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Oliver Taylor

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*An Organism of Words*

Body Language in the Letters, Diaries, and Novels of  
D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf

Oliver Taylor

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*Volume 1.*

26 JAN 2009

## Abstract

This thesis investigates body language in the letters, diaries, and novels of D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. It engages with literary critical readings of their work, research from non-verbal communication studies, and philosophical accounts of the body in order to offer detailed readings of their presentation of non-verbal behaviour. Throughout the thesis, the term "body language" is used to describe the writing of the body and non-verbal communication within certain texts and the way in which the language of these texts is inflected by the body. One particular concern of the study is the importance of embodiment to the writing of perception in these works. The phenomenological writing of Maurice Merleau-Ponty is therefore a touchstone for readings which foreground the senses and a sensuous engagement with space. This strand of the thesis is informed by theories of space as well as situating itself amongst contemporary accounts of the Modern period that consider the influence of technology on these very senses. A further concern of the thesis, then, is to examine the vocabulary developed and employed by these Modern writers in order to write this new relationship of the human with technology and space. Their turn towards a posthuman poetics of perception gives voice to these new imbrications and to their appraisal, through the senses, of what it means to be human. This is in keeping with the general purpose of the thesis, namely, to evaluate the techniques and styles that these authors use in order to write the body and body language, ones in which they confront the paradox of writing non-verbal behaviour within their inherently verbal modes.

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## Acknowledgements

It would be hard to overinflate the support given to me by certain people during the writing of this thesis. First and foremost, I would like to thank my supervisor Pat Waugh for her perceptive comments, critical insight, good humour, and guidance throughout. In the early stages of the thesis, Simon James provided the same. I am also grateful to the following people whose comments on and warm encouragement of aspects of the work that I presented at conferences have been insightful, thought-provoking, and much appreciated: Keith Cushman, Betsy Fox, Bethan Jones, Christopher Pollnitz, Peter Preston, and Ginette Katz-Roy. Finally, the staff at the Harry Ransom Center, University of Austin, Texas, were thoroughly helpful and welcoming during my research there.

The thesis would not have been possible without funding from the Arts and Humanities Research Council and a Doctoral Fellowship from Durham University.

Elements of chapters one and three appear in *Etudes Lawrenciennes*; an early version of the work on Woolf's revisions to *Kew Gardens* in chapter four appeared in the Special Virginia Woolf Issue of *The Journal of the Short Story in English* 50 (July 2008); chapter five appears in *The Hand of the Interpreter: Essays on Meaning After Theory*, ed. Mitrano and Jarosinski (Peter Lang, 2008).

For constant love, friendship and floor-space my greatest thanks are reserved for my family and friends. In particular, my brother whose love of bodybuilding inspired an interest in the topic of statues discussed in chapter two; Lydia Hopton and Susan Dawson for giving up a day in Florence to visit the Villa Mirinda; Stephen Mason for a lot of hot air; and Benedict Taylor for his blistering knowledge and enjoyment of Proust and Joyce whilst walking in Hardy country.

This thesis is dedicated to my grandmothers who in their separate ways taught me the power of letter writing and the beauty of an early morning walk.



Arts & Humanities  
Research Council

## Abbreviations

### *D. H. Lawrence*

- (SL)            *Sons and Lovers.*
- (PO)            *The Prussian Officer.*
- (R)             *The Rainbow.*
- (WL)            *Women in Love.*
- (SS)            *Sea and Sardinia.*
- (EME)          *England, My England and Other Stories.*
- (FU)            *Fantasia of the Unconscious.*
- (LC)            *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*
- (EP)            *Etruscan Places.*
- (P)             *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence.*
- (FLC)          *The First Lady Chatterley: The First Version of Lady Chatterley's  
Lover.*
- (P2)            *Phoenix II: Uncollected, Unpublished and Other Prose Works.*
- (JT)            *John Thomas and Lady Jane: The Second Version of Lady  
Chatterley's Lover.*
- (1L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume I September 1901–May 1913.*
- (2L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume II June 1913–October 1916.*
- (3L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume III October 1916–June 1921.*
- (4L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume IV June 1921–March 1924.*
- (5L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume V March 1924–March 1927.*
- (6L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume VI March 1927–November 1928.*
- (7L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume VII November 1928 – February  
1930.*
- (8L)            *Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume VII Previously Unpublished  
Letters and General Index.*

## **Virginia Woolf**

- (VO) *The Voyage Out.*
- (KGTS) *Kew Gardens.* Unpublished Typescript. Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas, Austin. 1-12.
- (KG) *Kew Gardens.* London: Hogarth, 1919.
- (JR) *Jacob's Room.*
- (MD) *Mrs Dalloway.*
- (TL) *To the Lighthouse.*
- (L1) *The Flight of the Mind: The Letters of Virginia Woolf. Volume I: 1888-1912*
- (L2) *The Question of Things Happening: The Letters of Virginia Woolf. Volume II: 1912-1922.*
- (L3) *A Change of Perspective: The Letters of Virginia Woolf. Volume III: 1923-1928.*
- (L4) *A Reflection of the Other Person: The Letters of Virginia Woolf. Volume IV: 1929-1931.*
- (1D) *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume I: 1915-1919.*
- (2D) *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume II: 1920-1924.*
- (3D) *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume III: 1925-1930.*
- (M) *Melymbrosia: An Early Version of The Voyage Out.*
- (EJ) *A Passionate Apprentice: The Early Journals 1897-1909.*

## **Maurice Merleau-Ponty**

- (SB) *The Structure of Behaviour.*
- (PP) *Phenomenology of Perception.*
- (WP) *The World of Perception.*

## Introduction

The force of language is much aided by the expressive movements of the face and body.<sup>1</sup>

D. H. Lawrence, an amateur painter, may also be assumed to be a particularly "visual" writer whose novels abound with descriptions of body language.<sup>2</sup>

One of Woolf's subversive points in the novel is that the most influential communication is nonverbal.<sup>3</sup>

This thesis examines the importance of body language to the autobiographical writing and novels of D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf. Although they were rather antipathetic to each other in their own lifetimes (an antagonism often emphasised in critical accounts of their work) these epigraphs show that, as novelists, they share a common concern with how non-verbal communication might be written. In life as in their art, the body and language seem to have had a close relationship for both of these writers. Memoirs of them often remember Lawrence and Woolf as gestural talkers, mimics and practical jokers. For example, Frances Partridge noted that when Woolf was "carried away by her own talk [she] often hugged herself in her folded arms and rocked her body from side to side"<sup>4</sup>. Whereas Enid Hilton remembered Lawrence as a "rather violent speaker" who "emphasized his statements by hitting the palm of his left hand with his doubled-up right fist"<sup>5</sup>, and likewise Cynthia Asquith recorded that "every inch of his body talk[ed] with his tongue"<sup>6</sup>. By their own accounts, these were mannerisms to which they, too, were sensitive. Describing his conversations with Bertrand Russell at Garsington, Lawrence wrote with relish: "I always shout too loud. That annoys the Ottoline" (2*L*, 466). The letters and diaries, or what I have called the "autobiographical" writing, of these writers, then, are sources whose

communication and effect also depend on an appeal to the language of the body. It is this convergence between the body and language in their (otherwise largely divergent) literary projects that is the topic of this thesis, one that also raises the question of how these writers address the paradox of translating non-verbal communication into a verbal medium.

Of the work that considers Lawrence and Woolf together, James J. Miracky's article on, what he calls, "the language of the body" in their work is most appropriate to the thesis.<sup>7</sup> Miracky shows that by placing the "figure of sexual union" at the centre of their work one can see in the "affinity of their metaphors" a "similarity in their literary projects". For him, Lawrence and Woolf challenge the "alienating" effects of literary realism by constructing a "'language of the body,' which they hope will be a source of integration". Miracky's definition of "the language of the body" is somewhat vague, but his method of seeing Lawrence's and Woolf's projects together through it is one which this thesis follows. However, unlike Miracky, the present thesis is not concerned with the sexual or gender politics surrounding the body in their work. Neither does it see realism and "the language of the body" as terms that are necessarily oppositional. Rather, it considers body language and metaphors of the body, terms that require some definition before we proceed.

My definition of "body language" incorporates two different aspects. On the one hand, I take body language to be non-verbal communication, that is, a sign (or signs) emitted by the body (intentionally or otherwise) that (potentially) has meaning for an other. As such, my approach to the body in fiction is obviously concerned with the kind of "realism" that Miracky says that Lawrence and Woolf are writing against. That said, I would argue, as I do in the concluding chapter of

this thesis, that we can see in the way that Lawrence revised *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928) in order to achieve the "tenderness" for which it is now celebrated, the close interrelation between an articulation of this realistic body language and the creation of the novel's metaphysic. In other words, the way in which Lawrence and Woolf write the body *per se*, underpins the kind of effects they achieve in which language and corporeality become not oppositional terms but closely aligned. Rather than seeing an insoluble paradox in the writing of non-verbal communication in a verbal medium, then, these writers accept the close proximity of language and being and use the tensions between them to drive their creative solutions to this paradox. My second definition of the term "body language" is closely related to the first, but takes it in a more general sense to mean the application of certain bodily tropes in their writing, from metaphors that unify single novels to the idea of the literary text as kind of living organism capable of "touching" its readers.

Existing studies of body language in literature, in the first sense of the term, are few and far between. Fernando Poyatos's "Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel" (1977) was one of the first and set the terms for much of what followed. Poyatos's paper makes the distinction between "poetic" (that is, "deliberately esthetic (sometimes evoking more than saying)") and "functional" or "realistic" (that is "the most indispensable physical behaviours of the characters") body language, but, unlike Miracky, concedes to "the literary fusion of the two forms, the poetization of the functional description and the functionalization of the poetic", which, he argues, is felt by the reader to be "the truly artistic form of realism"<sup>8</sup>. Recent work in the field of narratology, obviously throws into question such distinctions between "evoking" and "saying" when it

comes to descriptions of the body (Mieke Bal, for instance, gives the example of a character walking, and explains that even if a certain basic realism is not given explicitly, the very fact of the action itself leads the reader to fill in or evoke certain details; the character walks therefore they need a path). Nevertheless, for the purposes of a general classification of non-verbal behaviour in literature, I think Poyatos's categories are sound.

His paper also outlines what he calls the "basic triple of human communication behaviour" in narrative, that is, "language-paralanguage-kinesis", and how it is "unrealistic to try to isolate any of them"<sup>9</sup>. These three elements, he argues, jointly or independently, are those which the reader appreciates "above all others" in fictional characters and that is why he chooses to exclude "proxemic [and chronemic] behaviour when analyzing nonverbal communication in the narrative text, in spite of its socio-psychological and cultural values"<sup>10</sup>. For Poyatos, proxemic behaviour can be absent even when all the parts of his triple structure concur in the most imperceptible ways (such as when only the eyes or a single muscle move). However, as I attempt to show in Lawrence's use of embodied perception (in chapter three) or Woolf's revisions to *Kew Gardens* (in chapter four), the way in which the body and the world are imbricated for these authors makes "proxemics" an important category for the examination of body language in this thesis. Barbara Korte, in her critical framework for the analysis of body language in (narrative) literature, outlines three "Modal Classes of Non-verbal Communication" ("Kinesics", "Haptics", and "Proxemics") and these will be followed here.<sup>11</sup> Given that Lawrence and Woolf were particularly sensitive to the (human) body's place in space and the power (for good or bad) of proximity and

touch, these categories are more useful when approaching their work than Poyatos's "triple structure".

Poyatos's system, after all, is in keeping with his quantitative approach to the topic that tends to focus on isolated passages from novels without linking such observations to the work's or the author's general use of the body or body language. Korte's categories, although different, are employed to a similar end. In a footnote Poyatos admits that to arrive at "any definite conclusions as to the notable differences among authors in their depiction of the characters' kinesic (or nonverbal) repertoires would take much research"<sup>12</sup>. Indeed, it would, but such research would help him to answer the interesting questions he poses himself, such as "why Lawrence insists so much on the slowness of glances and gait of *Women in Love's* Hermione, Gerald, Birkin, etc., without extending this apparently defining quality to other kinesic characteristics"<sup>13</sup>. My own approach to the topic, unlike Poyatos and Korte, dwells on the use of body language by Lawrence and Woolf in detail. Rather than quantify individual occurrences of body language in order to make observations about its different cross-cultural application (Poyatos) or historical trends within Western (narrative) literature (Korte), this thesis examines the use of body language (in both the narrow definition used by Poyatos and Korte and my second definition above) by two authors in order to analyse its importance to their writing. As such, my approach will focus on the creation of texts and the importance of revision as an aesthetic practice in incorporating the body into their work. The place of an author's own body in the scene of writing will also be considered, an aspect overlooked by Poyatos and Korte.

But whilst Poyatos obviously appreciates the value of such single-author investigations and the relationship of body language to literary realism, Poyatos's

main interest, however, is not exclusively in this area. His piece “Literary Anthropology: Towards a New Interdisciplinary Area” (1988) draws attention to literature as a source for anthropological research. As a consequence, he comes to see kinetic activity, for example, not only constituting “ways of consciously or unconsciously emitting signs and receiving signs, which we find often acknowledged in literature as part of the characters’ communication processes; but, from the point of view of literary anthropology, as cultural ways of behaving in specific situations”<sup>14</sup>. In addition, Poyatos implicitly builds on his observations on “poetic” and “functional” body language to suggest that form and style are as important as content: “beyond the possibilities of written words, punctuation should be acknowledged as a very neglected expressive tool, whose evoking qualities reveal at times cultural characteristics such as voice volume, silences of varying duration and moments of stillness”<sup>15</sup>. My analyses of Lawrence’s hyphenation in chapters one and six acknowledge such expressive capacities.

Poyatos’s recent book-length study of *Narrative Literature, Theater, Cinema, Translation* as part of his three-volume work *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines* (2002) rehearses much of his previous work (his question concerning *Women in Love* (1920) above is restated almost verbatim on page 106, but is still unanswered) though “with a much wider arsenal of literary illustrations”<sup>16</sup>. However, whilst he keeps the body and its language at the centre of the topic with “the various systems of communication as concentric circles closer to or farther removed from [it]”, he focuses in greater detail on the body’s interaction with its environment at large and how, in addition to “somatic systems”, those of a society “act as its extensions in that they modify its appearance and convey messages that define a personality and a culture”<sup>17</sup>. In acknowledging the limits of

focusing on the triple structure alone,<sup>18</sup> and understanding the nineteenth- and twentieth-century realists as leaving “verbal descriptions of the sensory perception of people of each period and in each culture which no other document could surpass in evocative force”<sup>19</sup>, Poyatos’s work can be seen as part of the present cultural reappraisal of the senses in the humanities. Although he still conceives of Literary Anthropology as “drawing chiefly on creative literature”<sup>20</sup>, and primarily the novel as the genre constituting “without any doubt the most fruitful source of documentation with respect to behaviours, the environment, and life styles”<sup>21</sup>, he also says that travel writing, biographies and autobiographies, among others, should not be neglected “as they actually fall within ‘narrative’ literature in their own right, and also because they complement and document mostly the world of the novel”<sup>22</sup>. In addressing the body language of letters and diaries as well as novels, this thesis takes a similar line.

Although Poyatos suggests that his is “the first and much needed book-length comprehensive discussion of the multiple aspects of nonverbal communication in literature”<sup>23</sup>, Barbara Korte’s *Body Language in Literature* (1997), albeit influenced by Poyatos’s earlier work, seems to have claim to this. Like Poyatos, her approach is predominately quantitative and applied to the novel. However, in directing her enquiry through questions concerning literary critical aspects of body language and their relation to narratology, aesthetics and genre, her work provides a workable frame for future study.<sup>24</sup> Korte’s discussion, however, is “restricted to *non-vocal* aspects”<sup>25</sup> of non-verbal communication. In other words, she excludes “paralanguage”, that is, the vocal or sonorous qualities accompanying speech such as accent and tone of voice, as well as “interjection, laughter, sobbing,

coughing, and silence” (although she includes non-vocal paralanguage such as gestures).<sup>26</sup> The present thesis makes no such omission.

What is common to all these studies, however, is their debt to early researchers in the fields of proxemics, kinesics, and haptics, notably E. T. Hall. Hall's *The Silent Language* (1959) and *The Hidden Dimension* (1966) not only established the field of proxemics, but also made an early case for what Poyatos would come to call “Literary Anthropology” and what many cultural critics are now taking up by reappraising the senses in literature.<sup>27</sup> In his concern with the relationship of human beings to their (constructed) environment, Hall's work can be seen alongside studies such as Ruesch and Kees's *Nonverbal Communication: Notes on the Visual Perception of Human Relations* (1956). But what makes Hall of particular interest as a forerunner of studies of body language in literature is his own ample reference to examples of non-verbal communication from art generally and to specific literary examples from Arthur Conan Doyle and Mark Twain, to Samuel Butler, W. H. Auden, and, allusively, Virginia Woolf.<sup>28</sup> His main concern, however, is to show the interrelation between the body and space, and, in particular, how humans perceive and conceive of space. Building on James Gibson's work, perception of space, for Hall, is the synthesis of many sensory channels (he brings touch and olfaction to the fore) and “not passive but active, in fact, a transaction between man and his environment in which both participate”<sup>29</sup>. But following this line of argument through his work one is led to a central paradox. On the one hand, if “touch and visual spatial experiences are so interwoven that the two cannot be separated”<sup>30</sup>, the body is the basis of perception. On the other hand, Hall finds it a “mistaken notion” that “man's boundary begins and ends with his skin” because it is, he says, the senses together, and not the skin itself, that mark the limit of what

we should think of as the body. Rather, Hall suggests, we should “think of man as surrounded by a series of expanding and contracting fields which provide information of many kinds”<sup>31</sup>. The senses themselves thus form “spatial envelopes”<sup>32</sup> whose boundaries are culturally defined. At the same time, the human being as species can be “distinguished from the other animals” by virtue of the fact that he has elaborated “*extensions* of his organism”<sup>33</sup>, “the press, radio, and television [...] extend man’s senses”<sup>34</sup> just as the “computer is an extension of part of the brain, the telephone extends the voice, the wheel extends the legs and feet” and “Language extends experience in time and space while writing extends language”<sup>35</sup>.

Technology as a “prosthetic” sense has been a paradigm for many critics interested in the body in modernism.<sup>36</sup> Of these, Sara Danius’s recent account is interesting because of her argument that, in the work of modernists such as Mann, Proust, and Joyce, we can see “a general transition from technological *prosthesis* to technological *aisthesis*, thus moving from externalization to internalization”<sup>37</sup>. For her, “to chart how the question of perception, notably sight and hearing, is configured in the modernist period is to witness the ever-closer relationship between the sensuous and the technological”<sup>38</sup>. Danius’s work is persuasive; however, her focus on the senses of sight and sound somewhat overdetermines her thesis. As a combination of senses that themselves tend towards thought in terms of internal-external binaries, audio-visual perception encourages thinking in Cartesian subject-object distinctions or, as Hall puts it, “thinking in the abstract”<sup>39</sup>, and thus are modalities in which modern anxieties about the gap between experience and knowledge are particularly acute, and, moreover, ones which, in the main, contribute to its construction. Whilst the camera-eye metaphor, for example,

throws into relief the abstraction of the image in contrast to the perception of the object itself, in resisting such metaphors, writers like Lawrence and Woolf explore the possibilities of representing touch, taste, and smell in language that, as Michael Bell argues, “dissolves” Cartesian categories by rendering the “inextricability of inner and outer in the life of feeling”<sup>40</sup>.

Consider Danius’s brief analysis of the prime minister’s car scene in *Mrs Dalloway* (1925). For Danius, “the implied visual field is delimited by the car window” which, in turn, is occupied by the face and the hand at “the center of this proto-photographic frame”. Moreover, she says, the “excitement built into the scene derives from the primacy of the visual impression itself, serving to indicate the freshness and sensuous immediacy of the seen”<sup>41</sup>. But the framing also seems to be at one further remove from that which Danius suggests, in that Miss Pym goes “to the window to look” (*MD*, 16). And, like many of the transitions between the sections of the narrative, the explosion which introduces both the car and Septimus Warren Smith interrupts one sensory modality with another; here, the sensuous, olfactory mode (of Clarissa Dalloway in the florist’s) is interrupted by the visual (through which Danius says the following prime minister’s car scene is conducted). Olfaction as a way of knowing about the world is thus weighed against vision as an experience of it. For example, when Clarissa Dalloway enters Miss Pym’s florists, her “snuffing” of the “delicious scent” of the “earthy-garden sweet smell” (*MD*, 16) gives her a level of direct, sensuous knowledge of the consciousness of the florist and her surroundings that the onlookers, who try to see who is behind the screened-off car windows, lack. The screens in this case are as much “made of our own integument”, as Woolf would put it, as they are metaphors for photographic technology, as Danius says. Technology, then, it might be said, functions less as an

object of the “excitement” and rather more as a representation of Woolf’s ambivalent feelings towards it as, on the one hand, socially and internationally beneficial and, on the other, a catalyst for class and (to an extent) national division. Moreover, since the scenes blend into one another, it is not so easy to separate out single sensory modes from a more cooperative sensory synergy as Danius suggests. So, whilst the prime minister’s car scene broadly opposes the visual in contradistinction to the olfactory, the (affect of the) visual image itself is rendered through the haptic as well as the optic: “the surface agitation of the passing car as it sunk grazed something very profound” (*MD*, 21).

Greater attention will be paid to this combination of the visual and the tactile in *Mrs Dalloway* in chapters two and five, and, in particular, the synergy of these senses in the writing of perception, as well as the influence of technology on them. But it should also be pointed out here that the excitement also derives from the interaction between language and perception. The “violent explosion” and subsequent “circulation” of gossip not only draw an immediate equivalence between modern warfare and consumer-capitalist competition, but, through the proliferation of olfactory metaphors, also show the close connection between the construction of the modern sensuous and linguistic environment, as Woolf again weighs the scented against the seen. So, the “violent explosion” occasions the rumours which “circulate” and pass “like a cloud” (of perfume) towards “Atkinson’s scent shop” (*MD*, 17). As mentioned above, through the sense of smell subject-object divisions are less clear-cut so it follows that metaphors based on the sense convey a greater sense of being in the world. This is so in *Mrs Dalloway*. What is interesting about the prime minister’s car scene is the way in which olfactory metaphors unravel into visual ones as Woolf foregrounds the problematic

gap between signifier and signified in the language for optical experience. If Woolf uses class in Edgar J. Watkiss's "humorous" assertion that it is "'The Prime Minister's kyar'" (*MD*, 25) to undercut both the inclusivity of technology and those who think they (can say they) know what they see, it is through another outsider, Septimus Warren Smith, that Woolf drives home her equivalent uncertainty about the efficacy of language based on visual perception to describe experience in the skywriting scene. Having overheard Edgar J. Watkiss, when Septimus hears the nursemaid spelling out letters as a way of creating perceptual certainty, Woolf destabilizes the correspondence between signifier/signified (premised on a visual sense) by fragmenting the sign "car" through its use in dialect "kyar", skywriting "K . . . R . . .", and the nurse saying "Kay Arr":

Septimus heard her say "Kay Arr" close to his ear, deeply, softly, like a mellow organ, but with a roughness in her voice like a grasshopper's, which rasped in his spine deliciously and sent running up into his brain waves of sound which, concussing, broke. A marvellous discovery indeed – that the human voice in certain atmospheric conditions (for one must be scientific, above all scientific) can quicken trees into life. (*MD*, 25-6)

Here, the (somewhat ironic) "atmospheric conditions" and sonorous speech mobilize metaphors based on olfaction and audition against the language of "scientific" vision in order to demonstrate that, if language itself is to be used to convey a sense of being in the world, it will not be one based on sight alone (which by its very nature would sharpen subject-object distinctions) but rather one premised on a sensuous being with the world (through the cooperation of many sensory modalities). In this way language and the body are imbricated. In the writing of both Lawrence and Woolf, the body is the basis of language's production, its metaphors, and interpretation. Both obviously acknowledge the plasticity of language and its mediating role between the feeling body and world.

On this note, in exploring Lawrence's and Woolf's use of verbal and non-verbal communication, an area on which this thesis dwells, in particular, is the use of deixis in their novels and autobiographical writing. Often, when these writers reach the limit of verbal expression or want to locate objects in imaginative space, they turn to deixis as both a gestural and verbal display. Horst Ruthrof in *The Body in Language* (2000) distinguishes between "personal" (pronouns and points to the participants in a speech situation), "spatial" (this, that), and "temporal" (then, now) deixis,<sup>42</sup> as well as "implicit or concealed deixis", that is, the "'same' item in two cultures, the 'same' reference in analytical terms, has a different meaning by virtue of a different cultural speech stance, a culture's implicit deixis or hidden cultural modalities"<sup>43</sup>. Other writers on the subject have made similar points. Sotaro Kita, in his introduction to *Pointing: Where Language, Culture and Cognition Meet* (2003), writes that whilst pointing is a "foundational building block of human communication" and a "uniquely human behaviour", it "does not merely indicate vector", rather, "it can serve to create further types of signs"<sup>44</sup>. So, as Charles Goodwin writes in his essay "Pointing as Situated Practice", as an "embodied action, a pointing gesture is lodged within a larger *hierarchy of displays being performed by the body* of the party doing the point"<sup>45</sup>, so that, not only can deixis "trace" and "inscribe" itself physically in the world, but also, as a primarily intersubjective event, participants are faced with the task of decoding Ruthrof's different cultural fields and "attending to multiple visual fields, including both the region pointed at and each other's bodies"<sup>46</sup>. Moreover, the objects within these fields "are already sedimented with visible public meaning and tied to typical courses of action"<sup>47</sup>.

From a philosophical standpoint, the interaction between the verbal and non-verbal in deixis has attracted interest from writers on the body such as Maurice Merleau-Ponty and, most notably, Ludwig Wittgenstein. In the *Philosophical Investigations* (written between 1929-49 but first published in 1953), Wittgenstein takes up the “ostensive” as a signifier and the “gulf between an order and its execution” that “has to be filled by the act of understanding. Only in the act of understanding is it meant that we are to do THIS. The *order* – why, that is nothing but sounds and ink marks.–”<sup>48</sup>. In drawing attention to the “THIS”-ness, deixis, therefore, becomes both the subject and the medium of Wittgenstein’s argument (such close stylistic attunement of expression to argument is characteristic of Lawrence’s own essays and letters). Wittgenstein proceeds to give the example of wanting to make someone “make a particular movement, say to raise his arm” by doing the movement himself. All is well until we ask “how does he know that *he is to make that movement?*”. Supplementing the original order “by means of further signs, by pointing from myself to him, making encouraging gestures etc.” seems only to be a kind of “stammer”: “The gesture – we should like to say – *tries* to portray, but cannot do it”<sup>49</sup>. Wittgenstein goes on to say that when giving an order it is enough to give and exchange “signs”: “And I should never say: this is only words, and I have got to get behind the words”<sup>50</sup>. The sign by itself “seems dead” but in “use” it is alive, or rather, the use itself may be its life.<sup>51</sup>

In addition, the “context” of the signing is also key to its interpretation,<sup>52</sup> and in talking of “reinterpretation” Wittgenstein, again, mobilizes his deictic similes: “The reinterpretation of a facial expression can be compared to the reinterpretation of a chord in music, when we hear it as a modulation *first into this, then into that key*”<sup>53</sup>. Indeed, the importance of both the verbal and the non-verbal

to the “language-game” is acknowledged: “in many cases some direction of the attention will correspond to your meaning one thing or another”<sup>54</sup>. A “cry” or a “laugh” are full of meaning in so far as “much can be gathered from them”. The “feeling” (or, I take it, tone of voice) can give words meaning (and he goes on to question whether feeling can give words “truth” and the merging of the concepts of “meaning” and “truth”) but one should “look on the feelings, etc., as you look on a way of regarding the language-game, as interpretation”<sup>55</sup>.

In their use of deixis to supplement intersubjective interactions in their fiction, both Lawrence and Woolf are attentive to the subtle postural and gaze (re)orientations brought about through the combination of language and gesture.<sup>56</sup> For example, in *To the Lighthouse* (1927), not only does Woolf add another complex layer to deixis as Mr Bankes pointing to areas of Lily Briscoe’s painting in effect signifies both the space in the painting and the space which it represents (*TL*, 58-9), but she also writes in these subtle adjustments of bodies to one another and the fragility and ephemerality of meaning through such ostensives: “He [Mr Ramsay] did not look at the flowers, which his wife was considering, but a spot about a foot or so above them [...] These flowers seemed creditable, Mr. Ramsay said, lowering his gaze and noticing something red, something brown. Yes but then these she had put in with her own hands, said Mrs. Ramsay” (*TL*, 73-4). One of Woolf’s truly innovative uses of deixis within free indirect discourse is that she is able to synchronise bodily movement and speech into one sign (“these”). Whilst writing *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf was particularly concerned with how to write synchronous events and this way of writing body language and speech together in these novels constitutes part of her success in doing so. What is also implied is Mr Ramsay’s sensitivity to his wife’s posture and gaze in the

modification of his own to hers. This method of characterisation constitutes part of Woolf's experimental success in defiance of the realistic method.

Just as, for Ruthrof, different cultural as well as visual fields must be decoded in intersubjective deixis, in the confusion between Mr and Mrs Ramsay, Woolf suggests that this should also be extended to different gendered fields. Differences of culture and gender complicate the decoding of the body language from the following passage from Lawrence's short story "Love Among the Haystacks". Like Woolf's method in *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, it brings out the tension between dialogue and body language in order to suggest the need to read them together. Paula, a Polish immigrant, has just seen Geoffrey push Maurice (his brother and her lover-to-be) from the haystack:

"What were you doing?" asked the cold, ironic voice of Henry. Geoffrey turned his head away: he had not yet raised his face.

"Nowt as I know on," he muttered in a surly tone.

"Why!" cried the Fräulein [Paula] in a reproachful tone. "I see him – knock him over!" She made a fierce gesture with her elbow. Henry curled his long moustache sardonically.

"Nay lass, niver," smiled the wan Maurice. "He was fur enough away from me when I slipped."

"Oh, ah!" cried the Fräulein, not understanding.

"Yi," smiled Maurice indulgently.

"I think you're mistaken," said the father, rather pathetically, smiling at the girl as if she were "wanting".

"Oh no," she cried. "I see him."

"Nay, lass," smiled Maurice quietly.<sup>57</sup>

Paula's failure to master grammar seems to invalidate her account of the scene (which no one else has seen). She succeeds in describing it in purely spatial terms but the men reconstruct a picture of the event through a contradictory narrative. Paula is at a further remove from this language-game as she communicates in her second language (English rather than Polish) and does not know the men's "private" dialectal substitutions. Her description ("I see him") is further problematized by its phrasing ("I see him – knock him over!") which, in turn,

highlights the inadequacy of language alone to bridge the “I see” and the action seen (“knock him over”).<sup>58</sup> Moreover, the men’s skeptical smiles not only question whether she can describe what she thinks she saw and its meaning, but also the very validity of her perception itself (as a foreign woman).

But to what do all the smiles refer? The “implausibility” of Paula’s story or something more? And is it a language-game from which she is excluded? Henry’s curling of his moustache symbolically replaces his smile or describes an attempt to hide one directly after Paula’s “fierce gesture with her elbow”. In describing her perception thus, Paula’s body is momentarily conflated with Geoffrey’s, stimulating Henry’s own amused (and unsettled) bodily response. Maurice’s smiles signify both his recognition of Henry’s “private” joke (that he knows Paula’s picture corresponds with what really happened to him) and his reassurance and plea to her to censor this picture in order to protect his brother. The complexity of the situation is written by Lawrence’s substitution of the bodily “smiled” for “said” in the dialogue, so that Maurice communicates these opposing meanings to different “audiences” in a single sign (his smile). Just as Paula is excluded from the joking aspect of the men’s smiles, the father is excluded from Maurice and Paula’s private understanding, and his own ironic smile itself found “wanting”. So, whilst the general expressions (smiles) of the men at first seem to unequivocally exclude the woman, Lawrence, like Wittgenstein, shows that the (bodily) direction of attention corresponds to “your meaning one thing or another”<sup>59</sup>. By interpreting each individual’s smile within the context in which it arises,<sup>60</sup> the multiple language-games in this short passage can be seen more clearly and the sexual politics less reductively. These competing sexual and cultural codes in deixis, in addition to the complex intersubjective situations in which it occurs, make it a particularly rich

bodily language for these writers. Although this thesis is less interested in the way in which deixis is coded in these ways and more interested in what Ruthrof calls “personal”, “spatial”, and “temporal” deixis, as a linguistic event directly related to the body and its negotiation with the other, the way in which Lawrence and Woolf use pointing will be of particular interest throughout.

However, as I suggested above in the relationship between the “realistic” and “poetic” uses of body language in narrative, unlike much real life ostension, deixis (and indeed much non-verbal communication) functions metaphorically in narrative. Woolf’s first novel *The Voyage Out* (1915) is a good example of how a particular type of body language, in this case deixis, can function not only in its immediate context (realistically), for example as a tool of characterisation, but also as part of the larger symbolic structure of a novel. Like much of Woolf’s fiction, *The Voyage Out* addresses the problem of solipsism, and, in the early stages of the novel, one of the most isolated characters, St. John Hirst, voices his belief that we are “all alone in our circle” (*VO*, 118). Like the “ripples” (*VO*, 238) created by Rachel Vinrace when she throws stones into the sea, the shape encircles the novel’s texture, not least its body language. Characters such as Terence Hewet and Helen Ambrose literally point out why Hirst is wrong through the use of deixis to create moments of intersubjectivity. In the following passage, the final paragraph of chapter fifteen, Helen Ambrose’s body language is significant both in the immediate context and as part of the metaphorical fabric of the text:

Then, as if to make him look at the scene, she swept her hand round the immense circumference of the view. From the sea, over the roofs of the town, across the crests of the mountains, over the river and the plain, and again across the crests of the mountains it swept until it reached the villa, the garden, the magnolia tree, and the figures of Hirst and herself standing together, when it dropped to her side.<sup>61</sup> (*VO*, 236)

Whereas in the example from *To the Lighthouse* above, the spatial deixis (“these”) implied the pointing gesture which altered Mr Ramsay’s gaze before the concrete description of manual action (“these she had put in with her own hands”), here Helen’s hand is the initial focus and the medium through which the intersubjectivity is created and the scene focalized, before, in turn, returning us to her body. Helen’s deixis functions both realistically and metaphorically, and, looking ahead to chapter three, in returning to the body, suggests the importance of embodiment to Lawrence’s and Woolf’s writing of perception. Both Poyatos and Korte consider how the position of the description of body language either before or after the action itself produces different realistic effects (particularly in the relationship of paralanguage to dialogue). However, in the present study, our comparison of these two instances of deixis enables us to see how a single author’s use of body language develops across time. Thus we can see Woolf’s general move away from “realistic”, descriptive use of body language towards a language that implies the body and synchronises its action and the intersubjective fields into an economically “poetic” prose through her pointed use of deictic terms in free indirect discourse.

Furthermore, the comparison of these examples from *The Voyage Out* and *To the Lighthouse* highlights another narratological aspect of body language overlooked by Poyatos and Korte, namely, that the position of body language within the text as a whole, rather than at the syntactic level alone, is significant. Poyatos and Korte only consider the syntactic level, but it is obvious that, by making the above paragraph from *The Voyage Out* the final one of the chapter, Woolf inflects it with a metaphysical meaning above and beyond the realistic description of the body language. We have already seen how, in her prior use of “circle” metaphor, Woolf constructs the text in order to prepare the reader to read

Helen's deixis as part of its metaphoric texture. But, in addition, by making it the final paragraph of the chapter, she ensures that the body language will signify beyond its realistic description. The implications of revising a novel to this end will be discussed in greater detail in the final chapter of the present thesis. For now though it should be said that, as one of the many competing semiotic systems within a text, as Poyatos and Korte argue, the position of body language, at the syntactic level, is crucial to both its "realistic" and "poetic" signification. However, we can go further and say that its position within the text as a whole will also inflect its realistic or metaphorical significance.

In discussing deixis, it should also be mentioned that its metaphorical significance varies in narrative depending on what is used to do the pointing. So far we have only considered the hand itself, but Modern writers are peculiarly inventive when it comes to prosthetic pointers. From Molly Bloom's hairpins in *Ulysses* (1922) to the Bokanovsky Group's éclair butts in *Brave New World* (1932), novelists harness the powerful image of the prosthetic in order to inflect their writing of deixis. I have already touched on some aspects of deixis that will be taken up throughout this thesis, and chapter five in particular will give an extended treatment of Lawrence's and Woolf's engagement with prosthesis in the scene of writing. Here, I want to turn briefly to look at Merleau-Ponty, whose phenomenological project obviously turns on the interaction of the verbal and non-verbal but also approaches what he calls "being-in-the-world" through the image of prosthesis.<sup>62</sup>

Merleau-Ponty's thought on the body is particularly germane to Lawrence's and Woolf's. Even his conception of the novelist's task is similar to that outlined by them: "The novelist's task is not to expound ideas or even analyse characters,

but to depict an inter-human event, ripening and bursting it upon us with no ideological commentary, to such an extent that any change in the order of the narrative or in choice of viewpoint would alter the *literary* meaning of the event” (*PP*, 175). This conception of the novel is, in turn, of particular relevance to the present thesis, which is also concerned with the poetics of intersubjectivity in the novel. Rosemary Howard’s article on Lawrence and Wittgenstein draws attention to their shared poetics of “wonder”, and one might extend this in linking Wittgenstein and Merleau-Ponty, two writers, who, for all their obvious differences, also share this conception of wonder. For example, Merleau-Ponty, following Eugen Fink, characterises the “phenomenological reduction” in terms of “‘wonder’ in the face of the world” (*PP*, xv). The affiliation between Lawrence’s and Merleau-Ponty’s poetics of movement and perception will be the topic of chapter three, and observations on the shared poetics of Merleau-Ponty and Woolf might also be made on topics such as body image and the cinema.<sup>63</sup> Here, however, rather than rehearse at length the importance of embodiment to Merleau-Ponty’s phenomenological project (a task repeated in many books on subjects from neuroscience to the senses of late) I want to present some aspects of Merleau-Ponty’s thought that can be seen as philosophical counterparts to the thought on the body, space, and body language by writers such as E. T. Hall, mentioned above, before moving on to the importance of touch and haptics in both his work and that of Lawrence and Woolf.

In arguing that embodiment underlies our conceptions of language, gender, and, crucially, space, Merleau-Ponty substitutes the “think” of Descartes’s famous maxim for a “can”<sup>64</sup>, thus making the relationship between the body and the world

one of potential or intention.<sup>65</sup> Space and the objective world thus radiate “egocentrically”<sup>66</sup> around the perceiving subject:

the life of consciousness – cognitive life, the life of desire or perceptual life – is subtended by an “intentional arc” which projects round about us our past, our future, our human setting, our physical, ideological and moral situation, or rather which results in our being situated in all these respects. It is this intentional arc which brings about the unity of the senses, of intelligence, of sensibility and motility. And it is this which “goes limp” in illness. (*PP*, 157)

This “intentional arc”, like those “spatial envelopes” (Hall) or “concentric circles” (Poyatos) above, is echoed in the formulations of the ego as a “Chladni figure” (*2L*, 184) or the consciousness of life as a “luminous halo” by Lawrence and Woolf respectively. In addition, Merleau-Ponty’s closing sentence on the way in which illness effects the “unity of the senses” has close affinities with Woolf’s essay “On Being Ill”.<sup>67</sup>

In conceiving of space in this way, like all of these writers, Merleau-Ponty is concerned with intersubjectivity. He questions separate conceptions of the body as “objective” (that is to say “for others”) and “phenomenal” (that is “for me”) and argues that since the two co-exist in the same world (proved for him, again, by intersubjective perception, this time his own “perception of an other who immediately brings [him] back to the condition of an object for him”) the problem is to reconcile “how these two systems can exist together” (*PP*, 121-2 n17). The *Phenomenology of Perception* (1945) is thus often concerned with non-verbal as much as verbal communication. Like Wittgenstein before him, Merleau-Ponty illustrates how gesture and emotion convey meaning in and of themselves:

When I motion a friend to come nearer, my intention is not a thought prepared within me and I do not perceive a signal in my body. I beckon across the world, I beckon over there, where my friend is; the distance between us, his consent or refusal are immediately read in my gesture; there is a not a perception followed by a movement, for both form a system which varies as a whole. If, for example, realizing that I am not going to be obeyed, I vary my gesture, we have here, not two distinct acts of consciousness. What happens is that I

see my partner's unwillingness, and my gesture of impatience emerges from this situation without any intervening thought. (*PP*, 127)

Moreover, the way in which the verbal and non-verbal communication function as a synthesis (of the kind imagined by Merleau-Ponty's "body image" or what Poyatos calls "total body communication") is also prominent in *Phenomenology of Perception*.<sup>68</sup> "Motility", then, comes to underpin consciousness and intentionality, and is the medium of interaction between these "two systems"<sup>69</sup>. This bodily adaptation to the world Merleau-Ponty illustrates by way of the prosthetic image above, imitation (a subject taken up in chapter one), and that pre-eminently modern figure, the dance:

For example, is it not the case that forming the habit of dancing is discovering, by analysis, the formula of the movement in question, and then reconstructing it on the basis of the ideal outline by the use of previously acquired movements, those of walking and running? But before the formula of the new dance can incorporate certain elements of general motility, it must first have had, as it were, the stamp of movement set upon it. As has often been said, it is the body which "catches" (*kapiert*) and "comprehends" movement. The acquisition of a habit is indeed the grasping of a significance, but it is the motor grasping of a motor significance.<sup>70</sup> (*PP*, 165)

The so-called higher mental functions, such as the cognition of space, are therefore shown to be dependent on the body and movement. The present thesis will show that in Lawrence's and Woolf's writing of perception and cognition they, too, concur with Merleau-Ponty. In the main, I will show how they achieve this directly in narrative; however, like the passage from *Phenomenology of Perception*, above, in which Merleau-Ponty's argument is, again, underpinned by his tactile metaphors ("stamp", "catches", "grasping"), I will also show how their own texts underline the importance of embodiment through more subtle means, such as metaphor and the revision of certain manuscripts.

