biographical study of Frieda and Lawrence 'A New Adam and a New Eve' discusses Frieda's matriarchalism at length (in section 2, 'The Rainbow and After', 1987: 23ff.). Basing herself on Green, she says 'Frieda's mother was a matriarch - the original for Anna in The Rainbow, to whom "the outside, public life was less than nothing"', and that the world of Frieda's childhood and adolescence was, because of Frieda's mother 'a matriarchal world in the service of life and love which she created around her.' As an anthropologist I always have difficulties in understanding how words like matriarchal, dionysiac, demetrian and such like are used. Our childhood world is matriarchal because mothers are our first socialisers. A normal childhood is 'a world in the service of life and love'. Frieda's mother was not a

matriarch in the sense that she tried to rule her grown children (or her husband), and her children could in fact grow up. Frieda was a mature woman when Lawrence met her. Lawrence was not a mature man; and this surely is at the heart of this oedipal problem and at the heart of his problem with Frieda. Lawrence's mother had a continuing hold on Lawrence, Frieda's mother had no hold on anyone. Smith argues that in Frieda, Lawrence had found the right woman and the wrong woman all in one: 'It might be an over-simplification, but still it wouldn't be far from the truth to say that Lawrence's God was Woman, Woman, moreover as Magna Mater. This was the resolution of his oedipus complex, and only Frieda - whom Catherine Carswell described as 'rather a force of nature - a female force - than a woman' - could have helped him to achieve it even temporarily. In a very real way, Lawrence's writing was, as Frieda said 'the outcome of their life together' (1978: p.25). And she also argues that 'the woman he found was externally like Brangwen's Lydia, but internally far more like Anna, and the religion she brought him was the religion of Eros, whose Supreme Being was Woman. According to Mabel Dodge Luhan, Frieda was the 'Mother of all orgasms'; according to Middleton Murray the Magna Mater. But because of this she did not release him from his oedipal compulsions, she only cured him of the uncomfortable guilt which attached to them' (1978: 29).

The 'religion of Eros' did have a matriarchal element, but Frieda never accepted it. As I have said she

came from a tradition in which women are sovereign and act grandly. But such grandeur can be based on models other than the mother's role. Frieda and her mother base their grandeur on an image of humanity (of 'humanness') as female. In their tradition the mother's role has shrunk to a comparatively meagre, soberly conceived function. Even as a mother Frieda was more of a companion than a parental authority figure. She writes to Garnett in May 1912, 'Your letter to me was good, but you should see less of a woman in me and more of a human being.' Yes; but her image of a human being was a woman. That was too much for Garnett, or Middleton Murray or Kot or Lawrence or even for us.

So Anne Smith has built an interesting argument on the assumption that Frieda, in the end, was not a liberating influence, not a way out, but a circular path back to the mother. I think the opposite was true: it was Lawrence who was 'matriarchal' and who influenced Frieda in the end to accept some of the trappings of the matriarchal role.

Lawrence needed maternity. Not of the self-sacrificing, nurturing kind. This he repudiated. He had criticised it in his own mother in the past and never asked it of Frieda later. But his need for a strong woman, the rock-secure mother was overwhelming. Frieda of course was a strong woman, she was strong because of her mother's tradition, because of affirmation through Gross and because of her own choices. This simply human

strength should have been enough for Lawrence but it was not enough. He could not separate her from his craving for a mother. When the emotional need is so strong it is a 'devouring' necessity; there is also a recoil from it. The needed figure becomes a horror figure. The rock-secure mother becomes dangerous - the 'phallic mother' of mythical symbolism, the destroyer, associated with death. Lawrence writes to Katherine Mansfield on 5 December 1918 - four years before Mr Noon - 'Frieda is the devouring mother. - It is awfully hard, once the sex relation has gone this way, to recover. If we don't recover, we die.' It is his fear, his inability to have a sexual relation free from the old maternal incestuous bond that makes it 'go this way' (Or, if it is impossible to be entirely free, his inability to acknowledge the similarities and differences cheerfully: that a woman's mature sensuality is frightening but is a life giving and liberating, not a death dealing force). Frieda was of course influenced by Lawrence, as is only natural. Though she was clear in her mind about the destructiveness of Lawrence's bond with his dead mother, and even clear to an extent about how it affected their relationship, she probably did not associate it with the Magna Mater images that were foisted on her. She accepted them to a certain extent. The most confusing thing for her and others was that she was a strong woman and came from a tradition of strong women but that the tradition was nameless and could not be defined and differentiated. It was therefore easy

to confuse it, at least at the level of words with the available anthropological and psychological jargon about matriarchy. What is more surprising than occasional statements that echo Lawrence's beliefs is how staunchly Frieda stuck to her tradition and resisted the role Lawrence and his friends, cast her in. Lawrence's increasing illness did more to push her in the direction of a maternal role. But she made so little of how much she had to do for him that we are actually deceived about it. Claire Tomalin claims in her Katherine Mansfield: A Secret Life, regretfully, that in the latter part of the relationship Frieda became more and more the dominant partner.<sup>15</sup> In this case Frieda must have been the dominant partner throughout because she certainly played a guiding part in the beginning of the relationship. As Anne Smith says in her 'New Adam and New Eve', 'during their stay in Germany Lawrence lived up to Frieda's 'New Eve' with all his strength' (1978: 30). This living up is there in Mr Noon in Frieda's theme of openness. But Frieda did not want to be the dominant partner. She stuck up for herself and this irritated Lawrence; she insisted that she was important to Lawrence and this irritated his friends. The claim to matriarchy is only our notion.

What she did want was to help Lawrence to be more relaxed and equable. How she went about it is chronicled in Mr Noon and we will come to it below. She wanted it for her own sake as well as his because she could not have him as a partner in openness unless he learnt to 'let go'.

His rages were connected with not knowing how to be open, as he himself realised. He writes on 15 September 1913 to Savage:

I have a good old English habit of shutting my rages of trouble well inside my belly, so that they play havoc with my innards. If we had any sense, we should lift our hands to heaven and shriek, and tear our hair and our garments, when things hurt like mad. Instead of which we behave with decent restraint and smile and crock our lungs. - Not that I have anything so tremendous in my life, any more than anybody else. Only I am so damnably violent, really, and self destructive. One sits so tight on the crater of one's passions and emotions. I am just learning - thanks to Frieda - to let go a bit. It is this sitting tight, and this inability to let go which is killing the modern England.

But he does not do justice to the real nature of his rages here. His violence was no doubt in the first place directed against himself. But the murderous rages in which he displaced it from time to time on to an outside object (he does not mention them here) were no cure. They were in fact a kind of shortcut, a recourse to an old infantile pattern of tantrums that brought release without involving him in the painful task of facing what was really there, what he was sitting on so tightly. Within his relation to Frieda the rages were connected with his 'matriarchalism': in their origin because she is the displacement object for his mother, in their outcome because they make Frieda indeed into the Great Mother. It is a curious blind psychological movement like a snake biting its tail. The rages with Frieda brought wonderful



rewards in reconciliation and rebirth as the sequel to our row in Mr Noon shows. We are not interested in Lawrence's psychology here but in Frieda: but his rages had such an influence on his work (not only on their life together) and reflected through his work on Frieda that we must stop a moment to consider them further.

Lawrence's rages were at their worst murderous. He himself describes them as that, as we have seen from the passage above. Very little attention has been paid to these rages; the popular assumption at the time and up to now was that they were caused by Frieda. The most graphic account comes from Katherine Mansfield. I quote from Alpers circumstantial account in The Life of Katherine Mansfield.<sup>16</sup> The descriptions come from letters to Koteliansky and to Lady Ottoline Morel.

She [Katherine] didn't know which disgusted her most - when they were loving and playing with each other or when they were roaring and Lawrence was pulling out Frieda's hair and saying 'I'll cut your bloody throat you bitch'. If he was contradicted about anything he got into a frenzy... Whatever the disagreement, he said you had gone wrong in your sex and belonged to an obscene spirit. She thought he was suffering from 'quite genuine monomania at the moment' through having endured so much from Frieda. - On Friday May 5 [1916] Katherine went across to them for tea and mentioned Shelley. 'I think that his Skylark thing is awful footle' said Frieda. 'You only say that to show off', said Lawrence. 'It's the only thing of Shelley's that you know'. Then Frieda 'Now I've had enough. Out of my house, you little God Almighty you. I've had enough of you'... That evening Lawrence came over to dinner... but Frieda wouldn't come (in the version sent to Ottoline). 'I'll cut her throat if she comes near this table', said Lawrence. After dinner Frieda appeared... outside. Lawrence made 'a kind of horrible blind rush at her' and they

began to scream and scuffle. He 'kept his eyes on her and beat her, he beat her head and face and breast and pulled out her hair while she screamed for Jack 'Protect me! Save me!' Then they dashed into the Murrays' kitchen and raced around the table...he stood back on his heels and swung his arm forward and 'thumped the big soft woman'. 'And though I was dreadfully sorry for Lawrence I didn't feel an atom of sympathy for Frieda...Murry told me afterwards he felt just the same - he just didn't feel that a woman was being beaten. (1980: 204-5)

As I have said, though the Murrays didn't know this, the scene Katherine describes corresponds exactly to the established pattern of violence against wives. The husband attacks a wife who has in some way opposed him, the wife (often in danger of her life) turns to the onlookers for help, but they are on the husband's side or want to remain 'neutral'. The reaction is stereotyped, part of our 'patriarchalised' unconscious. The official jargon, which speaks of 'marital violence' rather than wife battering corroborates this attitude. Brett's account from a much later period when she stayed with the Lawrences at the Taos ranch belongs to this context. She corroborates that the attacks were murderous but adds shrewdly that they were not so much directed at Frieda as at 'woman'. She too is on Lawrence's side, though she is a woman.

Another assumption which is gaining wider credence now is that the rages were caused by Lawrence's illness, that they are part of T.B. David Garnett who knew the Lawrences well but never saw Lawrence at his most violent was one of the first to say that the quarrels were due to Lawrence's temper, not to Frieda and that T.B had to be

considered as a cause. He writes in his autobiography The Golden Echo:

In June 1913... Lawrence and Frieda returned from Italy and came to stay at the Cearne. There was trouble between them, which kept flaring out in Lawrence's behaviour. Frieda loved her children and had sacrificed her happiness in them to live with him. Any kind-hearted man would have felt an added tenderness and sympathy for her. But there was a streak of cruelty in Lawrence; he was jealous of the children and angry with Frieda because she could not forget them. Now that she had come back to England she was longing to see them, and the spiteful, ill-conditioned, ungenerous side of Lawrence's character was constantly breaking out in different ways.... Of course he rationalised his jealousy and his spite, attributed the whole trouble to faults in Frieda's character and never admitted to imperfections in his own. This did not make him any more attractive. But he was ill. Once I caught sight of one of Frieda's handkerchiefs, marked with a coronet in the corner, crumpled in Lawrence's hand, after a fit of coughing and spotted with bright arterial blood - and I felt a new tenderness for him and readiness to forgive his bad moods. But my sympathy was really all for Frieda and as she could get no support from Lawrence, I spent several afternoons in London with her, hanging round St Paul's School in the hope that she could intercept her son and see him for a moment or two. Frieda's character was so full of love and she had such a genius for expressing it that when she was suffering she was as painful to watch as an animal in a trap... She could no more forget or abandon her children than a lioness or a puma can forget the cubs which the hunter has taken away and her unhappiness at being separated from them was something simple and elemental, and like everything else in Frieda's nature, noble. At the time Lawrence's evil moods were not lasting; the gay, lively character whom I had met a year before on the Isar was always popping out and amusing us. (1953: 254-55)

I have quoted David Garnett at length partly as a counterpart to the quotation from Katherine Mansfield. He

was I think the only one of the Lawrence's<sup>7</sup> friends who saw that Frieda's nature was noble. '7

His account of Lawrence coughing blood as early as 1913 is confirmed by Delany: 'He had spat blood the year before [1913] and usually spoke of his lung troubles as being centred in his 'bronchials', as if his throat and upper chest were his weakest spots' (1979: 28). Delany also mentions that Lawrence had a certificate to the effect that he was 'a former consumptive' from Ernest Jones (Freud's biographer) to get him out of being drafted in 1915 (p.237). Lawrence himself did not believe that he was, or had been, consumptive, and it is difficult to know when his T.B started. In Taos in 1922 or 1923 he still got a clean bill of health according to Brett's account. All three of those present, Brett, Frieda and Lawrence were as shocked as if it had happened for the first time when he spat blood there. Frieda called the doctor and Brett recalls: 'I go in to Frieda. She is beaming. It's all right she tells me. Nothing wrong; the lungs are strong. It's just a touch of bronchial trouble, the tubes are sore. I'm making him a mustard plaster' (1933: 136). It may have been, of course, a false diagnosis, in fact it almost certainly was. What is striking is that Lawrence and even Frieda believed it to be true. T.B was diagnosed first in Mexico City in 1924.<sup>8</sup> Whenever the T.B actually started, Lawrence's rages go back to before its onset.

We know from letters and memoirs that Lawrence's rages were well established when he was a child and an

adolescent. There is a letter from Frieda to his sister Ada from 25 March 1913, which shows the two laughingly comparing notes, Ada saying in effect: now you'll have to put up with his temper for a change. 'I am glad to hear he always had those humps' writes Frieda. 'I thought it was my fault! He told me so!'.  
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The most telling story is from the time when Lawrence as a lad visited Jessie Chambers at Higgs Farm. The whole family at the farm got fond of Lawrence and found him vastly amusing. Then May Chambers, Jessie's sister got engaged to a young stone mason whom the family found almost as entertaining as Lawrence himself. This young man made two stone effigies for May, which the Chambers put up on each side of their garden gate. One day Lawrence took a hammer and smashed the two sculptures. '®

Lawrence could not bear anyone else to be important or outshine him. Nor could he bear to be crossed. Frieda on her side would not play second fiddle ('Poor author's wife who does her little best and everybody wishes her to Jericho - Poor second fiddle, the surprise at her existence! She goes on playing her little accompaniment so bravely!' she writes in a furious letter to E.M Forster on 5 February 1915, signing herself 'die zweite Floete'). But as a wife she was helpless against being used as a scapegoat. A quite irrational element, that connects the rages with women, seems to have entered with Frieda (or re-entered). Frieda writes to Amy Lowell for instance on 18 December 1914 with her usual good humour

'Lawrence hates the whole business [of a bad cheque] so much that he shouts at me every time he thinks of it! I feel a grudge against Kemmerley; not only has he done me out of £25 but every time Lawrence thinks of Kemmerley he gets into a rage with me, the logic of men and husbands.'

Lawrence was too self aware not to worry about the irrationality of his rages. In the passage from Mr Noon he puts his finger on what is, centrally, worrying about them: that they do not belong to adult life, to his conception of himself as an adult. Rages of this sort are indeed an expression of helplessness, of an impotence that is part of childhood. Again, this is not the place to ask why Lawrence felt this impotence. But a relevant question is what he did about it. Did he write about it, or rather: how did he write about it if he did? The only direct description of one of his rages is in Mr Noon in the scene I have quoted from. It is interesting for three things: its narcissistic, self-dramatising, self awareness, the worried perception that he is acting 'like a boy' and the fact that he establishes an ascendancy over Johanna/Frieda which has no basis in rational fact but is the result of the intensity of his fury (The very dialogue embodies this irrational ascendancy: She: 'Can I never laugh at you?' He: 'Not more than enough'. She: 'And must you say when it's enough?' He: 'Yes'). The three things come out so clearly because Noon is autobiographical and barely fictionalised. In the other books we would have to look out for their fictional forms.

Lawrence believed that we shed our sicknesses in our books. But the temptation of authorship is surely to transmute rather than shed them, and carry them along in this transmuted form. Lawrence was worried about his compulsion to be irrational, the urge to violence in him. So he rationalised it in the doctrines which he incorporated in his work. Whenever he over insists, in the way Leavis has put his finger on, he is trying to incorporate a violence he cannot cope with. His doctrine of phallic lordship is such an attempt, his many insistences on male superiority<sup>20</sup>, his man is man and woman woman doctrine, his leadership fantasies and those of the world of purely male activity and purpose; above all his doctrine of the dark god. The decision to embrace one's destructive impulses and call them one's own is of course excellent: instead of saying 'they are bad' - pushing them away - one has to say 'they are mine' and go from there. But to glorify them and embody them in prophetic writing, setting them up as guidelines for others is something else again. They become matter for a narcissistic self-fascination. Of all the different attempts the 'dark god' is the most subtle and complex. Here we have more than simple wish dreaming, more than a simple reversal of what helplessness and impotence suggest. Here the irrational is first owned, then extruded again, split off from the self and given the status of a quasi personal power and then invited again as the true self. As a therapeutic strategy this fails

because 'the dark god' is not down to earth enough to be truly oneself. But the dark god is Lawrence's most interesting and serious attempt. The doctrine of the dark god, like the doctrine of the phallus as life giver has enough good sense mixed up in it to make one wish to understand it. But it is surely so difficult to understand because it is at bottom an evasion.

Lawrence remained violent all his life. Far from making him shed his sickness, his doctrines seem to have provided a backing; he became more unrestrainedly irascible as he grew older. Frieda was at the receiving end of his obsessive need to control, as were the domestic animals at the ranch (Friends saw him beat and kick his dog and throw her through the window. He beheaded a hen because she had gone broody and he didn't like them broody). All this is well known but no attempt has been made in Lawrence scholarship to connect these murderous domestic rages with his thought and his work. John Carey is indeed at pains to make the point in his 'Lawrence's Doctrines' that literary violence, or a violent imagination, is not the same thing as real life physical violence of a political kind: 'Lawrence's thought did not issue in mass murder but in novels'.<sup>21</sup> True. But wife battering is real life physical violence, and Lawrence recognised himself that he was murderous. Also, John Carey assumes that the 'thought' is there first and the physical violence 'issues' from the thought. In Lawrence's case there is no doubt that the violence was



there before the thought. First in the form of infantile and adolescent tantrums in which he destroyed things (since he couldn't get at people). Then, when he was a man and had an object in a wife, in assaults on a live human being. It was only when a pattern of violence against Frieda had established itself in the war years that he developed the thought which John Carey picks up on in 'Lawrence's Doctrines' (It is strange too that Lawrence's doctrine means to Carey Lawrence's more inbecile pronouncements on sex, men and women and hierarchy, his cruelty, racism and arrogance. Surely the sane things he said about sex, about the body and the spirit, about the creative spark in people and the balance between men and women are also 'Lawrence's doctrines'). I think Leavis's hint that we should judge from the style what we think of the thought is still the best guideline. Where Lawrence overinsists we should be suspicious.

Frieda was the very person to point out where Lawrence went wrong. Her maternal tradition and her temperament predisposed her to say 'bosh' to Lawrence's doctrines. Lawrence must have chosen her for it: he wanted to be honest and he must have had an instinct that here was the infallible outside eye and the sang froid he needed to keep him from his evasions. But Frieda failed him. She did not let anything through in life: she fought him over women and male superiority, lordship, fighting and the soldier's life and 'pure male activity'; she was anti-violent, anti-war and anti-soldiering all her

life, regarding them as a colossal male irrationality into which a woman couldn't enter as a matter of course (What woman would want to see her child killed after she had borne it and brought it up?). But she apparently did not provide the cool outside eye that Lawrence needed where his literary follies were concerned. We do not know what happened. It was not that she was not intellectually capable of it. Her criticisms of Lawrence's earlier writing, to Garnett or others or in marginal notes shows that she could put her finger on the spot.

Frieda claimed that she read every day what Lawrence had written; 'his writing was the outcome of our daily life...I had to take in what he had written and had to like it. Then he was satisfied and did not care for the approval of the rest of the world. What he wrote he had lived and was sure of' (1935: 108). This is of course a generalised idealised account, part of a book written to refute the attacks on her, particularly the charge that she was overbearing and ruined Lawrence's life. But it is still puzzling. What she says is irreconcilable with Lawrence's work. He wrote things we know she disapproved of; he elaborated the doctrines she fought him for in life; he took revenge on her in his writing in various ways. Her brisk criticisms of what Leavis had said about her and Lawrence, in a letter of 22 May 1956, contain some quite brisk criticisms of Lawrence himself, which show that she did not agree with everything he wrote and he did not change everything she didn't agree with: 'If in the

'Captain's Doll' she insists on love, he is equally boring insisting on an old formula' (Memoirs and Correspondence, 1961: 374). But generally in her public writing there is no evidence, or hardly any that she fought Lawrence over the 'bosh' he was writing (One example of her fighting him is the conversation Brett reports about The Boy in the Bush when Lawrence admitted that he changed the end because Frieda 'made him', and Frieda breaks in with: 'Yes, I made him change it. I couldn't stand the superiority of the man, always the same self importance' (Brett, 1933: 124). The example doesn't so much show her power over Lawrence as how often that power must have failed considering the usual Lawrentian hero).

There was of course the need to stand up for him in public. There was the need to cheer him. Was she afraid of him? Or was she blinded by her admiration for him as a genius? Yet she saw it as her life's work that the work should be of him and her. She writes of her life with Lawrence as a genuine destiny. She was therefore responsible for the quality of his work by her own showing. We do not know what happened. It is likely that Lawrence worked much more secretively and wilfully than she gives the impression. The fact that her point of view is so vigorously presented in the novels may have been the basis of a compromise; she may have felt that it was only fair that the opposite point of view, Lawrence's, should be given a chance. She may have been flattered at being portrayed again and again so combatant. And in this sense

the work is of him and her; the 'dialogue' quality is what makes Lawrence's work so good. But as an excuse for not having put her foot down (if she used it as such) this would be too simple: the woman is always either forcibly converted or punished for her uppity ways. The question of what her attitude really was, therefore, still remains.

We come back now to the scene of the row. We have left the two protagonists at the crisis; Gilbert's face 'a ghostly mask' out of which 'a horrible black force seemed to be streaming'. Johanna is afraid. Gilbert has gained ascendancy. But Gilbert is also troubled about his manhood: now that he is a man the murderous rages of his boyhood should have been left behind. There is a lull. Then Johanna comes up to him, timidly, and touches him, asking him not to be cross. Gilbert melts at once. He is struck with desire as with lightning. There follows one of the scenes of reconciliation, of newness, as only Lawrence can do them, radiant with life and light.. They make love. They sleep, Gilbert's arms enveloping Johanna, her breast in his hand.

Lawrence the narrator comments on marriage and sex. In memory of the row marriage must be based on the battle of the sexes. 'What have we done that men and women should have so far lost themselves and lost one another, that marriage has become an affair of mere comradeship, 'pals'....Marriage... is a terrible adjustment of two fearful opposites.' But the sermon also celebrates sex and in mid-sentence modulates into one of those lovely

Lawrentian hymns to sexual renewal:

And then, the two, the man and the woman, quiver into a newness. This is the real creation: not the accident of childbirth, but the miracle of man-birth and woman-birth. No matter how many children are born, each one of them has still to be man-born or woman-born later on. And failing this second birth, there is no life but bread and butter and machine toys: no living life. - And the man-birth and the woman-birth lasts a life long, and is never finished. Spasm after spasm we are born into manhood and womanhood, and there is no end to the pure creative process. Man is born into further manhood forever and woman into further womanhood. - And it is no good to force it. It must come of itself. It is no use having ideals - they only hinder. One must have the pride and dignity of one's own naked unabatable soul: no more. - Don't strive after finality. Nothing is final except an idea or an ideal. That can never grow. But eternity is, livingly, the unceasing creation after creation, and heaven is to live onwards and hell is to hold back. Ah, how many times have I, myself, been shattered and born again, how many times still do I hope to be shattered and born again, still, while I live. In death I do not know. I do not ask. Life is my affair.

'And oh that a man would arise in me  
That the man I am might cease to be.'  
Which is putting it backwards. The shattering comes before the arising. So let us pray for our shattering, gentle reader, if we pray at all. (1984: 226-27)

Rebirth imagery runs right through Lawrence's work and in Mr Noon the theme of rebirth takes its place by the side of the theme of the sex war. It seems wrong to carp in the face of so fine a passage (who except Lawrence could have said 'heaven is to live onwards and hell is to hold back'), but the connection between the two themes demands a closer look. We cannot be quite sure what Lawrence means by the shattering that comes before the

arising. It could be the joyful shattering through the physical and emotional experience of sex. But Lawrence's rebirths come typically after rows and even where they don't, he invariably speaks of a fight in their context. It is possible that the whole rebirth/battle of the sexes complex is for him connected in a subliminal way with his need to gain ascendancy over 'woman' and the old trauma of his relation to his mother. The image of birth is itself a mother image.

The passage I quoted of course says that there is man birth and woman birth and that women must be born from men for their second birth. This is partly what makes it so good. The same is true of the poems in Look We Have Come Through, which are about the same experience and antedate Mr Noon. But in both Look We Have Come Through and Mr Noon the rebirth scenes are always told from the point of view of the man.

Johanna in Mr Noon does not seem to need rebirth. She needs sun and happiness, she wants to expand her being, she wants to be lazy and relaxed. She is in a painful, lacerating situation and under great pressure from her family. She is in a worse position than Gilbert altogether. But she does not need to fly into insane rages and she does not seem to need rebirth. At least not of the cathartic cataclysmic kind. For her the joyful rebirth in sex through a man is enough. But Gilbert is the initiand type. In the Eleusian mysteries the initiand descends into a maze that is a sort of hell of terror. He

emerges into the light carrying the symbol of the Mother in his hand. The image for adult renewal is the terror of the birth process, the near-death in the birth canal. Frieda with her maternal inheritance of confidence and security perhaps did not need to re-enact these ancient rites. In any case Johanna in Noon is temperamentally unfit for them. She does not need to descend into death to be reborn from a Great Mother. But Gilbert does and I think he casts her as the Great Mother.

What I am saying here is hypothesis. But it is a part of my argument that it was Lawrence, not Frieda, who was matriarchal. I think Lawrence cheats on the archaic myth. The symbolic experience of hell and terror in the maze is what Lawrence experiences in his rages. But while the initiand is threatened with death ('frightened to death') Lawrence/Gilbert threatens death: he would like to kill Frieda/Johanna. The experience might be extreme and horrible, but it gives him ascendancy over the woman. The initiand emerges into the light of the mother's love gratefully like a newborn dependent child. But Lawrence, who has vanquished the woman first and established ascendancy, now grants ascendancy to her. He makes her into the Great Mother from whom he can be born gratefully, like a dependent child.

There is therefore always the rebound, the revulsion against Frieda as the Great Mother after a rebirth scene. In the scene from Mr Noon Gilbert begins to yearn for the man's world again, for the 'pure male activity' of the

mowers in the fields or the soldiers on the road. On this occasion he keeps his sanity - the row and rebirth with Johanna really has made him a saner man: 'he knew they had no wonderful secret - none: rather a wonderful lack of secret. He knew they were like ants that toil automatically in concert.' (p.228). But generally speaking the theme of 'if only I were part of the man's world, free from woman, like a soldier' runs through Mr Noon and takes its place with the sex war theme and the rebirth theme. But while the sex war and the rebirth themes are cared about and thought about with great intensity, the soldier theme runs 'oh would I could be a careless mindless physical soldier'. Lawrence would of course not have lasted a day as a common soldier.

Frieda accepted deification as the Magna Mater to an extent. She says in Not I But The Wind, 'I think a man is born twice: first his mother bears him, then he has to be reborn from the woman he loves' (1935: 52). But she says this in a definite and concrete context: Lawrence's writing of Sons and Lovers. And she implies that Lawrence did not manage to be entirely reborn, did not get free of his mother and this takes some of the glory away from her again. Frieda was always concrete where Lawrence was imaginative; she was also reticent where for him everything was food for his writing. She herself went through patches of extreme misery and black despair over the loss of her children, coupled with anger at Lawrence for his callousness. But these episodes (of which we know



from letters to Garnett) cannot be compared with his blind rages. They simply do not come from the same psychological depths, nor are they twisted in the living and the telling in the same interesting way.

On the subject of soldiering - which I think is correlative in Lawrence's thought to his brand of matriarchalism - Frieda never wavered. Her hatred of soldiering, war and violence runs right through her life, documented in letters, in what Lawrence tells us of her in his fiction and finally in the novel she tried to write at the end of her life.<sup>22</sup> In Mr Noon Johanna tells Gilbert in no uncertain terms that he is nurturing an illusion about the free and easy happy soldier. Frieda was on firm ground here. She had grown up in one of the string of great fortresses of the Holy Roman Empire, which are, running South to North, Strasbourg, Metz, Luxembourg. These fortresses have been filled with changing occupying armies over the centuries, Austrian, French, Prussian, but the underlying structure was always the same. It was the poor mercenary and the poor conscripted soldier who bore the brunt of the unnatural mechanical life. He was the butt of the military hierarchy. His life was exploited for ambitions alien to him, which brought him no rewards. He was degraded to an instrument. Frieda was indignant all her life about what men do to other men.