Revision as (textual) practice (the subject of writing and the writing of the subject) is crucial to Merleau-Ponty, Lawrence, and Woolf. Like many philosophers before him, Merleau-Ponty chooses the example of a table to illustrate his point about the revisionary nature of perceptual experience. But he also writes himself, the writer in the act of writing on the table, into the example, as Lawrence and Woolf do themselves: "I perceive this table on which I am writing. This means, among other things, that my act of perception *occupies me*, and occupies me sufficiently for me to be unable, while I am actually perceiving the table, to perceive myself perceiving it" (*PP*, 276). This metafictional or metaphilosophical device enables Merleau-Ponty to enact, rather than merely describe, the distinction between what Wittgenstein would call "seeing" (that is an unreflective state) and "perceiving" (that is an image described by reflective consciousness), although Merleau-Ponty emphasises "seeing" as more of an activity,<sup>71</sup> a stance adopted by both Lawrence and Woolf, her passive conception of the eye being bombarded by numerous atoms in "Modern Fiction" notwithstanding. Whilst, as we saw above, habit, for Merleau-Ponty, allows a bodily and sensory "familiarity with the world" (*PP*, 277), perceptions for himself and Wittgenstein must be constantly renewed so that those "aspects of things" that are most "striking"<sup>72</sup> (and note again the importance of this haptic metaphor, here applied to the vision) are not lost:

every act of focussing must be renewed, otherwise it falls into unconsciousness. The object remains clearly before me provided that I run my eyes over it, free-ranging scope being an essential property of the gaze [...] it is because this perception will in turn pass away, the subject of perception never being an absolute subjectivity, but being destined to become an object for an ulterior *I*. Perception is always in the mode of the impersonal "One". (*PP*, 279)

In turn, the self is not experienced as an "absolute subjectivity" but as "indivisibly demolished and remade by the course of time" (*PP*, 255). The way in which

Lawrence and Woolf write the revisionary nature of perception and consciousness has much in common with Merleau-Ponty's conception here, and with contemporary accounts, such as those by Henri Bergson, on which these writers build. Indeed, as we will see in the discussion of Woolf's letters, diaries, and *Jacob's Room* (1922) in chapter two, the focus, renewal and difference of each perception lie behind the effects she achieves in her writing. The way in which these writers experiment with language in order to express these different layers of consciousness and perception is also picked up in chapter one, in which I show that the distinctions that Merleau-Ponty tries to make, above, through the difference between pronouns, is one that Lawrence also experiments with in his letters. The "I" in their writing is therefore a provisional subject.

Indeed, revision was the subject of Woolf's "Notes on D. H. Lawrence" (1932). On reading his work she found that his prose gave the illusion of a draft:

One never catches D. H. Lawrence – this is one of his most remarkable qualities – "arranging". Words, scenes, flow as fast and direct as if he merely traced them with a free, rapid hand on sheet after sheet. Not a sentence seems thought about twice: not a word added for its effect on the architecture of the phrase. There is no arrangement that makes us say: "Look at this. This scene, this dialogue has the meaning of the book hidden in it."<sup>73</sup>

As well as having read and reviewed his work, Woolf would have seen Lawrence's handwriting in 1928 when Ottoline Morrell gave her some of his letters to read, and her opinion of the free and rapid quality of his writing may, in fact, be from first-hand experience of his manuscript. However, of more interest is the way in which, in commenting on his style here, Woolf imagines the scene of writing and the body itself as the creative source of his handiwork. Her comments implicitly set up a tension between spontaneous, creative generation and the revision needed to give it significance as an artwork. Whilst this may be more of a justification of her own practice as a writer than a considered criticism of Lawrence's own, recent

scholarship on the Cambridge edition of Lawrence's works has brought to light the extent of his revisionary practice, an aspect of his writing of which Woolf was inevitably unaware. That said, as I show in this thesis, writing as both a spontaneous, bodily process and revisionary practice are crucial to the way in which these two very different authors approach the writing of the body.

Writing thus comes to be closely aligned with touch, both as the medium of literary production and as its subject. Moreover, as a kind of prosthetic enabling the extension of the body in global space, the letters of both of these writers are particularly germane to the topic. More will be said of this in chapters one and two in relation to their measuring distance in bodily rather than abstract terms. In terms of personal space in their writing, however, touch (or haptics) assumes several communicative and perceptual functions; from the delicate, insouciant sexual touch to those that situate the body in familiar and explore new spaces. Much new scholarship has aimed at recovering this neglected sense from our predominantly "ocularcentric"<sup>74</sup> culture.<sup>75</sup> Mark Paterson provides an historical overview of the relationship between vision and touch from Aristotle to Merleau-Ponty, and, like other writers on the subject, a discussion of the latter's focus on touch as the perceptual counterpart of vision. Alva Noë, in his book *Action in Perception* (2004), makes a similar move, drawing on Merleau-Ponty to outline what he calls "enactive perception", that is, perception as an activity dependent on and constituted by possession of sensorimotor knowledge by the "animal as a whole", rather than the conception of vision on a passive, photographic model. As Paterson shows, the philosophical concern with the relationship between these two senses has been one of continual historical interest. Tactility has been the concern of disciplines from aesthetics (such as Bernard Berenson's celebration of the "tactile

imagination” of *The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance* (1896), especially Fra Angelico, a painter much loved by Lawrence) to sociology (such as E. T. Hall’s discussion of “tactile space” in *The Hidden Dimension*).

Lawrence’s and Woolf’s engagement with touch as a direct means of communication with others and the world at large can thus be seen in its historical context. In what they saw as an increasingly urban, industrial, and overpopulated modern environment, touch became a sense that, for them, mitigated the alienating effect of this new world. If society’s bureaucratic apparatus dehumanized the individual under a standardizing gaze, the important qualitative aspect of touch they saw as a source through which human relations might be revived. Whilst Lawrence and Woolf celebrate certain aspects of modernity and its emphasis on visual culture, from imagist poetry to the cinema, touch in their writing is offered as an alternative or forgotten mode as a necessary counterbalance to the modern human being’s dependence on vision, and its counterpart, rationality. By seeing touch as a “primitive” mode of expression, their exploration of emotion (from the Latin “emovere”, literally “outward” (e- or ex-) “movement” (movere)) and its animal source can obviously be seen as a continuation of the kind of enquiry pursued by Charles Darwin in *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872).

However, in their view of touch as a mode of knowledge for the human being, their work can be seen as part of the reconception of what it means to be “human” in the modern period. As in Merleau-Ponty’s examples above, being in touch entails a merging of the self with another and subsuming or consuming their qualities. This, in turn, entails an alteration to the self, if only in the acquisition of knowledge or sensation. The example of the man with the stick shows how touch,

at once, enables the body to extend itself beyond its own limits and how, in so doing, it brings us back to an awareness of these limits. Not only do Lawrence and Woolf explore the relationship between touch (and other forms of embodied perception such as smell and hearing) and vision in the creation and negotiation of space in their writing. Their writing also reflects broader concerns in the modern period about human subjectivity through modes of transportation (from the London Underground, to trains, planes, automobiles, and bicycles) which, as another kind of prosthetic, change the human being's sensory relationship with space.<sup>76</sup> If, as Merleau-Ponty and others suggest, motility plays a large role in perception, the unprecedented difference that these mechanical modes of transport made to how space was perceived and conceived, and, in turn, how this changed the concept of the human being, cannot be underestimated.

A good example of this composite human-machine subject can be seen in Woolf's account of a bike ride in 1899 in which she writes that the roads around Warboys (where she was then holidaying) "have their beauties to the eye of a Fen lover" but that "a Bicyclist is a mechanical animal" so it is necessary to "dismount" in order to "nibble" and "scratch" at the scene (*EJ*, 143). This diary entry will be discussed at greater length in chapter four but it is worth mentioning a few aspects germane to our argument. We have already seen how, for many writers, Lawrence and Woolf included, haptic and optic sensory systems operate together in perception, or as Paterson puts it "intermodally". Here, whilst mechanical-optic and animal-haptic perceptions are kept in broad opposition, in Woolf's delight in bicycling (she even considered writing a poem about it) and being, as she puts it, a composite "mechanical animal", we see a clear example of how modes of transport that obviously effect motility encourage an increased sensory intermodality or

synaesthesia, and, in turn, how this leads to a new conception of the perceiving subject.

It is this kind of effect that I refer to when speaking of Lawrence's and Woolf's "posthuman poetics" for movement. And yet thinking of Lawrence and Woolf as "posthumanists" or even in "posthuman" terms requires some qualification. My own work on this subject is indebted to Jeff Wallace's fine book, *D. H. Lawrence, Science and the Posthuman* (2005), which provides a detailed account of Lawrence's engagement with the discourse of modern science and survey of the strains of "posthuman" thought throughout his career. Both Neil Badmington's and Judith Halberstam and Ira Livingstone's introductions to their books on the subject acknowledge an uneasiness about the term whose place amongst the "proliferation of academic 'post-isms'" perhaps marks "the failure to imagine what's next and the recognition that it must always appear as 'the as yet unnameable'"<sup>77</sup>. Whilst we can see that the term generally contests the nature of the human (and, for that matter, human nature), the way in which it is challenged and its implications are topics of considerable debate. A common site of this is the body. For Halberstam and Livingstone, the "posthuman body is a technology, a screen, a projected image; it is a body under the sign of AIDS, a contaminated body, a deadly body, a techno-body [...] The human body itself is no longer part of 'the family of man' but of a zoo of posthumanities"<sup>78</sup>.

Similar challenges to the meaning of the human body from the fields of biotechnology (Fukuyama) and information technology (Lyotard) have been headed under post- or in-human terms. The political aspect of this body is important. In *Our Posthuman Future: Consequences of the Biotechnology Revolution* (2002), Francis Fukuyama argues that, unless the state begins to monitor and regulate the

pharmaceutical and biotechnological industries to a greater extent than it does today, those who have the economic means to profit from them will do so at the expense of those who do not, making class a fault line along which evolutionary differences could develop. His argument obviously acknowledges that, historically, eugenics, class, and the state have always been intimately bound together.<sup>79</sup> For Fukuyama, in negotiating a new relationship between them – like that between humans, animals, and machines in the concept of the “posthuman” being – a new vocabulary is necessary, and indeed, for some feminist posthuman writers (Haraway, Hayles) the language in which this reconception of the body takes place (the metaphor of the cyborg, ironic strategies, etc.) seems just as important as the polemic itself. Fukuyama prefers to “drop the use of the loaded term *eugenics* when referring to future genetic engineering and substitute the word *breeding*”, a word that, for him, “has no necessary connotations of state sponsorship, but is appropriately suggestive of genetic engineering’s dehumanizing potential”<sup>80</sup>. Whilst this dehistoricizing of the term is also potentially dangerous, in that its historical weight acts as a reminder to those who would advocate the *laissez faire* approach to biotechnology (which Fukuyama himself warns against), the strength of his substitution is that it does not allow one to forget the ghosts of class, social prejudice and injustice hovering around the idea of genetic and social engineering, regardless of the terms in which it is put, be it “eugenics”, “breeding”, or “selection”.<sup>81</sup>

An interesting comparison can be made at this stage with *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* in which Lawrence himself, like Fukuyama, considers eugenics and its dehumanizing potential through an experiment with the term “rearing”. The word first appears in chapter five where Connie and Clifford discuss the continuation of

the Chatterley line. Breeding and class are thus interlinked and together at work in Clifford's argument that the paternity and biological quality of the child they might "rear" would be secondary to its potential to be nurtured into the aristocracy in order to ensure future generations (an argument that horrifies Connie). Rather, the impotent Clifford is happy to trust Connie's "natural instinct of decency and selection" (*LC*, 44). This is then followed a couple of pages later by its second usage, where Connie first meets Mellors. Language itself is brought centre stage by Clifford ("You haven't spoken to her ladyship yet, Mellors?") and the first words spoken by Mellors to Connie immediately align language and the body. In answer to Connie's first question about how long he has been at Wragby, Mellors tells her "Eight months" (a period almost equivalent to that of the human pregnancy desired by the Chatterley's) before telling her that he himself has been "reared" there (*LC*, 46). The word, then, in the mouths of Clifford and Mellors is used by Lawrence to two different ends. On the one hand, in Clifford's use of it to talk about an other, Lawrence shows how social engineering tends towards dehumanization both at the level of the subject (the child is thought of as pure matter) and in society at large (the Chatterley's estate and wealth, like the Crich's in *Women in Love*, is a product of their exploitation of the local land and people. The social injustice of such a hierarchy sustained as it is by Clifford's desire to "rear" an illegitimate heir is shown by Lawrence through a characteristic linguistic mutation, in the constant application of the adjective "dreary" to describe the working class and place of Tevershall).<sup>82</sup> In chapter eight "rearing" is also the word used to describe the job Mellors does for Clifford with the pheasants (Lawrence, again, extends the metaphor connoting social injustice and "breeding" by inviting the reader to compare the game Mellors "rears" for the aristocracy to shoot with the

“dreary” colliers exploited by Clifford). On the other hand, however, Mellors’s use of it to describe himself functions alongside his broader critique of humanity in the novel by distancing himself from human being. He thereby embraces a kind of animal being, where “rearing” suggests a sense of growth completely at odds with the pseudo-scientific sense in which Clifford uses it to assert power over others. This is also the sense in which Mellors uses it when addressing his penis in chapter fourteen (““Ay ma lad! tha’rt theer right enough. Yi, tha mun rear thy head! Theer on thy own, eh? an’ ta’es no count o’ nob’dy!””).

In *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, then, Lawrence continues to question the privilege and value of human nature to shape the (social) world. Selective social breeding to maintain effete and redundant human structures that exploit and damage the natural world is strongly criticised. But, that said, as Lawrence shows through Connie’s failed sexual experiments in Dresden and with Michaelis, the lack of any selectivity or discrimination whatsoever towards sex is equally unsatisfactory. In his use of “rearing” Lawrence obviously engages with eugenic debates of the period. In so doing, he criticises social engineering (and what he sees as its counterpart, industrial engineering) since the “human” ends that it progresses towards have become abortive developments of “life”, in a broader sense.<sup>83</sup> This life may again “rear” its head, but the form that it takes will be both human and animal (the latter’s spontaneity and uncertainty counterbalancing any (self-) conscious scientific “breeding”). Discarding humanity in toto, then, is somewhat like throwing the baby out with the bath water for Lawrence. Whilst he vehemently denounces the standards that humans have constructed to judge and live their lives, the one passionate plea throughout his writing is for humanity to change its attitudes because, although materially similar to animals and in part having an

animal being, it has the potential for life above and beyond anything in nature. Lawrence therefore, at once, covets the human as a particularly rich form of life whilst, at the same time, remaining aware that the human is only one among many life-forms, be they animals or (seemingly) inanimate matter.

Woolf's attitude to what she called the "animal human being" is equally contextualized in her thought amongst ideas concerning class and eugenics. Her diary for the 7<sup>th</sup> of June 1918, for example, records a trip to Hampstead with her brother in such terms:

One thing Adrian said amused me – how it positively frightened him to see people's faces on the Heath "like gorillas, like orang-outangs – perfectly inhuman – frightful" & he poked his mouth out like an ape. He attributes this to the war – though I can remember other pronouncements of the same kind before that. Perhaps the horrible sense of community which the war produces, as if we all sat in a third class railway carriage together, draws one's attention to the animal human being more closely. (*ID*, 153)

As David Bradshaw has shown, the sometimes extreme eugenic solutions suggested by her (and Lawrence), whilst inexcusable by contemporary standards, are part of the modern interest in a subject that seemed to offer seductive answers to concerns about overpopulation, the national birth-rate (across different strata of society), and, consequently, the direction of "civilization".<sup>84</sup> Woolf's early journals show just how exposed she must have been to this "cutting-edge" biological thinking, as well as providing a record of her own well-known "scientific" interest in moth-hunting.<sup>85</sup> The quotation from her diary, above, is representative of how she, like Lawrence, acknowledged the affinity between animals and humans whilst maintaining clear delineations between the species. Both of these writers, then, remained skeptical of scientific, evolutionary theory but were alive to the contestation of the privileged status of the "human" in their writing. The troping of the mass as a horribly "inhuman" community is given a political edge by both

Lawrence and Woolf. In the most extreme instances, they both appeal to the swarming world of entomology to demonize homosexuality (Lawrence), criminals and the working class (Woolf).<sup>86</sup> But as we will see in chapter five, whilst the mechanical and the animal are often appealed to in their questioning of the human status of amputees and prosthetic subjects, where the mechanical and animal meet in the human body can also liberate life that would otherwise have been confined by the human form alone.

Mechanism, therefore, for both Lawrence and Woolf, assumes an ambivalent status. On the one hand, mechanisms are what allow organisms to function. As in the concluding paragraphs of the “Lemon Gardens” chapter of *Twilight in Italy* (1916), there is something primordial about the mechanisms, in that they existed in other life-forms before the human: “He [the padrone] wanted to go where the English have gone, beyond the Self, into the great inhuman Not Self, to create the great unliving creators, the machines, out of the active forces of nature that existed before flesh”<sup>87</sup>. That said, whilst the experiment with the industrial machine is an advancement on a pastoral nostalgia (itself put in terms of mechanical repetition: “It is better to go forward into error than to stay fixed inextricably in the past”<sup>88</sup>), the dream of human perfectibility offered by the image of the machine (like that offered by other philosophical idealism from science to theology) they see as having run its course.<sup>89</sup>

On the other hand, the meeting between humans and machines does not necessarily determine the consumption of the former by the latter. Rather, life can be liberated by their prosthesis. To take a comparable example to that of *Twilight in Italy*, let us turn to the sixth chapter of Lawrence’s next book of Italian travel writing, *Sea and Sardinia* (1921). There, on a bus ride “To Nuoro”, the meeting of

man and machine is so seamless as to create a new, untroubling and untroubled, whole: "It all seems so easy, as if the man were part of the car. There is none of that beastly grinding, uneasy feeling one has in the north. A car behaves like a smooth, live thing, sensibly" (SS, 115). The roads, in particular, are criticised as part of Lawrence's general criticism of the historical tendency to "humanise" the environment. But, just as we will see Lawrence carefully distinguishing between "human" and "animal" layers of subjectivity in his letters in chapter one, his example of this demonstrates how, as beings, the language and apparatus through which we are "humanised" is also a kind of prosthetic, which itself can be reversed: "The land has been humanised through and through: and we in our own tissue consciousness bear the results of this humanisation" (SS, 117). The bus ride itself makes him "realise" (in terms, it must be said, that are almost identical to those of *Twilight in Italy*) that "apart from the great discovery backwards, which one *must* take before one can be whole at all, there is a move forwards" (SS, 117). Whilst he does hope that the roads, which "open out" and humanise the land into an homogenized "network of systems" (SS, 123) in which everything is connected and nowhere is "remote", "placid", or "inaccessible", "collapse quite soon" along with the rest of the "mechanical era" (SS, 115-6), he is much more ambivalent about the motor-bus, that, itself, has opened out the land for him and allowed him to experience these different perspectives. Lawrence could not help but have heard the "grinding" (he so abhorred) between "automation" and "life" in the term "*autovie*" (the name, he tells us, the Sardinians have for this "network of systems"). But the new "live thing" created by the driver and machine not only puts Lawrence in touch with the environment in ways unachievable without it, it also delivers letters to those inaccessible villages enabling them also to be put in touch with the

wider world (something that Lawrence's experiences in Fiascherino and Picinisco would have led him to appreciate):

The people [of the village] crowd round – and many of them in very ragged costume. They look poor, and not attractive: perhaps a bit degenerate. It would seem as if the Italian instinct to get into rapid touch with the world were the healthy instinct after all. For in these isolated villages, which have been since time began far from any life-centre, there is an almost sordid look on the faces of the people. We must remember that the motor-bus is a great innovation. (SS, 123)

The examples from *Twilight in Italy* and *Sea and Sardinia* allow us to identify three criteria important to the way in which the human-machine prosthesis is evaluated by Lawrence and Woolf (a subject to which we will return to in detail later). First, it seems that the “grinding” effect, in which the separate components (human and machine) disclose their incompatibility, signifies an undesirable state damaging to both human and machine. Second, the machine should enable a “move forward” in human development (for example, that lacked by the villagers). Thirdly, and most importantly, “life” must be the end towards which this symbiotic state progresses. Although, obviously a complex term for both Lawrence and Woolf, life, in this context, signifies a liberation of desire whereby the new form (human-machine) enables certain states unattainable in the separation of their constituent parts. Movement, as in the example from *Sea and Sardinia* above, thus becomes the focus of this assemblage and the means by which to test its success; the human-machine prosthesis should enable a spontaneity of movement unattainable, say, by the machine alone, just as the machine would enable the human to move at extraordinary speeds otherwise impossible.

To return, then, to our original image of Woolf on her bicycle and her description of the bicyclist as a “mechanical animal”, her “delight” at the prospect of raising her feet and “spinning downhill” (EJ, 143) certainly suggests that

bicycling, for her, satisfies our second and third criteria for positive prosthesis. However, the need to dismount to appreciate the scene fully throws the first criterion into question and gives us pause. It would seem that once a (self-) consciousness of the prosthetic relationship arises for these writers, this recognition of the otherness of the machine compromises the human-machine whole. Given that our point of departure for the discussion of touch was the recognition that it both allowed the subject to extend beyond the limit of its own body whilst at the same time bringing it back to an awareness of its very embodiment, the exploration of touch and prosthesis with machines, for both Lawrence and Woolf, will prove to be one of complexity and paradox. On the point of movement being a potential outlet for this self-consciousness, however, David Wills, in his study of *Prosthesis* (1995) makes an observation that will be important to my own focus on movement and the new prosthetic whole. Wills's inspiration for the book came from his own father, whose leg had to be amputated. Wills describes how his father, even with a new prosthetic leg, found that "a familiar ride on a familiar bicycle" suddenly became "a difficult apprenticeship": "he is suddenly aware of the rank mechanical otherness of this machine he used to climb on without hesitation". But, he continues, "as long as there is movement, as long as the body is shifting the pedal and turning the wheel he enjoys the illusion of wholeness and with sufficient momentum is as if gliding free of all impediment"<sup>90</sup>.

A study of Lawrence's and Woolf's response to the interrelation of humans, animals, and machines would itself warrant book-length study. My engagement with what I call their "posthuman poetics" therefore, in no way claims to be exhaustive. As part of my broader interest in the body, its movement, and the language that these writers use to capture it, however, attention to this way of

addressing these material imbrications in my particular period of study was unavoidable. Lawrence and Woolf both travelled in different modes of transport, and often, as we will see, their perceptions and metaphors from them invoke equivalences between humans, animals, and machines. By making the body the basis of movement, and, in turn, perception and cognition, examples from other (animal) subjectivities lent themselves to these writers as foils for their own detailed exploration of that of the human. From this point, then, I take a conservative definition of the “posthuman” as signifying the material kinship of humans, animals, and machines, whilst, like Lawrence and Woolf themselves, keeping (a contested version of) the human being at the centre of their writing. Whilst writers such as Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari, appropriate them to support more radically posthuman relationships between humans, animals and machines, for all their interesting and applicable reading (on which this thesis also draws), the posthuman strain in Lawrence’s and Woolf’s thought is tempered by both a skepticism about the machine and a commitment to the human. Although it is not the main focus of the present thesis, some of the ways in which they negotiate and write the relationship between human subjectivity and others (humans, animals) will be read alongside its broader concern with language and intersubjectivity.

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Returning, then, to body language in the novels, letters, and diaries, in spite of the epigraphs with which I began, sustained treatment of non-verbal communication in Lawrence’s and Woolf’s work has yet to be given. Where it has been considered, it has been limited to isolated comments, such as those above, in

works with other concerns. Recent monographs on Lawrence, such as those by Kathryn A. Walterscheid, Gerald Doherty and Neil Roberts, draw attention to aspects of Lawrence's non-verbal descriptions of touch, paralanguage and eye-behaviour, respectively.<sup>91</sup> Numerous articles address aspects of the body in Lawrence's work and Paul Poplawski's edited volume *Writing the Body in D. H. Lawrence: Essays on Language, Representation, and Sexuality* (2001) contains many contributions that mention "the language of the body" (if not non-verbal behaviour in particular). Indeed, even F. R. Leavis's sense of the "felt life" of *The Rainbow* (1915) has much in common with the present thesis (and his sense of Lawrence as "social historian"<sup>92</sup> and the "incomparable wealth of the novel as social and cultural history"<sup>93</sup> obviously has affinities with Poyatos's "Literary Anthropology"). The "sensuous immediacy" of Lawrence's prose, for Leavis, its "moving power", is underpinned by the fact that it is to do with "*specifically* moving"<sup>94</sup>. In other words, Leavis is alert to the relation between the realistic, non-verbal behaviour of the characters, how this determines the way in which they emotionally "touch" others, and, in turn, how the reader "feels" the form of the novel and its metaphysic, which also turns on the tension between these immediate, historically grounded, moving human bodies and the exploration, through them, of inhuman "life-cycles"<sup>95</sup>. Moreover, Leavis points out that Lawrence explores "the lived question, of what the relations should be, or can be, between that [inhuman, metaphysical] something and the week-day [human, material] world"<sup>96</sup>. Choosing a passage from the third generation of the novel, Leavis sets about examining how Lawrence reconciles this religious "*living* tradition" with modern existence: "Still, it was there, even if it were faint and inadequate. The cycle of creation still wheeled in the Christian year". What is of interest to us is the way in which

Leavis's analysis of this passage focuses on Lawrence's deictic language as an indicator of this: "The statement has behind it an evocation that is astonishing in its poetic force. It is indisputably enough 'there' in Lawrence's prose to make the statement indisputable"<sup>97</sup>. As mentioned above in the discussions of deixis and touch, this language of the body is crucial to the way in which Lawrence achieves a sense of the immediate embodiment and "entanglement" of the human subject in the world and how this very condition of existence, in turn, leads it to an exploration of (in Lawrence's terms) "the beyond" and its intersubjective, ethical relations between self and an other. Physical and emotional movement are thus mutually dependent, and have been important to critics of Lawrence's work.

The treatment of non-verbal communication in Woolf studies has been similar to that of Lawrence's work. Rather than focus on this aspect of "body language", for example, Patricia Moran's *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (1996) addresses ill and, specifically, anorexic bodies in their work through French feminist critics such as Julia Kristeva and Luce Irigaray. That said, her reading of the tension between language and silence in *Mrs Dalloway* points to the non-verbal aspects of the novel: "Language is suspect in *Mrs. Dalloway*; the novel's privileged moments of communication occur in spite of, not because of, its mediating presence [...] 'Chatter' is equivalent to 'lies' and 'corruption'; silence, on the other hand, preserves the integrity of 'the thing that matters'"<sup>98</sup>. Observations of this kind on *Mrs Dalloway* have been common, but rarely sustained.<sup>99</sup> Rather, the treatment of the body in Woolf's writing has tended to read it in terms of Woolf's own life, or in the context of continental psychoanalytic or feminist theory. The readings given of Lawrence's and Woolf's work in this thesis thus address the lacunae in the criticism on their

work by dealing, in particular, with non-verbal communication alongside the verbal, rather than focusing, as existing discussions do, on language and silence.

The thesis is divided into three different sections (Kinesics, Proxemics, and Haptics) that broadly characterise the concern of each of them. The first two chapters in Part I (Kinesics) give attention to areas of Lawrence's and Woolf's work that have been largely overlooked in contemporary criticism. Their autobiographical writing, whilst it has been mined for biographical studies, has yet to receive sustained attention on its own literary merit. In introducing the thesis through their letters and diaries the groundwork is laid for an understanding of their other works in biographical and epistemological contexts in later chapters. However, the overall concern of Part I is to give these sources the attention they deserve and situate readings of them in the frameworks outlined above.

The first chapter (Body Language and Space in the Letters of D. H. Lawrence) breaks from current critical ways of approaching the letters (in terms of period) and surveys Lawrence's epistolary career as a whole. In so doing, it uncovers how the letters use body language to conceive of and write about space and the relationship between places. Steven Connor's work on ventriloquism informs readings concerned to show how Lawrence used paralanguage in his letters specifically to create a sense of home from home when abroad. Other readings give attention to the function of Lawrence's shifts between pronominal forms (in his voicing of subjectivity) and other European languages (in voicing the between-ness of places and his own relational, emotional geography). Bodily tropes (such as the "striding" and "stepping") are shown to be Lawrence's preferred alternatives to more absolute, global measurements of distance, and the chapter closes by

illustrating how these competing descriptions of space operate in the short essay “Mercury”.

The second chapter of Part I (The Body and Perception in Woolf’s Letters and Diaries: 1897–1930) gives equivalent attention to her autobiographical writing. Beginning with a survey of Woolf’s thoughts on letter writing gleaned from her own essays on the subject and the existing critical attention that has been directed towards her letters and diaries, the chapter assesses the importance of the body and body language to Woolf’s writing of perception. It considers how the movement of the body, for Woolf, mediates between overly strict delineations between mind-body and subject-object dualisms. In so doing, the roles of embodiment as well as the movement of that body in perception are brought to the fore, paving the way for our discussion of Woolf and walking in chapter four. The chapter then moves on to look at how these effects are incorporated into her novels in the 1920s (*Jacob’s Room*, *Mrs Dalloway*, and *To the Lighthouse*) before considering the modern figure of the statue in motion as one which both Lawrence and Woolf use to negotiate different modes of perception and their attendant concerns about the human.

In Part II (Proxemics), we turn to look at moving bodies and movement between bodies in more detail in their fictional work. Picking up one of the concerns of Part I to show how body language is not only a way for the subject to interact with others but also with the environment, the chapters demonstrate that embodiment and motility, for both Lawrence and Woolf, underlie the perception of that environment. In supplementing visual perception with other senses, both writers look to examples from the animal kingdom and, thereby, enlarge the concept of the human through different perceptual acts.

The third chapter (Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty: Movement, Perception, and *Rapport*) examines the philosophy and poetics of vision shared by these two authors. Beginning with a consideration of Lawrence's theories of vision in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922), the chapter's opening sections show that Lawrence's metaphorical division of the body and space illustrate, for him, the imbrications of human beings with the world. His concept of *rapport* expresses this close connection, such as he sees that animals still have with space through movement. By taking examples from both fiction and travel-writing, then, the chapter gives readings of human perception in which this *rapport* is once again established through such sensorimotor perception, as well as other senses, especially olfaction. Three early works by Merleau-Ponty (*The Structure of Behaviour* (1942), *Phenomenology of Perception* (1945), and *The World of Perception* (1948)) provide the theoretical backbone of the chapter and inform readings of intersubjectivity, visual fields, and focus in Lawrence's work.

Carrying forward the concern of the previous chapter to show the relationship of human beings with their environment through perceptual modes other than the visual, chapter four (Revising *Kew Gardens*: Woolf, Walking, and the Modes of Modern Travel) begins by looking at bodies in motion and the posthuman poetics these writers turn to in order to write their perceptions. Hitherto, movement in Woolf's writing has been assessed in terms of urban *flânerie* or motorisation so the chapter moves to re-evaluate this by reading *Kew Gardens* in light of her love of rural rambling in her early diaries. Beginning with an appraisal of the less discussed modes of transport in the writing of both Lawrence and Woolf, the first section examines how non-motorised forms have the potential to constitute a satisfactory human-machine prosthesis in that they imbricate the body in the

environment and disclose a new relationship with space through their movement with it. The role of other “prosthetic” travel technologies (such as atlases, maps, charts, and guidebooks) in their writing will be assessed alongside this, and we will see that such abstractions often function in tandem with more experiential modes of travel. In section two, we turn to *Kew Gardens* as such an “ambulant” space in light of her comments on the creative potential of getting lost and non-teleological travel in rural spaces as well as Deleuze and Guattari’s theories on Nomadology. By comparing Woolf’s revised typescript with the first and second 1919 editions, and the special 1927 edition of the story, the chapter goes on to look at the readings of *Kew Gardens* that have themselves become “lost” through Woolf’s emendations. Attention to these revisions, I argue, allows the reader to consider, in detail, Woolf’s practises and concerns when writing the proxemic relation of the body with the space of Kew. These emendations show Woolf concerned to write both the haptic and the optic relationship of humans with the environment, like the animals themselves, as processes of feeling through space. In so doing, the chapter prepares the way for an evaluation of the hand and manuscripts in Part III.

Part III (Haptics) concludes the thesis by considering touch between bodies in Lawrence’s and Woolf’s fiction and the way in which they thematize the hand in the scene of writing in their letters. The haptic-optic synergies and the importance of the hand to visual perception in deixis, outlined in Parts I and II, now receive their fullest treatment. In so doing, I evaluate the importance of non-verbal (touch) behaviour as a paralinguistic, gestural form of signification in their novels and touch as *rapport* between the self, others, and the environment at large. In addition, manuscripts as sources which retain the marks of their direct involvement with the hand become topics of discussion themselves.

Chapter five (D. H. Lawrence's and Virginia Woolf's Hands) returns to their letters and diaries and discusses the place of the hand in them. Beginning with Heidegger's meditation on hands, handwriting, and its inevitable engagement with prosthetic technologies (such as the typewriter) in writing, the chapter looks at the place of the hand as a defining aspect of the human and how, in its very engagement with such prosthetic technologies, Lawrence and Woolf turn to posthuman poetics in order to write this meeting between the human and the other. In so doing, we will see how they, thereby, write an enlarged concept of the hand and the human. As examples of a kind of prosthetic "touch", the significance of handwritten notes in *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs Dalloway* is then examined.

In the final chapter of the thesis (Touching up *Lady Chatterley*: Non-verbal Behaviour and Revision) we turn to look, in detail, at Lawrence's revisions to the manuscripts of his last novel. By returning to these sources, the chapter argues, we can challenge current critical perspectives on the novel that see its verbal and non-verbal behaviour as opposed. By looking at the way in which Lawrence revised two important scenes, from the first version to that now extant, we can see that, in fact, its increasing emphasis on "touch" and the feeling of "tenderness" is underpinned by an increasingly sensitive writing of realistic body language. By comparing the haptic and proxemic relations between bodies at different stages of revision and in different versions, we can see that Lawrence's intention in revising the novel was not exclusively to amplify the forms of sexual touch but to demonstrate the importance of non-verbal sensitivity to the others and the environment more generally. Attention to these revisions highlights, once again, the importance of Lawrence's gestural punctuation (in the form of the hyphen) and

how, when reading Lawrence's novels and letters, such notation offers a way for him to signify the non-verbal in a verbal medium.

- <sup>1</sup> Charles Darwin, *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (London: John Murray, 1872) 355.
- <sup>2</sup> Barbara Korte, *Body Language in Literature* (1993; Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1997) 11.
- <sup>3</sup> David Dowling, *Mrs Dalloway: Mapping Streams of Consciousness* (Boston: Twayne, 1991) 106.
- <sup>4</sup> Cited in Hermione Lee, *Virginia Woolf* (1996; London: Vintage, 1997) 571. In 2D, 193 Woolf writes of how she “rocked” herself into writing.
- <sup>5</sup> Enid Hopkin Hilton, *More than One Life: A Nottinghamshire Childhood with D. H. Lawrence* (Stroud: Alan Sutton, 1993) 8.
- <sup>6</sup> Cynthia Asquith, *Diaries 1915-1918* (London: Hutchinson, 1968) 37.
- <sup>7</sup> James J. Miracky, “Regen(d)erating the Modernist Novel: Literary Realism vs. The Language of the Body in D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf” in *D. H. Lawrence Review* 31.1 (2002-3): 29-50. Amongst other studies that pair Lawrence and Woolf, the following, which focus on the body, space, and their revisionary practice as writers, are of particular interest to the present thesis: Roger Dattler, “Mr Lawrence and Mrs Woolf” in *Essays in Criticism* 8 (1958): 48-59; Marianna Torgovnick, *The Visual Arts, Pictorialism, and the Novel: James, Lawrence, and Woolf* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1995); Paul Sheehan, *Modernism, Narrative and Humanism* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2002); Youngjoo Son, *Here and Now: The Politics of Social Space in D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf* (London: Routledge, 2006).
- <sup>8</sup> Fernando Poyatos, “Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel: A New Perspective of the Author-Character-Reader Relationship” (1977) in *Nonverbal Communication, Interaction and Gesture: Selections from Semiotica*, ed. Adam Kendon (The Hague: Mouton, 1981) 128.
- <sup>9</sup> Poyatos, “Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel” 109.
- <sup>10</sup> Poyatos, “Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel” 110.
- <sup>11</sup> Cf. Korte 36-9. Korte’s study summarises the definitions of and research in each of these separate areas admirably. On kinesics, she gives Poyatos’s rather lengthy definition, that is, “the conscious or unconscious psychomuscularly-based body movements and intervening or resulting still positions [...] that [...] possess intended or unintended communicative value” (38). The present thesis, however, follows Ray L. Birdwhistell’s shorter and rather more accessible description of kinesics, namely, (the study of) “body motion”, in his *Kinesics and Context: Essays on Body-Motion Communication* (1970; London: Allen Lane, 1971) xi. My definition of “proxemics” follows that of E. T. Hall, who is generally regarded as having established the field. In his book *The Hidden Dimension* (1966; New York: Anchor, 1969) he writes, “the term proxemics is used to define the interrelated observations and theories of man’s use of space” (101). As Korte observes, however, Hall’s research was devoted to a wide range of human uses, perceptions, and conceptions of space as well as spatial behaviour, and she limits her own study to spatial behaviour alone and, in particular, “interpersonal distance / proximity” and “spatial orientation” (38-9). My use of “proxemic(s)”, like Korte’s, often refers to “interpersonal distance”. However, my use encompasses Hall’s larger sense, to denote an awareness of the relationship between human beings, their environment, and the use they make of it (travelling through it, building in it, experiencing it, and modifying it). In the glossary of his recent book on *The Senses of Touch: Haptics, Affects and Technologies* (Oxford: Berg, 2007), Mark Paterson gives separate definitions of “haptic” (“Relating to the sense of touch in all its forms”) and “tactile” (“Pertaining to the cutaneous sense, but more specifically the sensation of pressure (from mechanoreceptors) rather than temperature (from thermoceptors) or pain (nociceptors)”, amongst others. The present thesis makes no such distinction and uses “haptic” and “tactile” interchangeably to denote the sense of touch.
- <sup>12</sup> Poyatos, “Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel” 145 n14.
- <sup>13</sup> Poyatos, “Forms and Functions of Nonverbal Communication in the Novel” 145 n14. In fact, the qualifier “slow” (and its derivatives “slowly”, “slowness”, “slower”, etc.) appears 156 times in the novel and is applied to a wider selection of “kinesic characteristics” than those of the characters’s “glances and gait” suggested by Poyatos. Of those 156 instances, 49 are attributed to Hermione (18 describe her tone of voice and paralinguistic features; 15 describe eye behaviour; 3 describe gait; and 12 describe other actions such as waving, swimming, and handling her cat; one further instance describes her Being, a “tall slow reluctant woman”); 27 ½ instances attributed to Gudrun (6 describe her tone of voice and paralinguistic features; 5 eye behaviour; 1 and ½ describe her gait, ½ because Lawrence uses the collective pronoun “they” describing both Gudrun and Ursula’s gait as slow; and 15 describe other actions such as smiling, dancing, rowing, kissing, and unlacing her shoes); 12 ½ instances attributed to Ursula (2 describe her tone of voice and paralinguistic features; 0 eye behaviour; 1 and ½ describe her gait, the ½ as mentioned above shared between her and Gudrun;

and 9 describe other actions such as touching Birkin (4), kissing Birkin, knowing, and feeling cold); 12 instances attributed to Gerald (0 describe his tone of voice and paralinguistic features; 0 eye behaviour; 4 describe his gait; and 8 describe other actions such as rowing, swimming, smoking, breathing, nodding, and smiling); 9 instances attributed to Birkin (3 describe his tone of voice and paralinguistic features; 1 his eye behaviour; 0 his gait; and 5 describe other actions such as shrugging and getting up; it might also be added that 4 of these 5 “other” actions are kissing, getting up, and climbing, all with Ursula – Lawrence uses adverbs to qualify collective pronouns as above with the sisters’s gait – making Ursula and Birkin the pair to whom Lawrence attributes the most collectively “slow” action); 46 of the remaining occurrences of the qualifier are attributed to minor characters or objects, most notably to machines (4 to the train in “Coal-Dust”; 1 to cogs in a sluice gate; 1 to a tram; 2 to the church clock; 4 to Gerald and Birkin’s cars) and to other members of the Crich family (5 to the dying Thomas Crich; 4 to Mrs Crich’s gait, 1 to her getting up, and 1 to her sewing; 1 to Winifred Crich’s drawing of a dog). From this we can see that the majority of uses of the qualifier “slow”, rather than describe “glances and gait” as Poyatos suggests, in fact, pertain to the voice and paralinguistic. In Lawrence’s frequent application of the term to characters such as the Hermione, Gudrun, the Crichs, the Halliday set, and to mechanical processes, in contrast to his infrequent application of it to Ursula and Birkin, we can clearly see how an adjective or adverb used to qualify “realistic” or “functional” body language can, in the context of its selective deployment, come to take on a “poetic” or metaphysical sense in the novel. Moreover, the reader familiar with Lawrence’s own particular vocabulary will be able to read these functional instances as part of his broader metaphorical play with the term “quick and the dead” (seen in Birkin’s own distinction in *Women in Love* between the terms “quickly” and “slowly”: “No! I’d rather Diana Crich were dead. Her living somehow, was all wrong. As for the young man, poor devil – he’ll find his way out quickly instead of slowly. Death is all right – nothing better”). In this example we can see, therefore, the advantage of studying body language in the work of single author, however, that is not to say that the statistical, quantitative approach adopted by Poyatos and Korte is entirely functionless in this respect.

<sup>14</sup> Fernando Poyatos, “Literary Anthropology: Towards a New Interdisciplinary Area” in *Literary Anthropology: A New Interdisciplinary Approach to People, Signs and Literature*, ed. Fernando Poyatos (Amsterdam: Benjamins, 1988) 23.

<sup>15</sup> Poyatos, *Literary Anthropology* 24.

<sup>16</sup> Fernando Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III: Narrative Literature, Theater, Cinema, Translation* (Amsterdam: Benjamins, 2002) Preface, n.p.

<sup>17</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 208.

<sup>18</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 180.

<sup>19</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 217.

<sup>20</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 228.

<sup>21</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 184.

<sup>22</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* 228.

<sup>23</sup> Poyatos, *Nonverbal Communication across Disciplines Volume III* Preface, n.p.

<sup>24</sup> Another relevant book-length study antedating both Poyatos’s and Korte’s is Stephen R. Portch’s *Literature’s Silent Language: Nonverbal Communication* (New York: Peter Lang, 1985) whose focus is primarily on non-verbal communication in the American short story, in particular Hawthorne, Hemingway, and Flannery O’Connor. Poyatos’s earlier work also includes the editing of *Advances in Nonverbal Communication: Sociocultural, Clinical, Esthetic and Literary Perspectives* (Amsterdam: Benjamins, 1992). However, given that four out of the five essays on literary aspects of non-verbal communication address Classical literature, it will not be discussed in the present thesis.

<sup>25</sup> Korte 26.

<sup>26</sup> Korte 26.

<sup>27</sup> Cf. Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 100: “If one examines literature for structure rather than content it is possible to find things that will shed light on historical trends and shifts in sense modalities. There is no doubt in my mind but that such are highly relevant to the type of environment that man finds most congenial at different times and for different cultures. Whether I have, with this brief review, made my point – that literature is, in addition to everything else, a source of data on man’s use of his senses – remains to be seen”.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. E. T. Hall, *The Silent Language* (New York: Doubleday, 1959) 57; and, Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* pp. 96-7, 113, and 139. This final example perhaps makes allusion to Woolf: “The difference between a room of one’s own and early conditioning to shared space, while seeming

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inconsequential, has an important effect on the Englishman's attitude towards his own space. He may never have a permanent 'room of his own' and seldom expects one or feels he is entitled to one".

<sup>29</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 82.

<sup>30</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 60.

<sup>31</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 115.

<sup>32</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 128.

<sup>33</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 3.

<sup>34</sup> Hall, *The Silent Language* 51.

<sup>35</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 3.

<sup>36</sup> Cf. Mark Seltzer, *Bodies and Machines* (London: Routledge, 1992); David Wills, *Prosthesis* (Stanford: Stanford UP, 1995); Tim Armstrong, *Modernism, Technology, and the Body: A Cultural Study* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1998); Sara Danius, *The Senses of Modernism: Technology, Perception, and Aesthetics* (London: Cornell UP, 2002).

<sup>37</sup> Danius 3.

<sup>38</sup> Danius 2.

<sup>39</sup> Hall, *The Hidden Dimension* 40.

<sup>40</sup> Michael Bell, *D. H. Lawrence: Language and Being* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991) 44.

<sup>41</sup> Danius 17-8.

<sup>42</sup> Horst Ruthrof, *The Body in Language* (London: Cassell, 2000) 48.

<sup>43</sup> Ruthrof 59.

<sup>44</sup> Sotaro Kita, *Pointing: Where Language, Culture, and Cognition Meet*, ed. Sotaro Kita (Mahwah: Lawrence Erlbaum, 2003) 1-2. Kita identifies pointing as foundational in four respects: "First, it is ubiquitous in our day-to-day interaction with others [...] Second, pointing is a uniquely human behaviour. In other words, pointing separates humans from primates, just like the use of language does. Primate behaviours that closely resemble pointing lack some of the key components of human pointing [...] Third, pointing is primordial in ontogeny [...] Fourth, pointing does not merely indicate vector, but it can serve to create further types of signs. For example, a pointing gesture can create an iconic representation by tracing a shape or movement trajectory. It sometimes even leaves a visible mark, 'inscribing' a shape on a surface".

<sup>45</sup> Charles Goodwin, "Pointing as Situated Practice" in Kita (ed.) 222.

<sup>46</sup> Goodwin 224.

<sup>47</sup> Goodwin 226.

<sup>48</sup> Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Philosophical Investigations*, trans. G. E. M. Anscombe (1953; Oxford: Blackwell, 1958) 128.

<sup>49</sup> Wittgenstein 128.

<sup>50</sup> Wittgenstein 139.

<sup>51</sup> Wittgenstein 128.

<sup>52</sup> Wittgenstein 145.

<sup>53</sup> Wittgenstein 144 [my italics].

<sup>54</sup> Wittgenstein 168.

<sup>55</sup> Wittgenstein 167.

<sup>56</sup> Cf. Goodwin 223.

<sup>57</sup> D. H. Lawrence, "Love Among the Haystacks" in *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Stories* (1930; London: Penguin, 1960) 17-8 [Lawrence's italics].

<sup>58</sup> Cf. Lawrence, "Love Among the Haystacks" 44 where the same grammar and phrasing are used alongside a pun on "meaning" to emphasise the fragility of perceived images in language: "'Are ter commin' down?" asked Maurice coldly.' 'No - I will not come with you - mean, to tell me lies.'" The pause of the hyphen again separates the object ("meaning") from the subject ("you") which allows the "sentence" to signify a subjective quality ("you are mean") and an intention of the subject ("you mean to tell me lies") whilst remaining linguistically meaningless ("you - mean, to tell me lies"). Again, this demonstrates that the verbal and non-verbal (the gestural, paralinguistic hyphens) aspects of the text need to be read together in order to understand the complexities which it signifies.

<sup>59</sup> Wittgenstein 168.

<sup>60</sup> Wittgenstein 144-5.

<sup>61</sup> Another instance, in which Hirst's friend, Hewet, suggests to him that one is neither ever entirely alone nor in company, illustrates how Woolf's punctuation helps to signify the speed of the pronunciation of the dialogue, which, in turn, makes it easier for the reader to interpret Hewet's important non-verbal behaviour as simultaneous with the verbal picture he is presenting: "Hewet

proceeded to think. // 'The truth of it is that one never is alone, and one never is in company,' he concluded. // 'Meaning?' said Hirst. // 'Meaning? Oh, something about bubbles – auras – what d'you call 'em? You can't see my bubble; I can't see yours; all we see of each other is a speck, like a wick in the middle of that flame. The flame goes about with us everywhere; it's not ourselves exactly, but what we feel; the world is short, or people mainly; all kinds of people.' // 'A nice streaky bubble yours must be!' said Hirst. // 'And supposing my bubble could run into someone else's bubble –' // 'And they both burst?' put in Hirst. // 'Then – then – then –' pondered Hewet, as if to himself, 'it would be an e-nor-mous world,' he said, stretching his arms their full width, as though even so they could hardly clasp the billowy universe, for when he was with Hirst he always felt unusually sanguine and vague" (*VO*, 119-20).

<sup>62</sup> Cf. *PP*, 166-76, and 176-7: "To get used to a hat, a car or a stick is to be transplanted into them, or conversely, to incorporate them into the bulk of our own body. Habit expresses our power of dilating our being-in-the-world, or changing our existence by appropriating fresh instruments" (166). Once the stick becomes a familiar instrument, he says, "the world of feelable things recedes and now begins, not at the outer skin of the hand, but at the end of the stick [...] The pressures on the hand and the stick are no longer given; the stick is no longer an object perceived by the blind man, but an instrument with which he perceives. It is a bodily auxiliary, an extension of the bodily synthesis".

<sup>63</sup> For example, on the cinema, compare the following passage from *WP* with Woolf's argument in her essay on "The Cinema": "Cinema has yet to provide us with many films that are works of art from start to finish: its infatuation with stars, the sensationalism of the zoom, the twists and turns of plot and the intrusion of pretty pictures and witty dialogue, are all tempting pitfalls for films which chase success and, in so doing, eschew properly cinematic means of expression. While these reasons do explain why, hitherto, there have scarcely been any films that are entirely filmic, we can nevertheless get a glimpse of how such a work would look [...] What matters is the selection of episodes to be represented and, in each one, the choice of shots that will be featured in the film, the length of time allotted to these elements, the order in which they are to be presented, the sound or words with which they are to be accompanied. Taken together, all these factors contribute to form a particular overall cinematographical rhythm. When cinema has become a long-established facet of our experience, we will be able to devise a sort of logic, grammar, or stylistics, of the cinema" (97-8). On body image, see *PP*, 112-5, and compare the following with Mrs Dalloway's "collecting the whole of her at one point" (*MD*, 42) when she thinks of and tries to synthesise the disparate parts of herself in front of the mirror: "In the last analysis, if my body can be a 'form' and if there can be, in front of it, important figures against different backgrounds, this occurs in virtue of its being polarized by its tasks, of its *existence towards* them, of its collecting together of itself in pursuit of its aims; the body image is finally a way of stating that my body is in-the-world" (*PP*, 115).

<sup>64</sup> Cf. *PP*, 159: "Consciousness is in the first place not a matter of 'I think' but of 'I can'".

<sup>65</sup> Cf. *PP*, 121: "the subject when put in front of his scissors, needle and familiar tasks, does not need to look for his hands or his fingers, because they are not objects to be discovered in objective space: bones, muscles and nerves, but potentialities already mobilized by the perception of scissors or needle, the central end of those 'intentional threads' which link him to the objects given. It is never our objective body we move, but our phenomenal body, and there is no mystery in that, since our body, as the potentiality of this or that part of the world, surges towards objects to be grasped and perceives them". It might be said that a further, subtle connection between Lawrence, Woolf, and Merleau-Ponty is found in Merleau-Ponty's handicrafts metaphor to demonstrate our grasp on the world and communication with it. As we will see in chapter five, Lawrence and Woolf also make a similar analogy between writing as a communicative activity and handicrafts. However, the example of Septimus from *Mrs Dalloway* might be given here to demonstrate how Woolf shows his dissociation from his "phenomenal body" and breaking of these "intentional threads", through a negative use of the metaphor. In the hat-making scene with his wife, Rezia, Septimus's temporary re-engagement with his body and the world is shown through his interest in her millinery. However, in the following passage, we can see that his dissociation from both his own body and a tactile engagement with the world is maintained in the difference between his own predominantly optical arrangement of the colours compared with Rezia's haptic sewing; Woolf's watchword is "fingers": "What had she got in her work box? She had ribbons and beads, tassels, artificial flowers. She tumbled them out on to the table. He began putting odd colours together – for though he had no fingers could not even do up a parcel, he had a wonderful eye, and often was right, sometimes absurd, of course, but sometimes wonderfully right. // 'She [Mrs Peters] shall have a beautiful hat!' he murmured, taking up this and that, Rezia kneeling by his side, looking over his shoulder. Now it was finished – that is to say the design; she must stitch it together. But she must be very, very

careful, he said, to keep it just as he had made it. // So she sewed. When she sewed, he thought, she made a sound like a kettle on the hob; bubbling, murmuring, always busy, her strong little pointed fingers pinching and poking; her needle flashing straight. [...] // 'There it is,' said Rezia, twirling Mrs Peters' hat on the tips of her fingers. [...] // It was wonderful. Never had he done anything which made him feel so proud. It was so real, it was so substantial, Mrs Peters' hat. // 'Just look at it,' he said" (*MD*, 158-9).

<sup>66</sup> In *Action in Perception* (Cambridge, MA: MIT P, 2004), Alva Noë explains that "egocentric space" is "a kind of *behavioural* space, that is, a space defined by ways of moving and behavioural degrees of freedom". Terms such as "left" and "right", for Noë, are "egocentric" in that they do not denote space abstractly but "denote spatial regions thought of in relation to the speaker's body". Thus, to experience an object as "off to the left", for him, is "to experience it as standing in a relation to one which one grasps as constituted by patterns of sensorimotor dependence. To experience it as on the left is to experience it as necessitating or admitting (indeed, in some sense, *affording*) various possibilities of sense-affecting movements" (87-8). Such a concept is of obvious importance to our discussion of deixis in this chapter and throughout.

<sup>67</sup> An excellent visual example of these "envelopes" is given by Lawrence himself in the untitled ink drawing reproduced in Keith Sagar's *D. H. Lawrence's Paintings* (London: Chaucer, 2003) 135. Of the drawing itself Brewster Ghiselin remembered, "He showed me a black and white drawing he had been doing of a nude man and woman in a kind of complicated electric field. In it he had tried to show the different parts of the body, the head, the breast, the belly, the loins, as they subsisted in themselves and in a pattern of relations" (cited in Sagar 134). The obvious correlative of this drawing in Lawrence's writing is *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, of which more will be said, as regards the embodied subject's (intersubjective) perception of the world, in chapter three.

<sup>68</sup> Cf. *PP*, 163: "In normal imitation, the subject's left hand is immediately identified with his partner's, his action immediately models itself on the other's, and the subject projects himself or loses his separate reality in the other, becomes identified with him, and the change of co-ordinates is pre-eminently embodied in this existential process. This is because the normal subject has his body not only as a system of present positions, but besides, and thereby, as an open system of an infinite number of equivalent positions directed to other ends. What we have called body image is precisely this system of equivalents, this immediately given invariant whereby the different motor tasks are instantly transferable"; 214: "I do not see anger or a threatening attitude as a psychic fact hidden behind a gesture, I read anger in it. The gesture *does not make me think* of anger, it is anger itself"; 215: "The communication or comprehension of gestures comes about through the reciprocity of my intentions and the gestures of others, of my gestures and intentions discernible in the conduct of other people. It is as if the other person's intention inhabited my body and mine his. The gesture which I witness outlines an intentional object. This object is genuinely present and fully comprehended when the powers of my body adjust themselves to it and overlap it"; 273: "For the spectator, the gestures and words are not subsumed under some ideal significance, the words take up the gesture and the gesture the words, and they inter-communicate through the medium of my body. Like the sensory aspects of my body they are immediately and mutually symbolical, precisely because my body is a ready-made system of equivalents and transpositions from one sense to another".

<sup>69</sup> Cf. *PP*, 159-61: "Consciousness is being-towards-the-thing through the intermediary of the body. A movement is learned when the body has understood it, that is, when it has incorporated it into its 'world', and to move one's body is to aim at things through it; it is to allow oneself to respond to their call, which is made upon it independently of any representation. Motility, then, is not, as it were, a handmaid of consciousness, transporting the body to that point in space of which we have formed a representation before-hand. In order that we may be able to move our body towards an object, the object must first exist for it, our body must not belong to the realm of the 'in-itself'".

<sup>70</sup> For another example of the figure of the dance cf. *PP*, 335 n73: "One might show, for example, that aesthetic perception too opens up a new spatiality, and that the picture as a work of art is not in the space which it inhabits as a physical thing, as a coloured canvas. That the dance evolves in an aimless and unorientated space, that it is the suspension of our history, that in the dance the subject and his world are no longer in opposition, no longer stand out one against the background of the other, that in consequence the parts of the body are no longer thrown into relief as in natural experience: the trunk is no longer the ground from which movements arise and to which they sink back once performed; it now governs the dance and the movements of the limbs are its auxiliaries".

<sup>71</sup> Cf. Wittgenstein 212: "Do I really see something different each time, or do I only interpret what I see in a different way? I am inclined to say the former. But why – To interpret is to think, to do something; seeing is a state".

<sup>72</sup> Cf. Wittgenstein 50: "The aspects of things that are most important for us are hidden because of their simplicity and familiarity. (One is unable to notice something – because it is always before one's eyes [...] we fail to be struck by what, once seen, is most striking and most powerful".

<sup>73</sup> Virginia Woolf, "Notes on D. H. Lawrence" in *The Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 1 (London: Hogarth, 1966) 353.

<sup>74</sup> Cf. Martin Jay, *Downcast Eyes: The Denigration of Vision in Twentieth-Century French Thought* (London: U of California P, 1994).

<sup>75</sup> Cf. Gabriel Josipovici, *Touch* (New Haven: Yale UP, 1996); *The Book of Touch*, ed. Constance Classen (Oxford: Berg, 2005); Santanu Das, *Touch and Intimacy in First World War Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2005); Paterson.

<sup>76</sup> Cf. Seltzer; Armstrong, *Modernism, Technology, and the Body*; Makiko Minow-Pinkney, "Virginia Woolf and the Age of Motor Cars" in *Virginia Woolf in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*, ed. Pamela Caughie (New York: Garland, 2000); Danus, esp. chap. 3 "The Education of the Senses: *Remembrance of Things Past* and the Modernist Rhetoric of Motion" (91-146); Andrew Thacker, *Moving through Modernity: Space and Geography in Modernism* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 2003) esp. chap. 5 "Virginia Woolf: Literary Geography and the Kaleidoscope of Travel" (152-91); *The Railway and Modernity: Time, Space, and the Machine Ensemble*, ed. Matthew Beaumont and Michael Freeman (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2007) esp. chap. 3 "Time and Space under Modernism: The Railway in D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*" (85-100).

<sup>77</sup> Judith Halberstam and Ira Livingstone, "Introduction: Posthuman Bodies" in *Posthuman Bodies*, ed. Judith Halberstam and Ira Livingstone (Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1995) 2.

<sup>78</sup> Halberstam and Livingstone 3.

<sup>79</sup> Cf. David Bradshaw, "Eugenics: 'They should certainly be killed'" in *The Concise Companion to Modernism*, ed. David Bradshaw (Oxford: Blackwell, 2002) passim.

<sup>80</sup> Francis Fukuyama, *Our Posthuman Future: Consequences of the Biotechnology Revolution* (New York: Farrar, Straus, Giroux, 2002) 88.

<sup>81</sup> Cf. Jeff Wallace's discussion of the relationship between "eugenics" and the "posthuman" in *D. H. Lawrence, Science and the Posthuman* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2005) 155: "In the assumption of *alterability* as such, however, the human in eugenics is always-already *posthuman*, in so far as no *humanistic* sense of unique essence or integrity can be assumed" [italics in the original].

<sup>82</sup> "Dreary", and its derivatives, "dreariness" and "drearily", occur nine times in *Lady Chatterley* and are used to describe Tevershall and its people (in chapter two), Wragby (in chapter three), the way Connie feels there (in chapter six), and the English abroad (in chapter seventeen).

<sup>83</sup> An argument repeated by many authors, for example, Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*, trans. Brian Massumi (1980; London: Continuum, 2004) 550: "This streaming, spiraling, zigzagging, snaking, feverish line of variation liberates a power of life that human beings had rectified and organisms had confined, and which matter now expresses as the trait, flow, or impulse traversing it. If everything is alive, it is not because everything is organic or organized but, on the contrary, because the organism is a diversion of life"; and Jeff Wallace 117: "the liveliness of machines is not necessarily antithetical to 'life', either in the materialisms of Lawrence's time or of our own. Equally, the inertia of the human, the sense that evolutionary temporality might be up-side down, and the human the cul-de-sac of creation, is strongly evident in Lawrence's thinking".

<sup>84</sup> Cf. Bradshaw, "Eugenics: 'They should certainly be killed'" passim.

<sup>85</sup> In 1897, for example, the then Virginia Stephen attended lectures on "Rontgen Rays" and visited the Science Museum and London Zoo in January, received a book from the French entomologist Jean Henri Fabre in February, called on Louisa Galton (wife of Francis) and heard a lecture by Norwegian oceanographer and polar explorer Fridtjof Jansen in March, and in September caught the train to Stroud with William Darwin (eldest son Charles) and a week later received setting boards from the naturalist Edward Henry Meek on the Brompton Road.

<sup>86</sup> Marginalised people and places in Woolf's letters and diaries often appeal to the language of insects. For example, on the 14<sup>th</sup> of September 1897 she wrote of the diary itself: "This poor diary is lingering on indeed, but death would be shorter & less painful – Never mind, we will follow the year to its end, & then fling diaries & diarising into the corner – to dust & mice & moths & all creeping crawling eating destroying creatures". Eight months later, she wrote to her brother, Thoby, on the 25<sup>th</sup> of May 1898: "You heard about our burglars I suppose? They were and are very exciting. We all lie awake at night and imagine creepy crawly creatures stealing about downstairs"; and on the 4<sup>th</sup>

of September 1912: "Do write when you get this, and if you send it to Brunswick Square there is a beetle headed woman living in the basement who forwards our things". Later, in 1903, an expedition to Hampton Court would draw a similar response: "the turf [...] swarmed with a very different class of person" (*EJ*, 174). Lawrence's response to the homosexuality he encountered at Cambridge (put in similar terms) can be found in well-known letters to both Ottoline Morrell and David Garnett on the 19<sup>th</sup> of April 1915 (*2L*, 318-21): "They made me dream in the night of a black beetle that bites like a scorpion. But I killed it – a very large beetle. I scotched it – and it ran off – but I came upon it again and killed it. It is this horror of little swarming selves that I can't stand: Birrells, D. Grants, and Keyneses"; "Never bring B. to see me any more. There is something [horrid] <nasty> about him, like black-beetles. He is horrible and unclean. I feel as if I should go mad, if I think of your set, D.G. and K. and B. It makes me dream of beetles. In Cambridge I had a similar dream". A counterargument to this reading of Woolf's use of entomological images can be found in Holly Henry's book *Virginia Woolf and the Discourse of Science: The Aesthetics of Astronomy* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2003), in which she argues that "Woolf and [Olaf] Stapledon tapped into the popular fascination with the discoveries in astronomy, and the related public interest in insects, with a specific purpose: to launch a critique against facism" (131).

<sup>87</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Twilight in Italy* (1916; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960) 60.

<sup>88</sup> Lawrence, *Twilight in Italy* 60.

<sup>89</sup> Cf. Wallace 117-8.

<sup>90</sup> Wills 22-3.

<sup>91</sup> Cf. Kathryn A. Walterscheid, *The Resurrection of the Body: Touch in D. H. Lawrence* (New York: Peter Lang, 1993) 88: "In Lawrence's works, any person who does not touch others cannot maintain a fulfilling relationship with others, or with the world" (Walterscheid also uses the term "body-language" on page 47 to describe a "skill" which Alvina Houghton has in *The Lost Girl*, and in note 11 on page 53 discusses eye-behaviour and touch in terms similar to Neil Roberts below and Merleau-Ponty above); Cf. Gerald Doherty's comments on tone of voice in *Theorizing Lawrence: Nine Meditations on Tropological Themes* (New York: Peter Lang, 1999) 124: "His [Will's] voice [in *The Rainbow*] [...] has that uncanny vibrancy that 'transport(s) (Anna) into his feeling,' and his talk exudes that 'strange remote reality' that transgresses 'the bounds of her experience'"; language and silence in his later *Oriental Lawrence: Quest for the Secrets of Sex* (New York: Peter Lang, 2001) 8: "As with Lawrence, at the moment that language fails, silence becomes the index of maximum being"; and Neil Roberts's comments on eye-behaviour in *D. H. Lawrence, Travel and Cultural Difference* (Basingstoke: Palgrave-Macmillan 2004) 23: "Lawrence is an inveterate describer of eyes, and such descriptions are a index of the degree to which he attributes subjectivity to a human figure" (and pp. 45-7, 110).

<sup>92</sup> F. R. Leavis, *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist* (1955; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976) 173.

<sup>93</sup> Leavis 159.

<sup>94</sup> Leavis 132-3.

<sup>95</sup> Leavis 171-2.

<sup>96</sup> Leavis 160.

<sup>97</sup> Leavis 161.

<sup>98</sup> Patricia Moran, *Word of Mouth: Body Language in Katherine Mansfield and Virginia Woolf* (Charlottesville; London: UP of Virginia, 1996) 70.

<sup>99</sup> Cf. Jeremy Hawthorn, *Virginia Woolf's Mrs Dalloway: A Study in Alienation* (London: Chatto, 1975) 60; Dowling 106.

## Part I. Kinesics

## Body Language and Space in the Letters of D. H. Lawrence

This chapter examines the letters of D. H. Lawrence and D. H. Lawrence as a letter writer. More than anything else in his short life as a novelist, poet, playwright, and painter, he wrote letters. But even after the publication of the eight-volume Cambridge edition of *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, they remain seriously undervalued as literary products in their own right. Although critics have mined them for biographical information and the means of understanding the aims and production of Lawrence's other writing, his letters themselves are neither well understood nor well known amongst scholars and have yet to be the subject of book-length study. Where they have been considered, certain letters have been celebrated for their individual virtuosity and bravura. But attention has yet to be given to Lawrence's changing epistolary voice across his career as a writer and to his complex relationship with the letter form itself. "If there's one thing I don't look forward to," he began a short essay in 1925, "it's my mail" (*P*, 799). The chapter seeks to address some of these problems and to evaluate the letters to provide a longitudinal study of their chameleonic voices, forms, and styles across his whole career.

It would be no exaggeration to say that letter writing was a central part of Lawrence's daily life. Aside from the obvious necessity for him to correspond with his publishers when, because of his often nomadic lifestyle, letters were the medium through which he conducted the business of authorship, the desire to write letters was peculiarly strong in him. When it was an effort to even hold a pen during the illness at the start of 1916 that left his entire right side "numbed, like a tiny bit of paralysis" (*2L*,

512) he continued to write letters. Likewise, when he had a “bad cold” at Christmastime in 1918, he wrote wearily to Cynthia Asquith of how he was tired of writing altogether: “– Ah, what a happy day it will be, when I need not write any more,” but, he qualified, “– except a letter occasionally” (3L, 311). Such was the special place of letters in his life. He would hold this opinion into his last years, describing one to Rhys Davies in May 1929 with his characteristic humour as his “most serious contribution to literature these past six weeks” (7L, 309).

As a man whose belief in spontaneity guided the principles and practice of his writing in general, the letter, in particular, was a natural form for Lawrence. “I don’t care about form, in a letter” he wrote to Henry Savage in September 1913, “I just like people to give me a real bust of themselves” (2L, 70). He would “smack off” answers to other’s letters because he preferred “to do things on the spur” (3L, 718) and when his soul was “fizzing savagely” (2L, 385), rather than “consecrate” himself to a novel or short story, would often write a letter. The man who would write of *Sons and Lovers* (1913) that “one sheds ones sicknesses in books – repeats and presents again ones emotions, to be master of them” (2L, 90) could also say of his letters that he liked to write them when feeling “spiteful” because then it was “like having a good sneeze” (2L, 106). But if antagonism inspired Lawrence to write letters of free-flowing arabesque they are rarely slapdash and, like his work in other genres, through the creative process, develop a form of their own. Some of these formal solutions to what Lawrence saw as the complex problem of human communication (brought centre stage by the necessity of letter writing itself) are the subject of this thesis.

Indeed, simply glancing through the letters one cannot help being struck by their immediately eye-catching forms, from “a lyric poem in one stanza” to Cynthia Asquith (*2L*, 286-7), a list to Earl and Achsah Brewster, or this to S. S. Koteliansky (Kot) in which Lawrence writes an imaginary letter-within-a-letter wondering at his lack of communication:

If I replied to you in your own terms, I should send you a letter like this:

Bellingdon Lane  
Chesham  
Bucks  
11 Nov. 1914

My dear Kot,

?

Kindest regards from Frieda

Yours Sincerely D. H. Lawrence. (*2L*, 231)

For such a prolific letter writer it seems that Lawrence could be a somewhat impatient recipient of letters. But as many letters show, those he did receive almost embodied, for him, the very presence of the writer themselves. Those between himself and his mother-in-law not only allowed him to know of what she was doing but also, through them, he felt that she could travel beside and with him: “We can go together, in spite of separation, and you can travel, travel, in spite of age” (*4L*, 590). Whereas, as we shall see, when he was setting up home in Italy for the first time, the very “handwriting” of the letters of an old Eastwood friend, Sallie Hopkin, was, to him, “queer” and “like an answer one heard” (*1L*, 492). For a man who spent most of his life away from those he loved, dreaming of utopian communities with his friends, and thinking of ways in which to organize the world so that human beings could properly conduct their

relationships, perhaps it is no surprise that for him receiving as well as writing letters came to be so important.

This belief in the power of letters extends to his own. Those to Bertrand Russell, for example, during their short-lived friendship, demonstrate this and the kind of creative antagonism of some of the correspondence. After a meeting with Russell following their quarrel in these letters, Lawrence could confidently write to Ottoline Morrell that, after all, when they met, Russell had been more simple and real than he had ever known him to be, which he put down to the power of his letter “liberating something” in Russell (2L, 450). Lawrence’s purposeful writing to produce or “liberate” something in his correspondents can be seen throughout the letters, and as such they can be seen as extensions of the philosophical projects pursued in his other writing, in particular the novels. But whilst antagonism accounts for the spontaneity of some letters, it is often only intended as a means of communicating the depth or importance of the message. As he put it to Marianne Moore towards the end of his life: “Nothing is without offence, and nothing should be: if it is part of life, and not merely abstraction” (7L, 258). On the other hand, like much of his writing, the strength of this vision is often belied by a questioning and uncertainty when trying to convey it to others or put it into words, and here the letters are no exception.

In 1957 Vivian de Sola Pinto recognised Lawrence as one of the greatest English letter writers.<sup>1</sup> At that time the standard edition was Aldous Huxley’s *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (1932), which, as Pinto rightly says, contains some of Lawrence’s “most vivid and memorable writing”. Enid Hopkin Hilton, Huxley’s assistant in the compilation of the edition, gives an account of their editorial procedure, in which

Hilton recalls typing copies of letters and then sorting them into three piles: those “immediately publishable”, those “unsuitable for publication for some years”, and those she “could not judge”<sup>2</sup>. Hilton says that, generally, Huxley approved of her selections, but the “few simple and obvious principles” by which he was guided led him also to admit to the omission of an enormous amount of correspondence, largely referring to *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, and certain passages whose publication may have given pain to persons mentioned by Lawrence (and often known by Huxley himself).<sup>3</sup> This partial edition of the letters thus led Huxley to present in his editorial a somewhat lop-sided view of Lawrence the letter writer compared with that which we know today. During Lawrence’s post-war “wandering”, Huxley notes the lack of correspondence and constructs a theory of Lawrence as a letter writer to justify this dearth:

there seems to be no reason to believe that further enquiries will reveal the existence of any more [letters]. It is not because they have been destroyed or are being withheld that Lawrence’s letters of this period are so scarce; it is because for one reason or another, he did not then care to write letters, that he did not want to feel himself in relationship with anyone.<sup>4</sup>

Whilst this is suggestive of Lawrence’s own conception of the relational power of letters, we can see now that the volume of correspondence from this middle period exceeds the somewhat conservative “not more than a dozen or two” enumerated by Huxley. Given the time at which the edition was published, Huxley’s editorial understandably concentrates on the biographical significance of the letters. But for the purpose of our discussion here, it is interesting that it, albeit obliquely, correlates the state of Lawrence’s body with their production, in his judgement that “the splendid curve of the letters droops, at the end, towards the darkness!”<sup>5</sup>. For Huxley, however,

whilst the reader of the letters can see Lawrence's differing "moods" with different correspondents, he stresses that, in them, Lawrence is only "almost" there.

If Huxley's editorial emphasised Lawrence as a wanderer, exile, and outsider, the presentation of his letters by Earl and Achsah Brewster in their *D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence* (1934) aimed at redressing that picture,<sup>6</sup> but again presented only a partial picture of him as a letter writer. It is not until Harry T. Moore's two-volume *Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (1962) that the reader interested in Lawrence as a letter writer can begin to appreciate this aspect of his work in full. Following his selection of *D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell* (1948) and his biography of Lawrence, *The Intelligent Heart* (1955), which "printed for the first time parts of some two hundred letters, eighty at full length"<sup>7</sup>, and *Poste Restante: A Lawrence Travel Calendar* (1956) (which makes extensive use of the letters), Moore's volumes mark a shift towards comprehensiveness and editorial impartiality in presentation of the letters. Whilst he, like those editors of the editions discussed above, attests to the "omission" of what are deemed "less important letters" (perfunctory acknowledgements, business letters, and letters repeating information given in other letters), Moore's contents page is not programmatic (like Huxley's) and thus encourages the letters to stand in their own right, rather than only in relation to Lawrence's other writing. Indeed, Moore obliquely suggests that the letters would warrant a stylistic examination in their own right, saying that they may be "read singly, like poems in an anthology"<sup>8</sup> as against being read as autobiography. Benefiting from additional content and the passage of time, although Moore acknowledges a debt to Huxley's 1932 edition, he also challenges his claim that the letters "drop off", writing

that, on the contrary, “Lawrence’s vitality as a letter writer never diminished”<sup>9</sup>. The body, vitality, and letter writing are once again aligned, albeit obliquely, in critical accounts of this aspect of Lawrence’s work.

In addition to attempts at collected editions of letters, numerous editions of Lawrence’s letters between himself and a single correspondent have been compiled.<sup>10</sup> They will not be discussed here; however, it should be said that the reprinting of both sides of the letter writing process, unmanageable in the large editions of Huxley, Moore, and the eight-volume Cambridge edition, enables the reader to gain a much greater understanding of the letters themselves as *correspondence* than those editions that print only Lawrence’s side. Further study of these editions would facilitate in depth examinations of Lawrence’s letter writing style and offer an opportunity for future work.

Even after the publication of the Cambridge edition, however, critical essays on the letters remain few and far between.<sup>11</sup> As Jack Stewart observes in his article on “Color, Space, and Place in Lawrence’s Letters”, whilst “scholars have mined Lawrence’s *Letters* for information about his life, writing, reading, publishing, philosophy, relationships, travel, and finances, they have paid little attention to them as freestanding literary texts”<sup>12</sup>. The most recent piece on them represents another general trend: the tendency to devote criticism to letters written during wartime at the expense of those written earlier or later in Lawrence’s lifetime.<sup>13</sup> This chapter looks to redress these blind spots in the canon of Lawrence criticism. Given the recent publication of yet more of Lawrence’s correspondence by James T. Boulton in the

*Journal of the D. H. Lawrence Society* (2006), and the acquisition of the Clark Papers by Nottingham University Library, it seems timely to embark on such a study now.

In addressing the topic of body language in the Cambridge edition of Lawrence's letters, the chapter necessarily approaches them thematically. Given the weight placed on the body in the Lawrence corpus, little critical attention has been directed to it in the correspondence. Compared with Lawrence's prose fiction, or indeed his essays, descriptions of non-verbal communication in the letters are limited to brief observations, such as that of the family near Bogliaco in a letter to Arthur McLeod on the 4<sup>th</sup> of October 1912 – "It reminds me of home when I was a boy. [...] The father reaches his thick brown hand to play with the baby – the mother looks quickly away, catching my eye" (*1L*, 460) – or this characterisation of the post-master at Telaro, the "inaccessible" "little sea-robbers nest" to which Lawrence had to walk for nearly half an hour from Fiascherino, captured in a letter to Edward Marsh a year later: "I get only a broad smile and a wave of the hand that implies a vacuum in space, and a 'niente, signore, niente oggi, niente, niente'" (*2L*, 86). Nonetheless, these instances are representative of the use of non-verbal communication in the letters: not only does the body provide a site for Lawrence to express the depth of his emotions in the bodiless medium of the letter (homesickness and disgust, respectively) but they also show him using the body to open up space to his interlocutor. In light of recent critical attention given to space and place in Lawrence's fictional work,<sup>14</sup> the chapter opens by picking up the theme of homesickness, above, and examining how Lawrence ventriloquises family and dialectal sayings in order to make a home from home and, in section two, how often this results in an "uncanny" relationship with place. In the third

section, I turn to look at body language (in the second, broader sense given in the introduction) and examine how Lawrence uses bodily tropes in order to conceive of and write about distance before, in section four, turning to look at how the metaphor of “transplantation” in letters written during the composition of *The Rainbow* surfaces in the text and then resurfaces in letters written later in his life. Finally, in section five, the chapter closes by showing how such organic and bodily language is reconciled with the abstract language of maps, compasses, distances, and directions in his idiosyncratic piece of travel-writing “Mercury”.

### ***Homesickness and Ventriloquism***

Before leaving the Villa Igéa at the start of April 1913, D. H. Lawrence – or, as he styled himself to his sister, “D. H. Gummidge” (*IL*, 532) – was, as the pseudonym suggests, a character of a rather “fretful disposition”. His seven months’ residency with Frieda on the Lago di Garda had been both joyful and miserable; a bonding and yet a profoundly isolating experience. From “hugging” each other “at the idea of a ménage” (*IL*, 454) whose reality was “a million times better” than a postcard (*IL*, 457) in September 1912, by April they had tasted the practical reality of living together and that, in turn, drew a more measured response to the place from Lawrence (*IL*, 531-2). But in spite of the Weekley’s divorce, Frieda’s desire to see her children, Lawrence’s need to earn more money (possibly by an unappealing return to the classroom) and, latterly, a cold that had left him “pippy”, he continued, humorously, in the same letter to Ada: “This has been my first home – and such a grand one. I doubt I shall never rise

to such heights again". Since one of the purposes of this chapter will be to dwell on the voices of the letters, and often Lawrence's ventriloquism of those of his parents in relation to the topic of home, this double negative is doubly interesting in that it ghosts his mother's constant motto to him: "Blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall not be disappointed" (*IL*, 248).

In 1911, when Lawrence remembered this phrase to Louie Burrows, the letter in which he did so shows how mimicry, voice, and the place (Italy) are interwoven in his letters before he had even set foot, let alone set up home, there. In it, Lawrence described the operas he had seen in Croydon as "just like [their] old charades" and the imagined site of a meeting between himself and Louie as "a camping ground, like a couple of gipsy caravans" towards which he ambled, or, as he put it in another voice, "Ambulo" (*IL*, 247-9). The letter closes with him "doing a little prance" with his own wilful "shadow" and then peeping behind a shut door to see a show. Stage shows, as John Worthen and James T. Boulton have shown, provide ample material for allusion in the letters.<sup>15</sup> For example, Boulton draws attention to a letter from Capri in January 1920 in which, he explains, the description that the island "'don't know where 'e are'" echoes "a quotation made famous by a renowned music-hall artist and Cockney impersonator"<sup>16</sup>. But rather than look at how "one-fifth a Cockney" (*IL*, 502) imitated or ventriloquised a cockney impersonator, in this chapter I want to use the idea or metaphor of ventriloquism as a way of reading the kind of tonal and vocal effects experimented with in the letters. The metaphor is appropriate given that many of the accounts of Lawrence's mimicry describe it in terms of possession or inspiration, phenomena in which, as Steven Connor has shown, ventriloquism also has its roots.<sup>17</sup>

Although they are obviously closely affiliated, I want to distinguish the type of direct appropriation or inhabiting of voices, for the purpose of writing about space and place (what I call ventriloquism), from Lawrence's broader propensity for mimicry and self-mimicry usually for comic ends, as treated by John Worthen.

Even by the standard of the letters printed in the Cambridge edition, those written during the months at the Villa Igéa are especially preoccupied with "voice". Edward Garnett's letter in mid-October 1912 "was almost like the voice of Orpheus come up from Hell" (*IL*, 461), Sallie Hopkin's handwriting in December was, as we have seen, "queer" and "like an answer one heard" (492), and in David (Bunny) Garnett's "rag-bag letters" one could "hear [his] voice" (494). For "five months" Lawrence had "scarcely seen a word of English print" and the voice of his "own dialect" in *Anna of the Five Towns* when he read it in October uncannily disorientated him (echoing the phrase drawn attention to by Boulton): "it makes me feel fearfully queer. I don't know where I am" (*IL*, 459).<sup>18</sup> Although, in 1912, he and Frieda took Italian lessons, their initial lack of conversational Italian (and slow progress) would have thrown into sharp relief the difference of their own voices from those "talking and singing" outside their windows (459). This is perhaps one of the reasons why the letters that record Lawrence making his home there are characterised by an equal sensitivity to non-verbal communication and culture, or the non-verbal communication that underlies the familiarity of a culture and a home. As he put it to Arthur McLeod: "Riva is still Austria, but as Italian as an ice-cream man. Now I speak in signs" (*IL*, 455).

In looking at body language and ventriloquism and their bearing on Lawrence's writing of home and, more broadly, space in the letters, Connor's concept of "vocalic space", that is, one which "signifies the ways in which the voice is held both to operate in, and itself to articulate, different conceptions of space, as well as to enact the different relations between the body, community, time, and divinity"<sup>19</sup> is a useful sounding board. With this in mind, in the remainder of this section, I will look at the sequence of letters written from the Igéa before briefly considering these aspects in relation to Lawrence's letters as a whole.

In his essay on "Drama and Mimicry in Lawrence", John Worthen demonstrates the close connection of the subjects in his writing between March 1912 and January 1913, a period of time that partly overlaps with his stay at the Igéa.<sup>20</sup> Amongst his many sources, he frequently draws on David Garnett's autobiography. Garnett, as Worthen reminds us, remembers acting "complicated nonsense charades" with Lawrence and how he could "reproduce voice and manner exactly"<sup>21</sup>. This chapter will also use the Garnetts, but will look at the ways in which Lawrence "reproduced voices", or ventriloquised, in his correspondence with them, rather than reconsider their record of his mimicry in the flesh. Indeed, thinking about voice, it was Edward Garnett whom Lawrence wished would visit him in Italy so that he could "talk to [him] – for hours and hours". "I feel as if you were father, brother and all relations to me – except wife", he continued (*IL*, 448). This letter is also notable for Lawrence's and Frieda's interweaving, interjectory voices and the consequent effect on their (fragmented) epistolary characters (like "D. H. Gummidge" above, Lawrence signs off with both "D. H. Lawrence" and "DHL" and Frieda puts her name in apostrophes). I

will come back to these interjectory voices below. What is of interest here is the play between different roles and different voices. The comment about Garnett as surrogate father is interesting because, in the sequence of letters from the Igéa, Lawrence ventriloquised his own father more than at any other time. To Arthur McLeod in January 1913, the business of Frieda's divorce, he wrote, "would wear the heart out of a wheel-barrow trundle, as my father would say" (*IL*, 506). Then, in February, asking Frieda's sister her opinion about modern German poetry, he added, "- pottery, as father calls it -?" (*IL*, 513). David Garnett must also have been familiar with this expression because, in April, Lawrence "registered" Garnett's opinions on his "pottery"<sup>22</sup> (*IL*, 536) and in the preceding letter, to him, in March, "the hump" Lawrence was in was "as big as the 'doom of St Paul's', as my father always says" (*IL*, 534). These brief quotations show how Lawrence used his parents' voices to write about his own relationship in the letters. An example from his work at the time also demonstrates Lawrence's broader preoccupation with mimicry and the paternal voice. In the "Burns Novel Fragment", begun around the 17<sup>th</sup> of December 1912, Jack Haseldine ventriloquises Mary Renshaw's voice when they are talking about her father:

"I must be goin' in," she said.

"Are you frightened of your father?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He put his arms round her, and folded her to him suddenly.

"'He's here!'" he suddenly said, curiously and lovingly imitating the voice in which she had called to him on the common. "'He's here!' - I thought it was a witch o' the woods callin'." He had got her tightly clasped to his bosom, and was trembling.<sup>23</sup>

Here, ventriloquism enables Lawrence to write the intimacy between Jack and Mary, and also, in the way in which Jack exchanges places with Mary's father through it,

illustrate the close proximity between the familiar (or familial) and the uncanny. As we will see in the letters from the Igéa, imitation and intimacy are similarly interlinked.