Lawrence should have been equipped to take her point better than many another man, but he didn't believe her because what she said ran counter to his man is man and

woman is woman creed. He does, however, in his usual disarming way in Mr Noon give us a vignette that shows how soundly based her argument was. A company of soldiers has passed; Gilbert

watched the last horse flank disappear... and stared in silence across the shallow, sun-shimmering valley... with regret - a deep regret.... And his heart burned to be with the men, the strange, dark, heavy soldiery, so young and strong with life, reckless and sensual. He wanted it - he wanted it - and not only life with a woman. The thrill of soldiery went heavily through his blood: the glamour of the dark, positive fighting spirit. So he and Johanna cooked their eggs and their asparagus and ate their Swiss cheese.... A great silence seemed to have come over him; the deep longing and the far off desire to be with men, with men alone, active, reckless, dangerous, on the brink of death: to be away from women, beyond her, on the borders.... 'They enjoy their soldiering' he said to Johanna. 'Oh they hate it. They hate it', she cried. 'How many of them go away because of it!'. - 'They love it all the same' - 'How can you say so. Ha, I know what it means! - that horrible vile discipline, and the agonies they suffer. They used to talk to me when I was a child.... And I used to throw fruit to them into the barrack grounds from our high wall at the end of the garden and the officers were furious with me. - And then, when I was a child, I knew. I knew how they suffered under it, what agony it was to their pride.' - 'They must want it. They must want even the vile discipline and the humiliation. They must or they wouldn't have it. People don't have what they don't want.' - 'Not at all! Not at all! How can they alter it? How can you say they like it? How do you know. You don't know.' - 'I know what I know.' - 'You know what you think you know - rubbish! You talk rubbish sometimes. You ask them if they like it and see. They're all dying to be out of it' - 'They think they are'. 'They are!' she cried. 'Why are you such a fool! - Why look - when they meet one another, you can hear them - they say fifty five! or a hundred and eighty! - or five hundred! - and that means how many days service they still have. You can often hear it, in Bavaria' - 'I don't believe it for all that,' he said. 'Ah, because you are a conceited ass' she said

angrily, whisking away the plates.' (1984: 209-10)

As usual what Lawrence would not take from Frieda in life entered by an alchemical process into his writing. Her humanity and experience of the ordinary soldier's life became part of 'The Thorn in the Flesh' and 'The Prussian Officer'. In this sense the writing was of them both.

Frieda offered Lawrence her own discipline, the opposite of the 'vile discipline' of soldiering which he coveted: she taught him to relax. She taught him how to float and balance; she showed him how if he could get into balance with the elements, with people, with her and himself, he would be truly himself, the world would carry him and he would be secure. Not that she made it into a special lesson for Lawrence: it was her own exuberant and joyful 'floating' that taught him. But she knew that Lawrence needed to be shown how to let go or he would perish. 'Holding back is hell' he said, and according to the letter to Savage I have quoted he lived in a sort of hell. What Frieda taught him about balance became one of the most important parts of his creed. He developed it in his own way for the relation between men and women: lovers were to be separate and in balanced conjunction like two stars. The thought appears in Lawrence again and again, in many different forms. In Mr Noon we are shown as it were the ground from which it grew, its basic, pre-verbal form.

Frieda loved to swim naked (She shared the German

passion for exposing the skin to the elements: rainbaths, snowbaths, windbaths. Only the sunbath has caught on in the world at large; but Lawrence's writing reflects the other forms she showed him). Lawrence was too thin and not strong enough for relaxing in the glacier water of the Isar. So here he learnt mostly through watching, and with a certain amount of envy.

In one deep little corner, in an arm of the stream, Gilbert and Johanna would sometimes bathe. The water was cold but wonderful once one was in. Johanna was a better swimmer than Gilbert - he was no water fowl. But she rocked on the water like a full waterlily, her white and gold breasts of a deep-bosomed woman of thirty-two swaying slightly to the stream, her white knees coming up like buds, her face flushed and laughing. 'How lovely! How lovely!' she cried in the water-ecstasy. But he was lean and dry-souled, he never could know the water-ecstasy. And as she rolled over in the pallid, pure, bluey-effervescent stream... envy and an almost hostile desire filled him. She came from the water full-blown like a water-flower, naked and delighted with her element. And she lay spread in the sun on the clean shingle. And he sat in his lean unyielding nudity upon a great pinkish boulder, and he looked at her, still with the dark eyes of a half-hostile desire and envy. (1984: 211)

But his active lesson came at home. Frieda loved to dance naked, and nothing would do but that Lawrence dance with her. Here the description is introduced by a little sermon to the reader which shows the close link between Frieda's lessons in balance and the thought developed in Women in Love. Amusingly, by the time the lessons are verbalised in Women in Love, they are Birkin's lessons to Ursula (and she is slow and recalcitrant in learning,

almost as slow and recalcitrant as Lawrence was over the original lessons).

Ultimately, a woman wants a man who, by entering into complete relationship with her, will keep her in her own polarity and equipose, true to herself. The man wants the same of a woman. It is the eternal, oscillating balance of the universe. It is the timeless inter-related duality of fire and water. Let life overbalance in either direction, and there is a fight, a terrific struggle to get back the balance... Gilbert and Johanna were mostly happy. She was wild with pleasure at release from conventional life. She would dance in her glowing, full-bodied nudity round and round the flat and she made him dance also, in his more intense, white and ruddy-haired nudity. He was stiff and constrained. There was an intense fierce reserve and stiffness in him. His whiteness was very white and hard, his hair was black, but his body hair was ruddy-brown. She was full and soft and gold-white, with delicate soft hair. 'Dance', she said to him. 'Dance!' And with her arms spread on the air, she floated round in triumph. And he, ashamed to be ashamed, danced in correspondence, with a jerky, male stiffness that seemed to her odd and strange. Woosh she went, veering as on a current of water down the passage, looping her soft nudity and her soft-stemmed hands in a loop around the little kitchen and floating back into the sitting room, where he was dancing with odd, jerky, nigger-like motions which seemed to her so comical and curious. Why on earth dance like that, when one could swim deliciously on the air! And him, he wondered how one could abandon oneself to swim on the air, when one was sharp and intensely local. So she swam around him, and drooped her soft-stemmed hand over his hard, naked shoulder. And he came with his comical quick motions and put his thin, hard naked arm round her full soft waist. And she shouted with pleasure and triumph, and his eyes twinkled sardonically. - To be free! To be free, Great God! Not furtive and orgiastic at night, and stiff in a linen collar of correctitude during the day. Whether Gilbert liked it or not, she insisted on floating round in her soft, ambient nudity in the morning, or the afternoon, if she felt like it. And she made him float, or paddle likewise. And he, as we said before, was ashamed to be ashamed. (1984: 212-13)

These then were Frieda's basic lessons to Lawrence. But they were only the basic ones. And I believe that Frieda developed them in a different direction, toward a different kind of rapport between men and women from what is familiar to us from Lawrence's writing. Lawrence's images, as we have seen are elemental: the eternal oscillating balance of the universe, the timeless interrelated duality of fire and water. This imagery makes the polarity between men and women a fixed one and the fight between them - the fight to re-establish balance - almost inconoclastic. They are so different that understanding between them is not possible. Frieda was as convinced as Lawrence that between developed and differentiated people there had to be a fight to establish balance. She was not in the least pacific in that sense. But to her the balance was not one between eternal opposites. The fight itself comes, for her, from understanding the other better than he understands himself and from confronting him directly with that understanding. In other words it is because the two are the same that they both fight and come into balance, not because they are different. Balance for her meant rapport - an understanding at times critical at others harmonious. Lawrence later in his more extreme statements, repudiated all understanding between men and women. But at the time at which Mr Noon is set and in the early years of their marriage he accepted Frieda's ideas of a relationship. It was on their basis that they married, and we can trace

them in scenes between Johanna and Gilbert in Mr Noon.

In the passage I have just quoted Lawrence goes back once more to the conventional split personality with its secret orgiastic self by night and the correct stiff self during the day. It is interesting that he does this in the context of dancing, of being in equilibrium with what is near one and surrounds one: touching the air (or water), floating, moving with another moving body. A balanced person - balanced in the right way with another - is an integrated person, someone who can be himself, day or night, a free person, is the implication. And it is significant here that Lawrence said Frieda was the freest person he knew. The lesson about openness about the body is then a lesson in being behind oneself, standing to being oneself. Being ashamed to be ashamed means a decision to be oneself, face what it means and stand to it. No more falsities: the hidden secret self by night and the correct self by day means cheating oneself.

In many ways Frieda's and Lawrence's marriage seems a utopian enterprise, not a practical one. But what Frieda had in mind and what she taught Lawrence was something that has universal application. It was not about being free as the two were by the Isar, dancing naked; it was about the courage to be direct. It was about directness in two ways. First, about learning not to evade what is there in oneself: one's real desire, one's true intention. This means learning to decide, to choose like an adult, that is, not with reference to what is done,

what one has been taught, and above all not with reference to one's preferred picture of oneself. In a word, making do without obfuscation. Cutting through the humbug in oneself. Having knitted oneself together body and soul through learning to 'float', one goes on to facing what one is and what one wants, and to act on it. This is transcending one's socialisation. Oneself, not society is behind oneself.

Lawrence had decided Frieda was what he wanted. He had therefore no business having blurred relationships with other women in which he (and they) put forward a lot of obfuscating soulmate stuff. He had a great weakness for submissive women ('one day I shall take your submission' he wrote to Mabel Luhan) who allowed him to blur everything with talk. The relationship with 'Emmie' is the type of false relationship in Mr Noon. He does not want Emmie, nor does she want him. But then relationships in which you are hidden from yourself are very comfortable. He likes having a blurred relationship. So Emmie enters the second part of Mr Noon, deviously brought back by Lawrence/Gilbert. And her entry and Gilbert's deviousness, lead Frieda/Johanna to demonstrate the second way in which she believed in directness.

The adult relationship, in which one has chosen, and knows what one wants, involves keeping the other on this level of consciousness. This means attacking him directly, without fear, when he is infantile, obfuscating, self indulgent in his relation to others. Perhaps not without



fear, but with the courage to be direct in spite of fear. This is what Johanna does in the scene to which we will come below.

Frieda had a very active, combative conception of marriage. She believed in unhesitating, direct attack on one another's falsities: a partnership, between adults, in open mutual criticism.

This was far more difficult for the secretive devious Lawrence than overcoming his bodily stiffness and shame about being himself. For one thing he rejected the idea of partnership between a man and a woman. His ideal of marriage was anti-comradeship, anti 'pals' as we have seen. It was based on difference, while Frieda's was based on sameness (His repudiation of mutual understanding in marriage is a logical development from that; but in the early years before his ideas had become rigid he could hold two mutually exclusive opinions). For another he tended to avoid confrontation. As the letter to Savage indicates, his habit was to bottle up criticism and anger and fly into a rage when the chance occurred. But Frieda had entered the relationship with him precisely because for her it held out hope of a more active mutual involvement than the conventional marriage she came from. Her relation to Gross had given her an idea of how positive her relationship with an unusually gifted man could be. Gross told her that she had changed his life and his work simply by being what she was. He had seen her as an unusual woman with the rare gift of being

herself, fearless in a craven world: a new human possibility. But Frieda felt it was he, with his recognising her, that had changed her and given her the confidence and strength to be herself. This mutuality had much impressed her with its possibility for a new sort of relationship. Naturally she wanted this positive mutual involvement when she committed herself to a totally uncertain future with Lawrence. It was to be the basis on which their marriage was built. She saw herself as possessing a gift which was precisely what a genius like Lawrence needed: the gift for keeping in touch with the realities of feeling. She would look out for the unrealities in him and in his work and pounce. And, because he was a genius, she trusted him to know the value of this gift and not let her get away with falsifying it under any circumstances.

These were of course non-verbal adjustments. Some Lawrence put into words: selected parts like the openness about the body, standing to oneself and cutting through the humbug we know as his central creed. Most flowed into his writing where they were mutated according to the need of his fiction. In Mr Noon some are suddenly vividly apprehensible in the comic scenes between the happy/unhappy protagonists. Lawrence was first and foremost a writer, and what for Frieda was life was for him copy. At the time, however, he accepted Frieda's conception of marriage as an active mutual involvement; only it seems he accepted her part - her criticism of him

- rather than taking his part seriously. It seems he was so occupied with, so astonished at himself for accepting her as someone who 'knew' that he gave too little thought to his own part. It is ironic that by the time he described their mutual active involvement in Mr Noon, he had developed his most passive and dead conception of marriage in Fantasia of the Unconscious. It is a conception of two people so different - he active, 'pushing onward', she 'waiting' (at home, for him); he involved in mental adventure with men, she in mindless physical tasks alone - that understanding between them is impossible.

There is a moving letter written by Lawrence on 7 July 1914 (to Thomas Dunlop) that is an account of how he saw a living marriage. It is almost as if he had written it for himself, since a week later he was married to Frieda at Kensington Registrar's Office. But it is written to a friend in marital trouble. For that reason, it does not reflect the full scale of what marital involvement meant for Frieda - other aspects both Lawrence and Frieda expressed in letters to Garnett and to MacLeod among others - but it concentrates on what might be called the feeling centre of marriage. Its essential message is that marriage is an understanding between equally energetically involved, equally mutually responsible people.

I can't help thinking your love for Mrs Dunlop hasn't quite been vital enough to give you yourself peace. One must learn to love, and go

through a good deal of suffering to get to it, like any Knight of the Grail, and the journey is always towards the other soul, not away from it. Do you think love is an accomplished thing the day it is recognised. It isn't. To love, you have to learn to understand the other more than she understands herself, and to submit to her understanding of you. It is damnably difficult and painful, but it is the only thing which endures. You mustn't think that your desire or your fundamental need is to make a good career, or even to provide for your family materially. It isn't. Your most vital necessity in this life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit. Then you will have peace and inner security, no matter how many things go wrong. And this peace and security will leave you free to act and to produce your own work, a real independent workman. (Second emphasis mine)

To understand her better than she understands herself and to submit to her understanding of you: Mr Noon does not reflect on such matters but shows, vividly and hilariously how 'damnably difficult and painful it is'. We come now to the last two scenes I want to look at, scenes in which we see the partnership in open mutual criticism in action. This takes us back to Gilbert and Johanna on their walk across the Alps to Italy. The first scene follows directly on the episode in the inn, when Johanna danced the Schuhplattler and Gilbert was displeased. In fact the two are connected. Gilbert is in a bad mood. He thinks Johanna is using him to satisfy the excitement roused by the peasant. 'He sympathised with the peasant. Johanna was a fraud'. This makes him think of a device of his own. 'Sentimentally his mind reverted to Emmie'. He writes a picture postcard to her and to his sister. Johanna reads the cards. He rather likes her doing this,

'for, not being at all sure about his own emotions, it rather pleased him to see Johanna play skittles with them'.

Johanna read the two postcards and her colour rose. She knew all about Emmie. Gilbert, a real son of his times, had told Johanna everything: particularly everything he should not have told her. 'Your're writing again to that impossible little Emmie', she cried. 'Why shouldn't I?' - 'But I thought you'd finished with her'. - 'I can send her a postcard', he declared. 'I call it filthy, messing on with her.' - 'Not at all' - 'Messing, just messing... Oh well' - and she flung the cards aside. 'Write your messy postcards if you want to. But it's an unclean carrying on for a man in your position.' - 'Not at all. I do remember her.' - 'Remember. You and your remembering. Slopping to your sister and that impossible Emmie! How manly you are!' - 'And will be' he said. 'But you're not going to send her this card - you're not'. And Johanna snatched it up and tore it in four pieces. 'There!' and she threw the pieces down. She was a bit scared now. He looked at her, and his face was dark. He looked at the torn card. And he said nothing. Amid his anger, he admired Johanna. Mistrusting his own sentiment, he was glad of a decided action on her part. Yet he was angry with her for her insolence. However, he said nothing. But he gathered up the torn pieces .. and [posted] the card to his sister Violet. His thoughts and emotions were bubbling. And the bottommost thought and emotion was Damn Emmie! He stood on the bridge and pulled off the Austrian stamp. Then he threw the torn bits into the stream. And he never wrote to the damsel again. (1984: 251)

What happens here is a good example of letting someone else do your job for you. Gilbert knows quite well that writing to Emmie is an 'unclean carrying on for a man in his position': he mistrusts his own emotions because he knows they are false (and hence 'messy') and he fears his sentiment because it is sentimentality and will

land him in a position where he doesn't want to be. He is therefore glad of Johanna's decided action, but it would have been better if he had taken that action.

In the end, however, 'submitting to her understanding' does its work. The really decisive action, the one only he can do, is to say 'Damn Emmie'. In that moment he is free and in the position he wants to be in.

We come now to the last passage in the book in which what I have called Frieda's theme is sounded. It is again a comic scene, with Lawrence casting himself in a rueful role as spiritual lover. The chapter where it occurs is called 'A Setback'. The two, after having painfully clambered over a pass at night and reached the highroad to Italy in the morning, take the wrong turn and go back in a great loop on their traces. But the setback is already inherent in what happens as they walk up to the pass in the dark. Johanna tells Gilbert something which she clearly fails to understand herself. For the first time in the book she is bewildered and gloomy. But Gilbert does not come up to the standard Lawrence set in the letter to Dunlop and understand her better than she understands herself. He does not set her right through open criticism. He fails her.

The context for the passage is that the two have travelled for some time with two friends, who have taken the train back to Munich. They were a young botanist called Terry and his American friend Stanley. Gilbert liked to botanise with Terry on the way, Johanna and

Stanley talked. Stanley is attractive and amusing but has a strong mother obsession: he curses his mother constantly. Johanna makes no secret of her attraction to him. Now alone again, Gilbert and Johanna are almost lost at nightfall on a barely visible path.

'Wait for me!', she cried imperiously. 'Wait! I want to tell you something.' He stood on the stony-rocky path on the slope face ... the darkening valley away below. Already stars were out. But he thought he could see on the skyline the depression where the path would emerge... So he waited for her, wondering what would be over the top. 'Listen', she said. 'I want to tell you something. I want to tell you.' - 'What' he said, 'I want to tell you. Stanley had me the night before last.' Everything went vague around them. 'When?' - 'The evening when we slept at the Gemserjoch hut.' The vagueness deepened. Night, loneliness, danger all merged. 'But when?' - 'When we went for a walk and you went with Terry. He had me in the hay-hut - he told me he wanted me so badly -.' He looked at her as she stood below him in the dusk.... And it was such a surprise to him, that he did not know what to feel, or if he felt anything at all.... He turned vaguely and went clambering up the path, while she followed in silence behind. And so they climbed for some time. Suddenly he turned to her - she was close behind him...and threw his arms around her. 'Never mind, my love', he said. 'Never mind, never mind. We do things we don't know we're doing.' And he kissed her and clung to her in a sudden passion of self-annihilation. His soul opened and he gave himself up. He rose above the new thrust on wings of death. He kissed her and kissed her and kept on saying: 'We do things we don't know we are doing. They don't signify really, do they?... I love you - And so what does it matter!' - 'No, it doesn't matter', said Johanna a little testily. She was quite mute and unresponsive under his kisses and quite unyielding under his embrace as he clasped her to his bosom. Johanna did not at all care for the conclusion 'that it did not matter.' Those marvellous pearls of spiritual love. 'I love you and so what does it matter!' fell on completely stony ground. She felt rather caught-out by his passionate spiritual

forgiveness: put in a falser position than ever... It was nearly nine o'clock when they reached the wooden resthouse. They ate and went to bed in the ice-cold bedroom. And there he loved her with a wild self-abandon. But she kept something hard against him in the middle of her heart. She could not forgive him his forgiveness. After all, forgiveness is a humiliating thing to the one forgiven. And she did not choose such humiliations. Moreover, she did not like his convulsion of selflessness by means of which he soared above a fact which she faced him with: thereby leaving her still saddled with the self-same burdening fact. He seemed to have put her more in the wrong and assumed a further innocent glory himself. She could not sleep because her brain was hard. He, however, slept the sleep of the innocent and exalted. He woke rather late, feeling still exalted... He thought of Johanna's piece of news, but still did not have any clear feelings about it. He did not attempt to realise it imaginatively. On the contrary, he left it as a mere statement, without real emotional force. And he liked Stanley - he had liked him all along: so why pretend to hate him now? And he believed people must do what they want to do. And he knew Johanna believed in much love, a la Magdalene... And he himself, Gilbert, could stand aside for a moment. 'Didn't you know? Didn't you suspect anything?' said Johanna rather gloomy. 'No', he answered, with his strange clear face of innocence. 'No, never. It wouldn't have occurred to me.' And half she felt, even a little fascinated by his clear, strange, beautiful look of innocent exaltation. And half she hated him for it. It seemed so false and unmanly. Hateful unmanly . unsubstantial look of beauty! 'Well', she said. 'It wasn't much, anyhow. It meant nothing to me. I believe he was impotent.' Gilbert looked at her. This brought him to earth a little. And for the first time he felt a pang of hate and contempt for Stanley. 'It meant nothing to me', she said gloomily. He did not answer. The words fell into the deep geysers of his soul, leaving it apparently untroubled. But in the end the irritable waters would boil up over this same business. (1984: 276 - 78)

What was this 'a setback' from? From looking at facts together. He rose above that 'new thrust' 'on the



wings of death', he 'soared above the fact she faced him with, leaving her saddled with the self-same burdening fact'. He would rather annihilate himself than face facts. His selflessness is a sort of suicide.

What are the facts? That Johanna has behaved treacherously to Gilbert, and done an idle and mischievous thing. That it had not been what she had meant it to be. That it put her in a false position vis-a-vis herself. She had done it because Stanley 'wanted it so badly'. But that turned out to be what he told her, and his body told another, the opposite story. His impotence and his hatred of his mother presumably had something to do with one another. Johanna was old enough to have seen the danger signals. She should not have rushed in, starry eyed, at such an ambiguous invitation.

Forgiveness puts her into an even falser position. When Gilbert excuses her because a la Magdalene she believed in much love he undervalues and misrepresents her. She believes in the real thing. She prides herself in facing the real thing, in acting on it when it is there. Here her instinct for the real thing has apparently deserted her.

What does she want Gilbert to do? First, find out what he is feeling, and not suppress it. If Gilbert had honoured the reality of his feelings, she might have found out what hers were. He should have waited before rushing into a passion of spiritual love. Second, tell her what a colossal ass she has made of herself.

What Frieda wanted to do - what she had set herself as her life's task - was a difficult thing of great complexity. She wanted to meet every man she knew with absolute genuineness and freshness as a woman. That means she wanted to make the new woman, single handed; she wanted to shift single-handed the weight with which custom, law, prejudice and oppression have pinned women down for millenia and have turned their responses into stereotypes. Not unnaturally she made mistakes. She tended to rush in with her eagerness rather than be suspicious and judicious. But it was this eagerness too, this belief in her task that gave her the confidence and joyfulness under trying circumstances which are otherwise quite understandable. She saw in Lawrence someone who could help her. He was 'a genius' and therefore that rare thing a real man; without her belief in 'real men' she could not have undertaken her task at all. In the scene of her 'confession', above, he let her down, rushing in too quickly with his love to protect her from the bitterness of her mistake. This was a falsity (for which they apparently both paid later); only her doubtfulness had kept the balance. But the way Lawrence describes the scene shows that her instinct in choosing him had been right, that he was well fitted for the task she had for him. Lawrence stood in an unusual way between men and women; and it is this response to Frieda's challenge that makes Mr Noon such a cheerful and robustly real book. Where 'openness' is concerned Lawrence is as eager as

Frieda, he is as excited as she is about her task.

Can we see a glimpse of that fabulous never-seen creature, the new man in Lawrence? After all Frieda's new woman should call forth, should 'make' the new man. But to want to free people from the encrustations of prejudice and oppression is one thing; to want to free the prejudiced and oppressive half from the encrustations of their privilege and power quite another. At the time of Mr Noon Lawrence had already turned his back on the possibility. He reverted back to the 'old man' with almost pedantic thoroughness. Hierarchy, men as the superior principle, mastery, female submission, leadership, blind following, cruelty, war, finally even men as gods; he didn't leave out a thing. Anne Smith, who has explored Lawrence's openness to Frieda's idea of the 'new man' in her 'A New Adam and a New Eve' (in Lawrence and Women 1978) believes that it was the physical and nervous exhaustion he suffered after the war years that brought about the change. But there was a great deal in Lawrence's background and psychological history that facilitated it.

Conclusion: the utopian enterprise of establishing the 'I' through the 'not I'.

With the passage I have quoted above, the book's discussion of Frieda's theme comes to an end. Mr Noon, as

I have said is unfinished - the manuscript breaks off in mid-sentence. It is, however, well rounded off as far as Lawrence's 'metaphysic' is concerned. Just before breaking off he turns again to his theme of the sex war. In conclusion I want to look once more at what he has to say about the fight between men and women, because he treats the theme in a startling new way, a way that makes Mr Noon an example of the novel as a utopian enterprise, and concerned with the questions of overcoming socialisation.

By the time Lawrence picks up his theme of the sex war once more at the end, a lot of hard thinking has been done in the novel. It went on while describing Frieda's lessons. Frieda has taught him how, in order to be free and oneself, one has to stand to oneself, stand by one's desires. But also how this is not enough, how one also has to be open, and expose oneself. Frieda solves the problem of the relation between individualism and communalism without recourse to a theory of gender difference; in her world there are just people and, whatever the differences between men and women - and as we have seen Frieda knew a great deal about these difference - for the purposes of her lessons they are the same. But Lawrence has problems of gender identification and self-identification of which Frieda cannot know, and he has to do things in his own way. At the end of Mr Noon he adapts his theme of the sex war to what he has learnt from Frieda. He still has to say 'man is man' etc, but

now his man is man and woman is woman is not any longer his old conservative and regressive theme. He hits on an amazing expedient: he 'splits' woman, and sees one half as part of himself. This is the half identified as 'mother', the old and 'inauthentic self, the self that has to be overcome. Since mothers are indeed our early socialisers, and Lawrence's mother played a particularly large role in socialising him, such an identification for the sake of overcoming socialisation is not unreasonable. The other half of woman meets him now as the entirely new and other in 'wife'. She is the foreigner, the unknown and the renewer. The token of her otherness is that with her he can enter into a sexual relation. With her help the universe is sexualised, which means it becomes alive and habitable. A world which was hostile and could be met only with aggression now becomes a place of well-being where people are at home. Lawrence repeats here in an ontogenetic way a phylogenetic experience. There must have been a moment in archaic tribal history when people realised that instead of fighting one another they could marry one another's women. The stranger-woman brought newness to the tribe, and from this contact with 'the other' came culture. For Lawrence the contact with the stranger-woman results in his work.

The end therefore makes Mr Noon an extraordinarily interesting novel from our point of view. Lawrence describes once more the experience of rebirth and philosophises about the need to fight, but he links the

theme of the marital fight now to Frieda's being German. Her Germanness becomes now the sign of her otherness, and this is a great advance on her otherness being simply the otherness of 'woman'. The end of the book meets here the beginning: as entering a foreign country was liberating, so entering upon marriage with a foreign woman liberates and enriches by bringing contact with a new culture.

Lawrence has picked up another phylogenetic trait in his ending. It comes out more strongly in the poem I shall quote as a parallel, but it is there in Mr Noon. In myth the marriage with the stranger-woman who brings culture also sexualises the universe and allows men to be at home in it. Lawrence can be very close to a mythical view of the world. Here he switches from the Heraclitan universe where fire fights water willy-nilly because it can't help it to a sexualised universe where fire and water exist together as part of the beloved wife's body - a body that is experienced as the earth, the universe itself. Union has proved to be a finer key to the world than fighting, though fighting also has its place and persists as we shall see below.

Johanna and Gilbert are in Riva, on Lake Garda, when the book ends. That means, in terms of their pilgrimage, that they have reached the land of the sun, the 'sunflowers' true home.\*\*\* They have arrived in their new world, the one which the wide lightfilled German landscape with its melting snow has given Gilbert a promise of at the beginning of the book. It is September now, the

southern sun is hot and there is an undreamt of profusion of ripe sweet fruit. The two are happy in Riva.