That these kinds of ventriloquial acts occur in letters to the Garnetts is perhaps unsurprising given their work on another autobiographical work with a similar paradigm, *Sons and Lovers*. Indeed, in a complex bit of voicing, Frieda herself ventriloquises Lawrence's presentation of his mother's voice in the novel, in a letter written by both of them to Edward Garnett in March: "I think I'll put him on a little stool in the garden like his mother, 'now cry there, misery'" (*IL*, 531).<sup>24</sup> Here, the voice (Lydia speaking through Lawrence speaking through Frieda...) merges real and fictional places, and hints at the "disturbing effect of ventriloquism" that, for Connor, may derive from its "transcendence or disruption of seen space"<sup>25</sup>. The same disturbance can be seen in the passage from the "Burns Novel Fragment" and, in looking forward to the second half of this chapter, which moves on from the vocalic to consider the haptic as another sense used by Lawrence to disrupt immediately "seen space", it is worth remembering that, at the end of October 1912, Lawrence broke his spectacles and, having "no eyes to write with", had to "feel in the dark". However, if these ventriloquial acts give voice to Lawrence's "bellyful of hard living" (*IL*, 489) – and, etymologically, it is the belly itself that speaks in ventriloquism – they also effectively help him make a home from home in bringing familiar voices close to him, in a way that his increasingly insistent invitations to those back in England to visit him in person did not. He would use the technique again in a letter to Cynthia Asquith upon his return to Italy in 1913: "They call us 'Signoria'. How's that for grandeur! – Shades of my poor father!" (*2L*, 109). And an even more extreme distortion of time

and space through his use of his father's voice can be seen in a letter to Pino Orioli in August 1929, five years after his father's death, when he and Orioli were looking for a house together: "It will be great fun if we can find a house and have ducks and goats. I've never tried my hand at pigs, but why not? They must be nicer than human ones. We might even make bacon, and hang a long fitch against the wall. My father always said that was the beautifullest picture on a wall – a fitch of bacon!" (7L, 410).

As I touched on in relation to the interjectory composition of some letters above, these ventriloquial moments are not only part of an epistle to or for the correspondent, but also part of an on-going dramatic dialogue between Lawrence and Frieda, with the recipient of the letter as a kind of third party spectator or, in this case, auditor. Their correspondence from the Igéa demonstrates how letter writing and entertainment (both of themselves and of their correspondent) are inextricably bound up with each other and with ways of introducing other, familiar and unfamiliar voices into their otherwise solitary home. In this way, ventriloquism in the letters diverges from Lawrence's mimicry in person, in that, whereas in person, Lawrence, as Worthen argues, generally attempted to incorporate his audience into the charade "so as to escape the fatal inhibitions of self-consciousness"<sup>26</sup>, the letters (partly by their nature) rely on a simultaneous involvement of their audience in the performance and acknowledgement of their spectatorial distance to achieve their ventriloquial effects.

Again, the letters to the Garnetts are probably the best example of this. After tackling a scorpion with a toothbrush, in October, Lawrence joked to Edward Garnett about how instead of calling him St. Lawrence or St. George, Frieda had "said it had come because birds of a feather flock together" (1L, 463). These feathers then fly in

their second letter to him in November, in which Frieda contrasts Garnett's giving a St. Michael to his Jeanne D'Arc with the way in which, she says, Lawrence wants to treat a woman "like the chicken we had the other day, take its guts out and pluck its feathers sitting over a pail" (*IL*, 470). Lawrence's response to Frieda then comes in a letter to David Garnett over a month later. Having tried to make "a chivalrous Sir Galahad of Harold [Hobson]" (*IL*, 494), who paid them a Christmas visit, Lawrence asked Garnett if he might "persuade one or two quite tender ladies to lionise [him] when [he] gets back to England" because Frieda "pulls all my tail-feathers out" (*IL*, 493). Frieda then put salt on his already sore tail by enlisting the St. George that Lawrence was not in order to send up what she called his "spiritual tragedy" (*IL*, 494). Incidentally, the references to lions and lionising may also have been part of another private joke between them since David Garnett remembered Frieda as initially "extraordinarily like a lioness"<sup>27</sup> and Lawrence as a natural "copy-cat" acting ridiculous versions of himself being "patronised by literary lions"<sup>28</sup>.

In this sequence, then, mock-heroic and the gulling of would-be saints are the vehicles for much of the melodrama played out by Lawrence and Frieda in front of the Garnetts. The way in which vocal experimentation is an essential part of this can be seen not only in the way in which their interjections cut across and apart any one voice, or in Lawrence's recommendation that the Garnetts compare and contrast his and Frieda's different accounts to find the "gospel" truth, but also in the way in which the sequence culminates in Lawrence's ventriloquism of his father's phrase about the "doom of *St Paul's*" (*IL*, 534 [my emphasis]). It is telling that this comes in response to Frieda's initial vocal play. "He *has* got the humpiest hump," she wrote to Edward

Garnett, then, taking off the “Oxford Voice”, “O Gawd! I am a heroic person, to stand him day for day, I tell you!” (*IL*, 531). Lawrence’s ventriloquism of his father’s voice at the end of Frieda’s next letter to David Garnett is also a tongue in cheek riposte to her accusation that he approach women as “Gothic cathedrals” only to find that they are “little houses”. Again, the comedy of this vocal effect disturbs any strict delineation between homely and sacred space and allows them a brief equivalence, different from that of Frieda’s ventriloquism of Lawrence’s mother through *Sons and Lovers* (above). Whereas Frieda’s turn in Lydia’s voice self-consciously settles into it in order to close the letter (and thus any further “dialogue”), Lawrence’s lighter touch allows him to slip in and out of his father’s voice (he follows it up by diagnosing Bunny with “‘genitoritis’ – the affliction of one’s parents”) and thus, characteristically of ventriloquism, to throw into question (like the voice itself) any definite identification between the speaker and voice, and the space from or in which they speak.

If the Garnett sequence shows how Lawrence and Frieda would take each other off in front of an audience, a short extract in which Lawrence apes Frieda’s voice will show the interlocutor’s involvement in its effect. In the letter that describes Edward Garnett’s voice as like that of Orpheus, Lawrence wants to convince him of the seriousness of his and Frieda’s relationship. To do so, he intersperses longer paragraphs concerning business, descriptions of Italy, and anecdotes of their daily life there, with shorter ones of physical comedy and ventriloquism that address the relationship between Frieda, Garnett, and himself. Having made Frieda thumb her nose at Garnett’s cynicism, towards the end of the letter, Lawrence writes: “I’ve had swollen jaw. F. adores me all the more. – Put *that* in your cynical pipe, and smoke it. –

Who'd love *you* with a swollen jaw? Yah!" (*IL*, 463). In that final "Yah!", Lawrence borrows Frieda's voice to put pay to Garnett's cynicism and in the question and answer almost exchanges places with Garnett (just as we saw Jack Haseldine exchange places with Mary Renshaw's father above) in staging a comic reparation between himself and Frieda. Lawrence would subtly echo this to him again in March when he described their meeting of Bunny's friend, Antonia Almgren: "She is still just a bit tired, but we shall get along like three bricks. When folk's have all had a good few knocks under the jaw, they hang together better" (*IL*, 522). "Mrs Tony" was a rare visitor to the Lawrence ménage, so it is interesting that this echo occurs when their home or social space changed, and even more so if we hear in Lawrence's assurance that they will get along like three bricks an inversion of his mother's saying – "Constant dropping will wear away the stone" (*IL*, 489) – he had written in a December letter to Garnett to characterise the tears and trouble at home caused by the Weekley's divorce. As complex narratological moments, these ventriloquisms and echoes show Lawrence attuned to the relationship between voice and space, and sensitive to the power of the voice to shape and disrupt homely space. Frieda's thumbing of her nose brings us onto the body language of the letters and to a subject I touched on briefly earlier, namely, the importance of haptic as well as vocalic space to the writing of home. These letters from the Igéa are located in a period of Lawrence's writing (March 1912 to January 1913) which John Worthen has highlighted for the astonishing "variety and intensity in his involvement with drama and the dramatic"<sup>29</sup>. Although Worthen does not mention the letters explicitly, it is no surprise that dramatic scenes spill out into them. Aside from those scenes Lawrence imagined in them, these letters include many

vignettes from real life, from practising his Italian on an unreceptive farmer (*IL*, 474), to a dialogue with the butcher (508), or a drunk making eyes at Frieda (515). And, in light of our discussion above, it is fitting that many of them are concerned with marriage, divorce, and home; from asking the innkeeper's wife if her daughters are married (*IL*, 483-4), to the serving of Frieda's divorce papers, to the imagined scene of Ada's marriage, which Lawrence wrote to her later from Irschenhausen; and the "wine place" (*IL*, 458) near Bogliaco whose occupants reminded him so of home (above).

For Worthen, Lawrence's letters on Frieda's husband, Ernest, at the end of 1912, show that he was, as ever, "a brilliant mimic and comedian"<sup>30</sup>. But in these letters, written at the same time and when Lawrence was rewriting *Sons and Lovers* with its "moral condemnation of Mr Morel and his world"<sup>31</sup>, the comedic element of the ventriloquism comes second to a tone which treats his father and the language of his world with tenderness and acknowledges the familiarity of that world as a counterpoint to the remoteness of Italy. Another letter, written to John Middleton Murry during Lawrence's return to Fiascherino after the summer in England, shows how important such tenderness and stability would have been against the tempestuousness of his relationship with Frieda. In the second paragraph, Lawrence dramatises their mutual "struggling on" ("I've taken my hands from her throat, and she's taken her hands from mine, and we are staring at each other, round eyed and full of wonder at finding ourselves still here and alive") but says that, when he thinks that Frieda treats him "very badly", he "hugs" forbearance round himself "like a cloak of protection" that rips all too easily. As in the letter quoted in the introduction, body language goes hand in hand with Lawrence's expression of emotion. However, what is

most remarkable is the way Lawrence uses the material objects of and the dialect from the familial home to build on the bodily metaphor in the following sentence: “I should like a box of tacks to tack down my wits, which seem to have turned up at the edges like ruinous oil-cloth, and I am always falling over ’em. – a box of tin-tacks to tack my wits down and hold ’em steady – danke schön” (8L, 7). In its focus on the hand as both destructive and creative, the paragraph has the same atmosphere and contains the same ambivalences as the opening scenes of chapter four of *Sons and Lovers*, in which the Morel children both witness their father’s violence and help him make fuses for the pit. However, in the vocalic shift from dialectal abbreviations through the hyphen to the “danke schön” that functions similarly to the ventriloquistic “Yah!” above, we not only see, again, Lawrence using the volatility of his Eastwood home as a correlative for that in his new homes abroad, but we also begin to appreciate the importance of other languages to Lawrence’s vocal play and self-performance in the letters.

We can begin to see this play with language and the epistolary self in the ways in which Lawrence signs off his letters. When Lawrence explained to his sister that, in Italy, “L is for Lorenzo, I shall have collected a list soon” (1L, 538) his humour, as so often happens in his writing, touches on the profoundly true. Commentators on the letters, from Huxley to Henzy, have mentioned how Lawrence “adapt[s] himself”<sup>32</sup> to or undergoes “a series of transformations”<sup>33</sup> with each different correspondent. When reading through the thousands of letters, as good an indicator as any of this are the various ways in which he signs off; from D. H. Lawrence, D. H. L., and Uncle David, to “D. H. Gummidge” or a disgruntled “I’ll sign myself as you call me – Mr Lawrence” to Frieda (1L, 393), these pseudonyms are often good indicators of his mood and tone.

We get a hint of this kind of playful early correspondence that might have passed between them in Ada's recollection that they used to address Lawrence as "Billy White-nob"<sup>34</sup>. So, by paying attention to the shifty personal pronoun and the shifts into other languages, the reader gains a better understanding of the bearing of language and place on the performance of self in the letters.

Two letters written during the Autumn of 1928 to fellow Eastwoodians are a good starting point for a consideration of some of the nuanced ways in which Lawrence used language to voice the problem of being, expressed to Earl Brewster, that there are "many men in a man" (7*L*, 170). On the one hand, he bemoaned the gulf between himself and his sister and niece to Enid Hilton: "I am not really 'our Bert'. Come to that, I never was" (6*L*, 535). And on the other, wrote sentimentally to David Chambers:

Son' tempi passati, cari mei! quanto cari, non saprete mai! [they are times past, my dears! how dear, you will never know!] – I could never tell you in English how much it all meant to me[.]<> how I still feel about it.

If there is anything I can ever do for you, do tell me. – Because whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to the Hags. (6*L*, 618)

A little of the history of this letter is explained by David's sister, Jessie Chambers, in a letter to Helen Corke on the 15<sup>th</sup> of March 1930, in which she writes: "some time in 1928 mother heard that he [Lawrence] was ill, and persuaded David to write to him. The reply is a little lyric of love and affection to us all"<sup>35</sup>. However, a close look at the manuscript of Lawrence's reply makes the reader pause.<sup>36</sup> As is common with his composition, as the emotional content of the letter builds to the passage on its second page (quoted above), Lawrence writes more quickly: his handwriting is more tightly packed on the page, it slants more, punctuation is dashed in, but one comma stands out.

It is the one before he writes, "how I still feel about it". Unlike the others throughout the letter, it is fully formed and sits above the line, like those he emended from full-stops to commas in the *Lady Chatterley* manuscripts. In looking at Lawrence's mixed feelings about himself, what better example than this where we catch him in the process of revision, hesitating between past and present, changing the full stop to a comma, then adding the phrase as an afterthought, possibly after reading over the letter before sending it?

Looking for a plural Lawrence in his letters is, as many critics have shown, not hard to find. Lawrence postures in early ones to both Louie Burrows and Helen Corke as "a vapourer, unstable" (*IL*, 254) having "several lives" behaving "topsy-turvily" (*IL*, 554), but then urges against the "absurdity" that he lacks any "real unity of character" and that his I is "one thing today, and another tomorrow" (*IL*, 359-60). An early outing of his "yea! of today" being oddly different from his "yea! of yesterday" perhaps (*P*, 536)? But if the question of how this unstable equilibrium between change and constancy might be represented remains unresolved in these early letters, they do show an uneasy acknowledgement of "the impersonal part of me – which belongs to nobody, not even to myself – the writer in me" (*IL*, 214). The relationship of this "impersonal part" – like those of the later ideas on the unconscious or "blood-consciousness" – with the conscious, personal body is important. A number of later letters address the relationship between the change to the "chemical composition of the blood" (*6L*, 37) and the change to "oneself" during and after influenza.<sup>37</sup> Likewise, regarding the unconscious, Lawrence wrote to Edward Garnett in January 1912: "Sleep seems to hammer out for me the logical conclusions of my vague days and offer them

to me as dreams. It is a horrid feeling, not to be able to escape from one's own – what? – self – daemon – fate, or something. I hate to have my own judgements clinched inside me involuntarily. But it is so" (*IL*, 359). It is a feeling he would express again to Arthur McLeod exactly 15 years later: "What one was, one is. Only the years add so many other things, that my Addiscombe Rd self squirms when I look at it [...] One of my troubled dreams, sleep-dreams, I mean, is that I'm teaching – and that I've clean forgotten to mark the register, and the class has gone home!" (*5L*, 640). What I hope these examples are beginning to show is not only Lawrence's acknowledgement of the importance of these different and essential parts of himself but also that he begins to use the personal pronoun (I, one) in a subtle and specific way to denote different parts of this heterogeneity.

The "daemon" or "shifty devil" inside of one is an expression that recurs in letters to many of Lawrence's fellow artists, and, looking ahead to our consideration of the shift between languages, this to Thomas Seltzer: "I'll come to America when the gods let me – mein innerliches Schicksal"<sup>38</sup>. Attending closely to these shifts between pronouns, it is possible to get a sense of, if not entirely nail down, the different parts of the self meant by either "I" or a third-person substitute. Given that most of the (albeit scant) critical attention given to the letters has been directed towards those from the wartime, I would prefer not to dwell on them here. Although, certain wartime letters, such as this from November 1916 to Cynthia Asquith, in which Lawrence says that the war has destroyed the "*oneness* of mankind" in him, obviously bear on our discussion: "Now, one can only submit that they are they, you are you, I am I – there is a separation, a separate isolated fate. [...] And I am mine, you are yours, it is so, in

eternity as well as in time" (3L, 32-3). When looking to this letter for clues as to Lawrence's opinion on the self in 1916, it is best read in light of those preceding it, such as that to Ottoline in May: "It is only in my individual self, which struggles to be free of the greater social self, that I live at all. One is at best only a torn fragment, a torn remnant of a man. It remains only to trust that this remnant is the living essential part, otherwise one is already as good as dead" (2L, 603). And those written shortly after it, such as this to Gordon Campbell in December: "My individual self is all right, but it seems quite cut off and isolated [...] It is all right for myself: that side of myself which is single is fulfilled and happy. But there *is* a gnawing craving in oneself, to move and live not only as a single, satisfied individual, but as a real representative of the whole race" (3L, 63). It might be argued that all these examples show is Lawrence using "one" conventionally as a way of providing linguistic variety for his reader. But Lawrence is, by and large, consistent in his use of "one": first, to give expression to the idea of a non-human part of himself that wants to varying degrees to be representative of his people or race; and, second, as something only in and for himself without any relation to others, as distinct from the first-person form, which tends to carry the weight of his immediate, sensory impressions. Indeed, in the introduction to his edition of the letters, Huxley wrote that the "*daimon* which possessed him was, he felt, a divine thing"<sup>39</sup>.

But these forms should obviously not be thought of as mutually exclusive entities. Indeed, I have selected quotations that illustrate what I call these "pronoun-shifts" and the interpenetration of the two forms. "[O]ne needs the physical flow", Lawrence writes to Mabel Dodge Luhan, having left the continent for good (in 1926),

continuing the next sentence, "That's why I can't stay long in America" (5L, 462). Another letter to Amy Lowell, on arriving in America four years earlier, again finds him shifting between the two. Here, the third-person form is again used to denote the (non-human) "soul" but Lawrence dramatises it physically "dodging" and getting "sore" as much as his first-person form that sensuously enjoys the country itself:

Of course, humanly, America does to me what I knew it would do: it just *bumps* me. I say the people charge at you like trucks coming down on you – no awareness. But one tries to dodge aside in time. Bump! bump! go the trucks. And that is human contact. One gets a sore soul, and at times yearns for the understanding mildness of Europe. Only I like this country so much. (4L, 325 [Lawrence's emphasis])<sup>40</sup>

Likewise, he writes to Earl Brewster from the *Mirenda* after their Etruscan tour: "I feel a bit awkward and strange, as if I hadn't all of me come back. But I suppose bit by bit one will gather oneself inside one's skin" (6L, 35). Lawrence had expressed himself in this way before to Frieda's mother in September 1923 when returning to Los Angeles (7L, 83). In these examples, then, we begin to see how Lawrence shifts into "one" to write an inner, emotional life to which immediate sensory impressions are filtered through the "I".

Taking up this final example, the provisionality of these forms, or many Lawrences heard within one utterance, allow him to write a more supple self on the road. But, before turning to look at this and his shifts outside the English language in order to express himself, it is worth noting a general uncertainty in the *Letters* about whether this way of voicing the self was comprehended by or even comprehensible to his readers. A letter to Helen Corke from March 1911 demonstrates this. After giving his opinions on how they have "broken down the bounds of the individual" Lawrence writes less assuredly and in parenthesis: "(bad English – can you understand?)" (1L,

239). Letters from around the time of writing *The Rainbow*, with their rejection of “the old stable ego of character” (2L, 183) and interest in the non-human beneath the human, are another unsurprisingly rich source of material. But whilst Lawrence the writer trusted his vision, many letters show a very human doubt and self-questioning that is often overlooked. For example, to Henry Savage in mid-September 1913 he felt “a bit queer and foreign” as if he “couldn’t speak any language particularly”. Continuing, after criticising the lack of “real *being* – Wesen” in Wells and Dickens: “Don’t mind me – don’t ever be hurt by anything I say – I don’t use language very well, in private” (2L, 73-4). Similarly to Eddie Marsh a couple of months later: “Don’t mind me. I find it frightfully easy to theorise and say all the things I don’t mean, and frightfully difficult to find out even for myself what I do mean” (2L 105). Likewise, he wrote again to Henry Savage in the new year about how his own soul was hungry for the same “eternal stillness” he was giving to his characters: “I begin to feel it in myself – [...] I think I can’t express myself. I shall stop” (2L, 137-8). A similar uncertainty about his self expression can be seen in the correspondence with Bertrand Russell and many other letters in 1915,<sup>41</sup> although neither the uncertainty nor its articulation is peculiar to this period. The following excerpt from a letter to E. M. Forster in 1924 finds Lawrence again uncertain about his expression but, interestingly, here the pronoun-shift functions alongside his meaning: “After one’s primary relation to the X – I don’t know what to call it, but not God or the Universe – only human relations matters. But secondarily. There is that religious relationship first – and one is inarticulate about it” (5L, 77). The contact of the “primary” or “religious” self with that which it is not is written in in the third-person, out of which he shifts by

hyphenating self-consciously to the first-person in order to conduct his “raid on the inarticulate”<sup>42</sup>, with which the third-person form is wordlessly in communication.

As I mentioned earlier, it is not only shifts between pronouns that Lawrence uses in letters to express himself but also – as in the letter quoted above to Henry Savage in which he qualifies his emphasis on “*being*” by hyphenating it with the German “Wesen” – shifts between languages. In one to Katherine Mansfield early in 1916, his vision of a new world with “new-born people” includes “moi-même et Frieda” (2L, 499), the French pronoun used pointedly to underscore this rebirth. In a recent article on “Lawrence’s Cockney Letters” (2007), John Lyon reads this shift as a moment of “self-deprecation which exposes this edenic fantasy as bathetic illusion: the new Adam and Eve are revealed – Frenchly, vulgarly, impudently – as only the all too familiar old Frieda and Lawrence himself”<sup>43</sup>. Quoting an earlier letter to Edward Garnett in spring 1914, in which Lawrence takes up Garnett’s diagnosis of him as “half a Frenchman and one-eighth a Cockney”, Lyon concludes that these “arch, self-conscious moments”, contrary to Lawrence’s own view, are “the aspects of style which relieve Lawrence of his ‘sentimentality, and purplism,’ his pretension and portentousness”<sup>44</sup>. But read against the background not only of the letter to Garnett that Lyon cites, in which Lawrence is, again, wrestling with the difficulties of expressing that which his “real *being*” is “trying to say, and had failed in” (2L, 164-5), but also the wartime letters, those letters quoted above, and further letters in which he shifts into languages other than French or English, neither Lawrence’s nor Lyon’s reading seem quite to account for, on the one hand, the whimsical, *and*, on the other,

his earnestness in the letter to David Chambers (above), nor his need to write in it outside of English to express himself.

In Lawrence's reply to Garnett's diagnosis, he reminded him that, whilst he may very well have been either Frenchman or Cockney, he was primarily "a passionately religious man", that his writing came from the "depth" of this "religious experience", and that his cockneyism and commonness occurred only when this failed to "find its way out, and a sort of jeer comes instead, and sentimentality, and purplism". Lawrence urged Garnett to see "the religious, earnest, suffering man in me first, and then the flippant or common things after" (2*L*, 165). Keeping both levels present, in this manner, is a useful way of approaching Lawrence's language generally. Another letter treated by Lyon is that to Ottoline Morrell on the 30th of April 1915. Like the letter to Amy Lowell (quoted above) Lawrence's pronoun shifts about as he tries to give voice to his soul:

How dark my soul is! I stumble and grope about and don't get much further. I suppose it must be so. All the beauty and light of the days seems like a iridescence on a very black flood. Mostly one is underneath: sometimes one rises like the dove from the ark: but there is no olive branch.

What a sentimental simile: myself as a dove: a sparrow is nearer the mark. (2*L*, 330)

As in the example to Lowell, although Lawrence dramatises his stumbling and groping about in relation to his soul, one hears beneath it the voice of the passionately religious man. Rather than read this sentence as "casual" and the shift, or "modulation" as Lyon calls it, to the third-person as "grandiose and formal" before the "collapse" into the "Cockney sparrow", I would argue that this paragraph, like those given above, is indicative of the way in which Lawrence attempted to give voice to the soulful part of himself. As shown by the examples concerning his uncertainty about a language for

this, the comic deprecation, rather than marking the failure of language to the reader, shows Lawrence self-conscious about having voiced something he intended, although not necessarily in the language in which he had originally imagined it would be said. Regardless of how near to the mark that may be, I think it is different from hearing the paragraphs as colloquial and personal giving way to grandeur only to have this punctured by self-conscious mundaneness and flippancy.<sup>45</sup> After all, Lawrence, for all his shiftiness of tone, is careful to keep the paragraph on the soul separate from the pecking of his comic guard.

A final word about this letter should also mention Lawrence's next (proper) one to Ottoline on the 14<sup>th</sup> of May, in which he takes up the metaphor again. From his first letter to Ottoline in January 1915, birds were often a way of masking or experimenting with voice in letters to her,<sup>46</sup> and this is no exception:

I watch, in the morning when I wake up, a thrush on the wall outside the window – not a thrush, a blackbird – and he sings, opening his beak. It is a strange thing to watch him singing, opening his beak and giving out his calls and warblings, then remaining silent. He looks so remote, so buried in primeval silence, standing there on the wall, and bethinking himself, then opening his beak to make the strange, strong sounds. He seems as if his singing were a sort of talking to himself, or thinking aloud his strongest thoughts. I wish I was a blackbird, like him. I hate men. (2L, 339)

The different levels of the self which Lawrence tries to voice simultaneously are balanced here either side of the comma in the sentence: "He seems as if his singing were a sort of talking to himself, or thinking aloud his strongest thoughts". And we get an even stronger sense of this tension between uncertainty and bravado in the shift between pronouns: "Don't take any notice of my extravagant talk – one must say something" (2L, 339-40). If, in 1911, Lawrence wrote of his "immortal soul", "I don't know the creature, even. It's a relative I only know by hear say" (1L, 247), these

letters to Ottoline demonstrate a passionate engagement with it in terms that give voice to his sense of otherness at the depth of himself, an engagement that required its own particular language and grammar of shifting pronouns to speak. It is to this sense of both a familiar and unfamiliar sense of self, achieved through the techniques I have been discussing, to which we now turn. Whilst keeping one eye on Lawrence's "pronoun-shifts", what I want to present now are the shifts between different languages in the *Letters* as expressions of particular psychological states (influenced by place) or calculated attempts at inducing certain emotional responses or affects in his readers.

Later letters show that, in having left England behind as a stable home, the English language itself might not be the best one in which he could express where "one" wanted to be. "I should die outright if pinned to it", he wrote in 1927 to Earl Brewster, and then, with his characteristic shift both between pronouns and languages, began the following sentence: "One's *ambiente* matters awfully" (6L, 91). Likewise to Max Mohr: "take your mind off the world, Berlin, publishers, Sodomites and everything – and live in a little world of your own. I insist on living *inside my own* Atmosphere – Ur-hülle. Otherwise one dies, just dies" (6L, 304).<sup>47</sup> Back at the Mirinda in the winter of 1926 and never to return to either England or the Americas, the opposing pulls between being satisfied where one is and where one might be are captured in this letter to Brett in which Lawrence shifts from English into Italian (the language of the place *from* which he is writing) and then directly into Spanish (the language of the place *to* which he is writing): "I feel my life is really over here, not in America. But at times one feels Europe very soggy and heavy – it would be marvellous if one could just fly over to New Mexico, now, for instance. [...] Ma è

troppo lontano, troppo lontano! Muy lejos! – I've forgotten my Spanish" (5L, 585). This disengagement from a place through a disengagement (or forgetting) of its language might be seen as a counterpoint to Lawrence's adages about travel in a number of European languages, included in letters to friends between 1925 and 1927, which balance the cautionary with the light-hearted and due to their instructive dimension provide neat intersections between third-person idioms and shifts out of English.<sup>48</sup>

A similarly "soggy and heavy" sense of Europe, this time the dislocating effect of England, that is, "the England of London" (2L, 494), and its influence on Lawrence coincides with the most explicit instance in the *Letters* of writing about himself in the third-person, or, rather, shifting into the third-person from the first, on first returning from America. To Witter Bynner he writes: "Here I am. London – gloom – yellow air – bad cold – bed – old house – Morris wall-paper – visitors – English voices – tea in old cups – poor D.H.L. perfectly miserable, as if he was in his tomb" (4L, 546). Had Lawrence really been a cockney he perhaps would not have maintained such a constant hatred of London, and here the shift to the third-person cannot be mistaken for anything other than the product of the place's negativity: the hyphens accumulating like so many minus signs in a sum that shows the difference between his "Here I am" at the start and the result "poor D.H.L.".

In an essay on "Dramatic Punctuation: The Case of *The Daughter-in-Law*" (1999), John Worthen draws attention to "the dash" as one of "the most characteristic punctuation indications" of the play's manuscript and, indeed, "of nearly all Lawrence's writings"<sup>49</sup>. His interest in this punctuation mark is primarily its use at the

end of speeches where, he argues, it signifies the way in which voices interrupt and “cut into” one another.<sup>50</sup> In the attention I have given to Lawrence’s shifts between pronouns and languages above, it is clear that the use of the dash or, as I have called it, hyphen in the letters operates in a similar (but not identical) way to the play. The letters are exceptional in that, in them, through the hyphen, Lawrence interrupts or cuts into his own voice, signifying changes of tone, language, and mood to his reader (rather than the entrance of another voice to an audience). Moreover, the hyphenation in the letters is gestural (something which Worthen does not consider). A particularly interesting example of this effect can be seen in a letter to Cynthia Asquith from Cornwall on the 1<sup>st</sup> of September 1916. There, Lawrence uses the hyphen to signify a gesture, almost a shrug, towards silence as words fail him: “My blood cribbles with fury to think of it [his inspection at Bodmin]. I am no longer an Englishman, I am the enemy of mankind. The whole of militarism is so disgusting to me, that – well, well, there is silence after all” (2L, 648-9).<sup>51</sup> We will see in chapter six, how Lawrence incorporated this gestural punctuation into his last novel as a way of signifying body language in the text through this non-verbal symbol.

As in the letter to Bynner, the difference between Lawrence’s responses to the same place often, themselves, involve a shift between languages. As we will see in more detail below, it is interesting that “homesickness” in the *Letters* is rarely written in English and the German “heimweh” preferred. Likewise, Lawrence’s descriptions of places revisited also have a specific vocabulary of being “alien”, “queer”, or “uncanny”.<sup>52</sup> It is the sense he often had of England and “uncanny” is a watchword of *Lady Chatterley* in which he returned to the country imaginatively. In a discussion of

the plurality of Lawrence's epistolary voice, the uncanny is a useful tool as it allows things, at once, to be and to be different. It is this that his shifts between languages and senses of himself in the letters largely register. In not telling David Chambers "in English" how much it all meant and how he still felt about his past, Lawrence could distance himself from that feeling and write as a traveller, "reveal[ing] far-off countries present in himself" (*R*, 11). But, as well as this difference, uncannily, in Italian (the language into which he shifts in the letter to Chambers to write about the past), Lawrence heard its similarity to his own Midland's dialect, as can be seen in Connie's reflection in the first version of *Lady Chatterley*: "She would never be able to imitate his speech. You couldn't even spell it. He didn't say 'these' but 'thaese', like the Italian *paesano* [...] a sound impossible to write" (*FLC*, 82).<sup>53</sup> Testing the limits of language, Lawrence, the Englishman, is in the process of modifying and balancing himself with, as he put it to Murry, "something that is not himself. Con esto que aqui està [with this which is here]" (*4L*, 520), in a language that invokes simultaneously past and present, sameness and difference.

So, it is two sides of Lawrence in his letters that I want to leave in play here. On the one hand, the Lawrence, who, in presenting visions and revisions of himself in the *differences between* pronouns and languages, develops a radically new way of relating, as he put it to Earl Brewster, the "many men in a man" to his correspondents (*7L*, 170). Letters from his most enthusiastic correspondents, such as Maria Cristina Chambers, which pick up and respond in kind to these shifts, show that, to an extent, he was successful.<sup>54</sup> On the other hand, rather than being "insistent on a common relatedness"<sup>55</sup>, the language of the letters can be purposefully resistant to even this kind

of tentative reading, and I mentioned above Lawrence's own uncertainty about and awareness of the comprehensibility of the language of his letters. Even in letters to "the family" (7L, 513) on occasions when one would expect Lawrence to open up, the shift between pronouns takes on a strangely English stiff upper lip. For example, this is to Emily on the death of their father: "I had your cablegram last night about father. It was the last thing I expected, Ada had just written he was as well as ever. – It is better to be gone than lingering on half helpless and half alive. But it upsets one, nevertheless: makes a strange break" (5L, 124).

As documents of life on the move, Lawrence's travel back and forth between different forms of self-expression in his letters should obviously not overshadow their genius for observing life in all its richness and plurality. But as documents of the interaction of a life with such multiplicity, attention to these shifts can be barometers of a life adjusting and responding in relation to that which it finds both outside and inside itself, or as Frieda put it in *Not I, But the Wind*: "He knew 'I am D. H. Lawrence from my head to my toes, and there I begin and there I end and my soul lives inside me. All else is not me, but I can have a relationship with all that is not me in the world, and the more I realize the otherness of other things around me the richer I am'"<sup>56</sup>. As can be seen in a final example from a letter he wrote from the Hermitage, the "otherness of other things" could often be found inside *oneself*, and it is this that his shifting pronouns and languages give voice to: "The great thing is not to give in – not to lose one's sense of adventure. Truly one is a dead failure at life over here – I am – but there are lots of lives. I've not lived more than two, out of my nine. That's seven to the good: and life's the only thing that matters, not love, nor money, nor anything else –

just the power to live and be one's own Self" (3L, 368). In his inhabiting of the voices, dialects and phrases of others and elsewhere, he kept this language grounded in his own bodily and spatial roots but also allowed it to evolve, thereby keeping a constant in the face of often uncertain destinations and conveying his own unique "feel" for space to and with his readers.

### *The Uncanny Language of Intimate Place*

Writing to Jan Juta from the boat to Perth, Australia, in 1922 Lawrence felt that once he had "rolled out of Europe" he would "go on rolling". However, Frieda, he continued, characteristically satirizing the idea through the dialect of "home", "still hankers after 'a little 'ome of 'er own'" (4L, 244). If, during the war, the lovely, wild Cornish sea had made him "think of Fiascherino" ("another small rocky bay looking west" (2L, 497)), the "weird place" Wyewurk, where he settled briefly in Australia, made him, in turn, "think of Cornwall", gave him "a Heimweh for Europe", and made him "feel awfully foreign with the people" even though, to him, they were "all English by origin" (4L, 249-53). "It is rather like the Midlands of England, the life", he wrote to Kot on the 5<sup>th</sup> of June 1922, "very familiar and rough – and I just shrink away from it" (4L, 253). And yet for all that, "in truth", he wrote to Earl Brewster a week later, "I sit easier in my skin here than anywhere" (4L, 266). As we saw, Lawrence found it hard to say "in English" (let alone at all) what his past in England meant to him. But, here, we can see that, even his responses to place in the present, although often celebrated for their spontaneous vivacity, are often just as complex. Indeed, just as he

shifted into other European languages to talk about the past, when broaching the subject of his homesickness directly in the letters, his sense of displacement can be measured through his preference for the German “Heimweh” instead of the English.<sup>57</sup> Arriving in Taos, Lawrence wrote to E. M. Forster saying that he felt “a great stranger” there but confessed that he had “got used to that feeling, and prefer[ed] it to feeling ‘homely’”. After all, he continued, “one is a stranger, nowhere so hopelessly as at home” (*4L*, 301). But not until a week later could he write about “home” or “homesickness” in English and without quotation marks: “We shall probably stay in America all winter – here or elsewhere – but in the spring I want to come to England. I even begin to get a bit homesick for England, though I still feel very angry against it” (*4L*, 312).

This “unhomely” or uncanny way in which Lawrence begins to experience place, before the word itself becomes commonplace in his descriptions from the later months of 1923, is intimated in a letter to Thomas Seltzer from Buffalo in August of that year: “It has been cold as hell here – bit warmer. This dree, dree lake! The town is like Manchester sixty years ago – or Nottingham – very easy and sort of nice middle-class, BOURgeois” (*4L*, 492). The letter was written a week after Frieda had sailed for England from New York alone. But the reference to Manchester and the emphasis on the pronunciation of “BOURgeois” set against the Nottinghamshire “dree” for “dreary” suggests that the woman Lawrence, in fact, had uppermost in his mind was his mother.<sup>58</sup> His thoughts would therefore have been twofoldly of England. Recent research on mimicry has been concerned with what, when thinking about Lawrence and the description of himself as “the perfect chameleon” in this letter to Seltzer, is

happily termed the “chameleon” effect. Mimicry, deployed consciously or unconsciously, acts as a kind of “social glue” and, when one is ostracized from a group, mimicry behaviours significantly increase in the pursuit of integration.<sup>59</sup> Although Lawrence chose to leave (rather than was ostracized from) England with Frieda, when thinking about the ventriloquism of his father’s sayings in the sequence of letters from the Igéa or his mother’s here, we can see directly how Lawrence’s sense of being an outsider, voiced in the letters as homesickness or “Heimweh”, often also lies behind his ventriloquism of others.

The vivid way in which Lawrence experienced and wrote about places in this way can be seen from another section of the early letter to Murry in 1913 (quoted above). The paragraph, one of the most beautiful Lawrence wrote in his letters, is worth quoting in full:

It is wonderful weather here [Irschenhausen]: such a vally full of the delicatest sunshine, and in the woods all spangles and glitters among the shadows. The chicory is still blue as blue. If I send Katarina [Mansfield] any, it will die, because it crumples up in fifty minutes, and is no more. Then in the green cut grass by the wood-edge and in the broad green places by the roadside, there are autumn crocuses standing such a lot, each one slim and separate and mauve-pink among the vivid green. I like their name: Herbst Zeitlosen [Meadow Saffron]. Sometimes I gather a bowlful of them. They open out so wide and spikey. I think they are a bit uncanny: rather like a Miriam: or like a virgin of thirty years. (8L, 7-8)

James T. Boulton, in his note to the letter, suggests that Lawrence refers to “the Israelite Miriam of Numbers xii rather than the character in *Sons and Lovers*” (8L, 8). However, the focus on the crocuses would suggest that the scene in *Sons and Lovers* where Paul sees “thick clumps and borders of yellow crocuses round the lawn” and Miriam a “quiet lawn surrounded by sheaves of shut-up crocuses” (SL, 200-1) on their walk to the Hemlock Stone (discussed at greater length in chapter three) may not have been so far from Lawrence’s mind. Indeed, in addition to the bouquets of floral

imagery used for characterisation in *Sons and Lovers*, an earlier letter to Edward Garnett on the 30th of October 1912 catches Lawrence, albeit comically, describing the human world in floral terms, in his “asphodel pose” in front of the mirror. The uncanny experience breaks down the distinction between “real” and “fictional” place. Or, put another way, given the close interrelation between language and the spirit of place, for Lawrence, seen in his attempt to make the Igéa “homely” through his father’s dialect, the act of writing a place becomes a vivid re-experiencing of it for him, to the extent that it becomes uncanny. As he wrote (in German) to his mother-in-law: “One can no longer say: I’m a stranger everywhere, only ‘everywhere I’m at home.’ That’s perhaps even worse –” (5L, 266).

This simultaneous intimacy with and dislocation from places throughout his life can be seen in letters from locations to which he returns. Another letter to Murry from Chapala on the 26<sup>th</sup> of May 1923 suggests how it must have reminded him of the Lago di Garda. Lawrence writes: “It’s a big lake 90 miles long, 20 miles across: queer” (4L, 446-7). His return there four months later, recorded in a letter to Thomas Seltzer, shows his dislocation: “I went to Chapala for the day yesterday – the lake *so* beautiful. And yet the lake I knew was gone, something gone, and it was alien to me” (4L, 519). Even the Villa Mirinda would be described in similar terms after Lawrence returned to it in the autumn of 1927 after spending the summer in Irschenhausen: “But I found the house so alien, bare and empty and almost uncanny, as if I had never known it” (6L, 194). Or known another house like it somewhere else. His exclamation “Uncanny!” at the Mirinda’s “wild strawberries [...] coming out in a profusion of flowers” (5L, 578) in November 1926 provides the best and most interesting clue to this statement.

Although, as Worthen says, Lawrence took the Miranda as he intended not to return to America,<sup>60</sup> the following passage from a letter to William and Rachel Hawk in April 1926 shows that, if the “striding” is, to some extent, acknowledged performance, the ventriloquised American “squawberries” condenses the geographical space between the Villa Bernada (from which he is writing) and the Del Monte Ranch into a “felt” space, that discloses some of his dissatisfaction at being situated and his longing to be elsewhere, whilst simultaneously insisting on their very difference: “We are having peas from the garden, and the first few strawberries. – If one could only *stride* over to the ranch! But the thought of that journey appals me, just now. – But I should like to see it all clean after snow – and those hairy lovely anemones under the pines, and the squawberry bushes coming green. It has a thrill of its own, so different from here” (5L, 429-30). Strawberries relate these three different homes for Lawrence and yet the ventriloquial “squawberries” makes clear that the different quality of a language or voice signifies a difference of being(s) in each.

Another example, this time from 1916, shows how these differences between languages, again, contribute to a dislocated sense of place but also how, by giving a local and localized understanding of it, they voice its unique life and a perspective that guards against space being conceived in homogenous or abstract terms. This, in turn, conveys an experiential being in space through language rather than language as a medium that conditions and limits one’s experience of space. In July, Lawrence wrote to Dollie Radford, telling her about the “fox gloves” that were “climbing to the top of the steeple” of Zennor’s church. After quoting Shelley’s description of ““That tall flower that wets its mother’s face””, he continued: “Do you know, the people here call

them *poppies*: they don't know any other name: 'them high poppies'. That's like in Italy, where everything was a 'viola'" (2*L*, 624 [Lawrence's emphasis]). Together these synonyms ("fox gloves", "That tall flower...", "them high poppies", and "viola") illustrate the relativity of the competing claims for accurate, mimetic denotation of objects in language, and moreover, the uncanny relations between the real and the fictional, the literary and the colloquial, and Cornwall and Italy in Lawrence's mind.

Later, in *Etruscan Places*, purple flowers are again the catalyst for a similar discussion of different linguistic and cultural values. On the way to the tombs at Cerveteri, he sees "tiny purple verbena, tiny forget-me-nots, and much wild mignonette". Upon asking the boys (who are his guides) what they call the latter, they reply: "It is a flower!". He tries again with the "asphodel" but they make the same answer: "*É un fiore! Puzza!*" – It is a flower. It stinks! – Both facts being self-evident there was no contradicting it" (EP, 22). Here, Lawrence weighs the boy's immediate response to the flower against his own more sensuous but more complicated appreciation of it. Again, the significance of it, for him, is not limited to the parochial, as it is for the boys, rather it is culturally relative. Furthermore, imaginative elaboration on the object seems to outweigh these somewhat more fixed historical and symbolic values. Indeed, in the space of a couple of pages, Lawrence's fantasias on the flowers take the reader from Central America ("It was just like Mexico...") to Southern Italy ("And having stood on the rocks in Sicily..."), and from "the weirdness of Celtic places" to "the amiably idolatrous Buddha places in Ceylon" (EP, 21-4), only to return to the present in saying that the Etruscan places have "a kind of homeliness"

(*EP*, 24) that these others do not. What better example of Lawrence's uncanny experience of place than this? After imaginatively revisiting many of his former homes by way of analogy, it is still only "a kind of homeliness" that he experiences in the present. Nevertheless, through this process of comparing different places through their different languages (be it through ventriloquism, foreign languages, or dialogue) begun through the meditation on the flowers, we see again the importance of embodied experience to the creation of a language for home and the recognition of difference.

For Gaston Bachelard, a house that has been experienced is not an inert box, rather, inhabited space transcends geometrical space.<sup>61</sup> And one can say that, generally, these aspects of the body language of the letters are barometers of Lawrence's attempt to write an imaginative, relational geography of space that gives voice to the places which he has inhabited and their between-ness. His settling into or sounding out a place involves an engagement with its language whilst at the same time he remains sceptical of language's abstraction of space without reference to it as phenomenologically experienced. Accent and dialect in the letters that give accounts of setting up home are these very somatic markers in language that indicate the body's relationship with a place, and are the kind of "organic habits" Bachelard implies in his own statement that exposes the relationship between place, the body and language: "the house we were born in is physically inscribed in us"<sup>62</sup>. Bachelard's "topoanalysis", that is, "the systematic psychological study of the sites of our intimate lives"<sup>63</sup>, is useful in that, by looking at the language and images of Lawrence's homes in the letters, and the the body (or in Bachelard's terms the "I") and (its language for) these intimate spaces (what Bachelard calls the "non-I"), we, too, have come to see more

clearly the dialectics between them.<sup>64</sup> But in addition to twinning locations as far afield as the Villa Igéa and Eastwood, or the Del Monte Ranch and the Villa Bernada, accent and dialect in the letters also bring difference to the fore by intimating the way in which different voices condition the experience of space, and vice versa. As well as these letters, the most explicit example of this is the late poem “Red-Herring” in which both parents’ voices condition Lawrence’s experience of home in different ways: “indoors we called each other *you*, / outside, it was *tha* and *thee*”<sup>65</sup>. Like the letters discussed above, it is not only the distance between places but also the differences in the languages in which Lawrence tries to relive them that sets them apart. So, just as language, for him, can make place “homely” it also seems to have the capacity to distort images and to make somewhere “unhomely”.

### ***Bodily Tropes and Distance***

In its use of the bodily trope of “striding” in order to condense geographical distance imaginatively, the letter to the Hawks, above, is typical of Lawrence’s technique throughout 1926. Whilst his increasing illness meant that the actual, physical process of travelling became progressively more arduous, the importance of movement to the experience of place for him was nonetheless diminished, as shown in this emphasis on a vocabulary of striding and stepping to which he turns in the letters, in order to narrow transatlantic distance in particular. “It’s lovely autumn here – so beautiful and far. Pity you couldn’t *step* over” he emphasised to Murry from the ranch in September 1924 (*5L*, 121). Although his experiments with this technique can be

traced back to his wartime letters, it is on his return from America that we find its most sustained use in them. From the *Miranda* in 1926, Lawrence picked up this method of condensing distance in his correspondence with Dorothy Brett. On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June he wrote: "But next year, in the spring, I want to come to the ranch, before the leaves come on the aspen trees, and the snow is gone. If one could but *stride* over!" (5L, 478). The expression occurs again on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November, in the letter discussed above, in which he registers his dislocation from New Mexico by saying he has forgotten his Spanish: "I would love to be able to stride over to the ranch, and Taos, for a bit [...] Ma è troppo lontano, troppo lontano! Muy lejos!"<sup>66</sup>. In the same letter he wrote that he wished that the Huxleys lived a bit nearer so that he could "walk over and see them" (5L, 585-6), and we will see in the following chapters the importance of walking to the thought and writing of both Lawrence and Woolf. Lawrence's method, then, of using the body and the language of it in order to think of and write about abstract distances and directions is important in the letters in particular. Through the act of writing letters (forms that themselves cross space and thereby mediate between and bring other places into being) that incorporate these bodily tropes (of striding and stepping, here, but also, as we saw above, those of voice, accent, and dialect) Lawrence pursues an imaginative geography of lived relations, through an analogy between walking and speaking similar to that of Michel de Certeau.<sup>67</sup> It is to an examination of this language of the body in comparison with abstract mappings of space in the letters to which we now turn.

Just as we saw how Lawrence's pronoun in the letters can be indicative of his feeling about a place, the way in which he began signing off his correspondence upon

going abroad, particularly in those letters to Arthur McLeod, demonstrate how the body, and here the hand in particular, from an early stage came to bridge distance. After an extravagantly performative close to one written to McLeod on the 9<sup>th</sup> of February 1914, in which Lawrence shifted in and out of Italian and made “– the cry of the exile”, he signed off with one of these epistolary handshakes: “une bonne poignée” (2L, 147).<sup>68</sup> The development of the place of the hand in the scene of writing and in the writing of space can be seen by comparing the similar description of men going by outside the window of the Igéa with those in Taormina. In the first, “the men sing – and the soldiers are always going by” (1L, 458); whereas in the second letter, written to Marie Hubrecht in 1920, there is the “frail streaming contact” of peasant life that “threads almost through [their] fingers” (3L, 554).

Through touch, the contact with life or between lives in different places can be seen in the letter, quoted above, to Murry from New Mexico in October 1923 in which he shifts into Spanish in order to demonstrate how the Englishman “must balance with something that is not himself. Con esto que aqui está”. Later in the same letter he goes on to conceive this mutually beneficial cultural encounter in terms of touch: “One hand in space is not enough. It needs the other hand from the opposite end of space, to clasp and form the Bridge. The dark hand and the white” (4L, 520). In an earlier letter, in March, to Lincoln Steffens, a dialectal inflection related Lawrence’s antagonism to the metaphor of the bridge: “I think there should be no bridge between commercial missionaries and Mexicans who don’t want ’em: rather a dense jungle of prickly pear: which I would much rather be, if I must be something metaphorical, than a bridge, *pons asinorum*” (4L, 410). However, by the time he writes to Murry, the substitution

of the haptic metaphor for the vocalic mimicry coincides with his more favourable view of the metaphor of the bridge.

But the punchy language of the hand could also hit out as much as it could welcome. Having returned to England from America at the end of 1923, Lawrence wrote to Mabel Dodge Luhan back in Taos about his planned return to the Midlands. Nottinghamshire, that “gutless, spineless, brainless” place (3L, 509-10) in “the navel of England” (3L, 240), is consistently written about in visceral terms throughout his life. Here, however, he turns to the hand:

I am due to go to the Midlands to my people, but don't bring myself to set out. I don't want to go. It's all the dead hand of the past, over there, infinitely heavy, and deadly determined to put one down. It won't succeed, but it's like struggling with the stone lid of a tomb. [...] When I can *really* break the clutch of the dead hand over here, so that its grip is broken in the world forever, I think I shall go to Paris. And I really hope to be in America by March. (4L, 552-3)

The opposition of locations within the letter, between London (where the letter was written) and the Midlands, set up through deixis and the “dead hand”, not only illustrates the effect of (the other) place on self (through an accompanying pronoun-shift: “over there [...] determined to put one down”/“When I can *really* break the clutch of the dead hand over here”), it also shows Lawrence using a spatial metaphor to scale down the magnitude of his apprehension in order to cope with a return to his birthplace. But his struggle with the hand “over there” (Nottinghamshire) becomes, in turn, a synecdoche for his unresolved struggle with England and Englishness, as opposed to being elsewhere. The “over here”, then, comes to be England at large (rather than just London) in relation to the other places “over there” (Paris, America, and Taos) which effect the self oppositely to the “there” of Nottingham. Through deixis and the haptic, then, Lawrence exploits the indeterminacy of deictic signifiers in

order to play with scale and equivalences between international and national distances, and so establish a relational, imaginative geography in which the effect of inhabited space on the subject is as important as its geographical location.

So the hand (and other bodily metaphors) not only stands in for or points towards particular locations, but, as a letter to Murry a year later makes clear, it is also used by Lawrence to express the qualitative nature of place, in this case what the abstract direction “North” meant to him: “The heart of the North is dead, and the fingers of cold are corpse fingers. There is no more hope northwards, and the salt of its inspiration is the tingling of the viaticum on the tongue” (5L, 143-4). Lawrence’s resuscitation of a feeling, tasting “North” in order to show what he means by “dead” and “North” itself, is both a verbally imaginative individual piece and part of Lawrence’s broader thinking using the language of the body to counter abstraction.

We can get an insight into just how systematic this metaphysical compass may have been by returning to the letter to Marie Hubrecht in the summer of 1920 from Taormina (quoted above). In it, Lawrence wonders what she will think of the north and then characterises the body types of northern nations by drawing on hydraulic tropes to describe their skin (“like ice splinters”), physique (“like foam”), and eyes (“blue like water, and like sky”). Lawrence’s desire for haptic contact with these Nordic gods is present, but his belief that they live in a dead world beyond reasserts itself, this time through a metaphor of thirsting, keeping the image of “the viaticum” with which he would later characterise the north in mind: “Sometimes one gets a desire, like a *thirst*, to go north. But not yet. I want to stay here yet” (3L, 554). Writing from the south of Italy, there could almost not be a greater distance between

“here” and “north”. Moreover, in the contrast between the “frail streaming contact” that, as we saw, characterised the former, and the “north” that is also described in fluid terms but is rather one which cannot slake the thirst it provokes, the hand is again active in not only pointing out the difference in geographical distance (between living “here” and the deathly “north”), but also between being orientated towards “life” on the one hand and death on the other.<sup>69</sup>

However, at this stage of his life, a letter written three months earlier to Compton Mackenzie shows how, if the insouciant touch of the south soothed his body, the constancy of the north was still necessary for his soul:

We’ve turned in to our house tonight – strange lost soul I feel, with a bit of heimweh for Capri. [...] I feel I’ve reached my limit for the moment – like a spent bird straggling down the Straits. We saw a great V of wild fowl wavering north up the straits – Heimweh, or nostalgia then, for the north: yet I am wavering South. – But I am at my limit for a year. (3L, 480-1)

Here we can see him expressing this difference in terms of the “Heimweh” (discussed above). But three days later his feeling changes again and this, in the letter, is accompanied by a pronoun-shift: ““Capri is small – Sicily is better. Queer it is to look over the open sea eastwards – and to see the high coast of Calabria north-east. One’s whole orientation is changed. I’m not used to it yet. The compass seems reversed” (3L, 487). But as the north, and being in the north, takes on an increasingly moral and metaphysical dimension in his later letters – “I don’t want to go north, I don’t want to *be* North, shan’t have any peace till I see the Mediterranean again, all the rest hell! [...] The North has all gone *evil* – I can’t help feeling it morally or ethically. I mean anti-life” (7L, 239) – his writing on his migratory instinct also changes accordingly: “It’s dull weather here [Sutton-on-Sea] – a grey sky, a grey sea. My thoughts are turning

south. The swifts are already going, and the swallows are gathering to go. Nothing to stay for" (*5L*, 526).<sup>70</sup> Just as the birds in the letters to Ottoline Morrell sang the voice of his soul, here, Lawrence's avian persona shows the more organismic side of his being (often indicated by the shifty third-person pronoun), one that conceives of orientation and distance by "instinct" rather than in abstract, human terms.

Another letter from the seaside, this time during his final summer in England in 1926, shows how this metaphysical geography problematises the writing of distance, since it is not a system based on measurement but one that is felt. From Mablethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast he asked: "I don't know why, but everywhere seems so far off, from England. The ranch doesn't seem far off from Italy. From here it seems like the Moon. Even Germany and Italy, here, seem as if they don't exist" (*5L*, 514). This letter, to Dorothy Brett at the ranch in Taos, both acknowledges geographical distance and the effect that place and the dialectics of "here" and "there" have on the subjective experience of distance. From Capri at Christmas 1919 he wrote to Kot in London, "wish distances weren't so absolute" (*3L*, 433). And, in April 1922, advised Mary Canaan: "Don't weep over distances – they probably send me home to England sooner and surer than anything ever would" (*4L*, 224). Of course, the very nature of Lawrence's life meant that often absence was simply a part of (the success of) many of his friendships, and it is not uncommon to hear his correspondents bemoaning such distances in similarly Lawrencean terms. For example, Amy Lowell in November 1914 wrote to Lawrence: "When I make a world I am going to eliminate distance, it is a very heart-rending thing"<sup>71</sup>. However, the bodily language which he evolves in his letters in order to relate the places between which he travels and writes, alongside

acknowledgements of their real geographical relationships, gives us an idea of the depth with which he felt these absences and the differences between places.<sup>72</sup>

Lawrence's wartime experience in Cornwall made the prospect of elsewhere and the idea of his utopian community, Rananim, seductive to the point that the voice of the concrete present "here" (an aspect of his writing often celebrated) became almost secondary to that of "there". England, as some of the excerpts above have shown, was not only as atrophied as the bodies of those in it, for Lawrence, but also being in it distorted his own perception of elsewhere. This state of disintegration, he explained to Kot, was why he had to leave for Florida (one of the suggested locations of Rananim). Note, again, how the pronoun shifts, characteristically, from the first- to the third-person, to enact the change for his reader: "This is why I am going to Florida. Here the flux is deathly. One must climb out on to a firm shore" (2L, 448). When he was prevented from sailing for Florida and trapped in England for the duration of the war, the disavowal of the utopian Rananim comes through an almost wilful denial of its actual, planned location: "You ask 'Is there any Florida?' I'm inclined to answer 'No'" (2L, 500). Moving to the Cornish coast and living at the edge of England looking out on "the sea, the space, the abstraction" (3L, 197) he would have seen outside of England everyday, but paradoxically this perception brought home the fact of "here" all the more and distorted the distance to elsewhere. Letters from Tregerthen in 1916-7 epitomise this effect of England on Lawrence's writing: "Heaven and earth have passed away, apocalyptically I bind corn in the fields above the sea, and know the distance. There is no more England – only a beyond. As for me, I look round and cannot find myself, hereabouts. But I have a whereabouts, elsewhere. Où donc?" (3L,

158). Here, in the shift into French, which looks towards another world (echoing the “moi-même et Frieda” above), we can see the effect of place not only on his writing of distance but also his writing of self: the conflict between the competing voices seen in his pronoun forms seems to be displaced or mapped onto his emotional geographies. However, through this bodily language for space he finds a means of expressing such conflict to others, and, more importantly, is able to show how the body is “trammelled and entangled” in the world (and language), as he would put it at the close of *The Rainbow*, but that it does not “belong” to them.

#### ***“Transplantation” in The Rainbow and the Letters***

In this section I want to begin by taking a brief look at how the metaphor of “transplantation” that is used in letters during the composition of *The Rainbow* is itself transplanted into the novel in order to show the importance of one’s roots, and how it both inscribes and describes the notion of the organic relationship between the settled body and space. The time at which Lawrence was composing and revising the novel was one of considerable personal, national, and global change, not least in his own experience of international travel. But instead of Florida, during the war, he felt “there’s only this, this England, which nauseates my soul, nauseates my spirit and my body – this England. One might as well be blown over the cliffs here in the strong wind, into the rough white sea, as sit at this banquet of vomit, this life, this England, this Europe” (2L, 500). The repeated deictic “this” allows Lawrence, at once, to give a concrete sense of the present and to signify its flux and provisionality, and the

malleability of concepts such as “home” and nation. After considering the metaphor of “transplantation” in *The Rainbow*, I want to return to Lawrence’s use of “this-ness” as a term that, by signifying the active involvement of an embodied subject in the world in the process of negotiating space, counters spatial and ideological abstractions of space, home, and nation.

After visiting the Garnett family at their home, “the Cearne”, in the middle of 1913, Lawrence uses the metaphor of transplantation to describe his dislike of travel. Lawrence had used the word earlier in a letter to Edward Garnett at the end of 1912, to show, once again, the important association between voice and place in the “Burns Novel Fragment” (“But I’m not Scotch. So I shall just transplant him to home” (1L, 489)), and would continue to use it sporadically during the war. In the first figurative instance of the idea of transplantation in this sequence, however, he wrote to David Garnett: “I take badly to new places. Now, of course I’m hankering after the Cearne. I’m the sort of weedy plant that takes badly to removal” (2L, 33). On the same day he wrote to David’s mother, Constance, saying: “But I am sick, sick, sick of shifting. I want to sit tight somewhere, and work. I am by nature not a bit of an adventurer – rather like a thing that can’t leave its lair – such as a cabbage” (2L, 33). Finally, back in Fiascherino in October, he wrote to Edward Garnett, mentioning in particular the negative effect of the summer’s travel on “The Sisters”, the work that would eventually form part of *The Rainbow*: “It always takes me so long to settle down in a place [...] It is delicious here. I am just getting sufficiently inrooted to begin work again. I was a fool to move in the midst of a flow. If the Sisters is late, it’ll be my fault this time” (2L, 99).

In the first pages of *The Rainbow*, the narrator describes the symbiotic relationship of the early generations of the Brangwen men and women: “two very separate beings, vitally connected, knowing nothing of each other, yet living in their separate ways from one root” (R, 13). Tom, the first individualised member of the Brangwens, falls for the Polish refugee, Lydia Lensky, after meeting her on the road. Tom’s housekeeper, Tilly, also knows her because, as she says, “we seed her goin’ past” (R, 32). Lawrence’s use of dialect to describe the body language in botanical terms (“seed” for “seen”) subtly draws attention to the transplantation metaphor. However, Lawrence is keen to debunk the narrow, parochial binaries. To the village gossip about Lydia told by Tilly (“she’s fra th’ Pole – else she *is* a Pole, or summat”) Tom responds, “Who set up that menagerie confabulation” (R, 31); Lawrence is interested in the “polarity” brought about through transplantation rather than the constituent, separate polar opposites. When Lydia gives birth to their first child, she begins to take on an ambivalent Englishness: “He was glad that his wife was the mother of his child. She was serene, a little bit shadowy, as if she were transplanted. In the birth of the child she seemed to lose connexion with her former self. She became really English, really Mrs Brangwen. Her vitality, however, seemed lowered” (R, 82). However, after this “transplantation”, the abstract terms in which Tom sees Lydia (“she was Woman to him” (R, 83)) and in which she sees herself (English, Mrs Brangwen) compromise the individuality necessary for such polarity.

Their marriage is doubled during the story of the second generation of Brangwens when Anna (Lydia’s daughter by her first husband Paul Lensky) and Will Brangwen visit Baron Skrebensky who has married an English girl, Millicent Maud

Pearse, in whom he “embraces the generous spirit of England” (*R*, 197). Tom Brangwen in typically Lawrencean style comically dissents: “If he embraces no more than the spirit of England [...] it’s a bad look-out for him” (*R*, 197). But the visit, nonetheless, makes Anna question the “world of blood-intimacy” (*R*, 200) between them. As a “pure Pole” the realisation makes her feel as if she is “breathing high, sharp air, as if she had just come out of a hot room [...] Was not this her natural element? Was not the close Brangwen life stifling to her?” (*R*, 199). The image of the hot house, used here as an environment which fosters an etiolated transplantation, returns in the third generation when Ursula Brangwen visits Anthony Schofield’s “hothouses” (*R*, 413). Whereas Lydia’s transplantation compromises her individuality, here, in both cases, the women resist transplanting themselves into symbiotic relationships. However, their unwillingness to share their individual being with another also leads to a reduction in their own vitality.

In the third generation, Ursula, whose love for Winifred Inger has wrenched her from the “roots and native soil” and “aridly transplanted” (*R*, 356) her away from the Baron’s son, Anton Skrebensky, comes to think that “through him, in him, she might return to her own self” (356). Lawrence shows how she tests her idea of transplantation by “entering into the lives of plants” and taking “honours in Botany” (*R*, 436). But seeing and classifying Anton objectively likewise prevents Ursula from entering into a symbiotic relationship with him. So, after a final attempt at grafting together in another “hothouse” – this time an Italian hotel in the topographically uncertain “somewhere” where the ceiling is “painted with a bunch of flowers” and “This world of England [...] vanish[es] away” (*R*, 471-2) – Ursula returns to Beldover,

to which Anna Brangwen, awakening from her sleep of motherhood, has “transplanted” (R, 418) the Brangwen family from Cossethay. Instead of transplanting herself to India with Anton, climbing up the hill to Beldover, Ursula enters a new “altitude” where her recognition that she has no “allocated place” but is “trammelled and entangled” in the world allows her to take “root in new ground” and be “gradually absorbed into growth” (R, 493). What is different about the recurrence of the symbiotic trope here is that she is rooted temporally rather than topographically. As the “pole” of night turns into this “new Day” (R, 493), Ursula’s sense of place in the world dawns upon her along with the hope that in those who creep “separate” on the face of the earth will germinate a similarly spiritual sense of place in and with the world. The final use of the transplantation metaphor, then, brings human processes of living and being with the material world together with an apocalyptic sense of time that, in turn, infuses the spiritual into the material experience of place, in a similar way to that in which Lawrence holds geographical and metaphysical senses together in the single term “North”. The metaphor complements Lawrence’s geological metaphor for the allotropic states that he aimed to write into his characters in the novel; whereas the former shows the development of the individual across the generations of Brangwens, the transplantation metaphor shows the connection of the organismic part of this self with place and others.

In a sequence of letters to Earl Brewster in 1926, Lawrence uses the metaphor of the “bho tree”, much as he does that of “transplantation” in *The Rainbow*, as a locus around which to work out his thinking about the dynamics of “East” and “West”. The final version of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* presents an ambivalent attitude towards

“Buddha sitting quietly under a bho-tree” (at once preferable to “the mental life with its roots in spite” but nevertheless “immobile” and “timeless” (*LC*, 36, 23)) and on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April 1926 Lawrence wrote to Brewster using the “bho tree” as a concrete image around which to centre his ambivalence about travel:

The more I go around, the nearer I do come, in a certain way, to your position. I am convinced that every man needs a bho tree of some sort in his life. What ails us is, we have cut down all our bho trees. How long it takes a new one to grow, I don't know: probably many years. In a generation one can hack down forests of them. Still, here and there in the world a solitary bho tree must be standing: “where two or three of ye have met together.” And I'm going to sit right down under one, to be American about it, when I come across one.

[...]

But in myself, every week seems to alienate my soul further from America. I don't want to go west. (*5L*, 437)

Although not wanting to return to America, the American syntax (that Lawrence draws attention to) works in the same way as dialect does in the letters (above) to reflect his simultaneous attraction to and repulsion from the west. Echoing the passage from the opening of “The Return Journey” in *Twilight in Italy*, Lawrence wrote to his American agent Robert Mountsier early in 1917 explaining that “west and southwards” is “the living direction” whereas “Eastwards is retrogression” (*3L*, 78). His aversion to this direction here seems to lie partly in the homophony between the term “Eastward” and his birthplace “Eastwood”. However, the polyvalence and relativity of the term for him can best be seen in an earlier letter to the Brewsters in June 1923: “Pardon this rag of a note – we are leaving Chapala – expect to arrive in New York July 15th – had your letter – hope see you and Achsah and child in the east (small e) – perhaps that Franconia [New Hampshire]” (*4L*, 466). In many of the letters and in much of his life (especially between 1921-2) Lawrence “waver[ed] between east and west” (*4L*, 171). But after going “east, intending ultimately to go west” (*4L*, 90) he found the

“magnetism” of the east “all negative” (4*L*, 227). In many of his letters concerned with prospective travel he writes of his own “compass-needle” (4*L*, 97) and this internalisation or embodiment of the instrumentation of navigation physical space (rather than, as we have seen, projection of bodily tropes onto physical distance) enables him here to conflate, again, geographical and emotional dynamics and to give the effect of certain places on the self.

Through this conflicting emotional and geographical flux, Lawrence is able to show how the still point of “here” is in fact situated amidst these shifting emotional and geographical orientations. Although not wanting to go west in the letter to Brewster above, the eastern “bho tree” and American syntax give voice to the fact that even when content to stay still, being “here” is essentially, for Lawrence, always a being between. We see this tension between east and west again in Lawrence’s instructions to Dorothy Brett in her stewardship of the ranch: “let us gradually shape the ranch the way it ought to go, for the final best: when we’ll have a bho-tree as well as pine trees” (5*L*, 441). In 1929, for example, this meant “locating” and “fixing” the “real boundaries” of the ranch. “If we could find out the corner marks, we could fence bit by bit”, Lawrence wrote, wanting to secure the “raspberry canyon” (shades of the squawberries?) above the house because it would keep them “private” (7*L*, 506). Other letters to Brewster towards the end of his life use the image of the tree to voice this inward turn (along with the perennial pronoun-shift): “I feel I don’t much care where I go. The outside world doesnt matter quite so much as it did – it matters less and less – so long as one can sit peacefully and be left pretty much alone. One hardly wants any more to step out of the shadow of one’s bô-tree” (6*L*, 383). But the very nomadic

nature of his life itself is testimony to how important his “whereabouts” were to him. If he never succeeded “in raising a nice little bho-tree in a pot, which I can carry round with me” (5L, 562), as he joked to Brewster in October 1926, his search for a place where he could lay down roots was complicated by the sensitivity of his body and his own emotional compass to them. “One needs a bho-tree” he wrote, again to Brewster in May 1926, but, he continued, “one doesn’t need to be tied to it by the leg, like a chicken on a string. Somewhere *between* the east and the west, in that prophetically never-to-exist meeting point of the two, is really where one wants to be” (5L, 456 [Lawrence’s emphasis]). Ginette Katz-Roy has elegantly drawn attention to the way in which Lawrence’s dream of leaving Europe during the war coincides with the appearance of “the image of the tree of Europe” as “an obsessive leitmotiv in the letters of 1915”<sup>73</sup>, and here, later in his life, we can see how these metaphors inform us of his feelings about certain directions and places, as well as actively participating themselves in Lawrence’s own emotional experience of present.

As we have seen, these two ways of describing space (on the one hand the objective language of compass points, cartography, guidebooks, etc.; and on the other, Lawrence’s own metaphysical compass, his metaphors such as “striding” and “stepping”, and his vocalic experiments with accent, dialect, and as we saw above, syntax) operate together in the letters. This language could communicate his experience of abstract space becoming lived space as he travelled through it to others, and the revisionary nature of that process, for example, in the shifts into other “foreign” languages above. So, whilst he loved *Baedekers*, and “plans and maps and panoramas” (3L, 35) he was also determined to “hop off the known map” (3L, 522).

Planning his trip to Taos in 1921, he quizzed Mabel Dodge Luhan (then Sterne), “Are there any trees? Is there any water? – stream, river, lake? – How far are you from El Paso or from Santa Fe. I don’t see Taos on the map” (4L, 112), moaned to Kot, “It is U.S.A., so not off the map” (4L, 151), and wrote excitedly to Frieda’s mother, “They say Taos is the solar centre of the universe” (4L, 120). Given the focus on the “solar plexus” in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, this esoteric description of the place in colloquial language (“They say”, “solar centre”) must have been even more attractive to him than a strictly geographical description and certainly was sympathetic with the language he was evolving himself to conceive of and talk about space. Searching for this language that could adequately express the life of the relationship between things (between self and other, between body and world) would occupy a large portion of his writing. Taking steps towards it he could feel “a bit queer and foreign” (“as if I couldn’t speak any language particularly – and I seem to stutter with my mouth full. I feel a bit smock-ravelled – don’t know where the east is, nor the north and west” (2L, 73-4)) and envious of those who travelled when he could not (“Tell me if it’s nice: and I might see if I couldn’t find a freighter to take me somewhere – east or south or west” (6L, 299)). But in these snatches from letters, written in 1913 and 1928, we can see that, whilst the respective aspects remain distinct, through his hyphenation Lawrence allows them both space to speak. These examples also show that, if his feeling resisted expression in one “language particularly”, this composite language could begin to voice it, which is especially interesting given that, in the first, in spite of the problem of language, he seems to “know” where “south” is even though it is unmentioned, and, in the second, that he felt the opposition of “north” (also unmentioned) to the seductive

“somewhere”. Likewise, in his piece “Mercury” (1927), Lawrence tells us that from the top of the Merkur you can “walk round and see glimpses of the world all round, all round” and then describes the views “westwards”, “southwards”, “east”, and “north” (*P*, 35). Whether it be seeing “all round”, going “somewhere”, or pointing to “here” and “there”, “this” and “that”, such language necessitates and discloses the body’s position in, relation to, and cognition of a region or locale in a way that the abstract coordination of global space does not. In closing this chapter, I want to turn to “Mercury” to look at how the language of this piece of journalistic travel writing also renders space in terms compatible with those discussed above in the letters.

### **Mercury**

“Mercury”, published in February 1927, is the short story of a summer’s afternoon on the Merkur or, as Lawrence puts it, “the hill of Mercury”, a site-seeing location near Baden-Baden in Germany. From the summit, he describes the experiences of a fairly unremarkable group of Sunday pleasure-seekers. However, during a supernatural storm, events unfold which unsettle their comfortable, touristic gaze. Given its brevity and seemingly inconclusive plot, the effect of the story hinges largely on its metaphorical aspects, and in particular those concerning space. In light of his letter to Mountsier above, in which the “living direction” is given as “west and southwards”, it is interesting that, even when orientating space according to the compass in the third paragraph, Lawrence uses adverbial forms (“westwards”, “southwards”) to designate the body actively participating in the creation of open,

natural space, whereas he uses the abstract, static noun forms (“east”, “north”) for industrial, feudal space, in his perceptions from the Merkur. The topography of the hill, then, takes on the metaphorical dimension of these directions, given in the letters above, with the mechanical funicular station, for example, being situated “on the north side of the hill” (*P*, 38). But as in the letters, this (mechanical) method of travel to the summit is, in turn, retranslated into bodily terms and distance thereby condensed: “We have come a stride beyond the world” (*P*, 36). The narrative then proceeds to work out the opposition between these metaphors, and indeed between these different ways of describing space, through the events on the Merkur.

Whereas the tourists get a kind of aesthetic pleasure from the picturesque views, they largely experience a sense of ennui on the hill because there is “nothing to do”; Lawrence, on the other hand, sensuously appreciates being amongst the trees. Their vision and sense seem at fault, to him, because these “Sunday people do not even look” (*P*, 36) at the votive relief of the god Mercury at the summit, whom, he tells us, the Romans used to worship there. He, on the other hand, is happy lying and looking “upwards”, considering the relationship “between the tree-top world and the earth-world” (*P*, 35-6) in terms outside of the compass points which harmonise these two worlds (“upwards”, “between”). But this modern pastoral is broken (for the tourists if not for Lawrence) by a storm that frightens the crowd. In the deluge, the lightning illuminates momentarily “the white striding of a man”: “lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels” (*P*, 37). His “legs white as fire stride rapidly across the open” but the image seems to resist the interpretation; Lawrence merely surmises that he “is going somewhere” (*P*, 37). After the storm, the

crowd does not want to linger on the hill and makes for the funicular railway, only to find that the two men who operate it have disappeared. The effect of this, along with the storm, is to bring the tourists into a new relation with the hill, and they emerge upon “the wet, crunching whiteness of the hail, spreading around in curiosity”, “picking up the big hailstones”, and winding down the bare hill “on the sloppy ice” (*P*, 38-9). The bodies of the two railwaymen are then found face down on the “south side of the outlook tower”, one of whom is naked from the hips down, like the image of Mercury. But despite Lawrence’s rather insinuating question (“why had they come round to this side of the hill, anyhow?”), the answer to it is not that it is another of his indictments against homosexuality. In the storm, the statue of Mercury has metaphorically come to life in the young man, and he is shown lit up as he rejects his mechanical relationship with nature (that he is a railway engineer is no accident) and returns to the sacral relationship with the mountain itself advocated by Lawrence himself. Furthermore, through the metaphor of the living statue he seems to be saying that, like Ursula’s apocalyptic vision at the end of *The Rainbow*, this radical re-evaluation of man’s relationship with his environment entails a glance both backwards (to other cultures) and forwards (to a future vision of his own culture) in time. In this way, “Mercury” is representative of his broader thinking at this time, for example, in *Etruscan Places* and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*.

The spatial metaphors, outlined in the story’s opening paragraphs, are crucial to this reading. The bodies, we are told, lie “on the south side of the outlook tower” (*P*, 38), which, being “on the very summit of the hill” (*P*, 35), means that they were “coming round” towards the south side, or, in the language of the introduction

“southwards”, where the narrator himself is situated (“this side”), when they were struck by the lightning. The meaning of “Mercury” is driven by phrases (“going somewhere”, “coming round”, “this side”), which, like those of the opening (“southwards”, “westwards”), give the reader to understand that such a relationship with space must not be, like Mercury himself or the railwaymen, statically or mechanically set in stone, but rather that it should be (paradoxically), like Mercury himself, actively “light” on its feet. The elliptical syntax of Lawrence’s narrator (“something” bursts in the forest in the storm and “something” has happened to the railway) is also weighed against the “absolute” proclamation by the crowd as they retreat from the mountain, “extricating” themselves from the fallen pine branches as they go. The spatial metaphors in the story (the metaphysical meanings of the compass points) and exemplary way in which the narrator designates his own (and the railwayman’s) relationship with space egocentrically (through deixis and the repetition of “striding”) actively constitute and enact this reintegration of the human with the environment advocated by the essay. Once again, Lawrence exploits the difference between languages – from the punning title of the story, to the difference here between abstract and bodily indications of space. In so doing, “Mercury” criticises overly abstract or absolute mappings or experiences of space at the expense of its phenomenological experience.

The letters from this period of Lawrence’s life also show him approaching the relationship between man and his environment in a number of languages (all emphases are Lawrence’s): “One’s *ambiente* [environment] matters awfully” (6L, 91); “I insist on living *inside my own Atmosphere* – Ur-hülle [original skin]. Otherwise one dies, just

dies" (6L, 304); "You will understand what I'm trying to do: the full natural *rapprochement* of a man and a woman; and the re-entry into life of a bit of the old phallic awareness and the old phallic insouciance" (6L, 410). In this last letter, to Ottoline Morrell, regarding *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, "insouciance" and "awareness" are coupled through the body in a "phallic reality", that which Lawrence felt Earl Brewster had come to when he wrote (interestingly in light of the discussion of "transplantation" and "bho trees" above) to Dorothy Brett early in 1927: "He [Brewster] now has realised for good that a Bho-tree is probably phallic in shape; and that, of course, is a revolution" (5L, 629). These terms, "*ambiente*", "Ur-hülle", "*rapprochement*", and "insouciance" can be considered alongside Lawrence's concept of "*rapport*", a touchstone in his essays that consider explicitly the relationship between beings and their environments, such as *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and the draft version of "Nathaniel Hawthorne" in *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923). *Rapport*, itself, will be the subject of chapter three, but it is mentioned here, along with these other terms, in order to show the extent to which these shifts between languages were indispensable to Lawrence's writing of the shifting body in space in his writing generally.

Likewise in "Mercury", the speaking voices distinguish themselves not only in the language they use to describe (their relationship with) space but in their bodily mode of being within it. If this sets them apart from the crowd, as it literally does in "Mercury", it also sets them apart from the abstraction (and abstract descriptions) of space. However, as the discussion of *The Rainbow* has shown, to be set apart from is not to say that one is not in relation to. Such was the case with Lawrence and England.

Through the letters we can trace this evolving language in which he wrote about his own “regions” which he felt gave him “something” (5L, 517), a statement that encapsulates at once the specificity and generality of this language; the personal intimacy with and location of a “region” is weighed against its effect on the body which takes place through language but which remains “something”, forever resistant to its total description and abstraction. Descriptions of Ireland (a place Lawrence never visited) as “like a blank round O on the map” (3L, 335) or “geographically nowhere” provide further examples of his idea of geography and the crucial interrelationship between experience, imagination, and linguistic denotations in its construction for him. But the use of organic and organismic metaphors (such as that of “transplantation”) for the relationship with space and bodily tropes (such as ventriloquism, hands, striding, and stepping) in the letters all illustrate that the body is not only the means of talking about abstractions but also the basis from which abstraction occurs. The body language of the letters, then, becomes a tool with which to counter abstractions (such as mappings) that conceal their bodily origins and thus a local or lived relationship with space, which is, in turn, a challenge to the humanistic binaries between body and world that such abstractions support.

In “Literature and Life”, Deleuze (after Proust) suggests that the effect of literature on language is to “open up a kind of foreign language within language, which is neither another language nor a rediscovered patois but a becoming-other of language”<sup>74</sup>. Such is the language of Lawrence’s letters. Neither are their dialect nor accent, their shifts between languages, their pronominal forms and styles quite a language of their own nor another language altogether. However, attention to this

“foreign language within language” in the letters is important to our understanding of them as written forms and, in turn, to our understanding of Lawrence both as a man and as a (letter) writer. As Deleuze says, a foreign language

cannot be hollowed out in one language without language as a whole in turn being toppled or pushed to a limit, to an outside or reverse side that consists of Visions and Auditions that no longer belong to any language. These visions are not fantasies, but veritable Ideas that the writer sees and hears in the interstices of language, in its intervals. They are not interruptions of the process but breaks that form part of it, like an eternity that can only be revealed in a becoming, or a landscape that only appears in movement. They are not outside language, but the outside of language.<sup>75</sup>

As G. M. Hyde has shown, Lawrence was sensitive to this aspect of language in his idiomatic translations. By sticking to Verga’s “‘fisinomia’ or local colour of language”, Hyde says, the translations are “fully consistent with Lawrence’s sense of the ‘spirit of place’ and the ‘otherness’ of a distinctive foreign culture which the translator must not lose”<sup>76</sup>. Hyde also calls attention to the fact that letters to Louie Burrows of 1910-11 include Lawrence’s translations of “Fellah songs which are done into German” (*IL*, 196). For Hyde, it is clear that Lawrence uses these “as translators commonly use the foreign texts they select, as ‘masks’ to express sentiments he would be reluctant to utter in person”<sup>77</sup>. This is certainly consistent with the ventriloquial effects we have seen him using elsewhere in the letters. The “profound kinship between Verga’s community [in *Cavalleria Rusticana*] and the Nottinghamshire he grew up in”<sup>78</sup> is reflected in the language of Lawrence’s translations. But whereas their dialect is, for Hyde, “a “magic language of intimacy”<sup>79</sup>, the dialects and translations in the letters are, at once, indicative of an intimacy with the place with which it is identified, the difference between the locations and their languages, and the otherness of each. As we read through the letters, be they on the road or from a *pied à terre*, in

the “fisinomia” (a term that itself implies the body) of their language, body language, and bodily metaphor we catch Lawrence, appropriately enough for the medium, attempting to convey a sense of being between locations, reconciling the body and abstractions of space and, in so doing, showing the body active in the production and perception of the space radiating from it.

- <sup>1</sup> Vivian de Sola Pinto, "D. H. Lawrence: Letter Writer and Craftsman in Verse. Some Hitherto Unpublished Material," in *Renaissance and Modern Studies* 1 (1957): 5-34.
- <sup>2</sup> Hilton 63-5.
- <sup>3</sup> Aldous Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. and introd. Aldous Huxley (London: Heinemann, 1932) xxxiv.
- <sup>4</sup> Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* xxxiii-iv.
- <sup>5</sup> Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* xxxi-ii.
- <sup>6</sup> Cf. Earl and Achsah Brewster, *D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences and Correspondence* (London: Secker, 1934) 11-2.
- <sup>7</sup> Harry T. Moore, *The Collected letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. and introd. Harry T. Moore, vol. 1 (London: Heinemann, 1962) xix.
- <sup>8</sup> Moore ix.
- <sup>9</sup> Moore xii.
- <sup>10</sup> Cf. Martin Secker, *Letters from a Publisher: Martin Secker to D. H. Lawrence and Others 1911-1929* (London: Enitharmon, 1970); *D. H. Lawrence: Letters to Thomas and Adele Seltzer*, ed. Gerald M. Lacy (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow, 1976); *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell 1914-1925*, ed. E. Claire Healey and Keith Cushman (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow, 1985).
- <sup>11</sup> Cf. George A. Panichas, "D. H. Lawrence's War Letters" in *Texas Studies in Literature and Language* (Autumn 1963): 398-409; Denis Donaghue, "Till the Fight is Finished: D. H. Lawrence in his Letters" in *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet*, ed. Stephen Spender (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1973); James T. Boulton, "D. H. Lawrence: Letter-Writer" in *Renaissance and Modern Studies* xxix (1985) 86-100; George A. Panichas, "D. H. Lawrence: the Hero-Poet as Letter Writer" in *The Spirit of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Gāmini Salgādo and G. K. Das (1988; Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1990) 266-94; Peter Fjågesund, "Lawrence's Letters from the War Years" in *The Apocalyptic World of D. H. Lawrence* (London: Norwegian UP, 1991); Paul Delaney, "'Giving Your Self Away': Lawrence's Letters in Context" in *Editing D. H. Lawrence: New Versions of a Modern Author*, ed. Charles L. Ross and Dennis Jackson (U of Michigan P, 1995) 173-88; Mark Kinkead-Weekes, "Humour in the Letters of D. H. Lawrence," in *Lawrence and Comedy*, eds. Paul Eggert and John Worthen (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1996); Karl Henzy, "Patterns of Becoming in D. H. Lawrence's War Letters" in *D. H. Lawrence Review* 26.1-3 (1995-96); James T. Boulton, "Editing D. H. Lawrence's Letters: The Editor's Creative Role" in *Prose Studies* 19.2 (August 1996) 211-20; Hugh Stevens, "D. H. Lawrence Letter-Writer", rev. of *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* by D. H. Lawrence, *Cambridge Quarterly* 35.1 (2006): 82-8.
- <sup>12</sup> Jack Stewart, "Color, Space, and Place in Lawrence's Letters" in *D. H. Lawrence Review* 2000.1: 19.
- <sup>13</sup> Cf. John Lyon, "Going On: Lawrence's Cockney Letters" in *Essays in Criticism* 57.1 (January 2007) 1-21. David Ellis's piece, "The Last Days of D. H. Lawrence: Four New Letters" in the *Journal of D. H. Lawrence Studies* vol. 1.1 (2006): 139-48, is an obvious exception, it being directed towards letters concerning the end of Lawrence's life.
- <sup>14</sup> Cf. Stefania Michelucci, *Space and Place in the Works of D. H. Lawrence*, trans. Jill Franks (1998; London: McFarland, 2002); Son.
- <sup>15</sup> Cf. Worthen, "Drama and Mimicry in Lawrence" and Kinkead-Weekes, "Humour in the Letters of D. H. Lawrence" both in Eggert (ed.); Boulton, "Editing D. H. Lawrence's Letters".
- <sup>16</sup> Boulton, "Editing D. H. Lawrence's Letters" 214.
- <sup>17</sup> Cf. Steven Connor, *Dumbstruck: A Cultural History of Ventriloquism* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2000).
- <sup>18</sup> Thanking Henry Savage for some Wells and Dickens, he would respond likewise a year later from Irschenhausen: "I feel a bit queer and foreign – as if I couldn't speak any language particularly – and I seem to stutter with my mouth full. [...] – don't know where the east is, nor the north and west" (2L, 73-4)
- <sup>19</sup> Connor, *Dumbstruck* 12.
- <sup>20</sup> A study of Lawrence's writing of non-verbal communication and stage direction and their performance in the plays alone would make an interesting thesis in itself. Here, I have chosen to focus on its particular manifestation in the prose fiction and letters.
- <sup>21</sup> Edward Nehls, *D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*, arr. and ed. Edward Nehls, vol. 1 (Madison: University of Wisconsin P, 1957-59) 176.
- <sup>22</sup> Cf. *IL*, 522 n2. At his father's request, David Garnett had been responsible for choosing the selection published in *Love Poems and Others*.