In Riva too something seemed to come loose in Gilbert's soul, quite suddenly. Quite suddenly, in the night one night he touched Johanna as she lay asleep with her back to him, touching him, and something broke alive in his soul that had been dead before. A sudden shock of new experience. Ach sweetness, the intolerable sensual sweetness, the silken fruitlike sweetness of her loins that touched him as she lay with her back to him - his soul broke like a dry rock that breaks and gushes into life. Ach richness - unspeakable and untellable richness. Ach bliss - deep, sensual, silken bliss! It was as if the old sky cracked, curled and peeled away, leaving a great new sky, a great new pellucid empyrean that had never been breathed before. Exquisite deep possibilities of life, magnificent life which had not been life before. Loveliness which made his arms live with delight and made his knees seem to blossom with unfolded delight. Now all his life he had been accustomed to know his arms and knees as mere limbs and joints for use. Now suddenly like bare branches that burst into blossom they seemed to be quivering with flowers of exquisite appreciation, exquisite, exquisite appreciation of her. He had never known that one could enjoy the most exquisite appreciation of the warm, silky woman, not in mind nor breast but deep in one's limbs and loins, - Behold a new Gilbert. Once the old skies have shrivelled, useless to try and retain their ancient, withered significance. Useless to try and have the old values. They have gone. (1984: 290)

The passage is a prose rendering of part of a poem Lawrence wrote during the war at Greatham years after the time at which Mr Noon is set. The poem is 'New Heaven, New Earth' (collected in Look! We Have Come Through!). Lawrence puts the experience in Mr Noon at the end of his account of how he and Frieda came together. In the poem the context is the psychological horror of being forced to

identify with everything, of finding the whole world  
himself.

When I heard the cannon of the War, I  
listened with my own ears to my own  
destruction.  
When I saw the torn dead, I knew it was my own  
torn dead body.  
It was all me, I had done it all in my own  
flesh.

III

I shall never forget the maniacal horror of it  
all in the end  
when everything was me, I knew it already, I  
anticipated it all in my soul....  
I was a lover, I kissed the woman I loved,  
and God of horror, I was kissing also  
myself. #4

Lawrence must have been near a breakdown when he was  
writing this. But generally speaking this is the  
overempathy, the intense loving sympathy, he describes  
later in his mythography of the body in Psycho-analysis  
and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious as an  
overdevelopment of the upper centres, the centres of the  
breast##. (Frieda was the woman with a natural and  
healthy development, a balance between upper and lower  
centres.) Taken to its extreme it leads to death, to a  
general, annihilation: 'At last came death, a sufficiency  
of death, / and that at last relieved me, I died. / I buried  
my beloved; it was good, I buried myself and was gone.'  
.... 'God but it is good to have died and been trodden  
out, / trodden to nought in sour, dead earth. / quite to  
nought, (absolutely to nothing/nothing/nothing/nothing.'  
And then he is newly made - not reborn, he says carefully



in the poem - and in this new body (which is still the same body as before) discovers a new world (which is still the terrestrial world).

I in the black sour tomb, trodden to absolute death  
I put out my hand in the night, one night, and my  
hand touched that which was verily not me.

...  
and I felt that which was not I,  
it verily was not I,  
it was the unknown.

...  
I am the first comer!  
Cortes, Pizarro, Columbus, Cabot, they are nothing,  
nothing!  
I am the first comer!  
I am the discoverer!  
I have found the other world!

The unknown, the unknown!  
I am thrown upon the shore.  
I am covering myself with the sand.  
I am filling my mouth with the earth.  
I am burying my body in the soil.  
The unknown, the new world!

#### VII

It was the flank of my wife  
I touched with my hand, I clutched with my hand,  
rising, new-awakened from the tomb.  
It was the flank of my wife  
whom I married years ago  
at whose side I have lain for over a thousand nights  
and all that previous while she was I, she was I:  
I touched her, it was I who touched and I who was  
touched.

Yet rising from the tomb, from the black oblivion  
stretching out my hand, my hand flung like a drowned  
man's hand on the rock  
I touched her flank and knew I was carried by the  
current in death  
over to the new world, and was climbing on the  
shore, risen, not to the old world, the old  
changeless I, the old life, wakened not to the old  
knowledge  
but to a new earth, a new I, a new knowledge, a new  
world of time.

In the poem the experience leads to a mystic view of a living, highly sexualised cosmos. As in myth, the female body becomes the earth, a world where through sexual rapture and erotic union the human and the natural come to permeate one another. The paradox is that extreme sympathy led to isolation and general death, while discovering the unknown in the other led to being a living part of a living world. The new earth is traversed by 'Green streams that flow from the innermost continent.../green and illumined and travelling forever/dissolved with the mystery of the innermost heart of the continent... out of the well-heads of the new world' - streams that recall the Isar with its green water in which Frieda and Lawrence used to swim and where she lay spread in the sun on the clean shingle and he watched her. So Frieda becomes part of the elements of the new land

The other, she too has strange green eyes!  
White sands and fruits unknown and perfumes  
that never  
can blow across the dark seas to our usual  
world!  
And land that beats with a pulse!  
And valleys that draw close in love!  
And strange ways where I fall into  
oblivion of uttermost living! -  
Also she who is the other has strange-  
mounded breasts and strange sheer slopes  
and white levels. (1977: 261)

In other words, there is an implied presence in the poem of the experiences described in Mr Noon: the discovery of a new wider world in Germany, of undreamed-of fruits and

perfumes in Italy, the discovery of the unknown in Frieda.

In the parallel passage in Mr Noon, to which we now return, the implied presence is the war. The underground presence of the war leads Lawrence to put the experience - the jolt of the actual touch in the night - into a social context. The experience leads to a view, a vision of the possibility of not-yet-known ways of life and joy. If a man and a woman can make a true marriage they make the nucleus of a 'much wider world, much vaster firmament', in other words, a world of freedom human beings can live in. It can only be achieved, however, says Lawrence, through the fight. And here, in this social utopian context 'the fight' has a curious multiple reference. We must remember that Lawrence has had his experience of rebirth this time without a preceding row. He can therefore think of 'the fight' more dispassionately and in more general terms than is usually possible for him. What he writes about seems to happen on two distinct levels of consciousness. There is the fight as an overcoming of one's socialization, the theme I marked out as the main concern of the novelist. And there is in the imagery a subliminal realisation that the war of the sexes, the marital fight with Frieda, is really the old fight against his mother. His mother did 'enclose' him and hold him back in an undue way when he needed to break out, to grow up and find his own way. Because of her imprisoning effect on him, she belongs to the old world, 'the stifling plaster-and-distemper stuff. All this is present in the beginning of his sermon:

Behold a new Gilbert. Once the old skies have shrivelled, useless to try and retain their withered significance. Useless to try and have the old values. They have gone. - So it is with man, gentle reader. There are worlds within worlds within worlds of unknown life and joy inside him. But every time, it needs a sort of cataclysm to get out of the old world into the new. It needs a very painful shedding of the old skin. It needs a fight with the matrix of the old era, a bitter struggle to the death with the old, warm, well-known mother of our days. Fight the old, enclosing mother of our days - fight her to the death - and defeat her - and then we shall burst out into a new heaven and a new earth, delicious. But it won't come out of lovey-doveyness. It will come out of the sheer, pure, consummated fight, where the soul fights blindly for air, for life, a new space. The matrix of the old mother-days and mother-idea is hell beyond hell at last: that which nourished us and our race becomes the intolerable dry prison of our death. Which is the history of man. - And once it has become an intolerable prison, it is no use presuming what is outside. We don't know what is outside - we can never know till we get out. We have therefore got to fight. (1984: 290-91)

On the deepest level the passage reads like an account of the birth trauma. 'Mother' is associated with the known, the warm and secure from which we have to struggle forth. Inevitably, after so impressive an early experience where we had to fight for our life against our inclination, our adolescent struggles appear a repetition. 'Mother' is associated with 'the old life': the pattern becomes engraved. For Lawrence the fight with Frieda is usually a falling back into the pattern of the fight against his mother. He projects his mother on to her, he cannot learn that Frieda is not his mother, that he is not dependent on her, that he is grown up and need not go back

to the intolerable double bind. But here, in the passage as it continues he goes on to something else. Here - because no quarrel about the children preceded his experience of newness - Frieda does not appear as 'mother' to his unconscious. She (and the marital fight) appear here under quite different signs. He fights her not as the known, the security he is desperate to keep and must yet destroy or at least 'control' to save his life, he fights her, or fights with her, as the threatening new, that which he is not-yet-able-to-understand and accept. Frieda appears as that which is outside, that which we cannot know until we get out, the new woman, the German. The passage suggests that the break with Jessie Chambers and Louie Burrows was necessary, because he, Lawrence, needed this fighting through to something new and unknown if he was to become a man and a writer. What he needed he recognised in Frieda.

Master Gilbert could never have known what lay outside his rather dry, restless life-mode. From his Emmies and so on he could never have deduced it. If he had married some really nice woman: for of course, gentle reader, we have decided long ago that none of my heroines are really nice women; then he would never have broken out of the dry integument that enclosed him. He would have withered with the really nice woman inside the enclosure. For the act of birth, dear reader, really is not and cannot be a really nice business. It is a bloody and horrid and gruesome affair. And that is what we must face. - Whatever Master Gilbert had set himself to postulate, as the new world he was seeking, he would never have been able to hit upon this new, profound bliss in a dawning sensual soul. He would not have conceived, as you cannot conceive, gentle reader, that a man should possibly have a sensual soul. A sensual soul! Are not the two words just

contradictory! - Ah no, gentle reader, once your ideal sky has withered and shown you a much vaster universe, a much wider world, a wonderful, unbreathed firmament. When that has happened you will realise that the ideal sky of our day is a horrible low ceiling under which we stifle to death. To you it is the sky, the infinite, the all-beautiful, the ne plus ultra. To Master Gilbert, after his sudden seeing-forth, it was a painted ceiling of the most detestable stifling plaster-and-distemper stuff. To be sure the painted ceiling of the old ideal doesn't fall all in one smash. It first gives a little crack, yielding to pressure. And through that little crack one has one's first glimpse, as Gilbert had his first sudden newness of experience and life-comprehension in Riva. Afterwards one loses the crack, and sits just as tight under the painted ceiling. Even one chants the praise of the ideal, the infinite, the spiritual. But one will come to the crack again, and madly fight to get a further glimpse, madly and frenziedly struggle with the dear old infinite. And thus rip just a little wider gap in it, just a little wider: after tearing oneself considerably. - Do not imagine, ungentle reader, that by just chasing women you will ever get anywhere. Gilbert might have had a thousand Emmies and even a thousand really nice women, and yet never have cracked the womb. It needed the incalculable fight, such as he fought, unconscious and willy-nilly, with his German Johanna: and such as I fight with you, oh gentle but rather cowardly and imbecile reader: for such really I find you. (1984: 291-92)

This passage seems to me to contain the most interesting things Lawrence has said about marriage in general and about his marriage to Frieda in particular. It is a remarkable end to a book which contains as it were his marriage thesis, and I would like to look at how he sums up his thesis here in some detail. He retains the image of birth, or rebirth, but he now faces about, away from the struggle with the enclosing womb and sets his

face toward the freedom into which he is born. This freedom is marriage. Birth becomes birth into marriage. And because birth is 'a bloody, horrid and gruesome affair', marriage is a fight - bloody, horrid and gruesome.

All this applies, however, only to 'true marriage'. True marriage is marriage to someone who is not a nice woman. Lawrence touches here on one of the most profound contradictions underlying marriage both as a psychological and sociological phenomenon. Psychologically, in our patriarchalised unconscious, we are all bound to the law of the father, which is the law of property. Even Lawrence for whom personally his father did not count was no exception to this rule. This law of property extends to spiritual property and embraces everything that is 'known' that can be labelled 'our own', that is in other words controllable. Wives must belong to that category so that property transactions (even spiritual ones) can be controlled. When a son marries 'a foreigner' (a woman who is not nice) he defies the law of the father. It is one of the most speaking gestures in the language of overcoming one's socialisation, of becoming 'a man' (For women, the same gesture makes her not 'a woman' because 'woman' is defined as obedient, but a human being. Frieda married more and more 'foreign' in her quest for humanity). But marrying a foreigner is of course full of danger. Lawrence's image of birth catches exactly the dilemma, but also the necessity that drives the one-to-be-

born.

Sociologically groups of people are faced with the same dilemma, only here, in anthropology, it is called the choice between exogamy and endogamy. On the whole, prehistoric human society decided for exogamy, but when it was a question of holding together valued property (power, privileges) preferred endogamy. But generally speaking marriage was conceived as exogamous when people still lived in isolated groups, without much property, since, if men knew nothing better than to kill one another as enemies, an alternative way, a woman's way of cross-cultural fertilisation had to be found. Culture arises not from purity, from keeping your own, but from mixture and impurity. The foreign woman was dangerous, but she also came with the gift of new knowledge - unknown skills, new ways of doing things and thinking about things, new attitudes to communal and personal life - and hence brought a new freedom.

Here, then, is the necessity for something new, but also the natural disinclination for something new and hence the fight against it: good reasons for the war between the sexes, better in any case than the male/female polarity thesis and the quasi-scientific Heraclitan formula. Lawrence sees the fight typically from the man's point of view, but the reasons he touches on here enable us to see the woman's point of view through them. For the alien woman - the woman who is transplanted into a setting where she is suddenly 'not nice' - the moral judgements



passed on her are untrue and bewildering, and it takes courage and intelligence to stick to her own and so fulfil her mission as bringer of the new. Frieda had this courage and intelligence to an unusual degree, in part no doubt because she had been married once before when she was too young, and had failed. If Lawrence fought her because it was hard for him to abandon 'the old and dead', he also acknowledges that she has to fight for her own, that her very fighting him is her gift to him. He admires her courage and takes her gift.

Mr Noon, though superficially a slight novel, without the human depth of The Rainbow and 'The Daughters of the Vicar', is a most complex statement about transcending socialisation. Lawrence's problems were peculiar. For him, escaping from the all-embracing 'I' and establishing the 'not I', that is his integrity, was vital. His gift for empathy was too intense, and though it is without any doubt a great part of his gift as a novelist, he fears it as linked to his disease and to his past with his mother. Because Lawrence was unusually close to his mother, and socialised by his mother to an unusual extent he is drawn to the man's world with the conventional political and sexual hierarchies. The very prejudices with which society alienates us from ourselves, and which should be transcended tempt him to a more than ordinary degree. How is such a man to transcend his socialisation? He succeeded only imperfectly as a man and a writer.

At the end of Mr Noon, however, he sees a way. The

way is 'true marriage' to a wife who is foreign, that is 'not I'. Of course that could mean that Frieda was just 'foreign' in the sense of being the Jungle Jane, the sensual woman, the instinctive woman to his spiritual man (that is, just what she complained of being taken for and what we still take her for today)<sup>26</sup> - Lawrence often enough falls into the trap of suchlike dichotomies.<sup>27</sup> But not here. Here she is soberly and concretely the foreign woman because she puts him in touch with an alien culture and brings him an alien message that shatters the encrustation of the old. The message is that he is the sensual man, the man with the dawning sensual soul.<sup>28</sup>

The message is not easy to take because it is coded as 'love'. Love leads back to the dreaded state of everything being 'I'. But Frieda brings a foreign sort of love. This love is not the 'confusing and commingling' Lawrence abhorred. It is saved from being a confusing and commingling on the personal level by Frieda's lessons in openness. Openness, dreaded for its threat of self loss, paradoxically teaches you to be yourself. In having the courage to be oneself in the face of another, one both recognises oneself and overcomes repression. This is a first step toward overcoming socialisation. But further, to acknowledge that the other knows you better than yourself and exposing yourself to her or his criticism means learning in concrete terms what is 'not-I'. Only two different, distinct and adult people can be open with one another like that.

On the cultural level too the love Frieda brings belongs to another tradition and is not to be confused with a commingling. The matriotic anti-tradition to which Frieda belongs allies respect for the body and freedom, and asserts the need for women to be self-directed like men. As we have seen, it shows that there are modes of loving more human than those we practice, and that to acquire them is a political act, a protest against modes of loving that make our lives mechanical and not worth living. All the exponents of this tradition over time offer insights into a love that can be practised only by people who are adult and independent as well as alive and feeling to a degree that mainstream culture does not ask for. Lawrence did not take in the details of this German anti-tradition and often falls below its standard.<sup>29</sup> But he inherited its vitality and happy positive spirit, its confident way of cooking a snook at society. His work at its best is permeated by its spirit of respect for the body and the desires of the body, and hence a respect for freedom. These are the values with which he, as one of the most popular writers of the century, transformed English consciousness. He boasted that he would change cultural consciousness for the next thousand years. Frieda's thought adventure and life adventure - the exogamous marriage with Lawrence with which she transcended her own socialisation - had answered. She did become the bringer of the new to a culture and society in need of renewal. That her message is perceived as

offensive and she became in the process 'not a nice woman' was all part of the game. This is why Lawrence can refer so lightheartedly to it in Mr Noon. He can laugh in Mr Noon, in 'Lucky Noon' as he meant to call the book, because their common adventure of cross-cultural marriage had answered so well.<sup>30</sup>

The ending of Mr Noon has, however, implications that go beyond marriage. I said that Mr Noon is an important novel because in it Lawrence shows a reasonable and practical way of overcoming one's socialisation. Mr Noon is in fact a concrete example of what I theoretically suggested in the first part: that the novel is at bottom allied with the process of transcending one's socialisation and can be linked with the sort of utopian wishfulfilment the socialist utopians conjure up: the picture of male and female in paradise. Male and female in paradise means: in a relation that is balanced and equal, with as much difference between them as makes for mutual happiness. Lawrence sums all this up in his figure of true marriage: that when he finds Frieda is the 'not I' he can enter with her the longed-for paradise. But his poetic language suggests a utopia, a wishfulfilment, that goes beyond marriage to the deepest roots of human desire. All anxieties dissolve in Lawrence's 'new world'; and his oldest anxiety is connected with his love for his mother. It seems to me that Lawrence's half-asleep discovery of Frieda's body as the 'not I' is 'multidetermined' in that it is also the surfacing of a suppressed memory of the

small child's experience of its mother's body. The memory is suppressed because of the incest taboo and because it had an unwanted, or fought-against corollary of the mother as 'not-I'. Lawrence's words, like 'the silken fruit-like sweetness of her loins' as a picture convey a baby's touching of the mother's body. A baby snuggling up to its mother feels 'an exquisite appreciation of the warm silky woman, not in mind or breast but deep in [its] limbs or loins', however pretensions and silly Lawrence's diction sounds in this context. And when the woman becomes universal, turns into the earth and makes the earth a home, a change occurs that touches on the old anxiety about home and exile, about the home where you are not allowed to be at home. In the poem I quoted because it recounts the same experience, Lawrence's imagination is mythical and extends the image of the discovery of a 'new world' in Mr Noon. In myth the 'land that beats with a pulse', the 'valleys that draw close in love', the 'strange-mounded breasts and strange sheer slopes and white levels' is 'mother earth'. In other words the child's view of the mother's body and the experience of sex is accommodated in the one apprehension of the earth as mother.<sup>21</sup> This mythical apprehension has quite distinct features of the mother as independent and other. Hence the liberating quality of the image. Through the mythical vision Lawrence can overcome his deepest fear of being not himself: that of identifying with his mother. The 'new profound bliss in a dawning sensual soul' means a

reconciliation of bodily desire with the mother. She loses her threatening aspect and is 'taken back' in her benevolent aspect because in the utopian ambience of the 'new earth' it is effortlessly possible to recognise her as 'not-I', as other.

## Conclusion

The glimpse of utopia in Mr Noon is Lawrence's, not Frieda's. He was sick as she was not and had to do more to put things right. Frieda I must confess, after all the work I have done on her remains a mystery to me. I have tried to show how Lawrence at once takes over and misrepresents what she stood for, at once celebrates her and does her down. If Frieda, however, had such commanding ideas as I have made out, why did she stand for Lawrence's distorting her and them? Perhaps she was not clever enough to see what the very clever Lawrence was up to. Probably her cult of genius, so much part of her sense of her own worth, made her not clever enough. Whatever the cause, I find her in the end not triumphant in love as Green does or negligible as Alvarez does but elusive.

A new heaven and a new earth are, I suggested in the theoretical part of my thesis what the novel has at heart. But the hints of utopia to be found in Mr Noon and 'New Heaven and Earth' are not Lawrence's characteristic note. Lawrence is of course a creature marvellously fluctuating and diverse. Nevertheless, most of his treatment of women in art and in life and the pronouncements and behaviour most likely to be typed as Lawrentian, belong to the dystopian history of sexual relations. And this is the history that has been uncovered in my study of Dickens as well as of Lawrence.

The genius of the novel in my view runs to charity, nowhere more sensitively at issue than in the relation between men and women. And yet the two most obvious geniuses among English novelists take a retrogressive, even grotesquely retrogressive, line with women, both psychologically and socially. They use their status as geniuses to put women in their place, to squash their impulses to individuation and render null their creativity. The best that can be said for their efforts in this direction is that by their very awfulness they exaggerate the awfulness that passes for conventional decency and in doing so enable us to get a critical grip on what our society makes of gender relations and makes women into. In this connection they are good because they have a gift for being deeply bad.

And yet as novelists Lawrence and Dickens belong to the utopian history of the novel. Not of course because they write novels about utopias (except in the distressing case of The Plumed Serpent). Though the good novel should reach out for a new world, no novels about utopias are good novels. This is because a good novel must take in with minute circumstantiality the social and bodily detail of human life. A utopian novel imagining an unrealised society sheers away that dense texture of social and physical implication. In such a vacuum characters can hardly come over as people and such 'charity' as may be shown can only be theoretical. Lawrence and Dickens on the other hand at their best do



work with minute circumstantiality. They both have a penchant for the physical and an affinity with the domestic, and they make the details of this 'woman's world' spring out at us with quite a lively surprise, the surprise of something long familiar we have never noticed. With this talent for surprising us is connected the utopian thrust of the novel. The workmanlike accuracy and patience with the minutiae of everyday life which I have called charitable writing turns the domestic into a subversive picture of society. The 'woman's world' becomes the point where the novel touches the new world. Lawrence and Dickens had as men too a special interest in the woman's world. Lawrence had a real skill in household tasks, Dickens shopped and supervised domestic details. And yet it is here that the contradiction enters. The domestic world was also the place where they had to show mastery. From here as much as from anywhere misogyny enters their work. It is a contradiction I cannot quite resolve in my thesis. I can only suggest that it has to do with creativity, that the woman's world - which is in writing the point where the novel touches the new world - is in reality too the point where life and creativity meet. It becomes a place of challenge and fear for a man, of a deep jealousy, an irresist<sup>i</sup>ble appeal to assert himself competitively.

I said Lawrence and Dickens used their status as geniuses to put women in their place and render null

their creativity. Did they succeed in this with their wives? The subtitles I gave to the parts on Frieda and on Catherine - 'Catherine Confined', 'Frieda Delivered?' - reflect a working hypothesis on this question, formulated during my research. What do I think about them now, in retrospect?

The nature of creativity has been a main concern all through my thesis. As I define it, with the help of magnanimous individualism, creativity has not primarily to do with the belief in oneself and with ambition, as has genius (and as Dickens's and Lawrence's genius had: Lawrence thought a ship he was on would not go down). It has to do with community and is based on sharing. It has to do with the right relation to oneself, but in combination with the right relation to others.

Catherine's life inevitably suggests the word 'confinement'. She was obviously hampered by her many physical confinements, but also by Dickens's treatment of her, his insistence on mastery, first during marriage when he occupied her 'field', then when he banned her and confined her to a doll's house away from the family. But in a way one doesn't expect, Catherine's life was successful. It was successful I think because it expresses, regardless of what actually happened, the magnanimous assumption about the domestic and everyday as a place where equality can be lived through creativity.

Catherine, who was a simple and straightforward woman, must have held this assumption so unquestioningly

that it gave her the strength to rally and make something of her life. Even when Dickens crushed her, her crushedness has something defiant about it. She said she wanted to go, she ate and drank too much and grew fat, and she did this not because she had internalised his jeering and felt guilty but to comfort herself. When he attacked her in public she tried to get justice for herself through the law, tried to defend herself by letting the truth be known. Catherine was not self-alienated. During her banishment she drew strength from her religious faith and the memory of the task she had accomplished. It was a simple fact that could not be gainsaid that she had borne and brought up ten children, run a large household, entertained Dickens's visitors, both those he wanted to see and, by herself, those he wanted to be kept away from him. From the time when she showed sullen obstinacy as a young girl to the time when she was finally furious with Dickens on her deathbed Catherine gives signs that she valued herself.

Catherine's life seems a positive one in the end. Her banishment gave her the freedom to be herself life with Dickens had denied her. Beyond pain and humiliation it helped her to regain her poise and strength. When Dickens died she quietly assumed her position as head of the family, asking her sister and two daughters, who had cut her all these years, to call on her in her doll's house, ignoring her sister's hate campaign (Queen Victoria's telegram, sent to her, the

true widow, not to the virtuous sister in the big Dickens house must have helped). Her sons had drifted back to her during Dickens's life. Her younger daughter turned to her before she died. For all she suffered, there is a sense of fulfilment and rightness about her life.

Frieda did not have an independent objective lifework like Catherine. The offspring she was delivered of - to keep to the birth image of my subtitles - was Lawrence's work. The Lawrences had something much more ambitious in mind for their marriage than the Dickenses. They wanted to produce work that was 'of them both'. Frieda put all her creative energy into Lawrence's writing. It is true that when they met and she gave up her security, her economic basis, social standing, children, she was in a sense delivering herself from a situation she found intolerable, the 'stuffy old show'. But the freedom she chose was to help Lawrence. She would tell enquirers as an old woman: I didn't care so much about myself, all I cared about was that he should come off.

There is of course nothing wrong with doing common work. It can be the best way of employing one's creativity. But the Lawrence's arrangement lacked the basis of truly common work. We do not know for certain what part of the work Frieda did. Any creative work must be done in silence, by oneself at the basic stage. When it is added to the common work, however, it must be distinguished and acknowledged for what it is. The

contribution need not take an orthodox form. Whatever it is, if it is swallowed up by what is 'common' before it has been defined in its singularity the resulting work will not be common work. And if it has been so distinguished between the partners and given its proper value, the work should come out under both names. All the professional writing couples in the history of genuinely common work (a fascinating history that should be explored more fully) wrote either under two names or invented an author's name that represented them both. The Lawrences of course did nothing of the kind. Lawrence was the writer.

Frieda in any case would have thought such an arrangement petty. What mattered to her was the private magnanimous arrangement between them. She was generous and she was grand. She was certain of the value of her contribution. She let the world know that it existed. But it is clear that, however much she insisted on herself, it was in Lawrence's genius she believed not her own. She did not want to play a role in 'the world of men'.

It was her reliance on the secret magnanimous contract which has nothing to do with the world of men, that gave Lawrence his chance to distort her contribution. When Lawrence was dead Frieda wanted very much to do something on her own. There is evidence in her letters how much the projected novel meant to her. But she could never finish it. I believe she never even

found her own suitable form, which may not have run to novel writing. She was a talented painter with a wonderful colour sense but this too came to nothing. I think that Lawrence really did injure Frieda's creativity, much more than Dickens did Catherine's. Catherine was protected through the old fashioned division of labour. Frieda was self-alienated in a way Catherine was not. She explained Lawrence's behaviour to herself in terms of genius embracing 'the lowest' as well as the highest, but this was not a realistic assessment in the long run. Lawrence's 'lowest' usually expressed itself as an attack on women, especially women's creativity. Brett tells us how he could tear a picture Frieda had worked on for days to pieces and stamp on it, just because he felt like it. Frieda accepted this. After all she once burnt a manuscript of Lawrence's philosophy as 'bosh' when no publisher wanted it. But it was not the same. Her criticism of his work was not aimed at his confidence as a writer. They agreed on his genius. Lawrence, on the other hand, did want to destroy Frieda's confidence in her creativity, which was so much more vulnerable than his own because it was so much more unformed. And he succeeded.

I think Frieda was most self-alienated when she dedicated herself after Lawrence's death to promoting his reputation. It is this that makes her essays of the period, most of them about Lawrence's work and their life together so banal and conventional. There was nothing

wrong with working for Lawrence's reputation, but in putting everything into his 'coming off' she settled for something too easy where she herself was concerned. Bettine von Arnim comes to mind here in contrast. When her husband died her main task was to administer his literary estate and bring out the large number of unpublished manuscripts he left. She had no money. She founded her own press, in her Berlin flat, to cut publishing costs and began to write books to finance the venture. She was as loyal a wife to Arnim as Frieda was to Lawrence (And Arnim had shown as little faith in her abilities in his life time as Lawrence had in Frieda's). But in ensuring that his work should not be lost she found a way to free her own creativity and make a name for herself.

Frieda's position was more difficult. The literary estate she administered contained her own contributions, but misrepresented what she stood for. She hesitated to take issue with Lawrence over this (Actually, honesty would not have hurt his reputation or his sales). Nor did she simply produce independent work that would have told its own story and put the distortions right in its own way. I think it was the hesitation over taking issue with Lawrence that led to the paralysis of her creative powers.

But when all is said and done Frieda did not want to be remembered by a body of written work. She 'comes off' because she tried something immensely more

ambitious. She wanted to do something new. All we try to do we can do only partially. She went straight to the creative self. She wanted to live creatively and to help others to do so. She was the living striving she, she transcended socialization, she was not 'housebound' but lived freely in the world and taught Lawrence to live freely. Frieda represents a new way of valuing themselves for women. Her newness is all there in her letters to her friends. It is also there in the subtexts of Lawrence's writing, if we care to excavate it. In that sense her alliance with a novelist was fortunate.



NOTES

Chapter 1

1. George Orwell, 'Charles Dickens', The Collected Essays. Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, ed. Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus, (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970), 1, 491-92.
2. This, paradoxically, is the carelessness of caring, the care not to be too hard on oneself. Both Dickens and Lawrence had it in high degree.
3. TLS, October 9 (1981), 1144 'The House of Being', a review of Martin Heidegger, Gesamtausgabe, (Frankfurt: Klostermann). The German word, 'Sorge', Heidegger uses works even better in these two complementary but opposed ways than 'care': the same word, as a noun, means sorrow and looking after, protecting, nurturing. According to Heidegger, if I understand Steiner right, that which gives one one's existential relation to the world also 'must bring the individual home to the House of Being, of authentic self-realisation and self-harvesting'. We shall see that Gross the psychoanalyst has anticipated Heidegger in this thought.
4. Catherine Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D.H. Lawrence, (London: Chatto & Windus, 1932).
5. Lawrence's 'lack of care' by which he protected the sources of his inventiveness.
6. Quoted from D. H. Lawrence: Novelist (London: Chatto, 1955), p. 19, where Leavis calls the White Peacock 'painfully callow' and says about the Tresspasser that it 'cannot be said to contain any clear promise of a great novelist'.
7. Lawrence was helped in his work by women to an unusual degree. He believed of course that new art can only be made when men and women draw closer together, but he did not always acknowledge how closely a particular woman had been involved in any particular piece of writing. Jessie Chambers helped him substantially at the beginning of his career, Helen Corke and Louie Burrows, to whom he was briefly engaged, co-operated with him, as did a number of other women later. To Frieda he owes more than to anyone else, because of the ideas she brought him and because of the critical acumen she brought to his work. Frieda's contribution to Lawrence's work will

be discussed fully in the last three chapters. For a general account of what Lawrence owes to women see Hilary Simpson, D.H. Lawrence and Feminism (London: Croom Helm, 1982), chapter 7 'A Literary Trespasser'.

8. Phoenix ed., E.D. McDonald (London: Heinemann, 1936), p. 520.
9. See eg. Campanella, Andreae and his pupil Comenius on education. Francis Bacon in New Atlantis was by contrast obscurantist where human relations and religion were concerned. See the discussion of the four utopians in Susan Reid, 'The World of Utopias, all Trees and no Wood?', Scottish J. of Sociol., 4 (1980).
10. It must be remembered that utopian socialism was a fringe tradition within socialism and regarded with much scorn and hostility. It is affectionately referred to in German as 'Sozialismus mit menschlichem Gesicht' (socialism with a human face) in counterdistinction to 'realer Sozialismus'. Marx himself could never make up his mind whether he utterly detested the socialist utopians or allowed them a certain historical role as forerunners. Certainly once scientific socialism had been established by him, he could not allow any further reason for their existence.
11. There is no evidence I know of that the influences I am talking about are anything but indirect. What is remarkable in Lawrence's history is that socialist and radical ideas seem to come to him through women. For a description of the Eastwood - Croydon scene see the Introduction in the Cambridge edition of the Letters, 1, 1901-13, especially p.2.
12. There is no certain sign that ideas have ever changed the course of history. Yet it appears, looked at over time, that the utopians' craziest ideas were also those that became the accepted attitudes of a new age. Utopians were by and large on the side of humanity, of social justice and of the fulfilment of our natures especially our poor downtrodden animal natures. What seemed outrageous to one age became reasonable to another.
13. Robert Southey, 'New Distribution of Property', Quarterly Review, 45 (1831) 443.
14. The Utopian Vision of Charles Fourier: Selected Texts, trans. Jonathan Beecher and Richard Bienvenue (London: Cape, 1972) p.194.
15. He is not without scepticism. For instance he divides 'manias' (a classification term for a subgroup of

amorous passions) into 'natural' and 'artificial manias': 'People who indulge in a mania because they are repressed or seek distraction will not be accorded normal membership in a sect. This is the case with most old men, nine-tenths of whom will wish to join the sects of whippers, flagellants etc. ... These men seek distraction because they are deprived of love. Their mania is not the natural expression of their characters as are the manias ... of young men ... capable of satisfying all their amorous needs. I have known a healthy man of 30 who loved to watch his mistress make love with others despite the fact that he was in love with her and was quite capable of satisfying her. This mania was truly an expression of character'. (1972: 348-9).

16. Sometimes his compassionate insight deserts him, as in his attitude to the Jews. His antisemitism is probably a result of his experience of the mercantile world in which he worked, and which he analysed and condemned, and is in this akin to Marx's antisemitism.
17. Martin Green, The Von Richthofen Sisters (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974).
18. Joseph Dvorak, 'Kokain und Mutterrecht: die Wiederentdeckung von Otto Gross (1877-1920)', Neues Forum, 295/296 (1978) 52-65.
19. Gross took cocaine, like Freud, but unlike Freud became addicted.
20. Green 1974: 49. Quoted from a letter to Frieda by Otto Gross.
21. The words are formed like com-passion, only instead of suffering-with we have rejoicing-with and experiencing- or feeling-with. They are not neologisms but ordinary German words.
22. See Green 1974: 70 for a discussion of Gross's third being, 'the relationship itself'. The phrase and idea come up in Lawrence in all sorts of variations. In 'Morality and the Novel' he writes: 'There is, however, the third thing, which is neither sacrifice nor fight to the death: when each seeks only the true relatedness to the other. Each must be true to himself, herself, his own manhood, her own womanhood, and let the relationship work out of itself. This means courage above all things: and then discipline. Courage to accept the life thrust from within oneself, and from the other person. Discipline not to exceed oneself' (Phoenix 1936: 531)

23. In the 'Notiz Ueber Beziehungen', hastily scribbled and given to a friend before he was arrested and published in Die Aktion, Berlin 1913, he speaks of individuality as 'a psychic warmth that embraces all and sees all connected' (in other words a healthy, positive way of linking up with the world). This individuality results from 'the relationship [Beziehung] as a third thing'. Relationships as they are understood at present, as 'pillars of security' and continuity, deaden the spontaneous psychic responses to the flow and change that is the reality around us. Hence the most vividly experienced response to life today is rejection, disgust, a wish to die. (Dvorak 1978: 62, my trans.). Almost literally the same ideas one can trace in Lawrence's 'Why the novel matters' (Phoenix 1936).
24. See Dvorak 1978: 60 'Ihre biologische Funktion ist die Einfuehlung in die sexuelle Einstellung des andern Geschlechts'. The translation in the text is mine.
25. Curiously enough Gross's work is also connected with Fourier's through his interest in psychological types. He was the first to develop the notion, which Jung took from him and made famous under his own name.
26. See Dvorak 1978: 60 for a more extended exposition of Gross's thought on this subject.
27. According to Green (1974: 53) Frieda was still in correspondence with Gross after she had started living with Lawrence. He believes that she very clearly conveyed Gross's political ideas to Lawrence, and that Lawrence reacted with a mixture of jealousy and paralysis (due to being pulled two ways?) which he chronicled in an extremely interesting passage in Twilight in Italy (1974: 60-61). Later Frieda was very much influenced by Lawrence and may in fact not have kept up with Gross's writings, which would have been difficult in the war in any case. She believed erroneously that he died in the Great War.
28. See Paul Delany, D. H. Lawrences's Nightmare (Hassocks, Sussex: Harvester, 1979) p. 9.
29. Lawrence is excellent on how Christianity, both in its worship of the Virgin, and in its insistence on what he calls a male mode of consciousness, made women into the servants of men. These subtleties are lost in my rough account. Particular perceptive passages occur in Chapter IX, Phoenix, pp. 482 to 491.
30. It is however also only fair to add that with Frieda around, Lawrence had copy of a kind not every writer

has, and that his attitude to women as copy was unashamedly predatory. Paula in the story 'New Eve and Old Adam' (clearly Frieda and Lawrence) complains that he (her husband) was 'a big fountain pen which was always sucking at her blood for ink'. His Eastwood friend Hopkins tells a story of how his wife objected to the young Lawrence's 'putting a woman on his operating table for dissection and then saying in a sneering tone: "There you are. That is a woman, body and soul". He turned round and said: "If I need a woman for my purposes - you included - I shall use you. Why the devil should you or any other woman come between me and the flowering of my genius?"', (Norman Page, ed., D.H. Lawrence: Interviews and Recollections (London: Macmillan, 1981), 1, 44.

31. Otto Weininger, Sex and Character (London: Heinemann, 1906). The polaristic habit in both derives, probably, from Nietzsche. Gross was influenced by Nietzsche's mixture of polaristic and anarchistic thinking, but in each of the three men the dualities in question are fundamentally different, so that the Nietzschean influence is not relevant to our investigation. Lawrence's polaristic thinking is by contrast with the others remarkable for its similarity to mythical thought.
32. Cf. Herrad Schenk's excellent discussion of conservative feminism in Die feministische Herausforderung (Muenchen: Beck, 1980)..
33. See Andro Linklater An Unhusbanded Life: Charlotte Despard, (London: Hutchinson, 1980) especially 160ff: In 1913 Charlotte Despard had written 'In a society where it is commendable cleverness to rob human beings. Where it is a crime to snare a pheasant and a venial offence to assault a child - what can we expect the law to be?'
34. Lawrence's questions: 'And pray, what is the sickness of the body politic? Is it that some men are sex mad or sex degraded and that some, or many employers are money degraded? And if so, will you, by making laws for putting in prison the sex degraded, and putting out of power the money degraded, thereby make whole and clean the state?' (Phoenix 1936: 405) sound like feeble rhetoric when one puts them side by side with a few of the facts and figures unearthed by the League in the law courts at around the time he was asking them:

wife assault/manslaughter (wife dies of fright when being throttled) - longest sentence League could discover - 9 months in prison

- baby battering - usual sentence a fine or 1 month - longest sentence League could discover - 4 months in prison
- theft - woman servant whole stole watch and chain - 3 years penal servitude (see Linklater 1980: 160)
35. Vom Konflikt des Eigenen und Fremden (Berlin, 1916) quoted Dvorak, Neues Forum (1978), 65, my translation.
36. One can imagine that Frieda saw herself in the ideal of a woman who could keep up the conflict and also modelled herself on it. She may even have helped Gross arrive at its formulation. In Frieda, with her different class and upbringing, the 'will not to be raped' did not so much lead to a defensive sexlessness, as in Sue, but to an active, self-willed sexuality. However, this also made her indirectly a 'product [of civilisation] that may well frighten us', since she is presumably the 'aphrodite of the foam'.
37. Even the reference to Shelley belongs to the same train of thought, Cf. Delany 1979: 397 n.47: 'Lawrence's example of the total male is Shelley, on the ground that he is utterly spiritualised and almost bodiless.'
38. Delany amusingly (and plausibly) sees this mythical insistence the other way round: 'Though Lawrence's later chauvinism [after the period that ended with the Rainbow] toward women has rightly been called to account, we should recognise that in his demands for female submission there is something of primitive man's quest for incantations to control the tempest and the flood' (1979: 5).
39. John Stuart Mill, Autobiography, ed. Jack Stillinger (Oxford Open University Press, 1971), p.55.
40. Jessie Chambers, D.H. Lawrence: A Personal Record (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980): p.192.
41. Edmund Wilson, 'The Two Scrooges', The Wound and the Bow (London: Methuen, 1961): p.13.
42. See Henry Mayhew, Mayhew's Characters, ed. Peter Quennel from London Labour and London Poor (London: Spring Books, n.d.), pp.93-97: Her little face, pale and thin with deprivation, was wrinkled where the dimples should have been and she would sigh frequently. 'I go about the streets with water-cresses saying "Four bunches a penny, water-cresses". I am just eight years old - that's all and I've a big

sister and a brother and a sister younger than I am. On and off I've been very near a twelvemonth in the streets. Before that I had to take care of a baby for my aunt.... Before I had the baby I used to help mother, who was in the fur trade; and if there was any slits in the fur, I'd sew them up. My mother learned me to needle-work and to knit when I was about five .... The cresses is so bad now that I haven't been out with them for three days. They're so cold people won't buy them, they say: 'They'll freeze our bellies'. Besides in the market they won't sell a ha'penny handful now - they've ris to a penny and tuppence. In summer there's lots and 'most as cheap as dirt; but I have to be down at Faringdon market between four and five ... We never goes home to breakfast till we've sold out; but if its very late I buys a penn'orth of pudden, which is very nice with gravy. I don't know hardly one of the people as goes to Faringdon to talk to, they never speaks to me .... We children never play down there, 'cos we're thinking of our living.... All my money I earns I puts in a club and draws out to buy clothes with. It's better than spending it in sweet-stuff for them as has a living to earn. Besides it's like a child to care for sugar-sticks, and not like one who's got a living and vittals to earn. I ain't a child and I shan't be a woman till I'm twenty, but I'm past eight, I am.... I know how many pennies goes into a shilling, and two ha'pence goes to a penny, and four fardens goes to a penny. I know too how many fardens goes to tuppence - eight. That's as much as I wants to know for the markets.' Compare Dickens Bleak House, chapter 15: 'There came into the room a very little girl, childish in figure but shrewd and older-looking in the face - pretty-faced too - wearing a womanly sort of bonnet much too large for her, and drying her bare arms on a womanly sort of apron. Her fingers were white and wrinkled with washing, and the soap-suds were yet smoking which she wiped off her arms. ... 'O, here's Charley!' said the boy... 'Is it possible' whispered my guardian 'that this child works for the rest? Look at this! For God's sake look at this!' It was a thing to look at. The three children close together and the third so young and yet with an air of age and steadiness that sat so strangely on the childish figure. 'Charlie, Charlie!' said my guardian 'How old are you?' - 'Over thirteen, sir,' replied the child. 'O! What a great age' said my guardian. 'And do you live alone here with these babies? ... And how do you live, Charley?' 'Since father died I've gone out to work, sir, I'm out washing today.' 'God help you Charley!' said my guardian. 'You're not tall enough to reach the tub.' - 'In pattens I am, sir,' she said quietly. 'I've got a high pair as belonged to mother'. - 'And when did mother die?' - 'Mother died just after

Emma was born. Then father said I was to be as good a mother to her as I could. And so I tried. And so I worked at home, and did cleaning and nursing and washing for a long time before I began to get out. And that's how I know how; don't you see, sir?' - 'And do you often go out?' - 'As often as I can', said Charlie, opening her eyes and smiling, 'because of earning sixpences and shillings!'

43. Jack Lindsay, Charles Dickens (London: Dakers, 1950) p.415, author' italics.
44. In Chapter XVI of Martin Chuzzlewit a 'wiry-faced old damsel, who held strong sentiments touching the right of women, and had diffused the same in lectures' is mentioned.
45. John Kilham, Tennyson and 'The Princess' (London: Athlone Press, 1958).
46. I have always been puzzled why Nell's old friend, the schoolmaster in The Old Curiosity Shop never offers to teach the obviously bright Nell. It evidently never occurred to Dickens; as a little woman she is perfect - perfect in her understanding that she is there to serve men. It is also interesting that the schoolmaster, who teaches in two different places in the course of the story is shown to have no girl pupils. Yet parents did send their girls to school.
47. Dickens's background, thanks to the Morning Chronicle, was not so totally different from Mill's that we cannot compare the two men's attitude. Both reacted against utilitarianism. Here is Mill's account of utopian socialism: 'Their criticism on the common doctrines of liberalism seemed to me full of important truth; and it was partly by their writing that my eyes were opened to the very limited and temporary value of the old political economy, which assumes private property and inheritance as indefeasible facts, and freedom of production and exchange as the dernier mot of social improvement. The scheme gradually unfolded by the St. Simonians, under which the labour and capital of society would be managed for the general account of the community, every individual being required to take a share of labour, either as thinker, teacher, artist or producer, all being classed according to their capacity, and remunerated according to their works, appeared to me a far superior description of socialism to Owen's. Their aim seems to me desirable and rational, however their means might be inefficacious; and though I neither believed in the practicability, nor the beneficial operation of their social machinery, I felt that the proclamation of such an ideal of human society could not but tend to



give a beneficial direction to the efforts of others to bring society, as at present constituted, nearer to some ideal standard. I honoured them most of all for what they have been most cried down for - the boldness and freedom from prejudice with which they treated the subject of family, the most important of any, and needing more fundamental alterations than remain to be made in any other great social institution, but on which scarce any reformer has the courage to touch. In proclaiming the perfect equality of men and women, and an entirely new order of things in regard to their relations with one another, the St. Simonians in common with Owen and Fourier have entitled themselves to the grateful remembrance of future generations' (1971: 100-101).

## Chapter 2, I

1. Ian Watt, The Rise of the Novel (London: Chatto and Windus, 1957), p. 299.
2. In 'Why the novel matters' Lawrence says: 'I am a man alive. For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher and the poet who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog. The novel is the one bright book of life. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble. Which is more than poetry, philosophy, science or any other book tremulation can do.' Phoenix (London: Heinemann, 1936, ), 532.
3. 'The Novel', Phoenix II, ed. Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (New York: Viking, 1970), p. 417.
4. Patricia Stubbs, Women and Fiction: Feminism and the Novel 1880-1920 (London: Methuen, 1981), pp. ix-x.
5. She says about Dickens (1979: 29): 'It is generally recognised that of all the major 19th century novelists Dickens's work was the most scarred by the prevailing sexual ideology and offered the least resistance to it. His fictional women simultaneously borrow from and contribute to the readily available range of feminine stereotypes. More important, the moral structure of his novels often rests on, or is amplified by, carefully contrasted female types: the quietly competent domesticated wife versus the incompetent, negligent or nagging one; the gently affectionate woman versus

the cold and distant. The pure innocent virgin versus the guilty adultress and prostitute.'

6. I do not mean to reduce the complicated conflicts of the age to these two trends, I use 'spirit of the age' here quite deliberately in the reductionist sense that fits the context. My thesis of the two trends is nothing more than a rough background sketch that allows us to see things about the novel which would otherwise be invisible.
7. One example, arbitrarily selected, of the insensitivity of respectable criticism will have to do. In his introduction to the Penguin edition of New Grub Street Bergonzi says that Gissing describes 'with great lucidity the unhappy situation of Alfred Yule, a man of letters married to an ignorant wife who is quite unable to share his interests and aspirations' (1968: 13). It is true that the book is misogynist and that Yule's situation had something in common with Gissing's own. But what Gissing actually describes is the very impressive dignity, though of an unassuming, selfless and timid kind, of a working woman in the face of her husband's exploitative and brutally contemptuous behaviour.
8. For full anthropological reference to these rituals see Susan Reid 'Fondement de la Pensee Kwakiutl', 1973; 'Myth as Metastructure of the Fairytale, 1974; 'The Kwakiutl Man Eater', 1979; 'The World of Utopias: all Trees and no Wood?', 1980; 'Four Kwakiutl Themes on Isolation', 1981; Hierarchy and Equality in Kwakiutl Social Organization, Unpub. ms.
9. In 'Maule's Well, or Henry James and the Relation of Morals to Manners' Yvor Winters makes an observation on James's art which brings together the idea of the 'field' with that of unusually favourable economic conditions (It is interesting to find these traits in James, who amongst novelists is outstanding in avoiding any reference to social conditions). 'For James is definitely not examining the whole of a society; he is examining the mathematical centre of a society - the ethical consciousness of a society - and he is examining nothing more. For the rest, so far as his Americans are concerned, he is employing a fictive convention, the convention of fabulous wealth fabulously acquired and resulting in the freedom of the possessor from necessity, in order to isolate the ethical consciousnesses in question more perfectly than it is to be found isolated in life' (Yvor Winters, In Defence of Reason [Denver: Allan Swallow, 1947], p. 311-12).
10. Freud's description, found in full in Postscript B of Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego, trans.

and ed. James Strachey (New York: Liverwright, 1967) is a comment amazing in its accuracy, on the process by which the novice liberates himself from 'group psychology'. It gives us the clearest possible indication of why we read novels. But Freud took 'the father' in too narrow and literal a sense, and, given the inadequate anthropological information at his time, could not trace the complementary process by which the group overcomes its own 'group psychology'. 'It was then, perhaps, that some individual in the exigency of his longing may have moved to free himself from the group ... He who did this was the first epic poet; and the advance was achieved in his imagination. This poet disguised the truth with lies according to his longing. He invented the heroic myth. The hero was a man who by himself had slain the father - the father who still appeared in the myth as a totemic monster. ... The myth then is the step by which the individual emerges from group psychology. ... The poet who had taken this step and had in this way set himself free from the group in his imagination, is never-theless able ... to find his way back to it in reality.'

11. The connection between the novel and the ritual here is this: that the novel in its utopian dimension, like the ritual, indicates that there is a solution possible to the clash between individual and society. The utopian dimension seems to me present even in novels said to be based on a cosmic pessimism and fatalism. In Hardy's Jude for instance the tragedy is surely generated by the characters' erroneous preconceptions and the blind clinging of society to outlived forms. A better outcome is not intrinsically impossible. Keller also is said not to have correctly identified the forces that destroy his hero in Der Gruene Heinrich, but the novel conveys what these forces are clearly enough. The hero's fate is in every case a criticism of social conditions. Watt has seen this characteristic of the novel; he says a propos of Pamela (where the mode of antagonism is, however, not tragic, since the maid gets the better of the master) 'This use of the conflict between social classes is typical of the novel in general; its literary mode is radically particular, but it achieves a universality of meaning by making its individual actions and characters represent larger social issues' (1957: 156).
12. In the 'Study of Thomas Hardy' Lawrence describes this clash in the clearest possible terms, but in a way that surely implies more reverence for social institutions than Hardy's novels warrant: 'This is the tragedy of Hardy, always the same: the tragedy of those who, more or less pioneers, have died in the wilderness, whither they had escaped for free action,

after having left the walled security, or the comparative imprisonment of the established conventions. . . . This is the tragedy and only this: it is nothing more metaphysical than the division of a man against himself in such a way: first, that he is a member of the community, and must upon his honour, in no way move to disintegrate the community, either in its moral or its practical form; second, that the convention of the community is a prison to his natural individual desire that compels him, whether he feels justified or not, to break the bounds of the community, lands him outside the pale, there to stand alone. . . .' (Phoenix 1936: 411). What the ritual and the novel in its utopian dimension bring together, Lawrence sees here as eternally separated and at war.

13. See Helen Codere on Raven, the culture hero: 'the parts of the Raven myth in which he displays his coarse voracity are received [by the Kwakiutl Indians] with embarrassed laughter of the sort that people of American-Canadian culture would reserve for Raven's sexual exploits.' ('Kwakiutl Society: Rank without Class' in Indians of the North Pacific Coast, ed. Tom McFeat [Toronto: McClelland, 1966], p.156.)
14. The change is chronicled by Philippe Aries, Centuries of Childhood (London: Cape, 1962), Levin Schuecking, The Puritan Family, trans. Buttershaw (London: Routledge, 1969); Lawrence Stone Family, Sex and Marriage in England, 1500-1800 (London: Weidenfeld, 1977). Stone pays little attention to the interconnection between things, domestic work and feeling which interests us here. Schuecking's account, which is based on literary sources is fuller; he is especially interested in married relations and the family and brings out both the growing equality between wives and husbands, daughters and sons and the growing sense of the family as theocracy (see pp. 59ff, 22, 41 and 32-34). He also documents the root of the change in catholicism (see pp. 31-32; 61-62).
15. By the end of the 16th century women had become sufficiently important to form the subjects for biography. Richard Baxter alone wrote accounts of the lives of his stepmother, his mother-in-law, his old housekeeper and his wife. See Schuecking 1969: 40.
16. The complex of feeling that connected introspection with a new awareness of one's fellow creatures and of the creaturely relations that bind one to the humble things of everyday life and the life of the non-human world found its clearest early expression in poetry such as Wordsworth's and Crabbe's. I believe that

the novel is indebted to pieces such as 'The Ruined Cottage' and 'The Leech Gatherer'. Embeddedness makes, in the novel and this poetry, for an egalitarian tendency and is therefore one of the basic ingredients of the novel's utopianism. One could say that in so far as the novel deals with humble and domestic things it has a special angle on power relations and public issues - an angle which a literature dealing with public or lofty things hadn't.

17. Erikson, who is unfortunately the only reference available to me, has it that 'As an aging man, Luther did not hesitate to tell the children and students around his dinner table that after his marriage he used to touch specified parts of his wife's body when he was tempted by the devil, and that the devil lost his greatest battles "right in bed, next to Katie"' (Erik H Erikson, Young Man Luther [London: Faber, 1959], p. 156). For the influence of Luther on English Puritan conceptions of sex and marriage see Schuecking 1969: 22-23.
18. Samuel Richardson, Pamela or Virtue Rewarded (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980), p.478. When Pamela has got married, the following scene takes place. 'Welcome once more my dearest wife', said he, 'a thousand times welcome to the possession of a house that is not more mine than yours.' I threw myself on my knees. 'Permit me, Sir, thus to bless God, and to thank you, for all his mercies, and your goodness. May I so behave as not to be utterly unworthy' (p. 478).
19. The last-mentioned feature, however, presents a difficulty concerning its position on the scale. Many good novels treat the question of whether a woman should be seen functionally or not, but come down on the functional side (that is the moral side). Cf. for instance Dorothea in Middlemarch (including George Eliot's regrets at the end) and Isabella in the Portrait of a Lady. Are they treating women as functional or not? If they are, should not this feature top the list? Treating women functionally is such an essential part of our culture that novelists can hardly escape it. Hence the 'narrowing images' Stubbs accuses the novel of. Yet it seems to me that it is in the novel of all literary forms, with its attention to the minutiae of everyday life, to the particular and the individual, that this tradition is attacked and overthrown. In the case of the two novelists I mentioned I would say that notwithstanding their similar moral attitude Henry James does see women as functional while George Eliot doesn't.

Chapter 2, II

1. A novelist like Lawrence goes further: he shows that the characters are fully alive only at those rare moments when they 'lapse out of themselves' and become a conscious part of that living universe where the tyranny of the individual consciousness insisting on its own importance has ceased. In doing this Lawrence brings 'life' and 'the novel' as closely together as is humanly possible: the almost mystical sense experience he describes parallels the method the writer uses to make the novel a web in which all details are equally important and express each other. Two famous passages will show what I mean. Here is Mrs. Morel, after her husband has locked her out of the house, pregnant, at night. 'She became aware of something about her. With an effort she roused herself to see what it was that penetrated her consciousness. The tall white lilies were reeling in the moonlight and the air was charged with their perfume, as with a presence. Mrs Morel gasped slightly in fear. She touched the big, pallid flowers on their petals, then shivered. They seemed to be stretching in the moonlight. She put her hand into one white bin: the gold scarcely showed on her fingers by moonlight. She bent down to look at the binful of yellow pollen; but it only appeared dusky. Then she drank a deep draft of the scent. It almost made her dizzy. Mrs. Morel leant on the garden gate looking out, and she lost herself awhile. She did not know what she thought. Except for a slight feeling of sickness, and her consciousness in the child, herself melted out like scent in the shiny, pale air. After a time the child, too, melted with her in the mixing-pot of moonlight, and she rested with the hills and lilies and houses, all swum together in a kind of swoon.' (Sons and Lovers [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1948], p. 35).

And here is Gerald Crich in a boat with Gudrun which they balance by sitting in the prow and the stern: 'He was listening to the faint near sounds, the dropping of waterdrops from the oar blades, the slight drumming of the lanterns behind him, as they rubbed against one another, the occasional rustling of Gudrun's full skirt, an alien land noise. His mind was almost submerged, he was almost transfused, lapsed out for the first time of his life into the things about him' (Women in Love, Ch. 14 [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960], p.199).

2. As we know from the 'Study of Thomas Hardy' he clung to a conception of women as static. Partly this was to satisfy his sense of a suitable polarity, partly because he felt that a man needs a woman at the back of him - like a wall.