<sup>23</sup> Nehls 192.

<sup>24</sup> Nehls also records Frieda's recollection that "Towards the end of *Sons and Lovers* I got fed up and turned against all this 'house of Atreus' feeling, and I wrote a skit called *Paul Morel, or his Mother's Darling*. He read it and said, coldly: 'This kind of thing isn't called a skit'" (182).

<sup>25</sup> Connor, *Dumbstruck* 15.

<sup>26</sup> Worthen, "Drama and Mimicry in Lawrence" 27.

<sup>27</sup> Nehls 172.

<sup>28</sup> Nehls 176-7.

<sup>29</sup> Worthen, "Drama and Mimicry in Lawrence" 20.

<sup>30</sup> John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Life of an Outsider* (London: Penguin, 2005) 126.

<sup>31</sup> Worthen, *The Life of an Outsider* 126.

<sup>32</sup> Aldous Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* xxxiii.

<sup>33</sup> Henzy, "Patterns of Becoming" 36.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. Ada Lawrence and G. Stuart Gelder, *Early Life of D. H. Lawrence: Together with Hitherto Unpublished Letters and Articles* (London: Secker, 1932) 27. It should also be noted that, as well as Frieda's recollections about Lawrence tearing up most of his papers (261), his own later letters and writing – such as "Accumulated Mail" (1925) in which he delights in throwing "mail, letters, used checks, pamphlets, periodicals, clippings from the 'press,' Ave Marias, patemosters, and bunk" into the fire, without so much as a "Lord! Take Thou this smoke of sacrifice" (*P*, 805) or "The Flying Fish" in which his fictional understudy Gethin Day throws a letter "unopened on the floor, hoping never to see [it] again" (*P*, 780) – also show an increasing weariness of letters and letter writing.

<sup>35</sup> Manuscript held at the University of Nottingham, LA Mc 1/1/18.

<sup>36</sup> Manuscript held at the University of Nottingham, LA C 2.

<sup>37</sup> Cf. *4L*, 234; *6L*, 37, 168; *7L*, 178-9. Cf. *FU*, 103-4: "After a false coition, like prostitution, there is not newness [in the blood] but a certain disintegration".

<sup>38</sup> *8L*, 41, Lawrence continues: "– mein inneres Schicksal. I have to wait upon it". Cf. *3L*, 213, 328; *4L*, 97.

<sup>39</sup> Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* xv.

<sup>40</sup> For further instances of the interaction between the body and place see section three below. For further instances of this interaction and its effect on Lawrence's pronoun in the letters cf. *5L*, 174: "I feel out of sorts, and a bit sick of the American continent, wishing I had gone to South Italy or Spain [...] America seems to have such *hard* elbows digging into one"; *5L*, 345: "Italy feels very familiar: almost too familiar, like the ghost of one's own self. But I am very glad to be by the Mediterranean for a while".

<sup>41</sup> Cf. *2L*, 286: "You must have patience with me and understand me when my language is not clear"; *2L*, 295: "I feel quite sad, as if I talked a vulgar little language of my own which nobody understood"; and *2L*, 298, 302, 319, 335, 378-9, 432.

<sup>42</sup> T. S. Eliot, "Four Quartets" in *Complete Poems and Plays* (London: Faber, 1969) 182.

<sup>43</sup> Lyon 5.

<sup>44</sup> Lyon 8-9.

<sup>45</sup> Lyon 16.

<sup>46</sup> In addition to those already quoted see the following letters to Ottoline: *2L*, 254, 3<sup>rd</sup> January 1915: "I'd like to wave my rags like the feathers of a bird of paradise. But as yet, one must be decent"; *2L*, 311, 24<sup>th</sup> March 1915: "What a good place the Monastic Buildings will be – you will be outrivaled, in your manor. And we cuckoos, we shall plume ourselves, in such a nest of a fine bird"; *2L*, 503, 13<sup>th</sup> January 1916: "The jersey came yesterday, and is *so* nice, so soft and pleasing to feel. I like it very much, and the color is beautiful. I don't want it to be yellow. It suits my beard. It makes me look rather pale, but that is only when I don't wear a coat above it. Buttoned under an open coat, I look like an orange breasted robin in the spring-time".

<sup>47</sup> For an example of writing about the self and a shift into Italian cf. *4L*, 308: "What is the primrose *to itself*? Why, it is the quintessence of yellow primrosiness, e nient' altro. It stays deep, deep at home in itself and blossoms its own still core. Neither ranging outwards nor *scope*. Only its very self. And you can only be your very self by abiding by yourself, primrose unadulterated, forfeiting all the rest, columbine and passion-flower. And fidelity to yourself means fidelity single and unchanging, to one other one".

<sup>48</sup> Cf. *5L*, 193 (“peut être le paradis. Plus on voyage, plus on n’arrive pas”); 314; 387 (“Chi va piano va lontano – e va sano [He who travels gently travels far – and healthily]”); 649 (“chi va piano va lontano! [he who travels slowly goes a long way!]”); *6L* 135-6.

<sup>49</sup> John Worthen, “Dramatic Punctuation: The Case of *The Daughter-in-Law*” in *Etudes Lawrenceiennes: Lawrence and Language* 19 (1999): 66. Michael Black in his essay on “D. H. Lawrence: Spontaneity and Revision as Aesthetic” in *The Cambridge Quarterly* 28.2 (1999), makes a similar observation: “His punctuation was highly personal and highly expressive” (164). Black goes on to say that “it is fortunate that we have so many of his manuscripts and can now restore the original pointing, which, for a careful reader, has a constant and subtle force” (164). In discussing the genesis of the Cambridge edition, Black uses the word “pointing” here in the sense of Lawrence’s insertion of points as punctuation when writing the text. I, however, am suggesting that this punctuation is itself gestural and symbolic of gestures, or “pointing” in a more bodily, deictic sense. I am obviously not suggesting that this is the main way in which he uses the “dash” or “hyphen” in his writing. Rather, as we will see in chapter six, it is a special case of this use of “pointing” or punctuation.

<sup>50</sup> Worthen, “Dramatic Punctuation” 67.

<sup>51</sup> Lawrence uses the hyphen to gesture towards nothingness and silence at two other points in the letter. Once before the instance quoted above at the end of the first paragraph: “Like the monks of Nitria, I am buried in the desert of the Sahara, sit amidst the silence like Saint Anthony. Avaunt Woman + + + . –”. And once again, in the fifth paragraph: “Here in Nitria there is great space, great hollow reverberating silent space, the beauty of all the universe: – nothing more”.

<sup>52</sup> One notable exception is a letter to his sister, Emily King, describing his return to Irschenhausen in September 1927: “I like this place very much – It is fourteen years since I was here last – 1913 – one can hardly believe it – and the place is just the same, only the trees grown taller and the paint got shabby. [...] One wanders about where one will – nothing is shut off, all the country is open. I really like it very much, one feels free, on the open earth” (*6L*, 142).

<sup>53</sup> Cf. *JT*, 360: “Connie hated the way she [Mrs Tewson, who is also from the Midlands] said ‘money’. She pronounced it ‘munny’, with the Italian *u*, and the word sounded even more loathsome than usual”.

<sup>54</sup> On the 4<sup>th</sup> June 1928 Lawrence wrote to Maria Chambers (and note the echo of his “Here I am” in the letter to Witter Bynner above (*4L*, 546)): “Here am I, forty-two, with rather bad health: and a wife who is by no means the soul of patience. What can we do when you come? – talk a while, have lunch and tea, take a walk. And then? Even though we all get on amiably and interestingly, you will only be disappointed. [...] ‘Il serait mort s’il ouvrait son coeur.’” (*6L*, 419). Chambers replied on 9 August 1928 in typically Lawrencean tone and style (even down to the hyphenated thoughts): “Senor Lawrence!! // I’ve played a monstrous joke on myself! Just think! Several of my friends have your new novel [*Lady C*] already – some of them over a week and *mine* not here yet. Haven’t been able to get even a peep at *Lady Jane*. My friends are having colossal revenge; trying to chafe my tender self in all sorts of ways. // [...] Do you think a single wretch of them even lets me touch your book? – and you should hear them relate the story. Todos me dicen que ando camino á la *carcel* y que me prepare á ir derecha al infierno – y etc. etc. –” (*8L*, 108-10).

<sup>55</sup> Lyon 10.

<sup>56</sup> Frieda Lawrence, “*Not I, But the Wind...*” (1935; St Albans: Granada, 1983) 64.

<sup>57</sup> Cf. Huxley, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence* xxvii: “His search was as fruitless as his flight was ineffective. He could not escape either from his homesickness or his sense of responsibility; and he never found a society to which he could belong”.

<sup>58</sup> See Freud’s essay on “The Uncanny” for further speculation on the relationship between the uncanny and the body of the mother.

<sup>59</sup> Jessica L. Lakin et al., “The Chameleon Effect as Social Glue: Evidence for the Evolutionary Significance of Nonconscious Mimicry” in *Journal of Nonverbal Behaviour* 27.3 (2003): 145-62.

<sup>60</sup> Worthen, *The Life of an Outsider* 344.

<sup>61</sup> Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (1958; New York: Orion, 1964) 47.

<sup>62</sup> Bachelard 14.

<sup>63</sup> Bachelard 8.

<sup>64</sup> Ginette Katz-Roy’s fine article on the relationship of Bachelard’s writing and that of Deleuze and Guattari’s to Lawrence’s poetic imagination points the way to future study and to our discussion of some of their shared poetics in chapter three. Cf. Ginette Katz-Roy, “This may be a Withering Tree this

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Europe': Bachelard, Deleuze and Guattari on D. H. Lawrence's Poetic Imagination" in *Etudes Lawrenciennes* 10 (1994): 219-35.

<sup>65</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Pansies* (1929; London: Secker, 1932) 83.

<sup>66</sup> Cf. D. H. Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* in *Mornings in Mexico and Sketches of Etruscan Places*, introd. Richard Aldington (London: Heinemann, 1956) 10; 25: "In a stride, the town passes away"; "The same with distance: horrible invisible distances called two miles, ten miles. To the Indians, there is near and far, and very near and very far. There is two days or one day. But two miles are as good as twenty to him, for he goes entirely by his feeling. If a certain two miles feels far to him, then it *is* far, it is *muy lejos!* But if a certain twenty miles *feels* near and familiar, then it is not far. Oh, no, it is just a little distance. And he will let you set off in the evening, for night to overtake you in the wilderness, without a qualm. It is not far" [Lawrence's emphasis].

<sup>67</sup> Cf. Michel de Certeau, "Pedestrian Utterances" in *The Certeau Reader*, ed. Graham Ward (Oxford: Blackwell, 2000) 106-8: "Of course, walking can be marked out on urban maps in such a way as to translate its traces (*here* heavy, *there* very light) and its trajectories (*this* way, not *that*). However, these curves, ample or meagre, refer, like words, only to the lack of what has gone by. Traces of a journey lose what existed: *the act of going by itself* [...] A comparison with the act of speaking enables us to go further and not to be restricted only to criticism of graphic representations as if we were aiming from the limits of legibility at some inaccessible Beyond. The act of walking is to the urban system what the act of speaking, the *Speech Act*, is to language or to spoken utterance. [...] Within the framework of uttering, the walker, in relation to his position creates a near and a far, a *here* and a *there*. In verbal communication, the adverbs *here* and *there* are actually indicators of the locutory fact – a coincidence that reinforces the parallelism between linguistic uttering and the pedestrian uttering – and we must add that another function of this process of location (*here/there*) necessarily entailed by walking and indicative of an actual appropriation of space by an "I" is to set up *another* relative to that "I", and thereby establish a conjunctive and disjunctive articulation of places. Above all, I highlight the "*phatic*" aspect – if by that we understand, as Malinowski and Jakobson have noted, the function of terms that establish, maintain or interrupt contact: terms like 'hello', 'well well', etc. Walking, which now pursues and now invites pursuit, creates a mobile organicity of the environment, a succession of phatic *topoi*. [...] Walking affirms, suspects, guesses, transgresses, respects, etc., the trajectories it 'speaks'. All modalities play a part in it, changing from step to step and redistributed in proportions, successions, intensities that vary with the moment, the route, the stroller. The indefinable diversity of these operations of utterance. They cannot be reduced to any graphic tracing".

<sup>68</sup> Cf. 2L, 207: "Küss die Hand"; 2L, 251: "una stretta di mano"; 2L, 277: "Je te serre la main".

<sup>69</sup> In relation to the analogy between walking and speaking mentioned above, it might also be noted that the opening paragraphs of the final chapter of *Twilight in Italy* set up a similar relation between north and south: "When one walks, one must travel west or south. If one turns northward or eastward it is like walking down a cul-de-sac, to the blind end". Northern Europe, on the one hand, is, for Lawrence, simply a "relief-map" or "fabrication" that seems to "intervene between [himself] and some reality" (in linguistic terms *langue*), whereas southern Europe, on the other, only comes into being through the process of walking through it (*parole*).

<sup>70</sup> Cf. 5L, 656, to Enid Hopkin six months later in March 1927: "I have put off coming to England. I just feel I don't want to come north – feel a sort of migration instinct pushing me south rather than north".

<sup>71</sup> Amy Lowell, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence and Amy Lowell* 30.

<sup>72</sup> In chapter ten of *The Minoan Distance: The Symbolism of Travel in D. H. Lawrence* (Tucson: U of Arizona P, 1980), L. D. Clark discusses, what he calls, Lawrence's "complex love of distance" in relation to another aspect of his personality, namely, "a fear of distance, an agoraphobia" (257). Clark goes on to say that Lawrence's fear of distance "nearly always runs through experience with land masses and not with the sea" (257). Although my position on distance in Lawrence's writing is somewhat different from Clark's, in that I am interested in the phenomenological and relational aspects of it as both immediately experienced and subsequently reimagined, Clark's observation about the liberatory quality of the sea for Lawrence is well-made. My own discussion of this aspect of Lawrence's writing will be taken up in chapter four.

<sup>73</sup> Katz-Roy 221.

<sup>74</sup> Gilles Deleuze, "Literature and Life", trans. Daniel W. Smith and Michael A. Greco in *Critical Enquiry* 23.2 (Winter 1997): 229.

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<sup>75</sup> Deleuze 230.

<sup>76</sup> G. M. Hyde, *D. H. Lawrence and the Art of Translation* (London: Macmillan, 1981) 45.

<sup>77</sup> Hyde 8.

<sup>78</sup> Hyde 51.

<sup>79</sup> Hyde 63.

## The Body and Perception in Woolf's Letters and Diaries: 1897–1930

In September 1904, Virginia Woolf (then Stephen), her sister (Vanessa), brother (Adrian), and brother-in-law to be (Clive Bell), stayed at Teversal Manor House, a location mentioned in much of Lawrence's Nottinghamshire fiction. The record of her holiday there, given in her letters, is suggestive of just how close Lawrence and Woolf often came to meeting, and how, comparing their letters, we can see them passing each other (once literally) like strangers at train stations. Although they never did meet, later, her wartime letters are peppered with encounters where Lawrence is either directly mentioned or hovering just off scene: from her dream about her sister and Duncan Grant "going off to live on a ranch in California" in 1917 (*L2*, 197), to Kot's invitations to a meeting in 1918 (*L2*, 264; *2D*, 176), or their Cornish house-swap "treaty" in 1919. Regarding this, the Cambridge edition of Lawrence's letters records his correspondence with Leonard Woolf about the house but contains no record of any between himself and Virginia. But, although the venture was abandoned in April "owing to the distance" (*L3*, 349), if we take Woolf at her word, she did write to Lawrence in the middle of March (*L2*, 340). As far as I am aware, no record of this has survived, neither has any reply. But in turning, now, to consider Woolf's letters, it is fascinating to imagine what topics other than houses and Cornwall she may have addressed to Lawrence, with whose fiction and friends she was also acquainted.

However, whilst this is pure speculation, we do know that, in 1928, Woolf certainly did read some of Lawrence's letters to Ottoline Morrell, which she found (unsurprisingly) "wildly phallic and philosophical; and mad" (*L3*, 508). In her

description of *Women in Love* in 1921, Woolf admitted having been “lured on” by his portrait of Ottoline, although became finally “a little bored” by it because she could “make out the riddles too easily”<sup>1</sup> (L2, 474). But Lawrence’s letters, on the other hand, in spite of her initial reaction, are not so easily dismissed. Returning to Lawrence in a diary entry four years later, she restated privately her opinions about his ““philosophy”” and “riddles” but continued: “What I enjoy (in the Letters) is the sudden visualisation: the great ghost springing over the wave (of the spray of Cornwall) but I get no satisfaction from his explanations of what he sees”<sup>2</sup>. Whilst, in the same entry, Woolf vented her frustration at the “arrogance” and “preaching” of Lawrence’s letters, she would also register that she felt that she and Lawrence had “too much in common”. This, she says, is the “same pressure” they each feel to be themselves, but we might equally say that it is the shared gift for “visualisation” in their letters that they have in common. It is Woolf’s writing of visual perception in her letters and diaries that will be the subject of this chapter.

The spontaneous (rather than the artistic) quality that we saw Woolf admire in her “Notes on D. H. Lawrence” is also what she admires about his letters in this diary entry, and here, again, she asks, “why does Aldous say he was an ‘artist’?”. Art, she says, is “being rid of all preaching: things in themselves: the sentence in itself is beautiful: multitudinous seas; daffodils that come before the swallow dares: whereas Lawrence would only say what proved something”. Woolf’s view of Lawrence is, of course, partial (her oblique reference to Huxley’s introduction to his 1932 edition of Lawrence’s letters she counterbalances by saying, “I haven’t read him of course”). But, in spite of this largely negative presentation of Lawrence’s letters, her sense of

their spontaneity and visual power as praiseworthy is surprisingly similar to her own criteria for successful letter writing, outlined in essays that explicitly and implicitly address letters and letter writing.

In “Modern Letters”, “Dorothy Osborne’s *Letters*”, and “Lord Chesterfield’s Letters to His Son”, Woolf takes the letter form as her topic (rather than her form). In all three essays she begins by comparing the state of contemporary letter writing with that of the past. Although it is a “commonplace”, she cannot help but say that she thinks “the art of letter writing is dead”<sup>3</sup>. Alluding to the foundation and reform of the Post Office in the seventeenth century, she imagines that the art of letter writing “flourished in the days of the frank, dwindled under the penny post” and, now, has been “dealt its death blow by the telephone”<sup>4</sup>. Alongside these material changes, such as “good roads”, that she sees as having enabled human beings to “communicate their thoughts easily”, Woolf lists those increases in “material comfort”, such as “armchairs and carpets”, that allow us to “watch each other” in ease.<sup>5</sup> As above, letter writing and visualisation, thus, go hand in hand.

That said, these essays also show the sensuousness of letters. On papers of all sizes, colours (“blue, green, [and] yellow”) and textures (“shoddy” or smoothly “glaze[d]”, “flimsy” or “crisp between thumb and finger”), and in handwriting that is either “well-formed” or slanting, bent back, “rapid” or “running”, letters appeal not only to the eyes but to the hands.<sup>6</sup> Whilst Modern letters, when compared with those of earlier ages, may seem “purely utilitarian” (their paper flimsier and handwriting less well-formed) their “haphazard harum scarum individuality”<sup>7</sup> of style, Woolf says,

enables these manuscripts to communicate sensuously in a way that those less spontaneous missives of the past could not:

The effect is indescribable. One could swear one heard voices, smelt certain flowers [...] If the art of letter-writing consists in exciting the emotions, in bringing back the past, in reviving a day, a moment, nay a very second, of past time, then these obscure correspondents, with their hasty haphazard ways, their gibes and flings, their irreverence and mockery, their careful totting up of days and dates, their general absorption in the moment and entire carelessness what posterity will think of them, beat Cowper, Walpole, and Edward Fitzgerald hollow.<sup>8</sup>

With the art of letter writing still in its infancy, the language of these earlier letter writers was “still too rich and stiff to turn and twist quickly and freely upon half a sheet of notepaper”, becoming rather “the art of essay-writing in disguise”<sup>9</sup>. The language of modern letter writing, on the other hand, is intimately connected with the “art of pleasing”<sup>10</sup> and the pleasurable. Other “born letter-writers”, from earlier periods, like Dorothy Osborne, also have this “haphazardry”, Woolf explains. In terms almost identical to those she uses to address the similarity between herself and Lawrence in his letters (above), Osborne’s letters “provide their own continuity” because “*By being herself without effort or emphasis, she envelops all these odds and ends in the flow of her own personality. [...] Phrase by phrase we come closer into touch with it*”<sup>11</sup>.

In turn, each of Woolf’s own essays on letters and letter writing, emphasise the reader, “this consciousness, of a dumb yet substantial figure on the farther side of the page”<sup>12</sup>. The plasticity and spontaneity of the letter form as a genre, therefore, allows it to stimulate the emotions of the reader and thereby communicate with them. The way in which Woolf says that the “principles of letter-writing” should remain “obscure” rather than “laid down once and for all” (since it is “a hand-to-mouth practice” not one of “design or intention”),<sup>13</sup> mirrors the way in which she feels that the

letter form, so reliant for its effect on those sensuous aspects mentioned above, is resistant to print. The modern letter is “so much alive [in style and substance] as to be quite unprintable. The best letters of our time are precisely those that can never be published”<sup>14</sup>. Likewise, Woolf mourns those “letters that Dorothy [Osborne] did not write”<sup>15</sup> because of her marriage. Letters, then, for Woolf, can bring a whole world into existence. But such a world, for her, was never homogenous. Osborne was a “woman of great literary gift” but as a woman was impeded by the Elizabethan belief that “writing was an act unbecoming her sex”<sup>16</sup>. But for the accident of being born at such a time and of being a woman, she would have “written novels”. So, in place of that, Woolf says, she practised an art permissible to her “without unsexing herself”, one which employs the powers of observation and wit, whilst, in turn, remaining subversively undetected by the patriarchal powers-that-be. From Osborne’s writing Woolf traces a direct line to the novels of Jane Austen, and this art, which is “a form of literature” is, she says, “distinct from any other”<sup>17</sup>. For Woolf, then, letter writing and the novel are genres that share a history, and, more specifically, letter writing and women novelists. The same kind of analysis as Rachel Bowlby brings to bear on Woolf’s novels and essays might be made here. Bowlby points to the “disturbance of conventional generic boundaries” to which “Woolf’s own writing constantly aspires”<sup>18</sup>. It seems that letter writing, for Woolf, had this capacity too.

In the other type of essay, Woolf adopts the letter form itself. Her most celebrated work in this respect is obviously *Three Guineas* (1938), but I want to address, instead, two less discussed essays from 1932, “A Letter to a Young Poet” and “The Rev. William Cole: A Letter”. In the first, Woolf replies to an imagined letter

from a young poet called John who is seeking advice on how to write successful modern poetry. In the main, then, its topic gives Woolf the opportunity to compare the modern novelist with the poet, but, through the essay itself, the letter form becomes a metaphor for how the poet should proceed; this exemplary genre displaying the attention to life, spontaneity, levity, gravity, and personality that Woolf recommends to the poet.

Beginning with a reversal of the idea in “Modern Letters” that letter writing dwindled under the penny post, Woolf jocosely opens by praising “the art of letter-writing” as “the child of the penny post” and “the present” as its great age, one that will, paradoxically, “leave no letters behind it”<sup>19</sup> because they are too ribald, private, and unprintable. Woolf feigns offence at the poet’s cheaply knocked-up letter (that leaves several t’s uncrossed) and says that it will “have to be burnt”, thereby introducing, with the lightest of touches, the theme of the reader’s response to the poetry/letter. Putting herself in the poet’s shoes, she imagines an attempt to write a poem in the autumn of 1931. But as the rhythms on the floor of the poet’s mind attempt to sweep all of its contents into one “dominant dance”, he “snatch[es] pen and paper” and something very interesting happens. The “I” of Woolf’s letter bifurcates: she disengages from her own sympathetic persona caught up with the poet and instead brings her own body in the process of writing the essay/letter centre stage:

And while you write, while the first stanzas of the dance are being fastened down, I will withdraw a little and look out of the window. A woman passes, then a man; a car glides to a stop and then – but there is no need to say what I see out of the window, nor indeed is there time, for I am recalled from my observations by a cry of rage or despair.<sup>20</sup>

This metafictional, intertextual,<sup>21</sup> interruption of the text operates as a metaphor for what Woolf sees as the exemplary writerly relationship between the body and the world, one in which letter writing is being practised to voice the experience of the present.

The cry disturbing Woolf's letter comes from the poet whose own attempt at writing has failed because some "foreign body", that is, some gritty aspect of modernity, like an "omnibus", has resisted the "dance". Unlike Woolf's letter, then, poetry and what she shortly calls (modern) "life" are at odds for John, so she opens some "thin books of modern verse" to see how they incorporate those "objects of daily prose" that the poet cannot come to grips with. This time, however, it is Woolf herself who feels a "jar" and a "shock": "I feel as if I had stubbed my toe on the corner of the wardrobe"<sup>22</sup>. Just as letters, in the essays discussed above, affected the body sensuously, here the colloquial language of poetry (and specifically, as Woolf's own jokey emphasis shows, that of the body – "*ease the bowels*", "*expensive shoes*", "*buggers are after*") fails the imagination and evokes instead a feeling of "distaste", whilst the poem itself "comes apart in [Woolf's] hands"<sup>23</sup>. Through these poems Woolf shows the poet the error of straining to include an emotion incommensurable with the poetry. She then opens another book whose poems allow her to show him the error of solipsism in poetry. Modern poetry, then, in keeping with her theories of intersubjectivity outlined in other works such as *Mrs Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, should, for Woolf, "give roses and cabbages as they are seen, more or less, by the twenty-six passengers on the side of an omnibus" rather than "the precise outline of the roses and cabbages of [the poet's] private universe"<sup>24</sup>. So, all John need do, she

advises, is “stand at the window and let your rhythmical sense open and shut, open and shut, boldly and freely, until one thing melts into another, until the taxis are dancing with the daffodils, until a whole has been made from all these separate fragments”<sup>25</sup> (like Clarissa Dalloway standing at her windows). But this is something that Woolf’s letter has already demonstrated; it, like the aesthetics advocated for poetry, has been, all along, a form for the “present moment”, capable of capturing the passage of experience (the man, the woman, and the car in the street).

Moreover, both forms when practised as such are a form of presence. Reading modern poetry, for Woolf, “is rather like opening a door to a horde of rebels, who swarm out attacking one in twenty places at once – hit, roused, scraped, bared, swung through the air”; but despite being “blinded” and “knocked on the head”, these are all “agreeable sensations for a reader” because they all prove that the poet is “alive and kicking”<sup>26</sup>. The stimulation of these senses is, for her, the goal of (poetic) language. By writing with his senses (“the eyes, the ears, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, not to mention a million more that the psychologists have yet to name”) the poet, the letter says, will, in turn, stimulate those of his reader.

At this point, another bifurcation of the voice of the letter introduces a theme discussed in relation to letter writing above, namely, the relationship between genre and gender. In the splitting off of the voice, above, we saw how Woolf’s metafictional and intertextual touches drew attention to the unstable borders of genre, and here, towards the end of the letter, she opens up a dialogue with the male “malcontent in [her]” (in another self-satirising allusion to *A Room of One’s Own* (1928)) that, again, throws into question distinctions between letters, essays, novels, and poems (a

technique which doubles her deconstruction of the poetry/beauty and prose/reality binaries throughout this essay/letter):

I record also, as I read [in addition to those sensuous and agreeable sensations], the repetition in the bass of one word intoned over and over again by some malcontent. At last then, silencing the others, I say to this malcontent, "Well, and what do *you* want?" Whereupon he burst out, rather to my discomfort, "Beauty." Let me repeat, I take no responsibility for what my senses say when I read, I merely record the fact that there is a malcontent in me who complains that it seems to him odd, considering that English is a mixed language, a rich language; a language unmatched for its sound and colour, for its power of imagery and suggestion – it seems to him odd that these modern poets should write as if they had neither ears nor eyes, neither soles to their feet nor palms to their hands but only honest enterprising book-fed brains, uni-sexual bodies and – but here I interrupted him. For when it comes to saying that a poet should be bisexual, and that I think is what he was about to say, even I, who have had no scientific training whatsoever, draw the line and tell that voice to be silent.<sup>27</sup>

As in the example of the bifurcated voice above, the hyphen stands in for or gestures towards a possible direction of speech not taken (a subject to which we will return in chapter six, in the discussion of *Lady Chatterley's* marriage scene). But, here again, whilst Woolf's metafictional "I" cuts short the male "malcontent", the intertextual allusion to the "androgynous mind" of *A Room of One's Own* allows her to have it both ways: in both instances, Woolf cuts short her own metafictional interruptions, only to allow them to speak from the margins through their original source. Like John, the poet whom she addresses "not as one poet in particular, but as several poets in one"<sup>28</sup>, the "I" of any one text is thus plural, both similar to and different from its occurrence within and between texts (regardless of genre). Authorship, like writing itself, is an ongoing process of growth and redefinition of one's position in relation to the world and its tradition, just as much as authority itself is a process of ongoing contestation. Without this revisionary stance "life" is elusive, so it is telling that Woolf's letter/essay not so much ends as is interrupted: "And now for the intimate, the indiscreet, and indeed, the only really interesting parts of this letter . . ."<sup>29</sup>. The essay demonstrates

how thinking of writing in strict formal and traditional terms, and upholding these before the sensuous practices of observing and feeling, such as the poet does, is to the detriment of the life of the writing itself. On the other hand, the practice of letter writing, the essay shows, by having no generic rules to speak of, illustrates (by foregrounding the body's place in the scene of writing, its relationship with its subjects, and the metaphors based on it – from dancing to toe stubbing) rather than formally dictates how the poet might successfully proceed.

The second essay that adopts a letter form, “The Rev. William Cole: A Letter”, proceeds similarly, although, this time Woolf addresses the writing of a diary rather than a poem in the letter. Given that the present chapter considers both Woolf's letters and diaries, it is therefore worth comparing the letter briefly with her 1920 essay “Rambling Round Evelyn”, written to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the diarist John Evelyn. By such a comparison we will gain an insight into some valuable principles of diarising held by her.

Woolf begins the 1920 essay by saying that the diarist must have the courage to lock their genius in a private book and the humour to gloat over a fame attained only in the grave: “For the good diarist writes either for himself alone or for a posterity so distant that it can safely hear every secret and justly weigh every motive”<sup>30</sup>. For the most part, she goes on, the reading of these books is a transient, intermittent activity, akin to “dreaming and idling; lying in a chair with a book; watching the butterflies on the dahlias”. But although the reading of diaries is a largely “profitless occupation”, Evelyn's is rewarding to the modern reader, in spite of his ignorance and faults of sensibility. This is because, Woolf says, “he used his eyes”: “The visible world was

always close to him. The visible world has receded so far from us that to hear all this talk of buildings and gardens, statues and carving, as if the look of things assailed one out of doors as well as in, and were not confined to a few small canvases hung upon the wall, seems strange”<sup>31</sup>. This is difficult for Woolf “to illustrate by a single quotation, because the evidence is scattered all about in little insignificant phrases”. Nonetheless, through his sensitivity to the world around him and by opening himself to it, Evelyn sets up “a perceptible tingle of communication, so that without laying stress on anything in particular, stopping to dream, stopping to laugh, stopping merely to look, we [the readers of his diary] are yet taking notice all the time”<sup>32</sup>. So, like Woolf’s sense of Lawrence’s letters and prose, Evelyn, for her, “was not an artist”. However, this “artistic method” of “going on with the day’s story circumstantially, bringing in people who will never be mentioned again, leading up to crises that will never take place” brings the world to life in a way that figures subjected to the full light of description do not.<sup>33</sup> We see, by the end, “the butterflies flying and flaunting on his dahlias too”. Again, sensory perception (visual perception in particular) and autobiographical writing are weighed against specifically aesthetic perception and formal artistic practice. However, they are not mutually exclusive. Rather, these essays argue and demonstrate in their practice that by putting the body back into the scene of writing and proceeding sensuously from it, the letter writer or diarist evolves a kind of bodily aesthetics of the everyday, in which the writer through that “perceptible tingle of communication” puts the reader back in touch with the wonder of their world.

In this way these essays share much with Merleau-Ponty’s phenomenology. Although most of his writing on art addresses Cézanne’s painting in relation to visual

perception, we saw in the introduction how, for him, the verbal art of the novel is also concerned with intersubjectivity. In relation to these essays, however, it is his thought on poetry that is illuminating since, for Merleau-Ponty (as much as for Woolf), it is a “variety of existence” that, through writing, instead of “being dissipated at the very instant of its expression” (like speech or body language) both preserves itself and locks itself on the perishable page. As material, therefore, the poem no more survives eternally than does the body. However, in the “particularity” of the language of poetry and its resistance to summary, Merleau-Ponty likens it to an “individual”, that is, a being “in which the expression is indistinguishable from the thing expressed”. Their “meaning” is, therefore, only accessible (and note his haptic metaphor) through “direct contact”, which “radiates” from the work with no change to its temporal or spatial situation (*PP*, 174-5).

This “top coating of meaning” presents thought as a “style, an affective value, a piece of existential mimicry, rather than as conceptual statement” (*PP*, 212). This “style” Merleau-Ponty defines elsewhere both in writerly terms (as “the first draft of meaning” (*PP*, 208)) and in terms of the flow of perceptual experience (as “the certain significance which Paris possesses” (*PP*, 327-8) as distinct from any other city *for the visitor*). Style thus implies a perspective and embodiment, and Merleau-Ponty goes on to say that in this we find “beneath the conceptual meaning of words, an existential meaning which is not only rendered by them, but which inhabits them, and is inseparable from them”. Thus, when successful, he says, expression “does not merely leave for the reader and the writer himself a kind of reminder, it brings the meaning into existence as a thing at the very heart of the text, *it brings it to life in an organism*

*of words*, establishing it in the writer or the reader as a new sense organ, opening a new field or a new dimension to our experience” (*PP*, 212 [my emphasis]). Speech, then, in very Lawrencean terms, “is the surplus of our existence over natural being” from which “other acts of authentic expression” (such as writing) arise. Like a “wave” or indeed a body in touch, language “gathers and poises itself to hurtle beyond its own limits” (*PP*, 229).

As transient media that are intimately connected with the body and which attempt, through both linguistic and sensuous experience (“crisp between thumb and finger”), to open a new field of experience for another, letters and diaries might be included here too. As an aside it might be said that the process of reading, like that of perception, for both Merleau-Ponty and Woolf, is thus one that relies on the optic and haptic (and indeed the body as a whole). And, returning to our comparison of Woolf’s experience of Evelyn’s diary with William Cole’s, it is the latter’s failure to write sensuously, either for himself or for the reader, with which Woolf takes issue: “Some spite has drawn a veil across your eyes. Indeed, there are pouches under them I could swear. You slouch as you walk. You switch at thistles half-heartedly with your stick”<sup>34</sup>. Whereas Evelyn’s ramblings around the countryside bring the reader into touch with his world, Cole, on the other hand, merely “write[s] and write[s], ramblingly, listlessly, like a person who is trying to bring himself to say the thing that will explain to himself what is wrong to himself”<sup>35</sup>. There is no thought of the reader here, only “himself”, and Woolf’s frustration is that, in fact, he has written neither for posterity nor for himself, only repressed the sensuous along with the sensual thereby making his writing, like that of the second example of modern poetry given to John in

“A Letter to a Young Poet”, a mere solipsism. Evelyn’s own lively record of his ramblings and (unwitting) phenomenological method result, on the other hand, in a “style” that puts Woolf in touch with the world (both the writer’s and her own), as distinct from Cole’s style that is merely rambling. We will see in chapter four Woolf’s attempts to put her own rambling into diary form.

In reading Woolf’s own letters and diaries, then, in light of her writing on those of others above, the body and perception will be of central importance and interest to the present chapter. In looking at their “style” with regard to this, we will keep in mind Merleau-Ponty’s formulation of that concept, one applicable to and (in the strongest reading of it) a condition of embodied perception, and one which, in turn, is transferable to the writing of that perception. It is of particular relevance to our subject matter here given that Woolf herself would attempt a formulation of it in a letter to Vita Sackville-West on the 16<sup>th</sup> of March 1926 in terms almost identical to those of Merleau-Ponty (even down to wave metaphor) and to those of “A Letter to a Young Poet” (where she writes about the “rhythm” on the floor of the mind):

Style is a very simple matter; it is all rhythm. Once you get that, you can’t use the wrong words. But on the other hand here I am sitting after half the morning, crammed with ideas, and visions, and so on, and can’t dislodge them, for lack of the right rhythm. Now this is very profound, what rhythm is, and goes far deeper than words. A sight, an emotion, creates this wave in the mind, long before it makes words to fit it; and in writing (such is my present belief) one has to recapture this, and set this working (which has nothing apparently to do with words) and then, as it breaks and tumbles in the mind, it makes words to fit it: But no doubt I shall think differently next year. (*L3*, 247)

Many of the attendant aspects of a successful expression are present here: the body in the scene and in the process of observing and writing (“I am sitting after half the morning crammed with ideas and visions”); writing as intersubjectivity; even the very provisionality of the thought itself is consistent with her theory (“But no doubt I shall

think differently next year"). Woolf's formulation is also close to one which Lawrence gave to Eddie Marsh, the editor of *Georgian Poetry*, in a letter in October 1913.<sup>36</sup> The ways in which she explores the interaction, noted here, between the body, perception, and language throughout her "autobiographical" writing will be the subject of what follows.

As well as the essays discussed above, Woolf's letters themselves are obviously rich material for her thoughts about letters and letter writing. A "true letter", for her, was as "true" to those waves created by those "visions" above, "as a film of wax pressed close to the graving in the mind" (*L1*, 282), and their "style" would not only give the reader an insight into Woolf's writing in general, but also a feel for the body producing it: "this is a specimen of my narrative style, which is far from good, seeing that I am forever knotting it and twisting it in conformity with the coils in my own brain, and a narrative should be as straight and flexible as the line you stretch between pear trees, with your linen on drying" (*L1*, 300). Then there were those letters in which she said she found her immortality "as a letter writer" (*L2*, 63). And then those in which she found something "absurd, and perhaps even insincere, in keeping up this semblance of communication in purple lines upon great white sheets" (*L3*, 64-6). And yet, for all of this rich material, in comparison with the large body of criticism surrounding her work, like Lawrence's letters, Woolf's letters and diaries have received little attention in their own right. Editions of her letters to single individuals, such as Lytton Strachey or Vita Sackville-West, although by no means as numerous as those between Lawrence and other individuals, provide focused accounts of her practice as a letter writer and therefore are, indirectly, lenses through which the critic

might easily appraise her changing style for different correspondents. However, no study has taken a stylistic approach to the letters directly.

As we saw in the critical heritage of Lawrence's letters, these sources have traditionally been examined primarily for their biographical rather than their literary value. Thus, they have hitherto tended to be the exclusive domain of biographers whose interest in them as historical documents has led them to be combed for information concerning the life and (fictional) works of their authors, rather than as literary documents that themselves give evidence of the development of the writer as a whole. An awareness of this rather strange tension between the biographical and the literary value of these texts can be seen in the introductions and prefaces to their printed editions. In them, we can see this implicit privileging of their biographical value in the concern of their editors (particularly in those of "selected" editions) that these editions potentially "distort" the "true" picture of their author. This has been true from the very first editions of Woolf's letters and diaries. However, remarks such as those of Leonard Woolf and James Strachey in their preface to the letters between Virginia and Lytton, in which they say that "neither side of this correspondence is completely typical of its author", put the question of distortion in stylistic rather than biographical terms. These editions, then, provide a distorted view of the epistolary style of the author as much as they provide a partial biographical picture. Put in these terms we can see that, rather than consider style and biography antagonistically, style is a particular reflection of biography, a trace of the body's life at the moment of writing, and thereby that the style and autobiography of these sources can shed light on biography, and vice versa.<sup>37</sup>

Whilst the Hogarth Press edition of *The Letters of Virginia Woolf* sticks to the biographical agenda in omitting a few “making or cancelling social engagements” because “they add nothing to our knowledge of Virginia Woolf”<sup>38</sup>, Nigel Nicolson’s introduction brings out the extent to which the style of the letters is intimately connected to their bodily production and how they bear the traces of this source in their style. For Nicolson, the letters, like the diary, as well as allowing her to “practise writing”, also allow a “remembered tone of voice, a reminder of manner and gesture” in the absence of the correspondent.<sup>39</sup> Despite the “misleading tranquility of the printed version of her letters, one can still sense the excitement and pleasure with which she wrote them”<sup>40</sup>. The “literary artifice” of the letters, for Nicolson, then, sits alongside the bodily and biographical. As well as drawing attention to the similarity between “the style of the novel [*Melymbrosia*] and the style of the letters”<sup>41</sup>, he also traces their genesis and genius to the same root, namely, Woolf’s practice of observing the behavior of others: “‘The way to get life into letters’, she wrote to Vanessa, ‘is to be interested in other people’”<sup>42</sup>. As mentioned above in relation to Merleau-Ponty, style as embodied perception (perspective) and style as a writerly or literary manifestation of this are closely related, and intimately so in these “autobiographical” texts which bridge life and writing.