3. Surely 'woman becoming individual, self-responsible, taking her own initiative' describes a development in him rather than a historical process. No-one could say that Mrs Morel (or the real Mrs. Lawrence) was not self-responsible, or did not take her own initiative in so far as the very heavy constraints on her allow her. Ursula is not more individual than the earlier women, but can express her individuality differently - it is the constraints that have changed.
4. Perhaps 'Janet's Repentance' is the best example. It is interesting in this context that when J. S. Mill introduced his bill to extend the franchise to women, George Eliot could not be moved to support the campaign. She wrote to the woman friend who urged her that 'the very fact that woman seems to me to have the worse share in existence' should be the 'basis for a sublimer resignation in women and a more regenerating tenderness in man' (Haight 1968: 396). But see Grahame Smith on Daniel Deronda, Chapter 8 in The Novel and Society: Defoe to George Eliot (London: Batsford Academic and Educational Ltd., 1984). Here it is not institutions that corrupt. What Smith shows is that by the time Eliot came to writing Deronda she saw British 'society' as corrupt and corrupting, that she is attacking a gentlemanly standard that is shallow, conceited and brutal.
5. In a review of Michael Slater's Dickens and Women in the Sunday Times. 13 Feb. 1983.
6. Charles Dickens, The Mystery of Edwin Drood, Ch. 4 (Oxford: O. U. P., 1956), p. 36.
7. Edmund Wilson, 'The Two Scrooges', The Wound and The Bow (London: Methuen, 1969), p. 91.
8. In the garden scene, discussed below, when Jasper shows Rose his other face openly he says: 'Even when he [Edwin] gave me the picture of your lovely face so carelessly traduced by him, which I feigned to hang always in my sight for his sake, but worshipped in torment for years, I loved you madly' (1956: 219).
9. Jasper confuses the issue by a form of self-exposure: "I have made my confession that my love is mad. It is so mad that had the ties between me and my dear lost boy been one silken thread less strong, I might have swept even him from your side when you favoured him." A film comes over the eyes she raises for an instant, as though he had turned her faint. "Even him", he repeats. "Yes, even him!" (1956: 221). It is genuine doubleness that 'blinds' Rosa in that instant. Jasper is opaque even to himself. He

incidentally strangled Edwin with a sort of silken thread, his black scarf.

10. The concrete symbol for women not being helpless if they get rid of their femininity must have been, as the story was planned, Helena's transvestism. It is probable that by turning herself into a man Helena defeated Jasper.
11. Dickens dramatised his shadow at another time in his work, much earlier. Quilp is a much more vital 'shadow' than Jasper. The question is whether Dickens recognised him and accepted him as his shadow, as he did Jasper. There is interestingly the same distribution of elements as in relation to this, last, portrait of his shadow, but the social criticism is missing. The theme of the story is also death, and again the 'shadow' is connected with the position of women and with violence to women. Quilp is a wife batterer and dreams of being a wife killer. Little Nell, though almost a child, is the independent young woman who has the strength to resist Quilp's 'malign animal magnetism' and who defeats him by a flight under very unconventional circumstances. What makes Edwin Drood more interesting than The Old Curiosity Shop is that Dickens's psychological insight becomes also social insight, that he sees that his own unconscious is also a part of the social system.
12. When in a later scene Rosa Dartle is hinting that Steerforth has a secret, Mrs Steerforth begs her to speak less mysteriously, more in the old open manner. Rosa says in reply, 'Oh, I really will, you know! - I will learn frankness from - let me see - from James' (James, that is Steerforth, is seducing Em'ly at the time). 'You cannot learn frankness, Rosa', said Mrs Steerforth quickly, for there was always some effect of sarcasm in what Rosa Dartle said ... 'in a better school' (David Copperfield, [Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1966], p. 494).
13. Dickens is keen that we should recognise the recurrence of the 'home' imagery, and to stress the parallel, and echo the former 'Steerforth's Home' he gives this chapter (29) the rather long-winded name 'I visit Steerforth at his Home, again'.
14. F.R. and Q.D. Leavis, Dickens the Novelist (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), p. 121.



Chapter 2, III

1. The test Lawrence applies here is, of course, whether the novelist endorses them; but in his essay 'The Novel' (Phoenix II, 1970: 417) he also gets at Anna's and Vronsky's 'fear of society'.
2. He is probably only saying that there are underlying immutable laws. However in calling his 'other ego' ('according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable and passes through allotropic states') the ego who struggles against socialization I am not doing justice to his vision. He visualised an ego darker and deeper than that and more demonic. In this sense he did see the other ego as a sort of essence, and would reject my rationalising definition. But this is only because he is not fully conscious of the difference between his creation of that other ego in the novel, his bodying him forth in art, and a definition. The relation between his conception and my thinner rationalised one becomes clear in my discussion of desocialization practices below. Symbolised, the 'other ego' always takes on demonic features.
3. Lawrence himself realised this. In 'The Novel' he talks of a writer's purpose which is opposed to his 'passional inspiration': 'Greater novels, to my mind, are the books of the Old Testament ... by authors whose purpose was so big it didn't quarrel with their passionate inspiration. The purpose and the inspiration was almost one. Why, in the name of everything bad, the two ever should have got separated is a mystery! But in the modern novel they are hopelessly divorced' (Phoenix II, 1970: 418).
4. Graham Holderness, in his D H Lawrence (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1982) questions this judgement of Leavis.
5. Leavis seems to have been aware of this. In D H Lawrence: Novelist, (Hardmondsworth: Penguin, 1964) for instance he says: 'Lady Chatterley's Lover is a courageous, profoundly sincere, and very deliberate piece of work; if it errs it is not through lack of calculation. The trouble lies in its being in certain ways too deliberate - too deliberate at any rate to be a wholly satisfactory work of art' (1964: 82). In another passage which I cannot trace he comments directly on one of Lawrence's phallic descriptions and says that it contains an 'over insistence' which 'makes one uneasy' (I quote from memory).

6. Michael Slater in his Dickens and Women (London: Dent, 1983), p.269, says about his presentation of Miss Wade: 'Dickens clearly intends us to see Miss Wade as a pathological case, a 'self tormentor'. ... But as so often with him, there seems to be a secret bond of sympathy between his imagination and the creature he is ostensibly encouraging us to view with hatred, fear and repulsion'. Actually Dickens is not playing a game with us as Slater implies. He really finds repulsive what he really sympathises with.
7. There are two corollaries to this explanation which are interesting in the context of the relation between writer and reader. One is that we cannot see Rosa because in some essential way Dickens cannot see her. The other is that artistic creation is not so separate from life as we think. There is something in Dickens which prevents him in life from seeing a young woman he loves as a centre of consciousness in her own right. And this something prevents him in art from embodying her as such a centre, though he can describe her as one.
8. The conversation gains its full force by hindsight, in the light of Steerforth's seduction of Little Em'ly and the suffering he brings on 'that sort of people'.
9. Q.D. Leavis sees it as Dickens writing on two different levels. Significantly she makes this general remark about his writing also in the specific context of David Copperfield where Dickens's impulse to be double was strong because of the strong autobiographical element. See 'Dickens and Tolstoy: the case for a serious view of David Copperfield IV' in F.R. Leavis and Q.D. Leavis, Dickens the Novelist (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970), especially pp. 114 and 117.
10. In life Dickens played two different games of the same sort. As his art, at least at its core, became more and more revolutionary his utterances on public issues became more and more conservative. The other game has been described by Edmund Wilson in 'The Two Scrooges': 'At Leeds, whether to intensify the effect or to avert the possible objections of the audience, he hired a man to rise from the stalls and protest in the middle of the murder scene [Sykes murdering Nancy] against daring to read such a thing before ladies - with the result that the people hissed him and put him out' (1961: 86-7).
11. One also thinks of the penny theatre in Dickens's time.

12. Some studies of social dissent are an exception. A study of British communes, made by Abrams and McCulloch in the 60's is excellent.
13. Duty, responsibility and self-discipline may be represented as part of transcending one's socialization. The question is complicated and should be explored by someone through a study of the novels of Henry James. There is also the question of the 'bad' novelists who cash in on the opposition to duty, responsibility and self-discipline with fictions of violence, sadism and pornography. Can one say that they are simply the other side - the underside so to speak - of the drive for control through socialization? However this may be, the perennial attraction they exert must surely come from their relation to the whole question of desocialization and transcending one's socialization.
14. It is my impression as an anthropologist, that the societies that have rituals of desocialization and initiation rites that build up an independent personality have a better record for surviving culturally under difficult contact conditions than societies that don't have such ritual (Other variables must of course be taken into account). I believe this to be due to the conception of personality as flexible - it allows for adaptation without giving up essentials.
15. Here the 'novel' is conveyed to others, tantalizingly, only by the sparsest of signs: a twig, a little stone, a feather. A collection of these, tokens from the animal friend, become the medicine bundle in which a person's power, as an adult, concretely resides. Otherwise the person will give signs of his power in situations of stress through a dance or song. Only when desocialization becomes a social institution, in more highly articulated sedentary societies, does showing through symbolization become the important aspect.
16. See Susan Reid 'Four Kwakiutl Themes on Isolation', The World is as Sharp as a Knife: An Anthology in Honor of Wilson Duff, ed. Donald N. Abbot (Victoria: British Columbia Provincial Museum', 1981.
17. The Dutch anthropologist Baal has described these for certain New Guinea groups. He mentions the personal dignity they bestow on members, and also the powers of surviving under difficult contact conditions they bestow on the whole group.
18. See Reid, n. d. Hierarchy and Equality in Kwakiutl Social Organization.

19. One might object that Freud could do little about the society into which he dismissed the patient. But his system is one of theory and practice, and the theory significantly influences the practice. To put it a bit fancifully: he could have assumed (as they do in the traditional societies which celebrate puberty rituals, spirit quests etc.) that the desocialized person (his 'new initiate') is 'the new society'. Instead he assumed that now he would be better adapted to the old society.
20. Gross told Freud that the frontiers of psychoanalysis had to be pushed forward to include an analysis of culture. Freud repudiated the suggestion with an 'after all, we are doctors'. The clash seems to have come into the open at the psychoanalytical congress in Salzburg in 1908. Gross claims that he took his stand on ideas that came, in fact, from Frieda Weekly. Freud resisted the suggestion till long after Gross's death, but Civilization and its Discontents (1930) shows that it had sunk in. (For the controversy see Dvorak in Neues Forum 1978: 56).
21. See for instance Alice Miller's otherwise excellent Das Drama des begabten Kindes und die Suche nach dem wahren Selbst (Frankfurt: Suhrkamp, 1979).
22. The difficulty over the mother as socialiser is not modern. In so far as the need to transcend one's socialization is part of human society itself, this need takes also, in all societies, the most convenient way: the mother symbolises that which has to be transcended and becomes an object of hatred (One must remember that what makes transcending so painful is basically the wish to stay with mother). This hatred of the mother which we can trace back through human history with the help of the myths is one strand in what made for the bad position of women. The novel into whose making go so many phylogenetic and ontogenetic elements is unfortunately a strong carrier of this tradition.
23. Freud's short piece on Dostoyevsky is interesting in this context. The key to Dostoyevsky's writing is according to Freud his relation to authority: the Tzar, God (or Jesus), panslavism are identifiable authority figures, and he is driven to exalt all authority and abase himself before it. This Freud connects with his earlier revolutionary 'transcending his socialization', the brutal check it suffered by the death sentence and the revelation of the mercy of those in power, of 'authority', when the sentence was commuted at the last moment.

24. Some writers with a strong utopian consciousness become impatient with the intangible quality of these two levels. Dickens broke through it by establishing an intense personal relation with his public through his readings (his insistence on the murder scene in Oliver Twist is surely significant here) and Lawrence hankered all his life for political action and the establishment of an actual new society - his Ranamin.
25. Only in my particular utopian view of the novel. The present fashion for transformational criticism is of course a moving away from the study of the text to the study of the relation between texts. The stress is on the significance of variant forms; in deconstructionism it is on the author's effort to create variants by the psychological stances of aggression and defensiveness vis-a-vis a predecessor.
26. I should perhaps say that good novels begin to deal with the problem of socialization and transcending socialization - it is this topic that gives the maturing novel its vitality and robustness. But good novelists come down as often as not on the side of society against transcending socialization. Both Jane Austen and Henry James are intensely concerned with the problem and it is in the end not any technical mastery but this concern that makes them perennially fascinating. But they both come down on the side of socialization, James waveringly and obscurely (though sometimes with great éclat, as in The Awkward Age), Austen with something like venom: 'She thinks herself wrong, then, for having consented to a private engagement?' 'Wrong! - No one, I believe can blame her more than she is disposed to blame herself. "The consequences", said she, "have been a state of perpetual suffering to me; and so it ought. But after all the punishment that misconduct can bring, it is still not less misconduct. Pain is no expiation. I never can be blameless. I have been acting contrary to all my sense of right, and the fortunate turn that everything has taken, and the kindness I am now receiving, is what my conscience tells me ought not to be. Do not imagine, Madam," she continued, "that I was taught wrong. Do not let any reflection fall on the principles or the care of the friends who brought me up. The error has been all my own; and I do assure you that with all the excuses that present circumstances may appear to give, I shall yet dread making the story known to Colonel Campbell.'" (Emma ed. R.W. Chapman [London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1933], p. 419). This is an example of savage socialization, and Jane Austen doesn't distance herself from it. Jane Fairfax's crime was

'keeping an affection secret' and writing to a young man she was not officially engaged to. Even if one takes it as a crime against Jane Austen's favourite virtue, candour (believing well of people), one cannot but suspect that the 'principles', and the 'care' with which they were instilled, have something to do with the marriage market in a highly stratified society. In that case, one notes with some satisfaction, Jane Fairfax has managed to circumvent them.

27. That love in marriage makes husband and wife equal was Defoe's own (Puritan) position on marriage. It is therefore remarkable that he gives Roxana (of whom he doesn't approve, and whose downfall is a punishment) an argument that is, by the standards of experience and logic, unanswerable.
28. This is the logic of his novel; his moral judgement, of course, is that she is undone by her former wickedness.
29. F. R. Leavis, The Great Tradition: 'Daniel Deronda and The Portrait of a Lady' (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1962) p. 97-146).
30. But see Grahame Smith's chapter on Daniel Deronda in The Novel and Society as a correction of my view. Smith shows how critical of English society Eliot is, and how Gwendolen's ambition aligns her with Grandcourt, against someone like Klesmer. He says: 'Klesmer's real differences from the English upper classes are more than sartorial. He is a man of great talent, perhaps even of genius, but the emphasis falls constantly on how his gifts are controlled and shaped by work. And absence of work, of a sense of vocation, is inseparable from Gwendolen and Grandcourt's inner emptiness' (1984: 199).
31. Henry James, The Portrait of a Lady (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1963) pp. x-xi.
32. It is what might be called a contemplative subject and has, in itself, little to do with class or any other power structure, i.e. the sort of subject the novel by its inherent technical possibilities invites the author to engage with. Yet the great novelists who have written about a 'giver' have always combined the subject with social criticism as Hardy does in Tess. The most famous example is Flaubert's 'A Simple Heart'.
33. For a discussion of the genesis of the story see The Prussian Officer and Other Stories, ed. John

Worthen, (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1983) pp. xl-xli.

34. For Leavis's discussion of this theme in Lawrence see D. H. Lawrence: Novelist (1964: 92) where he quotes from 'A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover'. Leavis does not make the link with society that interests us here, but he does realise the importance Lawrence gives in the story to socialization.
35. D. H. Lawrence, 'The Daughters of the Vicar', The Prussian Officer and Other Stories, ed. John Worthen (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1983), p. 41.
36. The parallel is not exact; Isabel is attracted to Osmond at the time of their marriage and only performs her moral somersault later. But generally speaking the 'fineness' of a Jamesian heroine lies in her skill at transcending transcending socialization.
37. D. H. Lawrence, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious (New York: Viking Press, 1960), p. 105.

### Chapter 3

1. F. R. Leavis, The Critic as Anti-Philosopher (London: Chatto, 1982), pp. 192-3.
2. Leavis seems, for instance, to have no understanding of the position of women, or of the women's movement, either in its historical or its present day form. In his later books, such as Thought, Words, and Creativity: Art and Thought in Lawrence (London: Chatto, 1976) we find remarks like: 'the ubiquity of egalitarianism as the modern 'religion' means that few people are disturbed at the supreme anti-human triumph of the technologico-Benthamite spirit: the proclaimed (and enforcible) 'equality' of women and men; whereas difference is the essential fact, and it is not a matter of inequality or underprivilege' (1976: 142) or, 'Even the absorption of women on a large scale into industry and affairs that is so grave a menace to humanitas will have to go on' (1976: 13).
3. For an interesting example see Lorna Sage's account of the relations between Meredith's first wife, Mary Ellen, and the Diana of Diana of the Crossways, in her introduction to that novel (London: Virago,

1980). Meredith behaved with absurd venom and vengefulness to his wife, but he analysed his behaviour devastatingly in his books.

4. George Eliot, Middlemarch (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1947), p. 225.
5. The kind of 'double writing' we find in Dickens is probably the result of this clash. Dickens is, for instance, deeply interested in Miss Wade. But he never says that no human being can sustain so contradictory a role as is forced on Miss Wade without becoming either corrupt or rebelling against it. In fact he condemns Miss Wade for breaking her engagement and shows her as perverse. But he understands her perfectly, and underlines that he understands her by pairing her with Tattycoram who is in precisely the same position. In writing about the two women Dickens listens to his experience: we can sense the susceptibility to shades of social behaviour that has entered into their conception, the pride and the defeat of pride in the face of a monumental and, really, unbreachable class-edifice, the bafflement and the rage turned against oneself. But Dickens does not have the courage to say what listening to his experience tells him.
6. T. S. Eliot, The Sacred Wood (London: Methuen, 1960), p. 154.
7. This cross current blurs the 'exact statement', but the blurring seems to be something we, as readers, welcome. It saves us from confrontation with what Eliot, in the same essay on Blake, calls the 'unpleasantness' of truly good writing.
8. This sparkle of malice is surely also what makes George Eliot's characterization fun, though her tone is quite different from Lawrence's. I notice it particularly in her treatment of the young Dorothea, where her tone is supposed to be so straight because of an overidentification.
9. F. R. Leavis, and Q. D. Leavis, Dickens the Novelist (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970), pp. 84-85.
10. The reason for this may be simply that writing and 'life' go badly together, and life will interrupt and disperse inspiration. Leavis goes on to say about Dombey: 'We see the disadvantages in Dombey in Dickens's failure to maintain, and his offences against ... the strength of the opening. The spectacle of the great writer at his greatest disturbing, and then deserting, the creative drive for the sake of an uninspired and unnecessary Christmas production may well strike us as ominous.



And actually, when he does, having incurred fatigue to the point of illness, take up Dombey again, calculations and inspirations that do not belong with the opening strength turn out to have established their claim to a major part in the development' (1970: 36).

11. Charles Dickens, Dombey and Son (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970), p. 210.
12. Both Leavis and Raymond Williams (in his introduction to the Penguin edition of Dombey [1970] name pride as the theme of the book. Leavis says: 'But Dickens's rendering of Paul's fate and the cruel irony of the father's pride mustn't be dismissed.... Nowhere is the poet-novelist's genius more apparent than there. The irony of the child's immolation is the irony of the father's pride, a pride that, of its nature, destroys life in painfully thwarting itself. And that pride (money pride) is the theme so potently realised by Dickens in the strong half of the book, Dombey himself being the victim of the society that formed him and of which he is the honoured representative' (1970:36). Pride, in the sense of money and class pride, is of course how the patrilineal theme expresses itself. People are not conscious of their institutions (they are so 'natural' that they don't see them), but they nurture the feelings derived from them. Dickens himself sees 'society' in the large way Leavis does here. He always chooses an institution to embody the social force that shapes people. Here patriliney is the villain.
13. Patriliney is in fact one among many differently institutionalised expressions of that rule. In both patriarchy and the patrilineal system women and children are lumped together into a group of minors (with the proviso that male children can grow out of it). The abuses of the educational system and the frosty family tone, which in the end kill Paul, are an expression of this institution. We can see that Dickens has chosen a theme of the greatest importance to the novel with its concern with children and their rights to be seen as 'centres of consciousness'. Paul's consciousness and the dead weight of the education that crushes it come alive memorably later in the book. But what makes Dickens's choice particularly important for the novel is the fact that the same system crushes women too - and this is brought out clearly in the opening scene.
14. Actually Mr Dombey hates Florence, his daughter. But then she had not yet reached the age in which a daughter becomes precious as an exchange object

(bringing the father the right sort of son-in-law). That she never becomes it for Dombey is one of the ironies of the plot which brings out the patrilineal theme.

15. They are the people to whom 'the steam engine was as good as a godfather'. At the time of the scene I am discussing they are poor enough for the mother to go out as wet nurse while her sister looks after the children, but they are not threatened by destitution. They want to improve their circumstances; and in the course of the book they become prosperous.
16. Leavis is good at how self-defeating Dombey's class pride is (Dombey's 'conditions' certainly contribute to Paul's early death because they lead to the dismissal of Polly Toodle, so that he is deprived of a mother a second time): 'We see his pride as in essence a stultifying self-contradiction; his egotism in its inhumanity as inimical to life and inevitably self-defeating. The profundity of the effect of Dickens's treatment of the theme depends upon the force and adequacy with which he makes present to us the opposite of the pride and the egotism - that which they outrage and frustrate and blight. The focus of the representation of 'life' as the positive invoked in the irony is of course Polly Toodle the wet-nurse' (1970: 26). But 'that which they outrage and frustrate and blight' is first of all, it is quite clear, Dombey's wife Fanny. It is Mrs Dombey who stands for 'life' though she is dying. It is important to realise this because it shows Dickens's design (which later got blurred): that Dombey's pride is a pride that lives on contempt for women (not just the class hierarchy, the sex hierarchy is at issue), and that the patrilineal system is the respectable excuse for that pride. Talk about 'life' and 'society' really blur the facts as the novel puts them. Dickens uses patriliney to show up the sex hierarchy and the age hierarchy. Of course Polly is a 'life' figure: but, immediately, she is a woman and as such can ensure the continuation of the patriline. To be indebted to a woman raises all the disdain of Mr Dombey's pride.
17. Dickens uses the oblique method in a wider but related sense throughout the beginning of the book. Directly he makes a comedy out of the brutal insensitivity of Dombey. Obliquely he shows that Dombey acts as he does because he has internalised the patrilineal system to such a degree that he cannot see anything else.

18. D. H. Lawrence, The Mortal Coil and Other Stories, ed. Keith Sagar (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1971), p. 210.
19. The parallel is not exact: Lawrence never drew on his social position in the world for his support. But the sudden withdrawal of his mother's support, (he seems to have felt her death as such) made him 'mindless and distant' and drift toward death, like Friedeburg, as the end of Sons and Lovers shows.
20. D. H. Lawrence, Phoenix II. Uncollected. Unpublished and Other Prose Works, ed. Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (New York: Viking, 1970), pp. 422-3.
21. We do not expect Lawrence to mention birth control. But in the face of the great gap in class that exists here, we can expect that he makes us feel he is conscious of the problem.
22. The point of general interest here is that particular historical and cultural-political circumstances have an influence on charitable writing. The interest of Lawrence's case lies in the fact that we are still near his period, still engaged in sifting, analysing and rejecting its and his ideas. The standard of charitable writing seems to me to give us an objective vantage point from which to do this.
23. See Martin Green 1974: 56-59.
24. Paul Delany in D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare, (Hassocks, Sussex: Harvester, 1979), p. 369, gives an account of the genesis, changes and evolution of Lawrence's ideas in the four year period of the Great War. Here is an instance: 'Lawrence's eulogy of the Dark Ages was a step beyond such totally misanthropic visions as Birkin's fantasy of the extirpation of mankind. Still, this shift had its darker side in the emergence of a new ruling idea: that the chaos and degradation of the general run of mankind could only be transcended if they would submit themselves to a ruthless and inscrutable leader'.
25. D. H. Lawrence, The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950).
26. There is, however, a symbolism in the story that is associated with the underlying assumption and forms a sort of subterranean bridge between the two parts: eye and ear, seeing and hearing symbolism. Both in the husband and in the Indians the eyes and the power of looking at someone are stressed (Absurd as it may sound, this is 'patriarchal symbolism'.

Freud states that one cannot look 'the father' in the eye). By contrast the woman becomes in her isolation a 'listening animal' - she is in the end 'all ear'. The ear is a receptive organ, a 'cave'.

27. 'It ['The Woman Who Rode Away'] is pure Lawrence, but it stands alone; there is nothing else like it among the tales. By a marvellous triumph of incantation - incantation that proceeds [sic] in something that The Plumed Serpent failed in - it imagines the old Pagan Mexican religion as something real and living.' (1955: 329-30).
28. He is referring to what became later The Rainbow.
29. D. H. Lawrence, Aaron's Rod (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950), p. 285.
30. Kate Millet, Sexual Politics (London: Virago, 1977), p. 287.
31. This last paragraph and sentence surely deserves attention. They come directly after the description of what is in the old Indian's mind: that in a moment he will kill the woman and so gain power. When Lawrence says: 'The mastery that man must hold and that passes from race to race' he speaks however not in the Indian's but the narrator's - his own - voice. One cannot but feel that Lawrence is identifying with the Indian and that he uses a noble sentiment about race relations to cover up what he is saying about sex relations.
32. Delany in D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare has chronicled this process in relation to Lawrence. The Rainbow, for instance, published in September 1915 and suppressed in November, produced a furore that had something to do with Lawrence's treatment of women - for instance the scene where Anna dances naked to herself before she has her child - and something to do with patriotism and the war. James Douglas, reviewing for The Star wrote: There is no doubt that a book of this kind has no right to exist. These people are not human beings. They are creatures who are lower than the lowest animals in the Zoo... Genius is a trust, a sacred trust. The artist is not his own law-giver... Art is a public thing. It is a dweller in the clean houses and swept streets of life' (My emphasis). Delany comments on the paradox that, as the war became 'more savage and irrational journalists like Douglas became all the more vigilant in defence of civilized morality and the dignity of man - but also more insistent that the war should be carried on to the bitter end'. In the same review Douglas said: 'He [Lawrence] must discover or rediscover ... that man

is a moral being with a conscience and an aim, with responsibility to himself and to others.... The young men who are dying for liberty are moral beings. They are the living repudiation of such impious denials of life as The Rainbow. The life they lay down is a lofty thing. It is not the thing that creeps and crawls in this novel'. (1979: 156-57).

33. Herrad Schenk in Die Feministische Herausforderung: 150 Jahre Frauenbewegung in Deutschland (Muenchen: C.H. Beck, 1980) has an excellent discussion of how the conservative elements became dominant in the German movement and what results this had for the first wave of the women's movement as a whole. Sheila Rowbotham in Hidden from History (London: Pluto Press, 1973) says in Chapter 23, 'Feminism and Socialism after World War I': 'Out of the confusion they emerged reasonable and liberal, but confining feminism to a series of isolated goals. Feminism meant more reforms, more welfare, equal pay. It did not mean any longer a rejection of a man-made way of living and a man-made way of seeing. It was no longer in opposition to the structure and culture of capitalist male-dominated society' (p. 162). Both writers also document how the war made the independence of women take a great leap forward - they were integrated into the labour force to an unprecedented degree - but how, weakened by the effects of nationalist propaganda they failed to use their advantage consciously. This interplay of historically deterministic forces with the conscious, revolutionary forces, makes the movement into the locus of one of the most painful and urgent conflicts of the time. In fact the women were shamefully manipulated by nationalistic propaganda. There is a film - 'Rosie the Welder' - that chronicles the same manipulation in and after the last war for the States.
34. This looking for remedies makes it appear as if Lawrence was still as much in touch with the conflicts of his society as before. That he avoids a really honest confrontation is clear from the fact that he is now increasingly on the side of popular prejudice (though to himself the message sounded revolutionary). He goes on caring but in a curiously inverted way, vengefully instead of optimistically. (See also note 35 on this subject.)
35. It finds its way already into Women in Love, but, as it were, experimentally. Hilary Simpson, in D.H. Lawrence and Feminism (London: Croom Helm, 1982), p. 65 says: 'Even in, say, Women in Love (written largely during the war) the notion of male supremacy is only one of a whole range of controversial

subjects discussed, often in a spirit of intellectual play, by the central characters'. But Phillipa Tristram in her excellent 'Eros and Death', Lawrence and Women, ed. Anne Smith (London: Vision Press, 1978), p. 146, sees a more significant overall pattern emerging in Women in Love: 'The malaise of a civilization is continuous with the malaise of a relationship or, as Lawrence was later to think, of an individual. But in Women in Love the battle between Eros and Death is polarised into male and female. Men possess the instinct for life; women the instinct for destruction'. If she is right, it would not surprise one if 'insubordination' and 'submission' were central notions here already. Simpson shows amusingly how much more 'in accord with his time' Lawrence was once he professed such notions. Novels like Maud Hull's The Sheik seem to be written to Lawrence's recipe, only so badly that they sound like a parody (1982: 123 ff). Even Rowbotham connects Lawrence with this long forgotten literature: 'they [feminists] after the war had no political weapons with which they could counter The Gifts of Sheba, or even those passionate natural women whom Lawrence moulded out of his fears of feminism' (1973: 163). All the same, I do not mean to say that Lawrence's closing himself against Frieda was absolute, or that he never wrote a good thing again: we need only look at the lovely, prancing 'The Virgin and the Gipsy'.

36. 'Transcending socialization' presents exactly the same double picture as utopianism. 'Counterfeited', it means not overcoming prejudice in oneself, but letting resentment take over and becoming simply negative and destructive. Young people 'overcoming their socialization' often form gangs that are, ironically, hierarchical and authoritarian. The line between this sort of revolt and a genuine struggle to overcome socialization is often very fine and hard to draw, as the rituals of traditional people (instituted to facilitate the struggle) vividly show.

#### Chapter 4

1. C. B. MacPherson, The Political Theory of Possessive Individualism Hobbes to Locke (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1962).
2. Philippe Aries, Centuries of Childhood (London: Jonathan Cape, 1962).

3. Aries gives a chronological historical account of this decline. In the 10th century husband and wife still managed their own property, buying and selling separately (1962: 354). Joint ownership of goods developed in the 11th and 12th centuries. This was seen as an advance, as it strengthened the family against the other families. In the 13th century came the change to inheritance by primogeniture (Aries doesn't state whether general or male) but says the following about it: 'The father maintained and even increased the authority which had been given in the 11th and 12th centuries by the need to maintain the undivided estate. We know too that from the end of the Middle Ages the power of the wife steadily diminished... The substitution of the law of primogeniture for joint ownership and joint estate of husband and wife can be seen as a sign of recognition of the importance both of paternal authority and of the place assumed in everyday life by the group of the father and children (1962: 355).
4. For a comparison with modern working conditions for women see Andrea Dworkin 'Sexual Economics, The Terrible Truth' Letters from a War Zone: Writings 1976-1987, (London: Secker and Warburg, 1988).
5. I am using MacPherson's analysis of English 17th century thought for references to this question, but for a more far reaching analysis that has women as its focus see Susan Moller Okin, Women in Western Political Thought (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1979).
6. For the influence of women in these subgroups see Barbara Taylor, Eve and the New Jerusalem, (London: Virago, 1983).
7. The market dictum that equality of worth cannot exist without material equality is valid. But to assume a direct relation, as Engels does in The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State is erroneous. There has to be an advance on the ideological level in what people can imagine for a concept like equal worth to take hold. In other words men must learn to imagine that women could actually be equal in worth.
8. I have described this different type of individualism in my anthropological discussions of Part I, without naming it and concentrating on individualism. Here it is the social structuring it causes that stands in the foreground.
9. For a more extended discussion see section on reciprocity at end of this chapter; for an

application, the biographical chapters on Catherine Dickens.

10. From this point of view the potlatch is a distortion of the original notion of the gift; potlatching is competitive and belongs to the hierarchical ideology of the summer. See Reid, *Hierarchy and Equality in Kwakiutl Social Organisation*, unpublished ms.
11. The society of the winter dance reminds one of the 'music of the spheres' produced by the stars balancing one another; see Reid, *Hierarchy and Equality in Kwakiutl Social Organisation*, 'The Winter', unpublished ms.
12. Popularly the two are of course compared in a patronising way, as people who have 'more intuition' than others.
13. See Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious (New York: Viking, 1960) pp, 37-8.
14. Arnold Bennett, Our Women: Chapters on the Sex Discord (London: Cassell & Co., 1920), pp. 101-2).
15. The Letters of Charles Dickens, Pilgrim Edition, Vol. 1, 1820-1839, ed. Madeline House and Graham Storey et al, (Oxford: Clarendon, 1965), xxi-xxii.
16. Both statements are slightly inaccurate. Catherine Dickens went through ten live births and four miscarriages in little more than fifteen years.
17. Translated as Otto Weininger, Sex and Character, (London: Heinemann, 1906). The translation is vague and lacks the bite of the original. Wherever Weininger becomes complex and is not immediately clear it omits the passage.
18. The originator of the theory was Fliess, but Freud had unwittingly given it to Weininger during his brief analysis as his own. This led to the break with Fliess.
19. Weininger may have got this theory too from Freud. But Freud is not only interesting but eminently sensible about the question of the relationship between sexual consciousness and intellectual development in women. 'Their upbringing forbids their concerning themselves intellectually with sexual problems ... and frightens them by condemning such curiosity as unwomanly and a sign of sinful disposition. In this was they are scared away from any form of thinking, and knowledge loses its value



for them... I do not believe that women's 'physiological feeble mindedness' is to be explained by a biological opposition between intellectual work and sexual activity ... I think that the undoubted intellectual inferiority of so many women can rather be traced back to the inhibition of thought necessitated by sexual suppression' 'Civilized Sexual Morality and Modern Nervous Illness' Jensen's 'Gradiva' and Other Works: Complete Psychological Works. Ed. James Strachey et al. Vol. 9. (London: Hogarth, 1959).

20. Dickens had a way of punishing women who had disappointed him by showing them as arrested at the henid state. The two obvious examples are his mother, whom he made into Mrs. Nickleby, and Maria Beadnell, whom he made into Flora in Little Dorrit. Both typically only touch on ideas and instead of developing them, give a picture of all the neighbouring notions with which the original idea is associated. This has been greeted as a brilliant picture of the web from which ideas spring. But no ideas spring from it; it remains in fact the amorphous mass Weininger describes, in which everything sticks to everything else, and Dickens's purpose is to make Weininger's point, namely that this is how women's minds work.
21. Weininger's language, at least in the original German, is a mirror of phallic consciousness.
22. See S. M. Gilbert and S. Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1979), for this argument.
23. Weininger is not conscious of the association. He is so antisex that he thinks he dislikes the phallus. He describes it however as an instrument to punish women, as certain primitive tribesmen do more explicitly and consciously.
24. Weininger debates at length whether women are animals. Wiser people than himself have proved it: if you ask a Chinese father how many children he has he will give the number of boys; if he has only girls he will tell you he is childless.
25. Mary Ann Evans and George Lewes are the most famous exception to this rule. Here was a partnership where the wife was the genius and the push that made her a genius came from her husband. George Lewes was not negligible in his own right, and the two, far from hampering one another with one-upmanship, helped one another. George Eliot was in a peculiar position where community is concerned. She was cut off from women's society but not from a male peer

group, because of the morals of the day. Fortunately her mind was richly stocked with human experience of every sort by the time she became a novelist.

26. David Craig introduction to Charles Dickens, Hard Times (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1969), p.9; F. R. Leavis and Q. D. Leavis, Dickens the Novelist (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1970), p.99.
27. Norman MacKenzie and Jeanne MacKenzie, Dickens: A Life (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1979), p.246.
28. Una Pope-Hennessy, Charles Dickens, 1812-1870 (London: Chatto and Windus, 1945), p.56.
29. In the Pilgrim Edition of Dickens's letters it is the second letter. The first one is, however, only a formal little note, written perhaps just before the engagement.
30. It is interesting to compare this letter to Catherine with the first extant letter to Maria Beadnell, written exactly two years before, in May 1833. The beginnings of the two letters are substantially the same. It costs him a painful struggle to write, he doesn't want to hurt her feelings, Maria has displayed 'heartless indifference', has given him encouragement one day and changed her conduct the next. (1965: 16-17). Catherine's 'un-called for coldness' obviously raised a ghost. Very probably she was punished for what Maria had done. But Maria may also have been the victim of certain fixed ideas Dickens had of what should 'exist in the breast of a girl'.
31. Actually a copy from Walter Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens: His Letters to Her (London: Constable, 1935). See Dexter's footnote for the dating and an enumeration of the messengers Catherine and Dickens had at their disposal. The text of the Pilgrim Edition is the same (1965: 61-2).
32. The word 'trifling' (and 'sport') turns up repeatedly in the Beadnell letters. Dickens also writes to Maria: I have borne more from you than I do believe any creature breathing ever bore from a woman before' (Letters, I, 1965: 24). The juxtaposition of 'any creature breathing' with 'a woman' is curious.
33. There is not a letter in the collection to Catherine in which Dickens achieves the maturity of his last letter to Maria Beadnell. In this letter (Letters, I, 1965:29) Dickens, who hopes to be reconciled to

Maria, can say that he will lay aside his pride, that he will not justify himself, and that he will abide by Maria's decision. One has the feeling that he reached for a moment the level of being able to love Maria as she was (The same feeling returns when one reads David Copperfield, the record of his love for Maria). He never reached that level with Catherine, to the detriment of the marriage. One cannot help feeling that Catherine's very loyalty and straight-forwardness, by making things too easy for him, prevented it.

34. Dickens never tired of pointing out that he worked for her, or for them. It was one of the most effective pressures to bring on her to be able to write when he couldn't keep an appointment: 'I will not do you the injustice to suppose that knowing my reason and my motive for exertion, you of all people will blame me an instant for my self-denial. You may be disappointed: - I would rather you would - at not seeing me; but you cannot feel vexed at my doing my best with the stake I have to play for - you and a home for both of us' (Letters, I, 1965: 97).
35. Geoffrey Best, Review of Pilgrim Edition of Letters, I, 1965, The Dickensian, 61 (1965), 75.
36. Thomas Carlyle, Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle to Jane Welsh, ed. Alexander Carlyle (London: John Lane, 1909), 2, 262.
37. Collins remarks in Sikes and Nancy (Charles Dickens, Sikes and Nancy and Other Public Readings, ed. Philip Collins [Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1983]: viii) how Dickens, 'deeply unhappy in his marriage', 'as usual when he was unsettled ... felt the need for some energetic outlet: the physical and emotional strain and the excitement of performance offered him this, while the adoration of his audiences would provide a welcome emotional gratification. Within a fortnight of his professional debut on 29 April 1858, his marriage had broken up.' Dickens himself referred to 'that particular relation (personally affectionate and like no other man's) which subsists between me and my public' in 1858, when he planned his readings (1983, xiv).
38. For a discussion of this myth see Susan Reid 'Four Kwakiutl themes on Isolation', 1981.
39. Cf for instance Margaret Mead in Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies. (New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1935). Cultures are very different in their attitudes to childbirth; even the same culture can contain contradictory attitudes. One

always has to look at the social/literary matrix in which the metaphor or symbol is embedded.

40. One classic embodiment of this is the husband/wife division of labour in the family life recorded by Beatrice Webb in My Apprenticeship (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979).
41. The men carve their temple friezes in wood, so that they can renew them all the time; the women, in processions to the shrines in the early morning light, bring works of art exquisite in form and colour that they have woven in the night. In a few hours the delicate bamboo fibres have wilted in the sun and all that is left is a handful of dry wisps.
42. Robert Musil, Drei Frauen (Hamburg: Rowohlt, 1978), p.114: 1978: 114 'Keiner nimmt dem andern ein Stueck Welt fort - Es gehoert dazu dass einer den andern bewundert.... "Ergaenzen" ist angenehm, aber bewundern muss doch auch dabei sein (Diary 1937-1941). 'Neither takes a piece of world from the other - Part of it is that each admires the other....' To complement is pleasant but to admire must really be part of it' (my translation).

#### Chapter 5: Furnival's Inn, Catherine and childbirth

1. The miniature was painted on ivory by Rose Drummond (Edgar Johnson, Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph [London: Gollancz, 1953], p. 123), the original of Miss La Creevy in Nicholas Nickleby; see Una Pope-Hennessy, Charles Dickens, 1812-1870 (London: Chatto and Windus, 1945), p.55, n.1. Dickens makes Miss La Creevey into a bad artist, so that we should not take this likeness too seriously. Nevertheless, the miniature shows an immensely alive, glowing, sharp young Dickens.
2. Maclise painted three portraits of Catherine: one before her marriage in 1836 when she was twenty, then one in 1842 when she was a young mother of 26, still glowing with sensuality but more striking for a thoughtful expression and finally the glamorous hostess when she was thirty. In this last she still has the slim waist of the girl of twenty, and it is interesting that her hair is not coiled in the usual way and dressed in side curls but combed back from the face and falling loose.
3. See Hebe Elmsa, Unwanted Wife: A Defence of Mrs Charles Dickens [London: Jarrolds, 1963], p.14.

See also Pope-Hennessy 1945: 55-56: 'Catherine has been described by a woman friend, as pretty, plump and fresh-coloured, with "the large, heavy-lidded blue eyes so much admired by men". A slightly retrousse nose, good forehead, red rose-bud mouth and receding chin completed a physiognomy which was animated from time to time with a sweet smile. But see also Angus Wilson in The World of Charles Dickens (London: Secker and Warburg, 1970), p. 105: 'She had heavy-lidded eyes and a certain secretive beauty of langour that was perhaps bound to disappoint - as to so many women whose enigmatic Mona Lisa smiles disguise the comparative vapidty that lies behind them.'

4. When Dickens was in love with Maria Beadnell, it sometimes seems as if he was directing his admiration and wooing mainly to her rich businessman father, whom he addressed in an adulatory poem as 'a good fine sirloin of beef' (Johnson 1953: 70). In David Copperfield he makes fun of his tendency to woo the father-in-law rather than the daughter.
5. Letters, 1, 1974: 144. The book is Sketches by Boz, First Series, 1836. Angus Wilson points to the reason why Dickens was so proud to marry into a family acquainted with Scott: 'Most writers have some predecessors to whom they look back with special reverence. Dickens revered Scott not only for his novels but for the dignity, the dedication and the industry with which he had followed his profession of writer', (1970: 105).
6. See Michael Slater, Dickens and Women (London: Dent, 1983), pp. 106, 108. For a detailed account see Johnson 1953: 127.
7. Slater 1983: 401 note 20.
8. See also Johnson 1953: 148 for a description of the occasion and further information.
9. See Michael and Mollie Hardwick Dickens's England (London: Dent, 1970).
10. Quoted Slater 1983: 79.
11. The Dickensian, 63(1967), 77; quoted Slater 1983: 80.
12. Diary, 1 June 1838, in Letters, I, 1965: 630.
13. See Angus Wilson, who by leaving out Dickens's jeering, and not considering the immense task Catherine was doing as a childbearer and hostess, gives what I think is a particularly unfair picture

- of Catherine's nature and development (1970:106 and 107).
14. Dickens spent his time at Chalk revising a burletta, 'Is She His Wife' that has a scene between a bored husband and a nagging wife only recently married' (Johnson 1953:191). The significance is probably only that which I discuss in relation to the inserted tale in Nicholas Nickleby, namely that Dickens belonged to a world in which such jokes were standard.
  15. According to Slater this jeering only started after the birth of the fourth child (1983:121). The ambience for such jeering was of course there, in the tone of a time to which Dickens very much belonged.
  16. Letter to Maria Beadnell Winter, see Paroissien 1985:116.
  17. According to Angus Wilson, Fred, as well as Mary, lived with the Dickensses at Furnival's Inn, which would have made a quartet out of the trio. Considerations of space would seem to make this unlikely. Fred had stayed with Dickens in Furnival's Inn in his batchelor days, and joined him again in the larger house in Doughty Street, as indeed Johnson recounts the facts in his Life.
  18. Charles Dickens, Nicholas Nickleby (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1978), pp. 133 ff.
  19. Arthur A. Adrian, Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1957), p. 16; Letters, 3, 1974: 487.
  20. Tim Jeal, Livingstone (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985), p. 75.
  21. See Nella Fermi Weiner, 'Of Feminism and Birth Control Propaganda, 1790-1840' International Journal of Women's Studies, 3, no. 5 (1980), 413. The statistics about Britain are less clear. See J. A. Banks, Prosperity and Parenthood: A Study of Family Planning among the Victorian Middle Classes (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1954), especially Chapter I 'The Decline of Fertility', especially p.5, but also Chapter X 'Birth Control and The Family' pp. 139-169. Another book about birth control in the 19th Century, J. A. Banks and Olive Banks, Feminism and Family Planning in Victorian England (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1964) discusses the effect of women's emancipation on birth control and is still less useful as a source for statistics.

22. The best discussion of the background to a fate like Catherine's - the clash between Victorian idealization of motherhood and modern impatience with uncontrolled fertility - is, to my knowledge, to be found in Mary S. Hartman's Victorian Murderesses: A True History of Thirteen Respectable French and English Women Accused of Unspeakable Crimes (London: Robson Books, 1977). It accompanies as a side issue the case histories of several of her 'murderesses'. Apparently inquest and trial records provide a remarkable study of the decision making process over birth control in a middle class marriage. She also quotes Patricia Branca, Silent Sisterhood: Middle Class women in the Victorian Home (Pittsburgh: Carnegie-Mellon University Press, 1975), p. 90 to the effect that contrary to prevailing views women played an active role in the decisions and favoured contraception rather than abstinence or coitus interruptus. It would be fascinating to our discussion to know about Catherine's attitude in these matters.

#### Chapter 5: Houses

1. 'Of Queens' Gardens', originally a lecture, appeared as an essay in the popular volume Sesame and Lilies in 1865. It established Ruskin as a major authority on the nature of women. In 1854 Ruskin's marriage had been annulled by the ecclesiastical court citing his 'incurable impotency'. He resented the allegation, offered to prove his virility at the court's request (not accepted) and explained that 'had she [Effie Ruskin] treated me as a kind and devoted wife would have done, I should soon have longed to possess her, body and heart.' The news of the fact that the Ruskins marriage had not been consummated received enormous publicity, yet the public received 'Of Queens' Gardens' enthusiastically. See Phyllis Rose Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages (London: Chatto, 1984) on Effie Gray and John Ruskin.
2. Quoted Juergen Serke, Frauen Schreiben: Ein Kapitel deutschsprachiger Literatur (Hamburg: Gruner, 1979), p. 8.
3. Hence its 'passive' or protective side, which we have discussed. If we are looking at it not as a game played by men and women in the form of magnanimous individualism, but as a different form of power, it is as well to remember that there is nothing innate about it. Like all forms of human sociability it is cultural. Anthropologists have pointed to it as a difference between societies.

Sociobiologists and what might be called 'aggressionists' see it as a sign of the underdog. I think something like the opposite could be argued: in societies where males wield power, women try to wield the same power of the 'invasion and conquest' type in the few areas culturally permitted to them: see for instance the relationship of the Chinese mother of the young husband to her daughter-in-law; see also women in our society as mistresses of servants or as mothers. Nevertheless because women have suffered from the domination of men, they have developed the interest in other forms of power. An interesting and convincing 'proof' can be found in a Serke's book about German literature, Frauen Schreiben. The author Juergen Serke, argues that German feminine literature of the last 200 years has, as an overall distinctive quality this rejection of the male conception of power (see for 1979: 8, 14), though all the writers long for power as a life quality and are embittered by feminine impotence.

4. One asks oneself whether any human being could indeed have had this self-contradictory virtue. But some women seem to have managed. Mrs Stephen (Virginia Woolf's mother) perhaps, though it killed her; and Catherine's sister Georgy (under very favourable conditions).
5. Mill's Subjection of Women came out in 1869. But even the early feminists didn't make such an attack at once. They first fought for equal opportunities for unmarried women, then as suffragettes for an equal share in the administration of political power (with a hope that this would change much in the execution of power). Even the socialist feminists did not really challenge male conceptions of power, specially in the home (They fought for immediate necessities like equal wages and state care for mothers and children, hoping that the revolution would correct the power issue eventually). The first challenge to the male conception of power as invasion and violation, and the first vigorous substitution of another view came in the 90s, and then in the sexual field. Women suddenly turned their conception of themselves as sexual beings right side up; the idea of women as more moral than men was abandoned. This 'new morality' (Neue Ethik) actually dominated the feminist movement in Germany, though nowhere else. Like all truly progressive movements of the late 19th century it fell victim to the patriotism of the Great War. It is significant, however, that this revolution happened in the sexual and therefore personal field: since woman as sex object is probably the first and original property of men, her bodily integrity is the first



'territory' to be invaded and violated. This subject will be at issue in the part on Frieda Lawrence.

6. When George IV came to the throne he determined on a divorce, against the advice of his ministers. A Bill of Pains and Penalties, which was also to have declared Caroline no longer Queen was introduced in the House of Lords, but was dismissed.
7. One first thinks it could not have been because of what Dickens said against Catherine, since George IV hurled grosser abuse at Caroline. But Dickens chose much more subtly what to say. He was also more popular with the public than George. Nevertheless, his action could have turned his popularity into the opposite, a fact of which he was conscious.
8. For instance I would have expected Robin Gilmour in his The Idea of the Gentleman in the Victorian Novel (London: Allen and Unwin, 1981) to be interested in the question of lack of public support for Catherine in the heyday of the gentlemanly ideal. All he has to say about the separation is, however, that when Dickens started to write Great Expectations 'his life no longer conformed to the conventional pattern of men of his age and class, nor to the public image his readers had come to have of him. The novelist of domestic harmony, who more than any other Victorian writer had been identified with celebrating the values of hearth and home, had two years earlier broken up his own fireside circle, separating from his wife after twenty-two years of marriage and taken up with a young actress, Ellen Ternan'.
9. The film The Lefthanded Woman (Die Linkische Frau, based on a novel of the same name by Handke) has recently taken up this problem for us.
10. See Robin Ridington 1976 'Wechuge and Windigo: A Comparison of Cannibal Belief Among Boreal Forest Athapaskans and Algonkians' and esp. Susan Reid 1979 in her rejoinder 'The Kwakiutl Man Eater'. Anthropologica, n. s 21 (1979).
11. One of the most delightful parties Dickens organized was not for his own children, but for little Nina Macready in December 1843. Jane Welsh Carlyle was present and thought that 'nowhere in London, not in the most aristocratic circles was there more wit and brilliance and fun than in that room that night'. The party began with conjuring and ended in dancing, and Forster persuaded her to waltz with him. 'For the love of heaven, let me go! You are going to bash my brains out against the folding doors' cried

Jane Carlyle, and Forster shouted back: 'Your brains! who cares about brains here? let them go!' (Rose 1984:160-1).

12. The most interesting parallel case is that of John Stuart Mill's mother. James Mill 'stole' the children not through fun but through educational methods which made the gap between his wife on the one hand and him and the children on the other unbridgeable. John Stuart Mill mentions how he despised his mother in the draft of his Autobiography. See John Stuart Mill, Autobiography, ed. Jack Stillinger (London: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 21.
13. His younger daughter, the rebellious Katie, broke away by marrying the painter Charles Collins (Wilkie's brother). She is the Kate Perugini of the Shaw correspondence. She tried later to write a book vindicating her mother, but the spell of the idea of Dickens's genius was so strong that she had to leave the task to a friend, Gladys Storey (Dickens and Daughter [London: Frederick Muller 1939]). Katie was allowed drawing lessons as a young girl, at Bedford College, and became a painter in her own right. Mamie rebelled too late and had a tragic fate. She did not marry and after Dickens's death transferred her dependence to Georgy. When she finally broke away she could not sustain an independent life. She tried Christian social work, but the religious group she joined seems to have been after her money. She died soon after leaving Georgy in her 50s (Arthur A Adrian, Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle [London: Oxford University Press, 1957], pp. 241-3).
14. Lindsay says in his Charles Dickens A Biographical and Critical Study (London: Dakers, 1950), p. 33. of this: 'In the same month [in 1857] he sent off his son Walter to take up a cadetship in India (gained through Miss Coutts); and from now on with a great display of paternal self-control he did his best to despatch his sons off into as distant a part of the globe as possible. Georgina ably abetted him. Walter had been discouraged from trying to work and had no wish whatever to take up a military life. 'A sad trial' said Charles, 'thank God it is over'. Within a couple of days he had pushed it out of his conscience (Walter didn't fare well in India, .. he died of haemorrhage at Calcutta on his way home in 1863).
15. This is not only an image: Dickens appeared as a conjurer at his children's parties and provided the proverbial rabbit out of the hat.

17. To run a house with servants even in the absence of children has its own difficulties and trials as George Eliot found when she first employed servants. She did not find time to write, suddenly. Only in country houses where there was a tradition of the upper servants training and supervising the lower can one speak of a 'supervisory task'.
18. For excellent and detailed accounts of Dickens's houses see Edgar Johnson, Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph (London: Gollancz, 1953).
19. We hear of Catherine mountain climbing and riding all day on muleback as late as 1846, when she has had six children. If one compares the dates of the enormous parties she gave with those of her confinements one is astonished; again and again she gave their traditional large Twelfth Night party only days before she had a child.
20. Letters, 5, 1981: 419.
21. Michael Slater, Dickens and Women (London: Dent, 1983), pp.115-16.
22. Johnson, 1953: 750; see also Slater, 1983: 132.
23. Johnson, 1953: lxiv, n.43, cites Lady Ritchie, Unwritten Memoirs, pp.78-84, in this connection. There were, of course, those who disliked her, Charles Kingsley, for instance.
24. The Windsor Magazine 1934: 21; quoted Slater 1983: 160.
25. W. H. Bowen, Charles Dickens and his family: A Sympathetic Study (Cambridge: Heffer, 1956), 83.
26. Walter Dexter, Mr and Mrs Charles Dickens: His Letter to Her, (London: Constable, 1935), p.208.
27. An American judge they met on their American tour called her 'good-looking .. but taciturn.' An American visitor echoed this in 1852 when he called her 'handsome... with a certain air of absent-mindedness' (Bowen, 1956: 83).
28. Dexter, 1935: 224; see also Bowen 1956: 102 for Dickens's attention to the position of the furniture.
29. Slater 1983: 160 describes Dickens's type of domesticity well: 'All the evidence points not to a Dora-like ineptitude on Catherine's part (imagine Dora compiling a cookery book instead of teaching her little dog to balance on one) but to a most un

David-like domestic masterfulness on Dickens'. What he wanted from his wife was not the depriving him of the joys of shopping, interior decoration, furniture arrangement, etc, but co-operation as creating a kind of home atmosphere, one in which, as Forster points out, there would be 'an absolute reliance on him for everything'. At the same time he required the sort of protection from unwelcome social pressures that Catherine clearly provided, notably in America but also elsewhere (he writes Maclise from Italy in 1845, 'I very much resort to my old habit of bolting from callers, and leaving their reception to Kate') and, the maintenance of a tender slave demeanour on the domestic hearth.'

30. See J. A. and Olive Banks, Feminism and Family Planning in Victorian England (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1964), pp.137-38.
31. Sarah Ellis, Women of England (1839), p.26; quoted Banks, 1964: 58.
32. S. A Sewell, Women and the Times We Live in (Manchester, 1969), pp.28-29.
33. Anon, Woman as She Is and as She Should Be (London, 1835), p.272.
34. See R. Emerson Dobash and Russell Dobash, Violence Against Wives: A Case Against the Patriarchy (New York: The Free Press, 1979).
35. Elizabeth Arbuckle, ed., Harriet Martineau's Letters to Fanny Wedgewood (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1982); quoted Slater 1983: 137.
36. From our own perspective Evans comes over well; he refused to publish Dickens's 'Violated Letter' or other abuses of Catherine, an act of courage in which he was almost alone among Dickens's friends. Dickens broke with the firm as a consequence and pursued the partners from then on with hatred.
37. Virginia Woolf, Moments of Being: Unpublished Autobiographical Writings (St Albans: Triad/Panther, 1978), pp.145-47.
38. David Paroissien, ed., Selected Letters of Charles Dickens (London: Macmillan, 1985), p.123.
39. Again the language of destiny: irritability and outburst 'beset' Dickens. And they are only venial faults, whatever they did to Catherine.
40. See Gladys Storey, Dickens and Daughter (London: Frederick Muller, 1939), p.91.

40. See Gladys Storey, Dickens and Daughter (London: Frederick Muller, 1939), p. 91.
41. It is interesting that while the book is dedicated to Kate Perugini and the memory of her mother, Mrs Charles Dickens, it is called Dickens and Daughter.
42. Adrian 1957: 135 tells the story as follows: 'When their talk ended at dawn, Kate understood her father, the man who had combatted and exposed cruelty all his life, who had taught his children to pray that they might never be cruel even to "a poor little fly", yet had harboured the tormenting recognition of his own inhumanity to an exasperating, defenceless wife, "admitting every day more and more how much I stand in need of charity and mercy." This gives a wrong impression of Dickens, who did not think of Catherine as defenceless but as a threat and harboured after the separation a deep resentment against her that lasted for the rest of his life.
43. Harry was ten and at school when Catherine left.
44. Storey, 1939: 74.
45. Katie puts Dickens's ruthlessness down to his experiences with Maria Beadnell. See Storey 1939: 60.
46. 'Catherine's "faults" appear to have been principally due to her negativeness and anxiety in regard to her husband's health, especially concerning his meals' (Storey, 1939: 23).
47. Anderson said many nice things about Catherine, for instance that she had 'such an intensely good face that one at once felt confidence in her' (Slater 1983: 413 note 89.) Anderson sounds naive but he seems more perceptive to me than many a sophisticated critic and biographer.
48. For evidence of how much Catherine loved Dickens, from the separation to the end of her own life see Slater 1983: 151 and 155, but see also Adrian 1957: 276 n. 45.
49. Adrian, 1957: 209 gives an extraordinarily prejudiced account of this occasion. Catherine's question is not 'pathetic' but of great interest. Interestingly it is Adrian who often speaks of the guilt Dickens must have felt for being so cruel to his 'meek' wife (p. 42). (He also distorts Katie's accounts of the night talk with Dickens, see footnote 42).