From Leonard Woolf’s extracts of Virginia’s diary in *A Writer’s Diary* (1953) to Mitchell A. Leaska’s edition of her *Early Journals* (1990), critics of the diary have also approached it in biographical rather than stylistic terms. In spite of Woolf’s somewhat satirical perspective on those who prudishly withhold and censor the publication of diaries in “The Reverend William Cole: A Letter”, Leonard Woolf’s

preface to *A Writer's Diary* apologised that it was, in fact, “too personal” to be published whole, whilst, at the same time, acknowledging that “it is nearly always a mistake to publish extracts” from either diaries or letters because the “omissions” “distort or conceal the true character of the diarist or letter-writer and produce spiritually what an Academy picture does materially, smoothing out the wrinkles, warts, frowns, and asperities”<sup>43</sup>. Hermione Lee, Woolf's greatest biographer, perhaps had Leonard's edition (and certainly his metaphor) in mind when tracing the shift towards a “warts-and-all” approach to the practice of biography in the twentieth century in her introduction to *Body Parts: Essays in Life-Writing* (2005). It is this very aspect of biography that makes it so curious and absorbing for Lee. The target of biography, for her, is “not a smoothed-over figure” but rather “the living person in a body”. Moreover, through “all the documents and the letters” we as readers, she says, “keep catching sight of a real body”<sup>44</sup>. This is also the spirit in which the present thesis approaches the letters and diaries of Lawrence and Woolf. But it goes further in examining those specific instances when we catch the body entering into the scene of writing, be this metafictionally or metaphorically (in the text) or intervening actually in its production and revision (on the text).

Quentin Bell's introduction to his wife's Hogarth Press edition of *The Diary of Virginia Woolf* although, like Leonard Woolf's preface, not the place for a sustained stylistic treatment of the diary, in indicating that it is, firstly, “a literary achievement”<sup>45</sup>, and then of “biographical importance” points to same the evaluative strategy adopted here. It is an indication he would repeat in his introduction to the abridged *Shorter Diary* (1990), and interestingly, in light of Leonard Woolf's reservations about

extracted versions above, he would say there that “in some respects the deletions of the editor have enhanced the merits of the original text”<sup>46</sup>. For him, though, the content of the complete diary “is true only to her mood at the moment of writing”<sup>47</sup>. Although Bell, in this formulation, is concerned to show why Woolf exaggerates to the point of caricature persons assessed in the diary, by reading it in a stronger sense and applying the idea to the diary at large, we can say that not only is the diary, in Bell’s terms, a record of spontaneous reaction to life, but also that it is intimately inflected by deep processes of the body and background emotions at the time of writing, which, through close analysis, the literary critic could trace.

What most editorials comment on when introducing the diaries (in one form or another) is that “the immediacy one feels in reading the original drafts of these pages is lost in the fixative of cold print”<sup>48</sup>. This is Leaska’s sense of the *Early Journals*. As well as showing their relation to the body in this way (as the site of their production), his introduction to the journals also contextualizes them in bodily terms, noting their “powerful impulse towards health”<sup>49</sup>, and writing in metaphoric terms of how the Cornish journal infuses the past “with the life-blood of the present”<sup>50</sup> or the Florence journal casts her observations “in the integument of words”<sup>51</sup>. His introduction, then, surveys in broad terms both Woolf’s stylistic development in them (from “the abbreviated telegraphic form of 1897” to “a more sustained prose line”<sup>52</sup>) and the “typical” physical routines documented in them (for example, the daily walks round Kensington Gardens with her father, Leslie Stephen, prescribed for her by Dr. Seton). These *Early Journals* will be important to both the present chapter and to those of later sections. In examining the writing of the moving body in them and the importance of

bodily movement to the processes of perception and cognition represented in them, my approach thus attempts to synthesise the biographical and the stylistic in analysing the techniques adopted by Woolf to write the autobiographical subject on the move.

Whilst the subject-in-process has drawn the attention of those few essays that have addressed the letters and diaries, the embodiment of this subject, which is the main concern of this chapter, has not been considered. Chapters by Susan Sellers and Linda Anderson focus largely on Woolf's writing of the self in the diaries and give philosophically-inflected readings of them using Julia Kristeva's idea of the "subject-in-process".<sup>53</sup> In light of our consideration of Lawrence's pronoun in his letters, Anderson's chapter is especially interesting for the way in which her consideration of the constitution of Woolf's feminine pronoun "one" in *A Room of One's Own* is inflected by Lawrence's famous formulation on character in his letters: "entering her own internal dwelling may mean breaking down the walls of the old, stable ego, thinking not in terms of one room but many"<sup>54</sup>. Rachel Bowlby, in her discussion of the essay, has also drawn attention to the way in which Woolf's "one" signifies "assumptions" of class, gender, and perspective.<sup>55</sup> On the other hand, the "I" of *A Room* is, for Anderson, a "phallic 'I'"<sup>56</sup> in comparison with Woolf's "One". But then Woolf's distinction between the "self" (that is closely related to the mobile, plural, relational "I") and, what she calls, "oneself" (the solipsistic, and perhaps implicitly gender-bound male "self that sits alone") in "A Letter to a Young Poet"<sup>57</sup>, shows a reversal of this gendering of first-person pronouns and a more favourable view of the "I". Mitchell A. Leaska also shares this positive sense of her first-person pronoun in talking about the growing assuredness of her written tone and subjectivity in the *Early*

*Journal* from 1905 in terms of “a verifiable ‘I’”<sup>58</sup>. Woolf’s complex relation to these pronouns and the “assumptions” behind them in the letters, in particular, is summed up well by Joanne Trautmann (assistant editor of the Hogarth Press edition of Woolf’s letters) in her own selected edition, in which, in introducing them, she says that “In the turn-of-the-century handbooks on how to write a proper letter, women were advised to be self-effacing. Ladies, they were told do not begin with the ‘I’”<sup>59</sup>. What is clear, however, in Woolf’s use of these surrogate selves is that they allow her to experiment with different points of view and crucially to contrast them dialogically, thereby challenging the assumptions and prejudices that inevitably underlie these different “styles” of being.

To generalise a little more on the different use of these pronouns by Lawrence and Woolf in their writing, we might say that in Lawrence’s letters the contrast between pronouns is a technique he exploits in order to consciously give voice to unconscious processes and levels of the self, for example his “soul”, that by their very nature are resistant to rationalising processes of language. In the contrast between two albeit rational terms (“I”/“One”) the reader of Lawrence’s letters gains an insight into or a feel for the competing impulses and styles of being within him. Whilst their vocal effects occasionally depend on the performance, mimicry, and the assumption and appropriation of different personae, generally it is the subtle shifts that are the most frequent examples of polyvocality in the letters. If the “old stable ego” is thus subject to a process of revision, these linguistic markers of that subjectivity tend to be fairly stable in comparison with the way in which, say, Woolf experiments with different gendered inflections of the same pronoun at different times.

As mentioned above, Woolf exploits pronominal difference by assuming the voices of different personae, rather than projecting the voices of her unconscious or soul as Lawrence does. Whilst both writers profit from irony and mimicry, for this reason Woolf's experiments with voice tend to be more performative. Deleuze and Guattari, who themselves capitalise on the polyvocality of co-authorship in *A Thousand Plateaus* (1980),<sup>60</sup> address Woolf's self and, alluding to the "singes" of her letters, say that she "experiences herself not as a monkey or a fish but as a troop of monkeys, a school of fish, according to her variable relations of becoming with people she approaches"<sup>61</sup>. No concrete examples are given here and rather than a plural "becoming-animal"<sup>62</sup> it seems to me that Woolf on the contrary is self-consciously or at the very least playfully adopting these expressions as masks, metaphors, or personae, in order to generate intimacy between herself and her correspondent.<sup>63</sup> So, Ka Cox in the early letters becomes a bear to which Woolf writes, and in later letters to Vita Sackville-West Woolf takes on the character of a fish (singular): "Yes, you are solidly lodged in my heart – such as it is: the cold heart of a fish: (by the way, Pinker [her dog] eats a cod's head in the Square, is sick under my bed, and I say, beaming, Dearest Vita!) I'm asking Louise [Vita's maid] to have Pinker for a month" (*L3*, 344). Woolf is clearly at play here and never settles into the role to the extent that we could say she "experiences herself" as the fish. The comment about her "heart" is, in fact, part of an on-going and self-satirizing joke that she had with many correspondents who accused her of being heartless or, as the saying goes, a bit of a cold fish. Moreover, the way in which the logic of this example, although heavily coded (or cod-ed?), moves from Virginia-as-fish to part-fish-in-dog to said dog going to stay with Vita for a month

reveals another more conventional use of animals than Deleuze and Guattari suggest, namely, as purposely ill-disguised sexual metaphors. This is from another letter to Vita later in 1927: “So, you see, nights and days must be devoted wholeheartedly, not just as you might tickle a trout with the tip of your finger, to keep me servile. You must lay yourself out to enchant me every second” (*L3*, 408). Or this from early 1928: “Goodnight now. I am so sleepy with chloral simmering down my spine that I can’t write, nor yet stop writing – I feel like a moth, with heavy scarlet eyes and a soft cape of down – a moth about to settle in a sweet, bush – Would it were – ah but that’s improper” (*L3*, 469). What we see, then, in these examples of Woolf’s writing of (an animal) self in her letters is her adoption, again, of surrogate selves through which to explore various positions from politics to sexuality.<sup>64</sup>

In fact, if a case were to be made for the kind of multiplicity that Deleuze and Guattari suggest it would be in the *Early Journal*, before the emergence of Leaska’s “verifiable ‘I’”. For example, between February and July 1897 these journals are peppered with Woolf’s experiment with interjectory “hear hears!” in response to her own writing there.<sup>65</sup> Perhaps here more than anywhere else we see Woolf experiencing (or at least writing) herself as a multiplicity. Whereas the animal personae of her letters attempt to provoke certain affects in or intimacies with her correspondent, here, in the *Early Journal*, she can measure the effect of her writing on herself and, in turn, the responses of (her) other voices. However, again, it must be said that, like Bowlby’s comment above on the “assumptions” carried by the use of “one”, Woolf’s “hear hears!” ironize a particular stance of class and gender (upper class, male) and are thus

heard, in the main, as Woolf adopting surrogate voices and selves in order to challenge their assumptions and prejudices, rather than inhabiting or “becoming” them herself.

Having surveyed Woolf’s opinions on the creative potential of autobiographical forms to give voice to the perceiving and writing subject and the kinds of critical positions already taken up with regard to them, in this chapter I will now present some of the ways in which she wrote the interrelation between the body, language, and perception in them. Writing for Woolf seems to be an extension of physical processes of thought, thus making it for her organically bound to the essence of what it means to be human. Like the “true letter” that was, for her, “a film of wax pressed close to the graving in the mind” (*L1*, 282), language is almost in the blood, and she would re-use the image when talking about reading. After “split[ting] her head over [G. E.] Moore” every night she would “feel”

ideas traveling to the remotest parts of my brain, and setting up a feeble disturbance, hardly to be called thought. It is almost a physical feeling, as though some little coil of brain unvisited by any blood so far, and as pale as wax, had got a little life into it at last; but had not strength to keep it. I have a very clear notion which parts of my brain think. (*L1*, 357)

The same “perceptible tingle of communication” that Woolf got from John Evelyn’s diary can be seen here and, in her repetition of the simile (“pale as wax”) for how letters are a relief image of the mind, we can see how she proprioceptively feels the ideas or visions being carried through the blood to begin that “disturbance” or “wave in the mind” (above) for which Woolf, in the very act of writing this letter, “makes words to fit it”. In what follows I will look at these kinds of strategies that she used to write the process of visual perception and the images that arise from it. As Woolf put it on going to Cassis and Italy in March 1927: “I’m going to do nothing but sit in the sun,

eat hugely, and watch landscapes. That's the way I travel. Looking, looking, looking, and making up phrases to match clouds. It is the passion of my life" (L3, 347).

### ***The Body, Movement, and "Theories"***

At the end of her *Early Journal*, in 1908, Woolf wrote from Italy that she should like to write not only with the eye but with the mind, in order to "discover the real things beneath the show" (EJ, 384). And yet, her illnesses made her as aware as any modern writer of the need, in casting accounts, never to forget "to begin with the state of the body", as she put it in 1923 (2D, 228). As with many of her contemporaries, Lawrence included, the interaction between the body and the mind, the senses and the world perceived by them, and, in turn, the search for a language in which to express this, form a central preoccupation in Woolf's autobiographical writing. In the working out of these complexities, Woolf employs the terms of dualistic thought in order to collapse them. However, paradoxically, this can often be to the end of apportioning how much weight to attribute to the body, on the one hand, and to the (disembodied) mind on the other. In this section, I will examine several letters and diary entries with the intention of showing how movement (of the body) often sets in motion or acts as a catalyst for the mediation of these binaries.

One of Woolf's earliest diary entries concerned with this effect, and one which is affiliated with her writing on the brain and language, quoted above, overlaps with her period of experimentation with voice in 1897. On the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, Woolf and Adeline Fisher were due to attend a concert by Ralph Vaughan Williams:

We waited at Gloucester Rd station for 20 minutes, & no trains came – then Adeline suddenly looked at the clock, & behold it was 3.30, so she said, we cannot go – It takes an hour to get there – whereupon, she burst into tears on the platform [...] Now comes the wonderful part of this history. I felt a practical rush of ideas enter my brain – Let us take a hansom – Let us fly this station. We fled. A hansom to Victoria; another to St Barnabus Church – We arrived at 4 – exactly – Thank Heaven gasped Adeline – but it did not begin until 4.30! Heard the music – very good. (*EJ*, 111)

The “practical rush of ideas” not only provides the vehicle for the story but is also an early example of the “emotion” or “wave in the mind” that precipitate “words”, in Woolf’s later conception in the letter above. Like Lawrence’s letters, in changing through the different thoughts and registers, the hyphen allows the piecing together of fragmented ideas and presentation of thought or stream of consciousness.

Moreover, if, by Woolf’s accounts, the brain is felt proprioceptively as the site of emotion, it is not necessarily thought of in terms of the seat of intelligence. In this way she inverts traditional dualistic conceptions of the body. For example, in a late 1917 diary entry she distinguished between the two in Lytton’s “wit & infinite intelligence – not brain but intelligence” (*ID*, 89). This more rounded conception of “intelligence” to include the senses can be seen in Woolf’s writing on another product of the body as a whole rather than the brain alone, namely, the mind. In 1903, Woolf wrote in her diary that she thought she saw for a moment how all minds were threaded together and how “all the world is mind” (*EJ*, 178-9). “And then – ” she continued, hyphenating again, “some speck of dust gets into my machine I suppose, & the whole thing goes wrong again”. Indeed, following her tour of Glasgow and the industrial cities of north west England in 1913, the effect of machinery on Woolf’s brain is recorded in a letter giving an account of a boot factory in Leicester: “seeing machines freezes the top of one’s head” (*L2*, 19). The letter also gives the unsettlingly pacifying

effect that machines have on the poor. Having set up the dualistic binaries, then, between the mind and body, and the human and environment, in the 1903 journal entry above, the remainder of the entry above goes on to collapse it: “Then I go out into the country – plodding along as fast as I can go – not much thinking of what I see, or of anything, but the movement in the free air soothes & makes me sensitive at once”. The “plodding along” at once soothes the mind from thought and brings it back to the body, making the self “sensitive” to both and bringing the being to its senses, both perceptively and proprioceptively. The section on *Kew Gardens* in chapter four will expand on Woolf’s conception of action as the basis of thought for humans and animals alike.

The entry is titled “The Country in London” and, as Woolf’s fiction and journalistic writing attest, the city’s crowds and topography were a rich source for both her image-making and philosophical reflection concerning our topic here. An early diary entry in 1915, where she wrote that the “things one sees – & guesses at – the tumult & riot & busyness of it all – Crowded streets are the only places, too, that ever make me what-in-the-case-of-another-one-might-call think” (*ID*, 9), again shows how her technique of juxtaposition through hyphenation creates a language to fit her mode of thought, resistant to simple divisions between mind and world. But even from the end of her last London 1903 entry, we can see her acknowledgment, in writing of the book as “training for eye and hand”, of the sensuous origins (“legs, arms & noses”) of the images she has in her “head”. Here, dualistic divisions collapse through a marriage of the optic and the haptic in perception and writing.

It is perhaps no surprise to find Woolf, in collapsing strict delineations between such categories, using a linguistic device that also straddles categories, namely, the pun. Whereas, Lawrence's writing of optical illusions (discussed in the following chapter) also exposes the instabilities of visual perception alone, he uses the body as the basis of perception less obviously and playfully than Woolf. Two diary entries from March 1926 will suffice for example's sake. In the first, Woolf from her in-law's house, looks down from their windows onto "the top of old Mr Watkins' bald head skulling on the Thames. You look at two twisted stakes in the river which I took for cranes; & across Marlow to some hills. They motored us up into the hills, & it was oddly strangely still & bright & empty & full of unblown flowers" (3D, 64). Here, Woolf compresses the object (a bald head or "skull") and its action (rowing or "skulling") into a single pun which she uses to write its movement in perception and how this, in turn, collapses strict distinctions between the human subject and the environment through which it moves in her field of vision.

The second example is taken from an account of a day Woolf decided to spend at Greenwich at the end of the month: "arrived there at 1; lunched; everything fell out pat; smoked a cigarette on the pier promenade, saw the ships swinging up, one two, three, out of the haze; adored it all; yes even the lavatory keepers little dog; saw the grey Wren buildings fronting the river; & then another great ship, grey & orange; with a woman walking on deck" (3D, 72). Although, this may not strictly be a pun, like that of the first example, the referent of "the haze" is one of two things: either that created by Woolf's cigarette or to the atmospheric conditions at large. In the first reading, Woolf would show how the situation of the body actively conditions its own perceptual

field, whereas in the second, she would show the role that the environment plays in that same conditioning. Either reading, it seems, has the effect of demonstrating, as in the first example, the imbrication of the body and environment, and the implications which this has, in turn, for the writing of perception. In addition, in both examples she continues to use her technique of juxtaposition (albeit with the hyphens, used previously, substituted for ampersands in the first and semicolons in the second).

Editors of the letters and diaries have remarked variously on Woolf's punctuation, saying that it either "gives evidence of the careless affection with which she wrote"<sup>66</sup> or simply "suggests the pace of her writing"<sup>67</sup>. However, the examples above have shown that the punctuation of these autobiographical forms is also experimented with by Woolf in order to blur subject-object divisions through the juxtaposition of terms. Moreover, this technique seems to be closely related to her way of writing the exploration of a new place. We might, for example, compare the use of this technique in her writing of the same image in both letters and diaries:

We walked by the river, which is most beautiful – tearing over stones & splashing & leaping & thoroughly enjoying itself – with Jack in the morning. The rest went to church. (*EJ*, 130 (26.09.97))

The river is quite near the house – a river quite different from our beloved Thames – it is most fiery and excitable – Jack has been fishing all this morning but has caught nothing. (*LI*, (27.09.97))

Here, in these two pieces written within a day of each other, we have a perfect example of how Woolf, in the first (the diary), practiced image-making and then edited and re-cycled it in the second (the letter). Anne Olivier Bell's decision to "retain" Woolf's "invariable use" of the ampersand in the diary because it would then give "point to the few occasions when she does choose to spell out the conjunction"<sup>68</sup> is also shown to be

a good one in this comparison, as by their comparison the shift from the contingency of immediate perception in the diary to the more objective, journalistic style of the letter is all the more obvious.

However, rather than look comparatively at the letters and diaries (although this would make for a further rich area of study) I would like to dwell in greater detail on a holiday diary from 1906 by way of continuing our consideration of Woolf's punctuation and how, through it, she succeeds in writing the interpenetration of subject and object, and how, in the process, she subjects strict dualistic terms to a touch of irony. From this time in Norfolk, she "is half inclined" to "uphold a paradox" and state that it is "one of the most beautiful counties". Whilst there is a knowing touch of disingenuousness here, she lets "the artifice stand" since there is "no use in a closer gaze" for the present (*EJ*, 312). She does suggest, however, that such an opinion or paradox can only be understood by actually walking there. Later in the same diary, this skepticism towards the gaze alone is expanded as she reflects that "It is one of the wilful habits of the brain, let me generalise for the sake of comfort, that it will only work on its own terms. // You bring it opposite an object, & bid it discourse; it merely shuts its eye, & turns away" (*EJ*, 313). On the one hand, then, the brain, the eye, and their cumulative "gaze", are confounded in their attempt to impose a rational, optical order because of their "wilful" detachment from the object itself. We might also begin to infer the value of actively being in or walking through the county to the "discourse", rather than the brain passively sitting "opposite an object".

However, Woolf then proceeds through juxtaposition to write the scene: "A very hot August day, a bare road across a moor, fields of corn & stubble – a haze of

wood fire smoke – innumerable pheasants & partridges – white stones – thatched cottages – sign posts – tiny villages – great wagons heaped with corn – sagacious dogs, farmers carts. Compose there all somehow into a picture; I am too lazy to do it”<sup>69</sup> (*EJ*, 315). Again, in working out subject-object relations it is the syntax that bears the brunt of her experimentation, but how should we read this and, in particular, the final sentence? And who, for that matter, is the implied addressee? The reader is caught between an imperative instruction (something like “out of those images compose for yourself your own picture”) and the imperative to infer from the juxtapositions that the objects compose their own interrelation (independent of the spectator). Given the dualistic terms the entry sets up, the subject of the final sentence (“I am too lazy to do it”) is also problematic. Are we to take it that Woolf is just being lazy or is her “I” alluding to the “brain” that she has brought to the objects? I think that, although she is largely presenting visual images to the reader here, there is evidence that in asking them to “compose” the scene, she appeals to senses other than the visual (the “hot” day, the smell as well as the “haze” (again) of the “wood fire”). Any composition of the scene relies on these as much as the juxtaposition of the visual images which enact the movement of the eye across the scene. Woolf thus makes the process of the subject interacting with the world a condition of the scene itself. There is no willful optical bias, rather the dualistic terms earlier in the entry are rejected in favour of a sensuous language of experience that imbricates the subject with world in order to create perception, and a syntax that illustrates the contingency of these perceptions. As another example from an early letter shows, Woolf uses the terms of dualism in order to show the inadequacy of strict subject-object binaries. If writing for her is the

overflow of sensuous experience, then the interaction between the body, brain, and world is what language (and in this case the very material of it) gives voice to: “Jack [Hills] says that Italy is simply gorgeous now – hot and all the flowers out and the sky as blue as – my brain gives out – this ink will have to do for a simile” (LI, 30).

We will see in chapter four how Woolf’s empirical method of exploration and writing is used to challenge another of Jack Hills’s statements. However, here we can begin to see that, just as a paradox was the product of two different sensory modes, that Woolf’s “theories” (a word that she uses time and again in her autobiographical writing) can be seen in similar terms. Leonard Woolf’s preface to *A Writer’s Diary* drew attention to them as particularly rich sources for Virginia’s theories on writing. But throughout her (early) life, she often expressed her skepticism of “theories” to Violet Dickinson, on subjects from Jack Hills’s or Gerald Duckworth’s views of Italy,<sup>70</sup> friendship and others,<sup>71</sup> philanthropy,<sup>72</sup> and medicine.<sup>73</sup> Indeed, on this last topic, later in life she would often joke in letters to friends about her lacking a “heart”, after accusations of her “theoretical”, “rather bloodless point of view” (LI, 226-7).<sup>74</sup> But these two terms, as this letter to Violet Dickinson from the end of 1906 shows, were in constant flux:

I think housekeeping is what I do best, and I mean to run our house on very remarkable lines. Does housekeeping interest you at all? I think it really ought to be just as good as writing, and I never see – as I argued the other day with Nessa – where the separation between the two comes in. At least if you must put books on one side and life on t’ other, each is a poor and bloodless thing. But my theory is that they mix indistinguishably. (LI, 272)

As I began to show above in relation to the terms of dualism, the reconciliation between these terms (here the “theoretical” and the heartfelt) is often based on the movement and sensuousness of the body mediating between them. For example, after

“screwing out fine-drawn theories about trees for 3 hours” at the start of 1905, she resolved not to make any more in that journal, only to continue: “It may be my hopeful imagination – but I decidedly smell spring in the air” (*EJ*, 216). This openness to the world alongside her inclination for exploration and inquisitiveness allowed her to question those “theories [...] without end” about Stonehenge on a visit there in 1903: “& we, naturally, made a great many fresh, & indisputable discoveries of our own” (*EJ*, 199). Woolf’s “plans” would “spin every day” (*LI*, 505) and these would often be made on walks with members of her family.<sup>75</sup> Another letter to Violet Dickinson, in 1906, shows how on these walks the movement of the body supports that of the mind, and, in turn, language: “I had a walk on the Embankment with Katherine Furse the other day: it was like walking with a steam engine, and her mind never stops going. Still, it is a healthy kind of machine – and I suppose she has to get through her life somehow” (*LI*, 252). But whilst she hated “taking life seriously, and making plans” (*LI*, 97), these adventures seem to allow the mind to form and reform them whilst also having a bit of fun. These “plans” she would distinguish as the “fresh” and “imaginative” products of these walks, rather than merely “theories”, and this language for them is as much a product of her physical explorations as the plans themselves.

This development of a language for movement and experience would occupy Woolf throughout her writing life. In 1907 she would write: “I have a theory that, better than all insight & knowledge, final & supreme fruit of it, is one single sentence, six words long maybe; & that if you have not this forming at the top of your pen you had better write sedately of other things; accumulating touches” (*EJ*, 367). But if, by 1922, her “theories” about life became less frequent, the tension between her “exacting

brain" (2*D*, 157) standing off from the world and her body imbricated in it continue to underpin her writing of it:

The church bells ring, & though it is 10 minutes to eleven I can't see the face of the clock, nor even the trees in the garden. The birds wake us with their jangling about 7 o'clock; which I take to be a sign of spring, but then I am always optimistic. A thick mist, steam coloured obscures even twigs, let alone Towers Place. Why do I trouble to be so particular with facts? I think it is my sense of the flight of time: so soon Towers Place will be no more; & twigs, & I that write. I feel time racing like a film at the Cinema. I try to stop it. I prod it with my pen. I try to pin it down. (2*D*, 158-9)

As we saw in the excerpts above the dramatization of this tension is often achieved through experiments with lighting and atmosphere. So, just as the "haze of wood fire smoke" (*EJ*, 315) and the "haze" at Greenwich (3*D*, 72) were important in the 1906 and 1926 entries, respectively, here, it appears again when Woolf is trying to reconcile body and brain in the act of writing and, in turn, the sum of these with the "life" she saw other diarists pursuing above. Indeed, the advantage of this image of a "haze" or haecceity, for Woolf, is that it signifies, at once, the immersion of the body in the world and a critique of a rational, "ocularcentric" understanding of the experience. Certainly the most well known instance of the image in her writing is the "luminous halo" of her essay on "Modern Fiction". Indeed, from its opening paragraph, the essay looks skeptically upon optical, theoretical conclusions on the present, since on the plain where the battle of fiction is fought "little is visible" and the combatants themselves are "half blind with dust". This dust, in turn, becomes the "shower of innumerable atoms" for which the essay is remembered. But, here in the essay we see again that not only is the "luminous halo" the product of life and the consciousness that it surrounds, but that it must also be negotiated by "feeling" one's way through it. Both of these elements are supported by the form of Woolf's argument in the paragraph which proceeds

through deixis: "Look within and life, it seems, is very far from being 'like this'. [...] the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there"<sup>76</sup>.

Such imagery is often used by Woolf when talking about artistic or literary spatial form and it is possible to trace its development through the diaries and fiction. In 1908, she noted how Hardy forced "his warm human beings against a wire frame work of plot, as though they could not stand up by themselves" (*EJ*, 386-7). In *Jacob's Room* she had tried to approach the novel "differently" and without this "scaffolding": "scarcely a brick to be seen; all crepuscular, but the heart, the passion, the humour, everything as bright as fire in the mist" (*2D*, 13-4). Such imagery and its opposition of solidity and diffusion Woolf would use throughout her writing in different guises ("pattern" and "cotton wool", "granite" and "rainbow"). It was this which she admired in Proust's *In Search of Lost Time*: "the combination of the utmost sensibility with the utmost tenacity. He searches out the butterfly shades to the last grain. He is as tough as catgut & as evanescent as butterfly's bloom" (*3D*, 7). Interestingly, Proust and Lawrence were two writers that Woolf records having discussed together.<sup>77</sup> Reading Proust whilst writing *Mrs Dalloway* she wondered what the influence on her novel might be. In the novel, written amidst many "phychichal" (a word or mistake suggestive of the association of body and mind) changes, Woolf wrote to "get to the bones": "now I'm writing fiction again I feel my force flow straight from me at its fullest. After a dose of criticism I feel that I'm writing sideways, using only an angle of my mind" (*2D*, 248-9). Whilst the "force" is suggestive of Deleuzian posthumanism, the combination of solidity and diffusion (here bones and force) she

goes on, in fact, results in “more of a human being” (in life and fiction). But that is not to say that what being human means is not, in the process of writing, subject to redefinition (a subject to which we will return in chapter five). What is interesting to our discussion, though, is that the “feeling of nakedness” to which she felt she returned through this act of writing, recalls that which she recorded in her 1903 record of “A Dance at Queens Gate” in the “Hyde Park Gate Diary”, one in which she began to be interested by and to experiment with the meeting of two different light sources in terms of real and unreal (early expressions of the solidity and diffusion binary).<sup>78</sup> However, it must be said that the novel that approaches the Proustian aesthetic in terms similar to those Woolf recorded in her diary, above, is *To the Lighthouse*. Critics have hitherto overlooked the similarity of Woolf’s own phrase (on catgut and butterfly’s bloom) and that of Lily Briscoe concerning the aesthetic “problem of space” or, rather, that of spatial form: “Beautiful and bright it should be on the surface, feathery and evanescent, one colour melting into another like the colours on a butterfly’s wing; but beneath the fabric must be clamped together with bolts of iron” (*TL*, 186).

For Woolf, then, the problem of writing space both in an aesthetic and autobiographical form is interlinked with that of the body. Like those images used by Merleau-Ponty and other writers of space radiating out from the perceiving body, Woolf, through these metaphors attempts to give concrete form to this imbrication of body and world. In so doing, the metaphor also allows her to approach aspects of this subject, and, through the terms of dualism, examine the different (and constituent) aspects of this “human frame” (which, as she says in *A Room of One’s Own*, is “heart, body, and brain mixed together”). Occasionally she would even acknowledge the

funny side of this constant shifting about or between these terms, such as this to Vita Sackville-West in 1926: “No: I’m not susceptible to the mind: only the body (I think) [...] Oh damn the body” (3L, 227). But it is only through this movement in thought, these “artifices” and “paradoxes”, like the movement of the body, that life or a view of it avoids becoming a stale “theory”, and, in turn, that the writer can find a language approximate to “life”:

I don’t see how to write a book without people in it. Perhaps you mean that one ought not to attempt a “view of life”? [...] The human soul, it seems to me, orientates itself afresh every now and then. It is doing so now. No one can see it whole, therefore. The best of us catch a glimpse of a nose, a shoulder, something turning away, always in movement. Still, it seems better to me to catch this glimpse, than to sit down with Hugh Walpole, Wells, etc. etc. and make large oil paintings of fabulously fleshy monsters complete from top to toe. [...] But I agree that one must (we, in our generation must) renounce finally the achievement of the greater beauty: the beauty which comes from completeness. (2L, 598)

When these “touches” were accumulated in *To the Lighthouse* alongside Lily Briscoe’s aesthetic predicaments, Woolf wrote a novel in which these “glimpses” not only underpinned the characters’ encounters with and thought about their world, but also, in Lily’s case, the representation of that world.<sup>79</sup> But, as our look at her autobiographical writing has shown, the problem was not simply one of aesthetics. Such a language was crucial in order to adequately communicate her views of life to others in letters and in order for her to record it in her diary.

As I mentioned, this language of “forces”, “hazes”, and “halos” underpinned by a supposedly solid body that is always already partial and in movement, necessitates (or is part of) Woolf’s renegotiation of the human in more radical terms than a simple questioning of dualism. The example of nonhuman beings (from her fascination with animals and insects in childhood and those later personae in the letters) becomes a fruitful source when she considers perception and, in particular, questions the human’s

optical bias. In the examples above, butterflies characterize the coming into being of these evanescent “blooms” that, as we saw, in turn, necessitate a more tactile interaction with the world. The blending of electric and natural light in these effects also allows Woolf to criticize an increasingly technological and hierarchical society based on optical knowledge that, in turn, creates hopelessly dualistic subjects out of touch with the very environment in which they live. Here, in an entry from 1903 headed “Life in the Fields” Woolf, again, collapses the terms of dualism (here “mouth” and “brain”) in order to ironize this state of affairs and to affiliate herself with a more animal being:

It is in this kind of swoon, in which the body goes through its operations – the mouth takes in food, & the brain to some extent acts – that the country men & women pass their days – the Squire & his Lady I mean. [...] The inventor of lamps freed us from the tyranny of the sun. [...] If I lived here much longer I should get to understand the wonderful rise & swell & fall of the land. It is like some vast living thing, & all its insects & animals, save man, are exquisitely in time with it. (*EJ*, 203)

If, for Woolf, art, in its broadest sense, can put man back into touch with the world around him, or rather, is a by-product of an intense moment of being or act of attention that can point the way for those who follow in the wake of the artist, it is perhaps no surprise to find many artist figures in her work described as perceiving in similarly entomological terms. For example, a month after *Jacob's Room* was published (on the 27<sup>th</sup> of October 1922), with its opening description of the painter's brush suspended and trembling like “the antennae of some irritable insect” (*JR*, 4), Woolf wrote of her dinner with C. E. M. Joad and Marjorie Thomson: “we both liked him, & her too (but she was less self assertive, passed the cake, praised the dog, & sensitively appraised the situation with antennae quivering, woman like)” (*2D*, 214). Likewise, Lily Briscoe,

keeps “a feeler on her surroundings” (*TL*, 22) whilst she paints and Mrs Ramsay has an “antennae trembling out from her, which [intercepts] certain sentences” (*TL*, 116). When she was completing the novel, Woolf wrote in her diary: “I am doing Lily on the lawn: but whether its her last lap, I don’t know. Nor am I sure of the quality; the only certainty seems to be that after tapping my antennae in the air vaguely for an hour every morning I generally write with heat & ease till 12.30: & thus do my two pages” (*3D*, 106). We will see in the discussion of *Kew Gardens*, Woolf’s first aesthetically experimental work, how she revised the short story in order to incorporate the example of insect movement, perception, cognition, and “life” into art.

### *Screens*

A diary entry from Woolf’s visit to Turkey in 1906 demonstrates how the whole body, rather than vision alone, is active in perception for her. Standing in St. Sophia “with one brain 2 eyes, legs & arms in proportion” she is set to appreciate “it”. However, the visual impression “it” makes (“strange rays of light, octagonal & colourless; windows without stained glass; no screens across the church”) is, at once, a shadow of the awe of being there and deceptively fallible: “& was it a church? No; it was a great hall of business, or learning or law; for it was empty & circular, & the flagged pavement was covered with carpets” (*EJ*, 349). Like the entries discussed above, others during her visit to Greece and Turkey dwell upon the act of perception rather than the objects perceived. For example, at Olympia, the final work of appraising its statues “must be done by each fresh mind that sees them” (319); at the

Parthenon, “the eye was acted upon unconsciously” by the beauty of the statues; and of Mycenae, Woolf reflected: “is it not to study sides of all things that we travel?” (338). These experiences would be used to great effect in *Jacob's Room*, which itself fictionally recomposes Woolf's own trip to Greece. For example, the entry concerning the composing and recomposing of the images of the statues by each mind is presented as Jacob's process of actively comparing memories and images of Erechtheum and Sandra Wentworth Williams when they visit the Parthenon late in the novel: “She reminded him of Sandra Wentworth Williams. He looked at her, then looked away. He looked at her, then looked away. He was extraordinarily moved, and with the battered Greek nose in his head, with Sandra in his head, with all sorts of things in his head, off he started to walk right to the top of Mount Hymettus, alone, in the heat” (*JR*, 210). Just as Jacob walks in order to clarify the images, we saw above how Woolf, too, resolved thought and image through physical movement.

Another example of the fallibility of visual perception can be found in section II of the novel and is its structuring principle. In the sixth paragraph of the section, Betty Flanders “Shading her eyes” looks “along the road for Captain Barfoot”: “–yes, there he was, punctual as ever” (*JR*, 15). However, in the middle of the section, again “shading her eyes”, she asks her son, Archer, who it is she sees: ““That old man in the road?” said Archer, looking below. ‘He’s not an old man,’ said Mrs Flanders. ‘He’s – no, he’s not – I thought it was the Captain, but it’s Mr Floyd. Come along, boys’” (*JR*, 21). Although the chronology of the novel separates this one moment into two, Mrs Flanders's body language provides the reader with the necessary information in order to understand them together. Moreover, as the site and basis of perception, the state of

this body is shown, in turn, to affect perception (the vision of Mrs Flanders's older eyes being corrected by those of her younger son).<sup>80</sup>

Whereas Woolf, like Lawrence, uses intersubjectivity in her fiction to explore different perceptual approaches to the world, the diary provides an opportunity to see how she experimented with a language to express her own changeable thoughts on the subject. Here, I want to look at her sense of the merging of subject and object in perception and the consequent blurring of material categories. For example, in the "Olympia" entry above, she writes: "And the stone – if you call it stone – seems also acquiescent to the sculptors hand: it is almost liquid. Of the colour of alabaster, & of the solidity of marble. There is a beautiful polished foot which you may stroke with your own soft flesh" (*EJ*, 319). But later entries are concerned with the detachment of the subject perceiving visually, centring around the trope of the "screen", mentioned above in the entry on St. Sophia. Here I will briefly consider the concept of "screens" in the diary before moving on to the use made of the figure of the statue in Woolf's first novel *The Voyage Out* (1915).

As well as the *Early Journal* being the source of much material for *Jacob's Room* in 1922, in the following year Woolf also recorded her response to seeing her sister's daughter, Angelica, hospitalized, an entry in which the memory of Greece (where Vanessa herself had fallen ill) and the "screen" were present in her mind: "Nessa went back to sit there, & I saw again that extraordinary look of anguish, dumb, not complaining, which I saw in Greece, I think, when she was ill. The feelings of people who don't talk express themselves thus. My feeling was 'a pane of glass shelters me. I'm only allowed to look on at this.' at which I was half envious, half

grieved" (2D, 299). Woolf's use of the screen in the novel can be seen when Sandra looks in a glass (note again her use of punctuation when writing these shifting perceptions): "She shifted her hat slightly. Her husband saw her looking in the glass; and agreed that beauty is important; it is an inheritance; one cannot ignore it. But it is a barrier; it is in fact rather a bore. So he drank his soup; and kept his eyes fixed upon the window" (JR, 196). *Jacob's Room* is a novel full of screens and windows that affect perception,<sup>81</sup> and the same ambivalence towards the "pane of glass" is also written here. Whereas the diary entry suggests that it is something other than herself that allows her only to look on detachedly, Woolf's later entries, like *Jacob's Room*, further imbricate the body in perception in writing the "screen" as made out of the same "integument" as the self. At the end of July 1926, under the heading "Wandervögeln" (connecting again walking and the writing of perception) she wrote:

Two resolute, sunburnt, dusty girls, in jerseys & short skirts, with packs on their backs, city clerks, or secretaries, tramping along the road in the hot sunshine at Ripe. My instinct at once throws up a screen, which condemns them: I think them in every way angular, awkward, self assertive. But all this is a great mistake. These screens shut me out. Have no screens, for screens are made out of our own integument; & get at the thing itself, which has nothing whatever in common with a screen. The screen making habit, though, is so universal, that probably it preserves our sanity. If we had not this device for shutting people off from our sympathies, we might, perhaps, dissolve utterly. Separateness would be impossible. But the screens are in the excess; not the sympathy. (3D, 104)

The critique of the screen here is bound up with that of (her) class snobbery, something which the prime minister's car, whose windows screen its passenger from the London crowd, in *Mrs Dalloway*, would also do. The sense that the screen (or ideal or prejudice) encourages thinking in terms of subject-object opposition rather than a rapport between them was one shared by Lawrence and expressed in similar terms in a late letter of his to Ottoline Morrell: "I find the young so afraid of having genuine

feelings, and especially of feeling attachment, of warm affection. They want to be so detached, like bits of glass. But I think the gentle flow of affection is really wonderful” (7L, 235). What these examples show, then, is that the perceiving subject is also an emotional subject. Intersubjective, or at least interactive, moments inevitably rely on movement (kinesics) for their expression. Just as Woolf’s walks mediate between mind and body, theory and praxis, in the two quotations that follow – one from a letter to Ottoline Morrell in October 1917, the other from *Mrs Dalloway* – movement disrupts the “screen” of visual perception and, in turn, stimulates involuntarily something “human” (my italics added for emphasis):

The walk in the rain was romantic and so satisfactory from my point of view – but then I like you yourself, beneath the depressions and *agitations and varieties of the surface*. By this time surely, our degree of polish is scratched through, and we have come upon something – I have, anyhow – human and true beneath. (L2, 190)

For the *surface agitation* of the passing car as it sunk grazed something very profound. (MD, 21)

Moreover, in collapsing her own surface-depth binaries and bringing sensorimotor perception to the visual, she also writes visual perception in tactile terms. Whilst the sense of self bolstered by the recognition of the self-other dynamics in vision is important to both Woolf and Lawrence, the “feeling” subject acknowledges this, but, in throwing the boundaries between subject and object into question through touch, they thereby enter into new feelings with that other. Although Woolf could imagine to Violet Dickinson how “Life would be so much simpler if we could flay the outside skin all the talk and pretences and sentiments one doesn’t feel etc etc etc – That’s why I get on with you isn’t it? (here you must show great emotion)” (L1, 97), her parenthesis here acknowledges the joy (and humour) of embodied existence. If

“screens” are “made out of our own integument” it must also be said that this same integument, for both Woolf and Lawrence, is also the medium through which “great emotion” between others is communicated. Skin is a surface which can be made-up, concealed, and smoothed over which, in turn, produces a distortion of the subject (as Leonard Woolf in his Academy picture analogy was well aware). But it is also, for Merleau-Ponty, a “lunar landscape” (*PP*, 352), rough, structured, able to sense pressure, temperature, movement, and to assume simultaneously “the rôles of ‘touching’ and ‘touched’” (*PP*, 106).