50. Dickens speaks in a letter to Leigh Hunt of 'the little pillbox on wheels which staggers about with Mrs Dickens' (quoted Adrian 1957: 50).
51. Edmund Yates, His Recollections and Experiences (London, 1884), 2, 96; quoted Slater 1983: 137.
52. Feminists stress today the passive side: it is due to physical and environmental causes outside women's control. This is a reaction to a hostile stress on the active side that has long been a favourite response of doctors: it is only in the mind, psychological, hysteria etc. The active side as a rebellion, even self help, has to be stressed.
53. This was a result of standing up to Dickens over the de la Rues. Catherine disliked the de la Rues and Dickens's total absorption in trying to cure Mrs de la Rue by 'animal magnetism'. Dickens was adamant that she keep up a social front while he followed his interest. She obstinately refused; he tried to force her and never forgave her for thwarting him (Johnson 1953: 555; 909; Slater 1983: 122-25). A very similar situation occurred in 1857 over the misdirected bracelet for Ellen Ternan, but there Catherine gave in and was spared a nervous breakdown.
54. Angus Wilson, The World of Charles Dickens (London: Secker and Warburg, 1970), p.107.
55. See Slater 1983: 144, where he quotes a letter to Felton: 'We have tried all things, and they have all broken down under us (Nonesuch Letters of Charles Dickens, vol. 3, p.21).
56. K.J. Fielding, 'Charles Dickens and his Wife: Fact or Forgery,' Etudes Anglaises, 8 (1955), 212; quoted Slater 1983: 143.
57. See Allan Horstman, Victorian Divorce (London: Croom Helm, 1985), p.20.
58. From 1859 on a wife could herself give evidence of cruelty. But even before, when outside witnesses alone could give evidence, Dickens had cause for anxiety. See Horstman 1985: 90 for change in law.
59. See Appendix 111, Dexter 1935: 277-29, for Lemon's withdrawal.
60. See Horstman 1985: 113.
61. See Una Pope-Hennessy, Charles Dickens: 1812-1870 (London: Chatto and Windus, 1945), p.371, for a

vivid account of the house during 'the Ternan occupation'.

62. In Uncle John [a farce] ... Dickens and Ellen had played the parts of an elderly gentleman and his ward, a young girl with whom he falls in love and whom he loads with "wonderful presents - a pearl necklace, diamond ear-rings" (Johnson 1953: 917).
63. See Johnson 1953: 917; Storey 1939: 96.

#### Chapter 5 'Quilp as trickster'

1. The anthropological term 'multivalent' gives perhaps a clearer impression of the nature of these symbols than Freud's 'multidetermined'.
2. Mark Spilka, Dickens and Kafka: A Mutual Interpretation (London: Dobson, 1963).
3. 'The child's vision' in relation to Dickens has been described brilliantly by Virginia Woolf in 'A Sketch of the Past' (Moments of Being, 1978). She doesn't touch on the frightening aspects of the grotesque. But she brings out how mechanical and inhuman people appear to children: mechanical toys and animals at the same time (see especially her first example, 'Woolly One'). In doing this she captures the tone of the trickster myths exactly (without of course being conscious of the parallel).
4. The material brought together by Carey about Dickens's imagination supports Spilka's point of view. The only reservation I have comes from my sociological perspective and feminism. Our society creates arrestedness in this area (deliberately, for its own purpose) and only a feminist perspective can unravel the interconnections of what amounts to a social imperative for a lack of a certain kind of woman's imagination in our definition of male maturity, and individual immaturity. Neither critic considers Dickens (or Kafka for that matter, though Kafka consciously furnishes material for it - see his famous letter to his father) from such a perspective. Another hesitation I have is that people are not monolithic. Ungrownupness, patches of a hardened immaturity that can never be cured exist side by side with a potential for growth (even in one and the same area, for instance the sexual one). People grow where they can, gaining insights and losing them again. His writing gave Dickens a chance to grow (as particularly David Copperfield and its effect on his relation to Catherine shows,

shortlived though that effect was). I do agree with Spilka however, in principle: what I am pinpointing with my own methods in this section is such a 'patch of hardened immaturity' which Dickens kept to the end of his life.

5. These cradles are papooses hung on the wall; it is impossible to get out of them.
6. See Susan Reid 'Crow versus Raven: Modern Primitiveness and Archaic Trickster Hero', paper given at the Collogue Franco-Canadienne, Paris May 1975 (unpublished). The main sources for the myths are John R. Swanton, Haida Texts and Myths 1905, Tlingit Myths and Texts 1909, both Washington: Government Printing Office.
7. In his Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph (London: Gollancz, 1953), Johnson attempts to define more generally the amount of insight the writing of David Copperfield brought Dickens and the effect it had on his family life. 'Does it express an unhappy judgement of the marriage he did contract?... it contains, too, in David's avowal of his own weaknesses and failures a confession that Dickens recognised some of his own. The whole truth about his own temperament, his willful temper, his impatience and impetuosity it does not reveal: despite David's efforts to 'form' Dora's mind he is more tender with her feeble ineptitude than Dickens was likely to have been. Dickens did not realise what a strain his furious energies, his wild alternations of exhilaration and gloom, and his tyrannical insistence on precision all put upon his wife and family' (1953: 689). In other words, Johnson does not reckon that the writing of David Copperfield had a deepgoing effect on Dickens's relation to Catherine.
8. There are of course other strands apart from the archetypal one that make certain figures attractive. I always feel the greatest joy and happiness in reading about Sally Brass (in fact I find the whole evil trio attractive). The lift of heart Sally produces shows me by comparison how oppressive I find the usual Dickens character. Sally is of course the only woman in Dickens who stands squarely on her own feet.
9. Jack Lindsay, Charles Dickens: A Critical and Biographical Study (London: Dakers, 1950) is particularly interesting on Dickens's psychological relation to his mother. John Carey, The Violent Effigy: A Study of Dickens's Imagination (London: Faber 1973) is good on the house symbolism (in 'Dickens's Children'). All critics associate the



fact of the dark rambling house turning up again and again in his books with bitter memories of how his mother behaved over the warehouse episode. But none have, to my knowledge, made the connection I am making here between this mother complex and the house symbolism.

10. Compare the only profile drawing of Elizabeth Dickens extant with the profile of Charles in the drawing made by Maclise of Charles, Catherine and Georgina.
11. See a contemporary account quoted by Michael Slater Dickens and Women (London: Dent, 1983), p. 5. Slater is good in his chapter 'Mother and Son' on what Elizabeth Dickens actually did for her son. Carey in his chapter 'Dickens's Children' corroborates him. In fact all the research that has been done has turned up evidence that Elizabeth was not only the 'fine woman' her servant testified to but a spirited loving mother, especially to Charles.
12. As a result Dickens was eternally in love not only with the young indulgent mother he had to himself but with learning - with the education she represented. He could also use her superiority conveniently to punish her, by ostentatiously preferring his father.
13. 'The old grey rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visually before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal barges and the river' Dickens writes in his fragmentary memoirs. Also that it was a 'crazy, tumbledown old house' with 'a wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide was in and on the mud when the tide was out'. The resemblance to 'Quilp's Wharf', to which we come below is close and exact.
14. In the Coyote myths the house is often the grandmother's and intercourse with the grandmother occurs. The interior Indian peoples address the earth as 'grandmother' as often at least as 'mother'. Grandmothers brought up children while the young mothers led a hunting and gathering life. Grandmothers are not visualised as old feeble and wise women as they are with us. They are strong attractive women in their prime, obstinate, sexy and a match for the trickster.
15. Carey notes that Monk's house is not only a dilapidated riverside house but that Dickens

mentions it had been 'formerly used as a manufactory of some kind' and that it has 'rats, rotten piles and seems about to sink into the muddy water. Jacob's Island we are told' he goes on, 'was a thriving place once; now there are crumbling warehouses and deserted dwellings with crazy wooden rooms threatening to fall into the mud. The hint of former prosperity ... is retained. To the blacking factory, in one guise and another, the evil spirits of the novel naturally flock' (1973: 149). The house on Quilp's Wharf has associations with present prosperity: it is a counting house.

16. Carey notes that 'the old ramshackle Italian villas intrigued Dickens. Pictures from Italy contains rapt accounts of their rottenness.' He also mentions the Venetian mouldering palaces in Little Dorrit and Pat Gowan's house '"like a jail for criminal rats" on a "desert island" surrounded by "ditches"' (1973: 152).
17. Carey is good on the contrast between the angel child and its surroundings. He says that 'after Oliver Twist the child is always a girl. The change is natural enough. Dickens found it easier to associate purity with the female than the male' (1973: 149-50). The contrast is of course a sexual one, as Carey implies. But it is not between male and female, it is between the young sexless female or male and mature female sexuality. This is borne out not only by the symbolic analysis I am making here, which shows quite clearly that he connected the rotting houses with 'mother' and female sexuality but also by the way he depicts older female characters in his novels (Mrs Stinger in Dombey is a case in point). Male sexuality on the other hand seems to have had no associations of impurity for Dickens.
18. Charles Dickens, The Old Curiosity Shop (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972), p.77.
19. Dickens's prudery, suppression and curiously archaic sexual sense of humour actually make up one conected syndrome. A passage by Carey on Dickens and Sex brings out fairly clearly how they are superimposed on one another. 'When it comes to describing sexual encounters - and it very seldom comes to that - Dickens was handicapped by his determination to cater for the Victorian family audience.... Besides, his own nature and the habit of suppression which he blamed Maria Beadwell for made him chary of explicitness in this direction. He was embarrassed by public displays of affection and had to conceal this by grotesque hilarity. When the young wife of a dinner guest called her husband 'darling' at

Dickens' table, he was seized with such a violent explosion of mirth that his chair fell over and he lay helpless with laughter on the floor, waving his legs in the air'. (1973: 166)

20. Dickens's tone about Quilp is always tongue-in-cheek and ironic. When he calls Quilp gravely 'the ugly creature' as he often does, he is obviously hugely amused by the fact that only he knows who 'the ugly creature' is. The effect of the ironic tone on us is that we doubt that the creature is ugly, just as Dickens intends.
21. T. A. Jackson, Charles Dickens: The Progress of a Radical (New York: International, 1938).
22. Fred Kaplan in his Dickens and Mesmerism: the Hidden Springs of Fiction (Princeton, N.J.: Princeton Univ. Press, 1975) has an explanation that makes Dickens conscious of what he is doing and accounts for the contradiction in his picture of female sexuality perfectly. 'Quilp's power is mesmeric, his "visual way" the vehicle through which he transmits to Mrs Quilp the force of his will.' He claims in support that when Quilp asks 'am I nice to look at?' Mrs Quilp not only dutifully replies 'yes, Quilp' but 'fascinated by his gaze remained looking timidly at him' (1975: 195). According to him at Dickens's time 'The power to usurp another's will was seen as inseparable from sexuality, the assumption being that the strongest male drive is the desire to succeed in fulfilling sexual needs, often with an unwilling or resisting partner. But there need be no resisting partners for the male possessed of mesmeric abilities, so the Victorians feared; his power to communicate his force allowed him the opportunity to control the will of his subject' (1975: 190-91).
23. For this world picture see Swanton, Halda Myths and Texts, 1905.
24. Cf Nikki Giovanni:

i mean it's my house  
and i want to fry pork chops  
and bake sweet potatoes  
and call them yams  
cause i run the kitchen  
and i can stand the heat

My House 1972

25. The counting house is here both a realistic feature and a reminder of Warren's warehouse with its wharf abutting on the water and the mud and its counting

house looking over the river. The persistent association of 'the house' with comerce and wealth which Carey notes strengthens the sense of rottenness - it is decayed splendour. But here, on Quilp's Wharf, it is present prosperity. I want to suggest something that sounds at first blush improbable. Freud tells us that our unconscious equates faeces with money. In the myth the trickster shits all over his mother's house. Quilp is a little capitalist shit: could his activity in the 'counting house' have the same symbolic dimension as the trickster's?

26. Gladys Storey, Dickens and Daughter (London: Muller, 1939), p. 134.
27. This is particularly true of Coyote, the 'dog trickster' Quilp resembles.
28. See the 18th century 'witless childbirth' or the modern German 'Gebaermaschine' for a woman who horrifies by having too many children.

#### Chapter 6

1. Elizabeth Hardwick, Seduction and Betrayal: Women in Literature (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974), p. 69.
2. Letter 23 August 1858, Edgar Johnson ed. The Heart of Charles Dickens as Revealed in his Letters to Angela Burdelt-Coutts (Boston: Little Brown, 1952), pp. 360-61.
3. Joyce quoted William Empson, Using Biography (London: Chatto, 1984), p.207.
4. Jack Lindsay develops this line most fully in his Charles Dickens: A Biographical and Critical Study (London: Dakers, 1950), but the idea is also developed in Edmund Wilson's "Dickens: the Two Scrooges", The Wound and the Bow: Seven Studies in Literature (London: Methuen, 1961), pp. 1-93.
5. There is no doubt a touch of 'Beate won' in the macabre ending. The theme of sexual competition is not excluded, but it is also not clearly resolved as far as the women are concerned. It is treated as the problem in Rosmer's mind.
6. There are biographers who state that the plans to get Catherine out of the house were laid deliberately and early between Dickens, Forster and Georgy. The strongest evidence comes from Gladys

Storey, because it is based on the memory of Dickens's daughter Katie. See Dickens and Daughter (London: Frederick Muller, 1939) pp. 29, 95; Una Pope-Hennessy, Charles Dickens, 1812-1870 (London: Chatto and Windus, 1945), pp. 383-84.

7. Walter Dexter, Mr and Mrs Charles Dickens: His Letters to Her (London: Constable, 1935), Appendix II, p. 275.
8. Michael Slater, Dickens and Women (London: Dent, 1983), pp. 150, 409 n. 49.
9. Edgar Johnson, Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and his Triumph (London: Victor Gollancz, 1953), p. 922.
10. Household Words, 7th June, 1858, quoted Dexter 1935: Appendix 1, p. 272.
11. It was Katie who believed that her Aunt Georgy had a hand in sending the boys away, see Storey 1939: 124. Pope-Hennessy 1945: 382-83 says 'Though the little boys felt twinges of terrible loneliness, the family, as a whole, swallowed the fairytale they were told by kind Aunt Georgy and accepted their situation as inevitable, just as a little later on the Dickens sons were hypnotised into looking upon their early exile to India or the Antipodes as 'inevitable'. Georgina Hogarth could on occasion act with resolution and finality.
12. Cf. Edmund Wilson 'Dickens: The Two Scrooges', 1961.
13. "'My father was like a madman", says Mrs Perugini, "when my mother left home. This affair brought out all that was worst - all that was weakest in him. He did not care a damn what happened to any of us. Nothing could surpass the misery and unhappiness of our home.'" Quoted Wilson 1961: 63-64 (my emphasis).
14. Plorn, the baby, was only six at the time. The next in age, Harry, was rushed off to boarding school at the age of 8. The two girls were permanently at home. Charlie, the eldest, accompanied Catherine to her new house.
15. As I have mentioned before, he talked to Wilkie Collins. But as Collins was a 'low' fellow, he could not do justice to Dickens's complex feelings.
16. W. H. Bowen, Charles Dickens and his Family: A Sympathetic Study (Privately printed by Heffer and Sons, Cambridge, 1956), p. 109.

17. K. J. Fielding, 'Dickens and the Hogarth Scandal', Nineteenth Century Fiction, 10 (1955-56), 67.
18. Unpublished letter, quoted Slater 1983: 149.
19. See Slater 1983: 152.
20. Johnson 1953: 921 quoting Morgan MS, Catherine Dickens to Miss Coutts, 5/19/58.
21. See Slater 1983: 409-10, n. 59.
22. Quoted Johnson 1953: 1111.
23. See Slater's admirable analysis of this, 1983: 146-147: "It was not gratuitous cruelty, I believe, but something that Dickens had to get himself to believe so that he could the more freely pity himself in the image of his children, a psychological trick, that he had shown himself perfectly understanding of when he had created Dombey ("It may have been characteristic of Mr Dombey's pride, that he pitied himself through the child. Not poor me ... but poor little fellow!"). He was, at the age of forty-six, going through the most agonizing time of his life since his sojourn in the blacking-factory thirty-four years earlier. As he had then, he felt, been deserted by his mother - how could she have loved him when she was 'warm for [his] being sent back' to the blacking-factory?' - so now his misery was caused by a woman who should have loved and cherished him. But the situation was complicated by the fact that the woman was his wife, a wife he had freely chosen, not a mother he had been born to; moreover, he could hardly claim, even to himself, that she had failed in love towards him. So, I believe, this strange shift occurs and it is in her maternal aspect that Catherine must be arraigned so that Dickens can present his children as re-enacting his own childhood loss of mother-love'.
24. On his return Charlie married Bessie Evans, daughter of Dickens's publisher. Dickens was furious and wrote to Miss Coutts, '... the dear fellow does what is unavoidable - his foolish mother would have committed him if nothing else had; chiefly I suppose because her hatred of the bride and all belonging to her, used to know no bounds and was quite unappeasable' (Johnson, ed., 1952: 372).
25. Harry, who became Sir Henry Dickens later, sided with his father.
26. K. J. Fielding, 'Charles Dickens and his Wife: Fact or Forgery?', Etudes Anglaises, 8(1955), 212-22,

- quoted Slater 1983: 146. See also Slater 1983: 408, notes 27 and 35.
27. Storey 1939: 200. Katie was the only one of those involved to suffer acutely in later life from a sense of the inhumanity with which they had all treated Catherine. See Storey 1939: 220 ff.
  28. This attitude helped her when Dickens died. Her daughter-in-law wrote of her after she had heard the news, 'She is better than I dared hope she would be, and I am sure that in a little time she will be more settled, and even happier than she has been for years, for she says what is true that she has already lived twelve years of widowhood and she feels that there is nobody nearer to him than she is'. Quote Slater 1983: 155 and 410 n.63.
  29. Phyllis Rose, Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages (London: Chatto, 1984), pp. 177-79.
  30. Household Words, 7th June 1858. Quoted Dexter 1935: Appendix 1, p.271.
  31. Meredith is the most astonishing example in our literary history. He became famous as a feminist writer. The villains of his novels behave as he behaved to his wife. His brilliant, gifted first wife, who helped the obscure young man to become a writer, because of him is remembered as a madwoman, much his elder, who entrapped him as a young innocent. See Diane Johnson, The True History of the First Mrs Meredith and Other Lesser Lives (New York: Knopf, 1972). In Meredith the gap between the radical writer and real life conservative is much greater than in the late Dickens.
  32. Based on Byron's gibe that Southey and Coleridge married two milliners from Bath. This has not only class, but sexual connotations: milliners were not respectable. The reason for the gibe is that the Fricker sisters, whose father had gone bankrupt, kept the family by dress-making, and that they were women with advanced radical views, who walked through Bristol unchaperoned in the company of their equally advanced and radical male friends.
  33. Norman Fruman, 'The Ancient Mariner's Wife'. TLS, August 22, 1986, a review of Molly Lefebure, The Bondage of Love: A Life of Mrs Samuel Taylor Coleridge (London: Gollancz, 1986).
  34. This is quite different in the case of Sara Coleridge, whose life is well documented by her letters and by what her children wrote about her. But Dickens's behaviour would be inexcusable even if

documents that have disappeared showed that everything he said about Catherine was true.

## Chapter 7

1. Virginia Woolf, Three Guineas (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977).
2. See Herrad Schenk, Die feministische Herausforderung: 150 Jahre Frauenbewegung in Deutschland (Muenchen: Beck, 1980), p. 62. The section 'Das Ende der ersten Frauenbewegung' is an 'excellent account of the conflict in the German feminist movement between growing patriotism and radical matriotism in the years from the Great War to 1933.
3. Quoted Sandra M Gilbert and Susan Gubar, No Man's Land: The Place of the Woman Writer in the Twentieth Century (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1988), p. 22.
4. Lawrence would at the time of his interest in the Italian futurists not have been in accord with the ideas of the manifesto. In the 1920s, however, he moved closer to them. In this context a note in Gilbert and Gubar's No Man's Land is interesting. According to them Ford Madox Ford said in his Little Review in 1919: 'For years and years they had had, as Liberal minded men, to live up to the idea that women should have justice done to them. Now Dr Weininger had come along and proved that women were inferior animals [and] it meant that the Young Liberal Party need not any more be burdened with the woman question' (1988: 276, n. 32).
5. Quoted from Schenk 1980: 25-26 (my translation).
6. Some of these sources are the excellent new monographs on such well-known figures as Caroline Schlegel and Bettine von Arnim. It is the merit of particularly East German women writers, trained in Marxist criticism, to have thrown light on the matriotic anti-tradition because of the prevailing interest in utopianism in East Germany - a perspective West German feminists lacked.
7. The question of female chastity and property is of course also tied to legitimate offspring. We would like to know more than we do from the letters that are our sources on how they solved these problems.



8. Marianne Weber, Die Frauen und die Liebe (Koenigstein im Taunus: Langewiesche, 1936). The translations are mine.
9. The most disconcerting parallel is that Wilhelm who encouraged Karoline's independence all his life, writes to a young woman about a wishdream that, translated into Lawrentian language, can only be called a dream of phallic lordship. See Weber 1936: 82.
10. The suspicion of a number of scholars, that Schelling, her last husband, destroyed them cannot be verified. Schelling turned to religion after Caroline's death and may have felt her good name needed protecting. The only 'Demokratenbrief' extant, of 27 October 1792, was used by Benjamin in 1939 for his 'Festschrift for the 150th anniversary of the French Revolution Allemands de Quatre-Vingt-Neuf. Among letters of German Jacobins like Schubart, Herder, Forster, Seume, Hoelderlin, Jochmann, here was the only letter from a woman. See Gisela Dischner, Caroline und der Jenaer Kreis (Berlin: Wagenbach, 1979) pp. 42-43. It is published as letter 118 in Caroline: Brief aus der Fruehromantik, Erich Schmid, ed. (Bern: Herbert Lang, 1970), pp. 274-276.
11. For a fuller biography see Sigrid Damm's introducing essay to her edition Lieber Freund, ich komme weit her schon an diesem fruehen Morgen: Caroline Schlegel-Schelling in ihren Briefen (Darmstadt: Luchterhand, 1980).
12. Friedrich Schlegel, Lucinde (Leipzig: Reclam, n. d.).
13. See his 'Charakteristik der Kleinen Wilhelmine' in Lucinde (pp. 12-14) where the cheek of a two year old becomes the model for the proper behaviour of women. Wilhelmine is also the example of bufooning, of aping, which plays such a role in the novel (as a law of life and play, not of the death wish as in Freud). Also, of his experience of Caroline as the 'ground of a new world' with Gross's experience of Frieda as the woman of the future. An even closer parallel exists between Schlegel and Lawrence. Schlegel says about Caroline in almost the words of Lawrence about Frieda in the passages I discuss at the end of the chapter on Mr Noon: 'He [Schlegel] stood now in truth on the fresh green of a vigorous maternal earth, and a blue sky arched above him immeasurably in the blue aether' ([Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1984], p.56). See also Damm 1980: 31 for assertions Schlegel made on the importance of women for the age that parallel

Lawrence's assertions around the time of his meeting with Frieda that men had to move closer to women, and a new art would come from a co-operation between them.

14. The little boy actually died before their marriage.
15. The ins and outs of Caroline's decision remain obscure. August Wilhelm seems to have been impotent. It is possible that Caroline saw this as a positive factor. She had before turned down suitors urged on her by friends on the grounds that she could not face the continuous childbearing and child rearing marriage involved. Later she regretted her decision of turning what should have remained friendship into a marriage, because she fell in love with Schelling, a member of the group. It was ironically the bond the Jena Circle idealised, a physical, lasting attraction, and she was faced with either renouncing it or letting it break up the group. August Wilhelm behaved nobly, but Friedrich, who had once given her up for his brother's sake could not forgive her.
16. See Dischner 1979 for an analysis of the political, cultural and historical significance of this sociability.
17. Schelling formulated it later in his natural philosophy as 'die Humanisierung der Natur' and 'die Naturalisierung des Menschen', see Dischner 1979: 96. Dischner points to a parallel with psychoanalysis in the notion of 'a new golden age': regression, looking back, is necessary in order to go forward. Dischner's is altogether an admirably clear account of the political, cultural and historical significance of the romantic sociability practised by the Jena Circle. Contemporaries marked the turn from political to cultural revolutionary aims by referring to them as 'Jacobins of poetry'.
18. Caroline is said to have fed 18 people every day, not counting children.
19. For a discussion of Lucinde's form and context - see Cornelia Hotz-Steinmeyer, Friedrich Schlegels 'Lucinde' als Neue Mythologie: Geschichtsphilosophischer Versuch einer Rueckgewinnung gesellschaftlicher Totalitaet durch das Individuum (Frankfurt: Peter Lang, 1985).
20. For a fuller discussion of the reaction see Hartwig Schultz, 'Geist and Sinnlichkeit: Friedrich Schlegel's Lucinde und die Folgen', Die Liebe soll auferstehen: die Frau im Spiegel romantischen

Denkens, ed. Wolfgang Boehme (Karlsruhe: Herrenalber Texte, 1985).

21. See Ingeborg Drewitz, Bettine von Arnim: Romantik-Revolution-Utopie (Muenchen: Wilhelm Heyne, 1984), pp. 165ff. For 'Jungdeutschland' cf. 'Giovine Italia' Mazzini's political organization.
22. See Drewitz 1984: 166-168.
23. See Bernhard Gajek 'Bettine von Arnim (1785-1859): Von der Romantik zur sozialen Revolution' in Wolfgang Boehme, 1985: 21.
24. Boehme, 1985: 21.
25. Boehme, 1985: 21.
26. Boehme, 1985: 22: she was several times successful in commuting sentences for 'traitors'.
27. Boehme, 1985: 23.
28. See Drewitz 1984: 214. Bettine dared not answer till she could send a reply with a friend a year later. In this way the co-operation between two leading women of the time belonging to different nations was made impossible.
29. See Drewitz 1984: 236 ff. (the chapter 'Volkerfruehling') and Boehme ed. 1985: 23-24.
30. See Drewitz 1984: 240-42.
31. See Drewitz 1984: 267-8 on the difference between Marx's and Bettine's conception of the 'daimons'.
32. For the meeting with Marx in 1842 see Drewitz 1984: 197, and cf. 268-9.
33. See Drewitz 1984: 268-9.
34. See Drewitz 1984: 270.
35. When Werner Vordtriede edited Bettina von Arnim's Armenbuch (Frankfurt: Insel Verlag, 1969).
36. Quoted Boehme ed. 1985: 27, my translation.
37. Quoted Boehme ed. 1985 on back of book without reference. My translation.
38. Drewitz gives an example. The rent for a fashionable Berlin flat was 300-400 Taler a year; the income of people of good standing 3000-400 Taler a year. The rent for a room in the tenements of

the poor, in which a whole family lived, was 2 Taler a month; the total income of these families between 3 and 6 Taler a month (1984: 214).

39. See the last paragraph of Civilization and its Discontents. I quote from Civilization, Society and Religion: Group Psychology, Civilization and its Discontents and Other Works (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985) pp. 339-40.
40. A garrison church, it should be noted.
41. She wanted to write her doctoral dissertation about Bettine, but for archival reasons was prevented and did it on 18th century literary life in Germany, taking Bettine up again later. Stoecker, not Else von Richthofen as is often said, was the first woman to get a (modern) doctorate in Germany. Else got the first doctorate in the new science of sociology in Heidelberg, under Max Weber - and she was a woman (Among the bluestockings of the 18th century were many women doctors.)
42. In Die Frauen und die Liebe. Marianne Weber, the wife of Max Weber was herself president of the nationally organised feminist movement for some time, the League of German Women. She was not in sympathy with the Neue Ethik, but belonged to the moderate branch of the movement.
43. Gross too came to her through Else. He was Else's friend and father of one of her children before Frieda met him.
44. For a very brief but clear account of this history see Herrad Schenk, Die feministische Herausforderung: 150 Jahre Frauenbewegung in Deutschland (Munich: Beck, 1980): 48-50. Werner Thoennessen in The Emancipation of Women: The Rise and Decline of the Women's Movement in German Social Democracy 1863-1933, Joris de Bres trans., (London: Pluto Press, 1969) gives additional useful information.
45. The split was prepared by the fact that in 1874 the newly formed national umbrella organization, League of German Women, excluded the socialist women workers' groups from membership with a trumped up legal excuse: see Schenk 1977: 50-51.
46. F. August Bebel Die Frau und der Sozialismus, (Zuerich: Volksbuchhandlung, 1879). The book appeared originally (because socialism was forbidden at the time) under the cover title Die Frau in der Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft (Leipzig,

- 1878). It anticipated Engel's argument, using Morgan as Engels did.
47. Together with another German feminist, Emma Ihrer. Jean H Quataert says that 'Zetkin dealt with the women's question analytically and Ihrer translated theory into organizational strategy'. See Reluctant Feminists in German Social Democracy, 1885-1917 (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1979), pp. 69-70.
  48. One of them was abortion policy, but birth control was also viewed with suspicion by the socialist party. They were seen as reducing the working class numerically and therefore sapping its revolutionary potential. Quataert addresses herself to the subject as a whole in her book, as its title Reluctant Feminists shows (see note above). She discusses Zetkin's theory at length and gives an account of her life and work, as well as that of Ihrer and other prominent socialist feminists.
  49. For an uncharacteristic socialist response to abortion and contraception at the time, however, see note above.
  50. On German feminism and Nietzsche see R Hinton Thomas, Nietzsche in German Politics and Society, 1890-1918 (Manchester: Manchester Univ Press, 1983), pp. 80-85. Unfortunately Hinton Thomas is better on Nietzsche than he is on feminism. He gives an account of the Neue Ethik, but his account of Helene Stoecker's last years is strangely biased.
  51. Richard J Evans, The Feminists: Women's Emancipatory Movements in Europe, America and Australia (London: Croom Helm, 1977), pp. 107-8.
  52. See Evans 1977: 107 and Schenk 1977: 36.
  53. See Schenk 1977: 37 on how the Neue Ethik is suppressed in the history of the women's movement, even when written by feminists. One of the ironies of the controversy is that both camps, the radical and the moderate/liberal, talked of women realising their true self. Helene Stoecker as well as Helene Lange worked for women's education and both professed the 'all round personality' as their aim. The difference is that between matriotism and patriotism. Helene Lange and Gertud Baumer were patriots.
  54. Richard J Evans, The Feminist Movement in Germany, 1894-1933, (London: Sage Publications, 1976), p. 263. Evans' book has a detailed account of Helene

Stoecker's life and work and the history of the Neue Ethik. The end of her and her co-radicals' lives in exile after 1933 is described on pp. 263-265.

55. For instance Die Zukunft edited by Maximilian Harden.
56. In Otto Gross, Von geschlechtlicher Not zur sozialen Katastrophe, Kurt Kreiler ed. (Frankfurt: Robinson, 1980) pp. 22-24.
57. See Otto Gross 'Die Kommunistische Grundidee in der Paradiessymbolik', written in 1919, in Von geschlechtlicher Not zur sozialen Katastrophe Frankfurt: Robinson, 1980), pp. 41-54.
58. See Gross 1980: 145.

#### Chapter 8

1. Frieda Lawrence, Not I but The Wind (London: Heinemann, 1935), p. 144.
2. Dorothy Brett's book Lawrence and Brett (London: Secker 1933) is dedicated 'to the potential lover'. She describes meeting Lawrence at the Cafe Royal occasion like this: 'We wait, wondering whether you have got lost. A waiter suddenly flings open the door, and you are there. You step into the room pause, and look at us all. Slim, neat ... you look at us proudly, like a God, the Lord of us all, the light streaming down on your dark gold hair. I turn away, strangely moved, while the others cluster round, one taking your hat, the other your coat; until stepping from among them, you say: 'Where is Brett? I want to meet her' (p.70). Frieda arrived with Lawrence, though one would not have guessed it. Lawrence had met Brett before but seems to have forgotten it. She did not mind.
3. Brett 1933: 247.
4. Lawrence's leadership was discussed at Brett's Thursday soiree, a male gathering to which women were only allowed to come if specially and unanimously invited. Lawrence had been talking of New Mexico and the Indians: 'Kot is angry, saying that you belong to England ... you laugh, a tinge of bitterness in it ... what has England ever done for you? Richard, Murry's younger brother, says if you would remain in England he and many young men would follow you, that they need a leader. You jeer and

reply that the young men do not want a leader ... "If the young men or anyone wants to follow me, let them... It's up to them" (1933: 24). The incident shows the gap between Frieda and Lawrence. We are of course used to Lawrence's dreams of leadership and recommendations of hierarchy and power from books like Aaron's Rod but the fictional attitude seems at a remove from reality, so that this comes as a shock.

5. D. H. Lawrence, Apocalypse (Cambridge University Press, 1980) pp. 67-68. Lawrence even recognises here, in an aside, that an alternative to the 'world of power' might be possible: 'It is the law of men. Perhaps the law of women is different' (p.68, my italics).
6. Letter to Richard Aldington in Harry T. Moore and Dale B. Montagu, eds., Frieda Lawrence and her Circle (London: Macmillan, 1981), p.99.
7. Martin Green, The Von Richthofen Sisters: The Triumphant and the Tragic Modes of Love, (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974).
8. Robert Lucas in his Frieda Lawrence: The Story of Frieda von Richthofen and D. H. Lawrence calls Else a 'fanatic advocate of women's liberation' (London: Secker and Warburg, 1973) p.36. I do not know what he bases his charge of fanaticism on. Else was a particularly balanced and reasonable person.
9. The phrase comes from Otto Gross's letter: 'How have you managed this miracle, you golden child - kept the curse and the dirt of two gloomy millennia from your soul with your laughter and your love?' (according to Green 1974: 47). Green adds: 'Gold and sun and laughter and newness and child - these are all the very images that Lawrence was to apply to Frieda'.
10. The Cambridge Edition of the Letters of D H Lawrence, 1, (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1979), p. 471. Letters from this edition will be referred to hereafter by date.
11. A. Alvarez, Life After Marriage: Scenes from Divorce (London: Macmillan, 1982) p.74.
12. F. R. Leavis nowhere says outright that Frieda is immoral. The phrase in 'Anna Karenina' and Other Essays (London: Chatto and Windus, 1967), p.22., in the passage I quote below, is 'an amoral German aristocrat'. Frieda was still alive, and he contents himself with suggesting and hinting.

13. See Erich Schmidt ed., Caroline, Brief aus der Fruehromantik (Bern: Hubert Lang, 1970), pp. vii-viii.
14. Because of the attitude of the Arnim family it was not possible to do research on Bettine for a hundred years. The family archive was opened for research by the state in 1945, after the expropriation of the landowners in East Germany. The family was ashamed of Bettine. A would-be researcher was told by her grandson that he wished he could destroy her papers to prevent his grandfather's name being dragged in the mud. (When the letters of the spouses were published, it turned out that Bettine had been a faithful and loving wife). Helene Stoecker, who had wanted to do her dissertation on Bettine in the late 19th century was prevented by the family attitude. See Ingeborg Drewitz, Bettine von Arnim: Romantik, Revolution, Utopia (Munchen: Wilhelm Heyne, 1969), pp.282-284.
15. Women of socialist countries are in a different position in this sense: while socialism has not changed a male dominated world, it has changed the ideology about it, and this gives a certain leeway to self-assertion.
16. Also worth noticing is the difference in our reaction to Lawrence's behaviour. Frieda's selfishness is as nothing compared to Lawrence's tyrannies, whims, laying down the law, imposing his opinions, incessant bossing. This we accept as male. It is not selfish. As long as 'female' is connotated 'unselfish', everything a woman does which does not conform is selfish. Even if a woman simply stands up for herself we are uneasy: it offends our sense of decorum.
17. Green puts his finger on the fact that Gross learnt from Frieda but sees it in his own framework of eroticism and sibling rivalry. Talking about the difference in tone in Gross's letters to Else from those to Frieda he says: 'Above all, he was Else's master in eroticism, whereas Frieda, he implies, was his mistress' (1974: 48).
18. Perhaps also because he was so preoccupied with accepting an immoral German as his wife that it never occurred to him to look at her dispassionately. I am convinced that he never saw that it takes courage and a conscious decision to live like Frieda. On the contrary, he was nervous about her - had he by any chance married a fast woman? (shades of his mother) - and proud of overcoming his nervousness. This is what to me some of the short stories of the period convey.



19. One could say that the Ursula of the end of The Rainbow becomes the new woman in Gross's utopian sense for a moment. But she is given no scope to substantiate this newness. Instead she becomes quickly again the new woman in the sense of the modern woman and has to be taught by Birkin.
20. John Middleton Murry, Son of Woman: The Story of D. H. Lawrence (London: Jonathan Cape, 1931).
21. H. D., Bid Me To Live (London: Virago, 1984).
22. Mabel Dodge Luhan, Lorenzo in Taos (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1932).
23. There are many references in Lorenzo in Taos to this. 'We started being friends. She was excellent company. She had the gift of immediate intimacy that I had myself, which, compared to ordinary intercourse, is like a live body beside a talking doll. And there was a quick, spontaneous flow between us. But as soon as Lawrence returned to the scene he stopped it. He was, in all possible ways, jealous, just as she was. He was annoyed that Frieda and I had become friends and not only jealous of me but jealous of her as well. The flow immediately ceased between Frieda and me and started between Lawrence and me. He somehow switched it' (p.50). 'Well, when he came back after a few days with Tony ... and found Frieda and I had flowed together in sympathy, he was in a rage. But it must be admitted once and for all that Frieda and I were friends and could have been good friends and had fun together if he had never returned' (p.51). 'Sometimes he hated us both. I remember one day we were all down in the orchard picking apples... Frieda and I, in a lapse of antagonism, sat on the ground together with the red apples piled all around us... We were united for a moment, Frieda and I, in a mutual assurance of self-sufficiency, made certain, as women are sometimes, of our completeness by the sheer force of our bountiful health. Lawrence ... caught sight of the two of us; we were suddenly made one in his eyes. He drooped over us in a funny, wry despair. 'O implacable aphrodite!' he moaned.' (p.67). See also p. 152.
24. 'Perhaps this is the time to tell you, Jeffers, what I wanted, and not to beat about the bush and cover it up in a maze of words. I wanted to seduce his spirit so that I could carry out certain things. ... I did not want particularly, to touch him. There was no natural physical pleasure in contact with him. He was, somehow, too dry, not sensuous enough, and really not attractive to me physically.

But I awakened in myself, artificially, I suppose, a wish, a wilful wish to feel him and I persuaded my flesh and my nerves that I wanted him. Never approximately any actual touch or union, body to body, with him, that would destroy my illusion of desire. I was able to imagine any amount of passion in myself. I did this because I knew instinctively that the strongest, surest way to the soul is through the flesh. It was his soul that I needed for my purpose, his soul, his will, his creative imagination, and his lighted vision' (Lorenzo in Taos 1932: 70).

25. E. W. Tedlock, Frieda Lawrence: Memoirs and Correspondence (London: Heinemann, 1961), p. 410.
26. Both quotations according to Paul Delany, D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare (Hassocks, Sussex: Harvester, 1979), p. 330: they are from the Grove Press (NY: 1960) edition of Bid Me To Live. Delany's assessment of the relation between HD, Lawrence and Frieda is different from mine: 'When Rico and Elsa (the Lawrences) arrived on the scene in Bid Me To Live Julia soon draws them into her network of intrigue by adding herself on to their relationship (p. 330). Here is HD's full account of the parasitism, acc. to Delany: 'She and Rico would burn away parasitically, they would burn out together. Julia existed parasitically on Rafe [Richard Aldington, HD's husband] and Rico lived on Elsa. But once alive, fed as it were by those firm-fleshed bodies, they were both free, equal too in intensity, matched, mated.
27. Mabel and Brett have their own reasons for saying Frieda prevented Lawrence from having other relationships: they were both shamelessly predatory in their bids for him. Women In Love ends like this: 'Did you need Gerald?' she asked one evening. 'Yes' he said. 'Aren't I enough for you?' she asked. 'No' he said... 'Why aren't I enough?' she said. 'You are enough for me. I don't want anybody else but you'... 'Having you, I can live all my life without anybody else... But to make it complete, really happy, I wanted eternal union with a man too, another kind of love', he said. 'I don't believe it', she said. 'It's an obstinacy, a theory, a perversity... You can't have two kinds of love. Why should you?! - 'It seems as if I can't', he said. 'Yet I wanted it.' - 'You can't have it because it's false, impossible', she said. 'I don't believe that' he answered.'
28. Frieda still remembered HD at the end of her life with affection and said in a letter to Richard

Aldington (who cannot have been very pleased) 'Hilda, how is she? I shall always be grateful to her, she wasn't 'small beer' anyhow, what a strange marriage of yours that must have been!' (Moore ed. Frieda Lawrence and her Circle 1981: 100).

29. Edward Nehls. D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography 1957-1959, vol. III, p. 98.
30. Mabel Luhan contrasts Frieda's sunniness with Lawrence's 'darkness'. 'His wife is a big, rosy German ... She is an expansive child nature, very sunny and rich, and lives only in her emotions ... She is really all light and sun while Lawrence is dark; there seems to be always a weight on him. He is rarely gay - he is truly the sombre Anglo-Saxon, which he hates with a bitter hatred.
31. Mabel Luhan also noticed what he says about himself in Mr Noon: that it was an inability to let himself go. 'I was always trying to get him to dance, but he would not .... We never once, any of us, could get him to dance. Frieda danced, I danced, even Tony danced, majestic and remote and with his perfect sense of rhythm. But that darling Lorenzo would sit there alone with a disgusted look on his face ... or companioned by Brett, who looked at us with Lawrence's expression of disgust, but who was far from realising that in reality he was longing with all his heart to be merry and carefree and able to let himself go' ((Lorenzo in Taos 1933: 189/190. See also pp. 210-11).
32. Kate Millet, Sexual Politics (London: Virago, 1977), p. 62.
33. Frieda recalls how she used to throw fruit down from her garden wall to the soldiers, infuriating their officers. Her attitude to the soldiers is recorded in Mr Noon in a passage to which we come in the next chapter. She also tells in her memoirs how the soldiers sang the songs of their home regions to her, teaching her the folksongs that meant so much to her all her life. How symbolic of her relationship to men these experiences were is clear from the fact that when Lawrence died she sang these songs to him all night during her wake.
34. D. H. Lawrence, The Plumed Serpent (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1950), pp. 423-24.
35. Katherine Mansfield corroborates this in vivid way when on 11 May 1916 she writes to Koteliansky from Cornwall: 'If he is contradicted about anything he gets into a frenzy, quite beside himself and it goes on until he is so exhausted that he cannot stand and

has to go to bed .... These rages occur whenever I see him for more than a casual moment for if ever I say anything that isn't quite 'safe', off he goes! It is like sitting in a railway station with Lawrence's temper like a big black engine puffing and snorting. I can think of nothing, I am blind to everything, waiting for the moment when, with a final shriek, off it will go!' (quoted Delany 1979: 229).

36. For Lawrence wife battering was a matter of principle. It announces itself in the early short story 'The White Stocking'. But I have found two accounts in memoirs where he expressed it directly. Mabel Luhan asked him to speak to her twenty year old son before he was getting married. 'I asked John what he'd said. "He said a lot. He said for me to be always alone. Always separate. Never to let Alice know my thoughts. To be gentle with her if she was gentle, but if she opposed my will to beat her" (1933: 78). The other account is Catherine Carswell's in The Savage Pilgrimage: 'So I had been scolding and Donald [Catherine's husband] ... had complained of this, good-naturedly to Lawrence. 'You ought to hit her' said Lawrence fiercely - 'Hit her hard. Don't let her scold and nag. You mustn't allow it whatever it is you have done!' We all laughed and felt refreshed' (London: Chatto and Windus, 1932), p. 152.
37. Delany (1979) quotes extensively from Katherine's and Murry's letters in the chapter 'Zennor: The Making of Women in Love'. All references are to this.
38. See the story of breaking a plate on his head as she tells it to Bernard Shaw in her The Memoirs and Correspondence, ed. E. W. Tedlock (London Heinemann 1961), p. 148.
39. Frieda Lawrence, Not I But The Wind (London: Heinemann, 1935). Tedlock's judgement of Not I But The Wind is: 'a rather hurried attempt to clarify her life with Lawrence' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: vi).
40. The chapter 'Andrew' (on Lawrence) was so meagre that her editor (Tedlock) bolstered it with an account of the misery Frieda suffered over being cut off from the children and Lawrence's callous reaction, taken from the 'notebook fragments' (see 1961: 426). This notebook fragment is again of high quality; but Frieda is always interesting when she writes about her relations to her children.

41. In the context admittedly it means: Others may revile Lawrence, but Paula knows how real he is and hence despises the 'show and performance' - the unreality - of his detractors.
42. E. Ann Kaplan, Women and Film: Both Sides of the Camera (London: Methuen, 1983), p. 93.
43. Quoted Manfred Jurgensen ed., Frauenliteratur: Autorinnen Perspektiven Konzepte (Muenchen: Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 1985), p. 35.
44. Frieda's sister Else was drawn out of her class by the same feeling, but while in Frieda and Ottoline it was romantic, in her it was inspired by a social conscience and led to work for women factory hands. Frieda rejected Else's social conscience. She should have been aware however that the gap between her and Ottoline's way of acting on the feeling was equally great: she staked everything on it in her marriage and her life among the Indians at Taos, Ottoline played with it.
45. Catherine Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence (London: Chatto and Windus, 1932),
46. An example of the brutality I mean is a story of her childhood Brett tells quite unselfconsciously. The china candlesticks in the nursery had to be replaced by brass because she was always throwing them, at her governess.
47. In Lorenzo in Taos Mabel describes on several occasions how Lawrence could not 'feel' things and had to feel through Frieda. So, for instance, the moment they met she 'saw how her [Frieda's] encounters passed through her to Lawrence - how he was keyed to her so that he felt things through her and was obliged to receive life through her vicariously' (1932: 37).
48. Why Frieda chose the men she chose we do not know. Murry she knew as a sneak, a liar and a coward. One can only speculate: on the one hand they were men who were on the spot and offered comfort; on the other, Frieda felt she was the giver in any relationship with men, and all men regardless needed what she could give.
49. The whole Spotorno episode is fraught with traumatic psychic implications, for Lawrence and for Frieda. Frieda had her daughters with her for the first time since she had left with Lawrence and been cut off from her children 13 years before. She was happy, and in Lawrence the old jealousy surfaced again.

He threw a glass of wine in her face and called her 'false', whereupon her daughter Barbara flared up with a 'my mother is much too good for you - it's pearls before swine'. Lawrence then invited Ada, according to Frieda's good-natured account, to have 'his own show'. But clearly it was a vindictive turning to the past - his past. When he found it did him no good, he turned to an equally barren 'future' with Brett, hurting in the process Ada, Brett, Frieda and most of all himself.

50. See editors' notes to the letter in the Cambridge edition of The Letters, III, pp 179, 180.
51. Frieda's own reaction to the Jesus-Magdalene relation points up the difference between her and Lawrence in these matters. She writes in a letter to Kot in 1926 'And letting his feet be wiped with hair, disgusting! So much for Christ for me!' (1961: 232).
52. Catherine Carswell, The Camomile (London: Virago, 1987), pp. 268-69.
53. See Sandra Darroch's attitude in Ottoline: The Life of Lady Ottoline Morel (London: Chatto and Windus, 1976) as a typical example of how Ottoline's biographers view Frieda.
54. Stephen Spender ed., D.H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1973).
55. Letters III, 1984: 161. The short note from December 1917 to Carswell is one of the most delightful messages to a woman friend we have from Frieda's pen. But it also illustrates the difference in tone I have mentioned used to friends she wooed with a yearning love and friends she was just very fond of like Catherine.
56. In Hilary Simpson's Lawrence and Feminism (London: Croom Helm, 1982), Frieda's influence is mentioned twice. On p.92 Simpson says: 'The German face of sex-psychology which Frieda knew of is of interest because it combined sexual liberation with a kind of matriarchal feminism in a fashion virtually unknown in England.... The full impact of the movement on Lawrence is discussed by Martin Green in his book on The Von Richthofen sisters'. Green of course, distances Frieda sharply from any breath of feminism: Else, her counterpart, was a feminist, and feminism in any case belongs to the men's world. Otto Gross actually developed, after the Great War, a form of matriarchal communism. Frieda did not share in this development of his ideas; she was anti-matriarchal, as I explain in the chapter on Mr

Noon. On p. 155, in an interesting chapter on Lawrence's collaborations with women Simpson says: 'critics still have not tired of debating whether [Friedal was a supreme source of inspiration or a fatal mistake.'

## Chapter 9

1. D. H. Lawrence, Study of Thomas Hardy, in Phoenix, ed. Edward D. McDonald (London: Heinemann, 1936), pp. 398-516.
2. Sandra M. Gilbert and Susan Gubar, No Man's Land (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1988), p. xiv.
3. D. H. Lawrence, The First Lady Chatterley (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973), pp. 14-15.
4. Paul Delaney, D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare (Hassocks, Sussex: Harvester, 1979), p. 325.
5. D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973), p. 263.
6. Frieda Lawrence, The Memoirs and Correspondence (London: Heinemann, 1961), p. 209.
7. D. H. Lawrence, Mr Noon, ed. Lindeth Vasey (Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1984), xl.
8. Anne Smith, 'A New Adam and a New Eve: Lawrence and Women, A Biographical Overview', Lawrence and Women, ed. Anne Smith (London: Vision, 1979), p. 30.
9. There Gilbert is 'ashamed to be ashamed'. See Mr Noon 1984: 212-13.
10. Dorothy Brett, Lawrence and Brett: A Friendship (London: Secker, 1933), p. 124.
11. Mark Spilka, 'On Lawrence's Hostility to Wilful Women: The Chatterley Solution', D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet, ed. Stephen Spender (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1973).
12. David Garnett, The Golden Echo (London: Chatto and Windus, 1953).
13. No society in which such a rule is politically established has been found. We have however good reason to think that certain archaic societies like that of the Minoans, were permeated with a female

spirit, a female form of religion. Whether some of these societies were also ruled by women is uncertain; it is more likely that the political rulers were men. Societies permeated by a female spirit were no doubt not perfect societies but there is reason to think that they were better societies than those in which women are subservient.

14. He actually qualifies: 'In a way, Frieda is the devouring mother'. But it is interesting that in the same letter he goes on to say that he believes men must take precedence over women and women follow 'unquestioningly' and adds: 'Frieda doesn't [believe it]. Hence our fight.' Here the 'sex war' is closely tied not to a fight about predominance but to Frieda's refusal to believe in male lordship. See also note 19.
15. Claire Tomalin, Katherine Mansfield: A Secret Life (London: Viking/Penguin, 1987).
16. Anthony Alpers, The Life of Katherine Mansfield (New York: Viking, 1980).
17. But as the tiresome animal imagery shows, even he sees her nobility as something elemental rather than human.
18. See Frieda Lawrence, Not I But The Wind, (London: Heinemann, 1935), pp. 142-43.
19. See Harry T. Moore, The Priest Of Love, (London: Heinemann, 1974), pp. 63-4.
20. In the letter to Katherine Mansfield from 5 December 1918 he says: '... Frieda says I am antediluvian in my attitude. I do think a woman must yield some precedence to a man, and he must take his precedence. I do think men must go ahead absolutely in front of their women, without turning round to ask for permission and approval of their women. Consequently the woman must follow as it were unquestioning', (Letters, Vol. III, 302). See also note 14.
21. John Carey, 'Lawrence's Doctrines', D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet, ed. Stephen Spender (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1973).
22. See her letter of 13 September 1914 to Edward Marsh 'Of course in war all the madnesses come out in a man, that is the fault of war not of a man or a nation..' (Letters, Vol. II, 1981: 214-15). In her unfinished novel when the lover of Paula (Frieda), called Dario (Angelo Ravagli) sings the praises of war and talks of it as his most important experience



- she says flatly 'She did not believe it' (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 22).
23. Lawrence associated Frieda not only with the sun but with fire. He called her his phoenix, but later took the Phoenix as his own emblem and Frieda put it on his grave. Whatever the associations were for himself (Delany suggests a Christ image) for Frieda the associations were the sun, fire and rebirth, possibly with a pun on sexual vigor.
24. D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Poems, ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977), p. 257.
25. Lawrence believed that the pulmonary diseases so common at his time were the result of this overdevelopment of the upper centres, the centres of the breast. It was without any doubt his unusual gift of empathy coupled with his own illness that led him to this theory. See Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious (New York: Viking, 1960, p. 97.
26. Cf. A. Alvarez making fun of his young self when he married Frieda's granddaughter. 'I had imagined myself into one of those grand and sudden passions that change everything. Just as my idols, Lawrence and Frieda. I pictured her as the Dark Goddess, the Muse, the Jungle Jane to my Sensitive Poet. She instinct, me intellect. The Grand Passion Mark II'. (Life After Marriage: Scenes from Divorce [London: Macmillan, 1982], p. 29.
27. His writing of the 20s is especially full of such conventional schemes of sexual dualism. In this he was influenced by Weininger (either directly, or indirectly) and by the prevailing tone in which sexuality and 'the woman question' was discussed. But in Studies in Classic American Literature (NY: Viking Press, 1961) we find a really startling attack on women's sensuality and its danger for men's spirituality, combined with an equally startling piece of literary criticism: '[Hester] had dished him [Dimmesdale] and his spirituality, so he hated her. As Angel Clare was dished and hated Tess. As Jude in the end hated Sue: or should have done. The women make fools of them, the spiritual men' (p. 91).
28. Frieda delighted in Lawrence's 'sensual man'. Long after Lawrence's death she writes to an inquirer about Lawrence: 'The greatest thing he had was, I think what they condemn him most for - a new joy in sex - sex as the height of all human experience that we shared'. (Memoirs and Correspondence 1961: 274).

The 'sensual soul' is of course a concept necessary for what Frieda and Gross conceived of as 'the third thing, the relationship'. It was developed in Germany by the early romantics. Hoelderlin politicised its spirit as 'das Liebende' or 'alliebend' in poems like Germania. There he develops poetically the linguistic possibility of a language-of-love, the prepatriarchal language that exercises French feminism today. The gift of this 'mother tongue' is associated by him with images of the earth as living body that recall Lawrences poems about the new earth:

Und heimlich, da Du traumtest, liess ich  
Am Mittag scheidend Dir ein Freundeszeichen,  
Die Blume des Mundes zurueck, und Du redest einsam.  
Doch Fuelle der goldenen Worte sandest Du auch,  
Glueckselige! mit den Stroemen, und sie quillen  
unerschöpflich  
In die Gegenden all.

(And secretly as you were dreaming I left, /  
departing at midday, a friend's token for you, /the  
flower of the mouth and you talked in solitude. /Yet  
you also sent plenitude of golden phrases, /Blissful  
one! with the streams, and they spring and pour  
unceasingly/into all the countryside (my  
translation).

29. One of the details Lawrence had taken in was Gross's conception of the love relation as 'the third thing'. Lawrence, apparently quite deliberately, perverts this when in Lady Chatterley's Lover he speaks of the penis as the third thing. In the second version, John Thomas and Lady Jane, this is clearest; Connie muses: 'Between the two hesitating, baffled creatures, himself and her, she had seen a third creature, erect, alert, overweening, utterly unhesitating, stand there in a queer new assertion, rising from the roots of his body' (1973: 237 ff). With this shift of the third term to a part of his body he takes all initiative from the woman.
30. I must stress here again that Mr Noon is unusual in Lawrence's oeuvre. Lawrence tended to bowdlerise what Frieda had brought him, distorting it especially by dissociating freedom and 'love' and so breaking asunder the unity essential to the German conception. This process can be traced in his writing before Mr Noon and becomes common practice afterwards. There is however in almost every Lawrentian piece of writing a subtext in which the essential unity is present; and whenever Frieda is imaginatively alive to him while he is writing, as she is in The Virgin and the Gipsy, the

unity of love and freedom becomes the central underlying assumption once more.

31. In his later writing, Lawrence shows an urge to destroy 'mother earth' by 'phallic power'. In the light of the ending of Mr Noon this wish is self destructive, as well as coming strangely from a man who was afraid of a civilisation that ruined the earth. Hilary Simpson in D. H. Lawrence and Feminism (London: Croom Helm, 1982), points out that Lawrence describes a 'rape of the earth by a phallic whirlwind' in The Plumed Serpent, and that this reflects his 'preoccupation, in this novel, with phallic power'. What she quotes: 'That pillar of cloud which swayed and swung, like a rearing serpent or a rising tree, till it swept the Zenith, and all the earth below was dark and prone, and consummated... a whirlwind that rises suddenly in the twilight and raises a great pliant column, swaying and leaning with power, clear between heaven and earth', raises uneasy comparisons with the mushroom cloud in a post-Hiroshima generation (1982: 134).

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