But if the lines between different materials are blurred in this act of feeling, what are the implications for the humanness of the subject that touches and is touched? For both Woolf and Lawrence, statues are an opportunity to foreground this question, in relation to the writing of visual perception in tactile terms. However, whereas in the letter above to Ottoline, Woolf found something “human” beneath the surface,<sup>82</sup> Lawrence, famously, in his letters surrounding *The Rainbow*, found the inhuman or “non-human” beneath the surface: “I went to the British Museum – and I know, from the Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture – what we are after. We want to realise the tremendous *non-human* feelings and attachments, that matter. These are all only expressive, and expression has become mechanical” (*2L*, 218 [Lawrence’s italics]). By returning to *The Voyage Out* and Woolf’s revisions to her first draft, *Melymbrosia*, we will see how she emended the novel to emphasise non-verbal, intersubjective communication alongside her writing of bodies as statues.

## *Statues*

Whilst literary modernism has been considered amongst contemporaneous evolutions in the musical, visual,<sup>83</sup> cinematic,<sup>84</sup> and balletic arts,<sup>85</sup> little attention has been given to it in relation to the figure of the statue and sculpture. This is surprising given that writers, such as Nietzsche and Freud, whose influence on modernism is undisputed, use the figure of the sculpture in much of their writing.<sup>86</sup> Indeed, even less widely influential if nonetheless noteworthy writers of the period, such as Havelock Ellis in *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, take up the figure. Ellis's consideration is of particular interest here as he uses the statuesque form to address the relationship between vision and touch: "The spectacle of force [for example, when looking at a muscled male form], while it remains strictly within the field of vision, really brings us, although unconsciously, impressions that are correlated with another sense – that of touch. In admiring strength we are really admiring a tactile quality made visible"<sup>87</sup>. As Mark Paterson shows in his discussion of Condillac's statue, the figure of the statue coming to life is central to the history of writing on the senses.<sup>88</sup>

Ellis also discusses "Pygmalionism", or falling in love with statues, both in a general sense, and in those "restricted cases in which a man requires of a prostitute that she shall assume the part of a statue which gradually comes to life, and finds sexual gratification in this performance alone"<sup>89</sup>. Scobie and Taylor revisited the term in the 1970s and clarified the particular and peculiar erotic distinctions between fetishism, Pygmalionism, and, what they call, "Agalmatophilia" or the establishment of "exclusive sexual relationships with statues", as well as sketching some manifestations

of the latter in literature.<sup>90</sup> Among the most popular and best remembered instances of the figure of Pygmalion in modern literature is surely that of George Bernard Shaw's play. Shaw's Pygmalion, Eliza Doolittle, comes to her senses (or sensibility) in a somewhat different way to that of Ovid, but other Modern writers, such as Lawrence and Woolf, use the figure of Pygmalion more literally and examine the effect of modernization on the senses in describing their characters in terms of statues and automata. The figure of the moving and sexualized statue in their novels will be the focus of this section. As we saw briefly in the example from *Jacob's Room* above, the statue in their work occupies a place somewhere between the human and inhuman. Through these figures and in the meeting of flesh and stone they are able to explore the various dynamics at work between the corporeality of the human form and an idealism or aestheticism at odds with its sensuousness. Kenneth Gross in a discussion of *The Dream of the Moving Statue* (1992) remarks on how "the humanizing of a nonliving thing can entail, almost as a compensation, a simultaneous objectification of the human, in which the life released in the object entraps us in turn [...] images of animation and petrification circulate around each other, how they collide and parody each other"<sup>91</sup>.

The statue in (literary) modernism, then, occupies a central place in the period's re-evaluation of the human (body) and, in particular, in its reappraisal of vision in relation to the other senses, especially touch. Tamar Garb, in a fascinating study of *Bodies of Modernity: Figure and Flesh in Fin-de-Siècle France* (1998), discusses the cross-pollination between sculpting and body building, in relation to such figures as Alexandre Maspoli (a sculptor and body builder), Edmond Desbonnet, and Eugene

Sandow, the latter being, for Garb, “arguably the most photographed male body of the period”<sup>92</sup>, and whose eponymous exercises find mention in the literature of the period from Joyce’s *Ulysses* to Woolf’s diary.<sup>93</sup> The foundation of magazines, such as *La Revue Athlétique* (in 1890) and *La Culture Physique* (by Desbonnet in 1904), ensured the circulation of images in which “ancient sculptures and modern man could be happily juxtaposed in the two-dimensional world of the photographic print” and, through the rhetoric of Classical sculpture, promoted the idea of body building as a means of (re)gaining the physiological perfection of the ancients, which would, in turn, correct the defects of Modern man who was “gradually being destroyed by the effects of modernisation”<sup>94</sup>. Indeed, Garb notes, a “number of famous body builders earned their livings as artists’ models, claiming to be modern incarnations of classical heroes”<sup>95</sup> and, in turn, aspiring body builders “could purchase their own small bronze models of the statue of Professor Desbonnet”<sup>96</sup>. Thusly, Garb says, body builders, “elevate[d] their activity to an art that transcended the merely physical”<sup>97</sup>.

Like Garb, Heather McPherson’s discussion of Sarah Bernhardt (the actress loved by Paul Morel in *Sons and Lovers* (1913)) draws attention to the way in which she, too, exploited the rhetoric of Classical sculpture in her marketing.<sup>98</sup> This goes to show that images of the body as or becoming statuesque were popular and common photographic images during the period in which Lawrence and Woolf were writing, and it is therefore understandable that they, too, as well as other writers of the day, would experiment with these images in fiction. By this I mean not to consider statues as symbols in their novels, as has been done, say, by Jeffrey Meyers in his consideration of Mark Gertler’s *Merry-Go-Round* (1916) in *Women in Love*.<sup>99</sup> Rather, I

mean to look in detail at descriptions of human bodies as statues in their work as sites where, in smoothing over the sensuous surface of the skin, they show, by contrast, that this very chiasmal boundary that alternates between “touching” and “touched” to put us into touch with the other is crucial to definitions of the human.

In *The Voyage Out*, a similar scene occurs to that in *Jacob's Room* above, in which the images of the statue and Sandra Wentworth Williams's head are superimposed, or, rather, the one in the foreground stands out against the other in the background in Jacob's perception. Helen Ambrose, “from her position”, sees St John Hirst's head “in front of the dark pyramid of a magnolia tree”:

She looked at him against the background of flowering magnolia. There was something curious in the sight. Perhaps it was that the heavy wax-like flowers were so smooth and inarticulate, and his face – he had thrown his hat away, his hair was rumped, he held his eye-glasses in his hand, that a red mark appeared on either side of his nose – was so worried and garrulous. It was a beautiful bush, spreading very widely, and all the time she had sat there talking she had been noticing the patches of shade and flowers sat in the midst of the green. She had noticed it half-consciously, nevertheless the pattern had become part of their talk. (*VO*, 234-5)

Hirst's marked and damaged skin here speaks garrulously to Helen in contrast to the “smooth” flowers in spite of the obvious abyss between them. We can see here that, even from her earliest fiction, Woolf grounds perception in the body, making the reader aware of Helen's “position” before giving her perception. Position, pose, and posture are themselves important throughout *The Voyage Out* to her exploration of relationships. As in *To the Lighthouse*, shoulders are mentioned constantly as body parts that act as co-ordinates for perception and intersubjective contact.

One posture in particular is characteristic of *The Voyage Out* and establishes the conflation between body and statue in the novel, through which Woolf explores intersubjectivity through non-verbal means, most importantly through touch. At the

end of the first chapter Mr Pepper creates a diversion from the awkward, failing social situation that has come about in the dialogue: “leaping on to his seat, both feet tucked under him, with the action of a spinster who detects a mouse, as the draught struck his ankles. Drawn up there, sucking at his cigar, with his arms encircling his knees, he looked like the image of Buddha, and from this elevation began a discourse, for nobody had called for it, upon the unplumbed depths of the ocean” (*VO*, 18). The body language here suggests that of another Modern narrator, Conrad’s Charlie Marlow in *Heart of Darkness*, who also sits “apart, indistinct and silent, in the pose of a meditating Buddha”<sup>100</sup>. However, whereas this body language sets Marlow apart from Conrad’s other characters, whilst it does signify feelings of isolation, the imitation of it by several characters in *The Voyage Out* allows Woolf to explore how bodies are sensitive to changes in one another and the ways in which their skin speaks.

After the party in chapter twelve, Rachel and her companions walk back to their hotel, stopping on the way to sit and look down over the bay. Here, Mr Pepper’s body language is taken up by St John Hirst, becoming his “favourite position” as his brain, like Pepper’s, works in “a condition of abnormal activity”: “his arms binding his legs together and his chin resting on the top of his knees” (*VO*, 189). We saw in the introduction how Hirst was plagued by the problem of solipsism through Woolf’s use of the image of the chalk circle. There I focused on her use of the shape in the deixis of the novel, but it will be clear now that the chalk is significant here in the metaphor of the statues in relation to the solipsism in the novel. However, in the way in which Hirst’s posture recalls Mr Pepper’s, Woolf begins to show how, in their very isolation, these figures share a common relatedness. Whilst there may be an “abyss” between

himself and Helen Ambrose before she focalizes him against the backdrop of the magnolia tree (*VO*, 233), these isolated, statuesque figures stand out against the landscapes of *The Voyage Out*, from the narrator describing Rachel as the “most vivid thing” in the landscape “an heroic statue in the middle of the foreground dominating the view” (136), to Terence Hewet’s observation of how a group of the characters “standing in a row with their figures bent slightly forward and their clothes plastered by the wind to the shape of their bodies [resemble] naked statues” (147), to Helen Ambrose who “stand[s] out from the rest like a great stone woman” (150). In a diary entry on the “Acropolis” in 1906, Woolf remarked on the statues she saw in terms that make clear this sense of their intrinsic containment within their form and their breaking of it in an almost material merger with their surrounding space: “They glory in it; one foot just advanced, their hands, one conceives, loosely curled at their side. And the warm blue sky flows into all the crevices of the marble; yet they detach themselves, & spring in to the air, with crisp edges, unblunted, & still virile & young” (*EJ*, 323). We can see this in another instance of the posture later in the novel where Hewet is attracted by Rachel when her dress clings to the shape of her body and she, like Hirst, takes off her hat and rests her face on her hand, looking out to sea (*VO*, 238).

This unspoken relationship between the characters through this pose is seen most clearly in chapter twenty-one when Helen knocks Rachel to the ground on the excursion to the island. It is worth looking at both the final version and the draft version, *Melymbrosia*, together because the comparison shows how Woolf revises her novel so that it operates through non-verbal communication rather than through dialogue. In her revisions to the approach to the island, we can see Woolf preparing

the reader to be attentive to non-verbal behavior as the primary mode of communication in the remainder of the scene:

They were all standing in the angle of the bow; they were passing an island in the middle of the river; two great white birds stood there on stilt like legs. It was a beautiful little island, with trees on it; but the beach was unmarked save by the prints of birds' feet. (*M*, 204)

Every word sounded quite distinctly in Terence's ears; but what were they saying and who were they talking to, and who were they these fantastic people, detached somewhere high up in the air? [...] The river had widened again, and they were passing a little island set like a dark wedge in the middle of the stream. Two great white birds with red lights on them stood there on stilt-like legs, and the beach of the island was unmarked, save by the skeleton print of the birds' feet. (*VO*, 320-1)

The "dark wedge" of the island looks backwards to "the dark pyramid of a magnolia tree" against which Helen sees Hirst and forwards to Lily Briscoe's "wedge shaped core of darkness" at the centre of her painting in *To the Lighthouse*. Here, as in *To the Lighthouse*, in the final version, as they approach the symbolic, language's capacity to function intersubjectively is suspended and only highlights their "fantastic" otherness, in a similar way to Lawrence's use of "chatter" in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or Woolf's suspicion of speech as an intersubjective tool in this section of her essay "On Being Ill":

things are said, truths blurted out, which the cautious respectability of health conceals [...] That illusion of the world so shaped that it echoes every groan, of human beings so tied together by common needs and fears that a twitch at one wrist jerks another [...] where however far you travel in your own mind someone has been there before you – is all an illusion [...] Human beings do not go hand in hand the whole stretch of the way. There is a virgin forest in each; a snowfield where even the print of birds' feet is unknown [...] always to be understood would be intolerable.<sup>101</sup>

In *Lady Chatterley* Lawrence mediates verbal intersubjectivity through non-verbal touch, whereas in *The Voyage Out*, Woolf initially manages it through shared visual perception. As we saw in the discussion of deixis in this novel, it is characteristic of

this early work for Woolf's characters to use gestures and indicators during conversation to guide their interlocutor's gaze. However, as we shall see, Woolf's later novels employ more haptic behaviour to write intersubjectivity. For example, comparing the draft and final versions of the approach to the island, we can see how Woolf emended the point of view so as to incorporate many intersubjective perceptions, in the shift from "she" to "they":

She [Rachel] had grown so accustomed to the darkness of trees on either side of her, that she looked up with a start when the space seemed suddenly to widen.

[...]

They had come to Rachel's open space. No change could have been greater. On either side of the river lay an open flat lawn, grass covered, and planted, for the look suggested human thought, with trees upon mounds; they swelled and sank gently. (*M*, 207-8)

They had grown so accustomed to the wall of trees on either side that they looked up with a start when the light suddenly widened out and the trees came to an end.

[...]

Indeed no change could have been greater. On both banks of the river lay an open lawn-like space, grass covered and planted, for the gentleness and order of the place suggested human care, with graceful trees on the top of little mounds. As far as they could gaze, this lawn rose and sank with the undulating motion of an old English park. The change of scene naturally suggested a change of position, grateful to most of them. They rose and leant over the rail. (*VO*, 325)

When they finally disembark, however, Woolf begins to explore intersubjectivity through tactility. Terence and Rachel walk ahead and would like to "take each other by the hand" were it not for their "consciousness of eyes fixed on them from behind" (*VO*, 328). As they become closer, language continues to become more sensuous than sense-bearing and the voices of the others fail to reach them; the "repetition of Hewet's name in short, dissevered syllables" is to them "the crack of a dry branch or the laughter of a bird" (*VO*, 330). Only haptic contact can intervene, and a "hand [drops] abrupt as iron on Rachel's shoulder" and Helen knocks her to the ground:

finally laying her [Rachel] absolutely flat upon the ground [...] Rachel saw Helen's head hanging over her, very large against the sky.

"I love Terrence better!" she exclaimed.

"Terence" Helen exclaimed.

She sat clasping her knees and looking down upon Rachel who still lay with her head on the grass staring in to the sky.

"Are you happy?" she asked.

"Infinitely!" Rachel breathed, and turning round was clasped in Helen's arms. (*M*, 209)

Through the waving stems she saw a figure, large and shapeless against the sky. Helen was upon her [...] she [Rachel] was speechless and almost without sense [...] Over her loomed two great heads, the heads of a man and woman, of Terence and Helen.

Both were flushed, both laughing, and the lips were moving; they came together and kissed in the air above her. Broken fragments of speech came down to her on the ground. She thought she heard them speak of love and then of marriage. Raising herself and sitting up, she too realized Helen's soft body, the strong and hospitable arms swelling and breaking in one vast wave. When this fell away, and the grasses once more lay low, and the sky became horizontal, and the earth rolled out flat on each side, and the trees stood upright, she was the first to perceive a little row of human figures standing patiently in the distance. For the moment she could not remember who they were. (*VO*, 330-1)

Woolf's emendations further emphasise this point: in the final version, the dialogue is omitted and the scene is conducted through entirely non-verbal means. The fragmented sounds of speech come down to Rachel but it is their laughter and kissing that make more sense to her. In the final version, Woolf is also more successful at writing the body's role in perception, condensing the details from the first two passages of narrative in *Melymbrosia* into the succinct "Through the waving stems she saw" in the first paragraph of the *Voyage Out* excerpt, which both deftly situates the body and the way in which the body, from this position, has its perspective changed by the environment (the moving grasses). In the second paragraph, Woolf then cancels Helen's posture ("clasping her knees") associated with the solipsistic statuesque poses (above) from the draft and replaces it with the repeated term "figure" in the final version. The word (figure) echoes Terence's perception of the people "standing in a

row with their figures bent slightly forward” resembling “naked statues” (quoted above) and demonstrates through this shared idiom of perception something that bridges their difference, although it is never made explicit or verbal.

But if the effect of the revisions is to create a heightened sense of estrangement in the visual modality through this “figure” of the statue, others demonstrate its paradoxical aspect of relatedness-in-otherness through the descriptions of tactility. Whereas in *Melymbrosia* Helen coldly “clasp[s]” Rachel, in *The Voyage Out* the body of the “figure” is paradoxically “soft”, as well as “strong” and “hospitable”. Attention to the quality of the skin is also seen in Rachel registering them as “flushed”. If speech is “fragmentary” and vision smoothes the human body into a figure of abstraction then the skin is, at once, the site of abstraction and the medium through which this otherness might be breached through touch. Towards the end of the book, Rachel thinks this difference and concludes that “all this was superficial, and had nothing to do with the life that went on beneath the eyes and the mouth and the chin, for that life was independent of her, and independent of everything else” (*VO*, 367-8). By including that innocuous body part, the “chin” (or one thinks of the “chiseled” jaw), that has been so central to the pose suggesting inhuman isolation and abstraction, Woolf shows, here, Rachel moving beyond the surfaces of visual perception (“eyes”) and verbal language (“mouth”) towards a position that includes a complex inscription of in/human being on the surface of the body. As the quotations from the letter to Ottoline and *Mrs Dalloway* above show, it is only by grazing this surface non-verbally that the human can be felt. But it is also in the grazes of the skin themselves, those anomalous “red marks” (of visual prosthesis) on Hirst’s nose, that we see it as a complex, non-

homogenous surface that resists the smooth abstractness it has in vision alone; we thereby see the skin speak of the human beneath the inhuman. These grazes and marks, as in the quotations above, make clear to the spectator that the skin is not only surface but also crucially related to depth, to flesh and the visceral. As Kenneth Gross also notes, the “sign of life that lends animation to a statue in many cases takes the explicit form of a wound; it can look like a thing that violates, mars, or stains the statue”<sup>102</sup>. It makes sense, then, that vision and touch are aligned by Woolf in her recovery of the human body from an exclusively visual inhuman. Looked at microscopically, the skin, for Merleau-Ponty, becomes a strange “lunar landscape” and looked at from too great a distance the body, for him, “loses its living value, and is seen simply as a puppet or automation” (*PP*, 352). Through her own use of the “figure” or statue, Woolf seems to be saying, with Merleau-Ponty, that “the living body *itself* appears when its microstructure is neither excessively nor insufficiently visible”. By keeping the body at arm’s length or within reach and the visual and tactile modalities in tune, these writers show how its living value must be felt not abstracted.

By way of brief comparison of this technique with Lawrence’s description of bodies as statues in his fiction, I will draw an example from *The Rainbow*. There are, of course, many others that could have been examined – from George or Annable in *The White Peacock* (294) to Mellors or Connie in *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* – but those from *The Rainbow* are interesting in light of Lawrence’s letters. As well as the letter from the end of September 1914 (quoted above) about the sculptures in the British Museum and his most famous letter to Edward Garnett about the “inhuman will” in contrast with “the old stable ego of the character” in June of that year (*2L*, 182-4), in

January Lawrence wrote to Henry Savage putting these later ideas in similarly sculptural terms:

I have done 340 pages of my novel. It is very different from *Sons and Lovers*. The Laocoon writhing and shrieking have gone from my new work, and I think there is a bit of stillness, like the wide, still, unseeing eyes of a Venus of Melos. I am still fascinated by the Greek – more, perhaps, by the Greek sculpture than the plays, even though I love the plays. There is something in the Greek sculpture that my soul is hungry for – something of the eternal stillness that lies under all movement, under all life, like a source, incorruptible and inexhaustible. It is deeper than change, and struggling. So long have I acknowledged only the struggle, the stream, the change. And now I begin to feel something of the source, the great impersonal which never changes and out of which all change comes. I begin to feel it in myself – so much one has fought and struggled, and shed so much blood and made so many scars and disfigured oneself. But all the time there is the unscarred and beautiful in me, even an unscarred and beautiful body. And at moments, it is seen almost pure, I think. As a rule one sees only the intertwining of change and a distortion of half made combinations and half resolved movements. But there is behind every woman who walks, and who eats her meal, a Venus of Melos, still, unseeing, unchanging, and inexhaustible. And there is a glimpse of it everywhere, in somebody, at some moment – a glimpse of the eternal and unchangeable that they are. And some people are intrinsically beautiful – most are pathetic, because so rarely they are their own true beauty. And some people are intrinsically [...] <sup>103</sup> fearful, strange forms half-uttered. And all any man can do is to struggle to be true to his own pure type. And some men are intrinsically monkeys, or dogs – but they are few, and we must forget them once they are muzzled. (2L, 137-8)

It is poignant to hear Lawrence writing in these terms: a man who, from boyhood had struggled with illness, and who would die young with scarred lungs; a man who imagined, in the very book about which he was writing, the bodies of men and women being transfigured into angels. As discussed in chapter one, his struggle to simultaneously give voice to both the personal, “half resolved movements” of the self-in-process and the impersonal, “still, unseeing, unchanging, and inexhaustible” self beneath this in the letters often manifests itself at the level of language in his pronominal shifting between first- and third-person forms, as in this letter. Through the statuesque description in *The Rainbow*, Lawrence attempts to show these different levels of character, thereby exploring surface/depth dynamics in his consideration of the in/human and, like Woolf, the relationship between the body and space in (visual) perception.

Joseph Kestner has discussed “Sculptural Character in Lawrence’s *Women in Love*” and in so doing touched on *The Rainbow*. Taking the metaphor of sculpture, he writes that, whilst the characters all “sculpt each other”, women have the ability to sculpt themselves: “witness the chapter ‘Anna Victrix,’ for this woman, in bearing Ursula, has made herself into the perfect Pygmalion, conceiving and bringing to actuality a human being. She is, therefore, given the name of a statue in her moment of triumph, ‘Anna Victrix’”<sup>104</sup>. What is interesting about the image of Pygmalion is that movement is clearly the medium through which the in/human is contested: in coming to life Ovid’s statue, like Condillac’s later use of it, comes to its senses and to human being; however, in the movement itself it constantly gives lie to this human being in harking back to its statuesque, inhuman form antithetical to such literal movement.

Another criticism Kestner makes is that Lawrence’s paintings suffer overly from a propensity to distort the body and to portray it as still without any suggestion of previous movement or of movement at all. Whilst Lawrence may not have been the best or even an original painter, I think this is unfair. Lawrence was exacting in requesting photographic images from the Brewsters early in 1928 from which to model movement, and his paintings from this time, such as *Jaguar Leaping at a Man*, *Yawning*, *Dance Sketch*, and *Fire Dance*, all clearly capture human and animal bodies in motion. Keith Sagar, writing on *Dance Sketch* in his most recent book on the paintings, aligns this state, through Lawrence’s own writing on the flux of all matter in “Art and Morality” (1925), with James Lovelock’s Gaia or deep ecology.<sup>105</sup> Stefania Michelucci has a similar sense of the paintings (as well as commenting indirectly on body language in Lawrence’s work more generally):

For him, this language [the body's] is full of tenderness and rich in discoveries, implying a harmonious relationship with the self and one's fellow beings; it is a forgotten language based on touch, movement, and gesture, issuing directly from the innermost womb of mother earth – it is the language of the love encounters between Connie and the gamekeeper in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. And this is the reason why his paintings are crowded with bodies in movement, captured in the fullness of their physical impulses and set harmoniously in their surrounding environment.<sup>106</sup>

However, if we take a painting like *Fire Dance*, for example, we can see that Lawrence, in keeping with Kestner's reading, has "distorted" or enlarged the buttocks and thighs of the man on the left of the painting, whilst also conveying a sense of negligent, skipping movement, in keeping with Sagar's and Michelucci's sense of the paintings. If, as Gross says, statues "void the human body's scandalous interior life [both emotional and physical]" they also, like dance, "lend the body the character of silent speech"<sup>107</sup>. But in his paintings it seems that Lawrence, rather, exploits the tension between the statuesque and the balletic in order to give a sense of both the solid, objective human body that is "there" but which, in movement, tests the confines of its form in merging with the circumambient universe. It is this kind of effect that Lawrence achieves through his descriptions of bodies as moving statues in *The Rainbow*. Rather than follow Kestner and look at Anna, however, I will focus on Lawrence's use of the technique in writing the perception of others by Ursula Brangwen.

At the opening of the chapter "Shame" the reader learns of an occasion at school on which Ursula, through a passage of Latin, is shown to be in touch with the Classical world: "she knew how the blood beat in a Roman's body; so that ever after she felt she knew the Romans by contact" (*R*, 335). This is significant throughout the chapter, especially when, during a trip to the swimming baths, she perceives her

teacher, Miss Inger, as a statue. Against the “whitish marble-like confines” of the baths, Ursula sees her as moulded and moving out of this very background: “Her knees were so white and strong and proud, and she was firm-bodied as Diana. She walked simply to the side of the bath, and with a negligent movement, flung herself in. For a moment Ursula watched the white, smooth, strong shoulders [...] the whole body was defined, firm and magnificent, as it seemed to the girl” (R, 337-8). As in his letters, Lawrence illustrates the difference between her perception of a human body and an inhuman statue grammatically, in the shift from the pronoun “her”, in Ursula’s perception of Miss Inger’s body parts, to the more objective definite article “the”.

Like Helen’s focalization of Hirst’s head against the Magnolia tree or Merleau-Ponty’s meditation on the skin above, the emergence of the figure from the background here is important to the questioning of its human status. Visual perception is emphasized in the qualifying “Ursula watched” and “so it seemed to the girl”, and her tendency to objectify her lovers in this way in statuesque terms can be seen throughout *The Rainbow*, from Miss Inger here to Anthony Schofield’s “hard, well-hewn face” (R, 416), and in her sister’s “flashing eyes” that make her look like “a vivid Medusa” (WL, 507) in the “Snowed Up” chapter of *Women in Love*. The ability of women to “sculpt themselves” of which Kestner speaks (somewhat strangely) in his reading of “Anna Victrix” can be seen in the way in which Lawrence shows how Ursula constructs these perceptions. After her brief affair with Miss Inger, the latter becomes for her “clayey” and her hips “big and earthy”; in other words she becomes again the raw, human material from which Ursula constructed the ideal, inhuman image of her.

However, Ursula is still in search of “some fine intensity, instead of this heavy cleaving of moist clay, that cleaves because it has no life of its own” (*R*, 344). Her answer is to refocus her attention upon Anton Skrebensky, whom she has seen as too “fluid” in his youth, but that, as a man, she thinks he must have “inevitably set” into a “cold otherness of being” (*R*, 442). But the reader is aware that this will be an encounter as unsatisfying as that with Miss Inger. In the scene in which she and Anton kiss beneath the haystack, Anton’s inability to “touch” Ursula emotionally has led to his objectification by her in statuesque terms. Ursula’s physical “caress” on the other hand has had the ability to restore and bolster “the whole shell”, the “whole form and figure of him”, but despite this she feels (and the haptic medium here is crucial) that there is, in fact, “no core to him” (*R*, 323). In his description here Lawrence makes clear a subtle distinction between the objectification of the other as a statue through the master-slave dynamic of the gaze,<sup>108</sup> and their intrinsic inhuman core necessary for a successful relationship based on their otherness. Anton lacks this core for Ursula and so he becomes like the figure of Ozymandias, “cut off at the knees, a figure made worthless”, “a crippled trunk, dependent, worthless” (*R*, 462) and, at the close, lies with his face buried “partly in the sand, motionless, as if he would be motionless now for ever, hidden away in the dark, buried” (*R*, 480), the same position in which the statuesque funicular operators are found dead in the essay “Mercury” (discussed in chapter one). As we saw in Lawrence’s letter to Henry Savage above, this core of the inhuman beneath the layer of the human is put in terms of “stillness” and movement. But here to be “motionless” is not the same as to be “still”. Whilst Ursula’s youthful idealism and objectification of her lovers through sexual experimentation is not free

from criticism, Lawrence's language here, as with his attendant shifts between pronouns, makes clear that his lack of stillness is something he himself lacks, rather than this lack being projected onto him by Ursula (as happens in her repulsion from Miss Inger after their affair). Touch then in Lawrence's experimentation with these metaphors, as with Woolf's, is the means through which this inhuman core that has no relation to the other might, paradoxically, be felt. But whereas, for Woolf, vision and touch were the senses employed in the negotiation of in/human contestations inscribed on the surface or skin of the subject, for Lawrence the statuesque, although also negotiated through these modes of perception, is more closely related to depth and the deep processes of emotion or "feeling" within the body.

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Given Woolf's plastic sense of language in both her autobiographical and fictional writing, sculpture provides a neat metaphor for the process of writing life. Although in her essay on John Evelyn's diary she berates his writing for being "opaque rather than transparent", that is, "we see no depths through it, nor any very secret movements of the mind or heart"<sup>109</sup>, another of her own diary entries shows a more favorable view of the opacity of language and the figure of the writer as a kind of sculptor of words: "I keep thinking of different ways to manage my scenes; conceiving endless possibilities; seeing life, as I walk about the streets, an immense opaque block of material to be conveyed by me into its equivalent language" (*ID*, 214). This metaphor also illustrates the way in which subjectivity and space are closely related

and mutually shape one another. As with other moderns from Bergson to Proust, Woolf's letters and diaries show how the body becomes habituated to certain locations. But they also record the joy and delight of life on the road in the sensuous exploration of new spaces. The imbrication of the body and the world and the consequent challenge to humanistic distinctions between the two in her writing, through the metaphor of the statue, are part of this.<sup>110</sup>

We have seen throughout this chapter how crucial embodiment and movement are to Woolf's sensuous writing in her autobiographical forms, and how, from aesthetic theories to the practical arrangements of life, thought and action go hand in hand in them. So, if the presence of another for her could check "the flow" of her "subcutaneous life" like "a light on the surface of [her] mind", she, like Helen Ambrose or Lily Briscoe above, would also think of how "to break into this other life which is 6 inches off mine in the deck chair in the orchard?" (*3D*, 188-9). To Vita Sackville-West she had already intimated "how little we know anyone, only movements and gestures, nothing connected continuous, profound" (*L3*, 204-5). As we have seen, this could lead to her writing of solipsistic withdrawals. But through her celebration of these ephemeral movements and gestures alongside her more well-known experiments with visual perception, we see her pointing towards how such solipsism might be overcome. This retiring, snobbish, and reclusive side of Woolf is, after all, only one side of her. As the volume let alone the content of her letters attests, she was as actively outgoing, frivolous, and sociable on the written page as she was in person. The kind of writer who could write of letters: "on condition that you don't believe a word I say, I will scribble for an hour or two whatever comes into my head about books"<sup>111</sup>.

Writing letters, then, as much as walking, was spatial exploration for Woolf, the exploration of spaces between herself and others. “I like to have space to spread my mind out in” (3D, 107), she wrote in her diary in 1926 when finishing *To the Lighthouse*. Three years earlier her one “principle in life” had been “Never settle” (2D, 259), and this sense of activity in being underlies much of her work in autobiographical forms. In our stylistic survey of the letters and diaries of Woolf and Lawrence in Part I, we have seen how these writers perceive and attempt to write life through movement. As literary as well as biographical documents, these forms are, at times, as experimental as their other more firmly fictional experiments in pursuing this end. For Deleuze, this itself is the aim of literature: “the passage of life in language that constitutes Ideas”<sup>112</sup>. If “syntactic creation or style”, Deleuze suggests, “is the becoming of language”<sup>113</sup>, its detours “reveal the life in things”<sup>114</sup>. Such have been Lawrence’s and Woolf’s experiments with hyphenation and pronominal surrogates. In the following chapters in Part II, we will see, in detail, how these writers attempt to write the living, moving body, and how through this movement (and its dialectical relationship with “stillness” in Lawrence’s case) they give voice to the life in things and the *rapport* of the human with this life.

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<sup>1</sup> All except one riddle, that is, for Woolf would remain "puzzled" by what it meant for a woman to do "eurhythmics in front of a herd of highland cattle".

<sup>2</sup> Virginia Woolf, *A Writer's Diary: Being Extracts from the Diary of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Leonard Woolf (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1953) 182.

<sup>3</sup> Virginia Woolf, "Modern Letters" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 2 (London: Hogarth, 1966) 259.

<sup>4</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 259.

<sup>5</sup> Virginia Woolf, "Dorothy Osborne's Letters" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3 (London: Hogarth, 1967) 59.

<sup>6</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 259-60.

<sup>7</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 260.

<sup>8</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 262.

<sup>9</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 60.

<sup>10</sup> Virginia Woolf, "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3, 82.

<sup>11</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 62 [my emphasis]. Whilst Woolf obviously values a certain fluidity in the letter form, this need for "personality" and its effect upon language can be seen in a comparison with Woolf's appraisal of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son". There, we can see that her criticism of his subscription to a philosophy in which "All value depends upon somebody else's opinion", one in which "things have no independent existence, but only live in the eyes of other people" (83), is closely related to her criticism (in haptic terms) of his language, that, she says, provides the reader with nothing "hard to lay [their] hands upon". In turn, the world he creates in his letters is "a looking-glass world", baffling, deficient, absorbing and urbane in equal measure. It is obvious to the reader, simply by comparing the length and tone of these two essays, that Woolf identifies more with women's letters (Osborne's) than with men's (Chesterfield's). For Woolf, sexual difference manifests itself in form and language, but that is not to say that she dismisses Chesterfield's letters on the grounds of sex. Rather, Woolf's appraisal of Osborne's, Chesterfield's, and Lawrence's letters alike, point to their common turn for observation and spontaneous linguistic play as trans-historical and trans-sexual criteria which unite them as "born letter-writers", Elizabethan and Modern.

<sup>12</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 84.

<sup>13</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 260.

<sup>14</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 262.

<sup>15</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 65.

<sup>16</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 60.

<sup>17</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 60-1.

<sup>18</sup> Rachel Bowlby, *Virginia Woolf: Feminist Destinations* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1988) 35.

<sup>19</sup> Virginia Woolf, "A Letter to a Young Poet" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 2, 182-3.

<sup>20</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 185.

<sup>21</sup> The allusion (from the woman then the man, seen through a window, about to get into a car, to the emphasis on rhythm) is clearly to the opening of chapter six of *A Room of One's Own* (1928; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973) 94-5: "Next day the light of the October morning was falling in dusty shafts through the uncurtained windows, and the hum of traffic rose from the street. [...] Now it was bringing from one side of the street to the other diagonally a girl in patent leather boots, and then a young man in a maroon overcoat; it was also bringing a taxi-cab; and it brought all three together at a point directly beneath my window; where the taxi stopped; and the girl and the young man stopped; and they got into the taxi; and then the cab glided off as if it were swept on by the current elsewhere. // The sight was ordinary enough; what was strange was the rhythmical order with which my imagination had invested it".

<sup>22</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 186-7.

<sup>23</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 186-7.

<sup>24</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 189.

<sup>25</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 191.

<sup>26</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 192.

<sup>27</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 192.

<sup>28</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 185.

- <sup>29</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 195.
- <sup>30</sup> Virginia Woolf, "Rambling Round Evelyn" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3, 44.
- <sup>31</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 47.
- <sup>32</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 49.
- <sup>33</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 50.
- <sup>34</sup> Virginia Woolf, "The Rev. William Cole: A Letter" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 3, 119.
- <sup>35</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 120.
- <sup>36</sup> Cf. 2L, 93: "It [rhythm] is exactly like a man who feels very strongly for a beggar, and gives him a sovereign. The feeling is at either end, for a moment, but the sovereign [the words themselves] is a dead bit of metal". Jeremy McClancy's survey of "Anthropology" in David Bradshaw's *Concise Companion to Modernism* shows how, Modern poets, such as Eliot, took a similar line to Woolf and Lawrence.
- <sup>37</sup> Cf. Nigel Nicolson, *The Flight of the Mind: The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I: 1888-1912* (Virginia Stephen), ed. Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann (London: Hogarth, 1975) xvi: "Each time she recovers from one of her early attacks [of mental illness], she seems more mature [in her letters]. Her handwriting improves: she drops childish expressions".
- <sup>38</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I* ix.
- <sup>39</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I* xiii.
- <sup>40</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I* xiv.
- <sup>41</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I* xxi.
- <sup>42</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume I* xx.
- <sup>43</sup> Leonard Woolf, *A Writer's Diary* vii.
- <sup>44</sup> Hermione Lee, *Body Parts: Essays in Life-Writing* (London: Chatto, 2005) 3.
- <sup>45</sup> Quentin Bell, *The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume I 1915-1919*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell, introd. Quentin Bell (London: Hogarth, 1977) xiii.
- <sup>46</sup> Quentin Bell, *A Moment's Liberty: The Shorter Diary of Virginia Woolf*, abr. and ed. Anne Olivier Bell, introd. Quentin Bell (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1990) viii.
- <sup>47</sup> Quentin Bell, *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume I* xiv.
- <sup>48</sup> Mitchell A. Leaska in Virginia Woolf, *A Passionate Apprentice: The Early Journals 1897-1909*, ed. Mitchell A. Leaska (London: Hogarth, 1990) x. Cf. Anne Olivier Bell, *The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume I* ix: "Virginia Woolf wrote in a distinguished and elegant hand which in general is not difficult to read, though the speed at which she wrote, the instruments used (for preference a dipping pen and ink), and her habitual position – seated in an easy chair with a board on her lap – do frequently give rise to irregularities and obscurities"; Anne Olivier Bell, *Editing Virginia Woolf's Diary* (1989; London: The Bloomsbury Workshop, 1990) 11: "And here is where the case for working with original documents is very strong: apart from the information supplied by the actual ink and paper, some of the letters I was dealing with in envelopes were postmarked; but most were not. And this led me to my great discovery. In the long-past heroic days of the GPO, when the price of a stamp was a penny or a penny-halfpenny and there were four posts a day, post-office workers used to thump the postmark on by hand; and if they were sufficiently enthusiastic, the blind echo of their thump could be impressed upon the folded sheet within the envelope. So if one refolds a letter and examines it under strong and raking light, sometimes, eureka! the blind postmark is revealed".
- <sup>49</sup> Leaska, *The Early Journals 1897-1909* xv.
- <sup>50</sup> Leaska, *The Early Journals 1897-1909* xxii.
- <sup>51</sup> Leaska, *The Early Journals 1897-1909* xxvi.
- <sup>52</sup> Leaska, *The Early Journals 1897-1909* xviii.
- <sup>53</sup> Cf. Susan Sellers, "Virginia Woolf's Diaries and Letters" in *Cambridge Companion to Virginia Woolf*, ed. Sue Roe and Susan Sellers (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2000) 109-126, esp. p. 116; Linda Anderson, "Virginia Woolf: 'In the Shadow of the Letter "I"'" in *Women and Autobiography in the Twentieth Century: Remembered Futures* (London: Prentice Hall, 1997) 42-75, esp. p. 49.
- <sup>54</sup> Anderson 45.
- <sup>55</sup> Bowlby, *Feminist Destinations* 7: "There are assumptions in that 'one's' which grate now in the same way as most uses of the masculine as a general pronoun by someone writing after the mid-1970s".
- <sup>56</sup> Anderson 43.
- <sup>57</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 189: "I conclude that the self offers no impediment [to writing poetry]; self joins in the dance; self lends itself to the rhythm; it is apparently easier to write a poem

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about oneself than about any other subject. But what does one mean by 'oneself'? Not the self that Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley have described – not the self that loves a woman, or that hates a tyrant, or that broods over the mystery of the world. No, the self that you are engaged in describing is shut out from all that. It is a self that sits alone in the room at night with the blinds drawn. In other words the poet is much less interested in what we have in common than in what he has apart”.

<sup>58</sup> Leaska, *The Early Journals 1897-1909* xxxvii.

<sup>59</sup> Joanne Trautmann Banks, *Congenial Spirits: The Selected Letters of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Joanne Trautmann Banks (San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1989) vii.

<sup>60</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 1-2: “The two of us wrote *Anti-Oedipus* together. Since each of us was several, there was already quite a crowd. Here we have made use of everything that came within range, what was closest as well as farthest away. [...] To reach, not the point where one no longer says I, but the point where it is no longer of any importance whether one says I. We are no longer ourselves. Each will know his own. We have been aided, inspired, multiplied”.

<sup>61</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 264.

<sup>62</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 302-3: “There is a reality of becoming-animal, even though one does not in reality become animal [...] An example: Do not imitate a dog, but make your organism enter into composition with *something else* in such a way that the particles emitted from the aggregate thus composed will be canine as a function of the relation of movement and rest, or of molecular proximity, into which they enter. [...] That is the essential point for us: you become-animal only if, by whatever means or elements, you emit corpuscles that enter the relation of movement and rest of the animal particles, or what amount to the same thing, that enter the zone of proximity of the animal molecule. You become animal only molecularly. You do not become a barking molar dog, but by barking, if it is done with enough feeling, with enough necessity and composition, you emit a molecular dog”.

<sup>63</sup> Moreover, Woolf would just as often refer to herself in diaries as a horse and rider. This imagery is particularly germane to our discussion of body-mind dualism and, later, prosthesis, especially in the way in which she inverts the expected metonymic relationship between them (e.g. horse-body rider-mind) and their respective agency. In the following example, Woolf (the horse) “claps the spurs” on herself in creating the compound subject that experiences life: “Yes, I clap the spurs to my flanks & see myself taking fences gallantly” (2D, 241 [11<sup>th</sup> of May 1923]).

<sup>64</sup> In the same chapter, Deleuze and Guattari also treat Lawrence’s “becoming-animal”: “Lawrence’s becoming-tortoise has nothing to do with a sentimental or domestic relation. Lawrence is another of the writers who leave us troubled and filled with admiration because they were able to tie their writing to real and unheard-of becomings. But the objection is raised against Lawrence: ‘Your tortoises aren’t real!’ And he answers: Possibly, but my becoming is, my becoming is real, even and especially if you have no way of judging it, because you’re just little house dogs . . .” (269-70). In addition to this, they cite part of his letter to John Middleton Murry on the 20<sup>th</sup> of May 1929, in which Lawrence compares himself (a giraffe) to the rest of the English (well-behaved dogs) (597 n14). However, it seems certain that in the letter at least, Lawrence, like Woolf, is merely setting up a comparison based on likeness to and difference from certain animals rather than representing “becomings”. Any account of Lawrence’s “becomings-animal” must surely take account of his own philosophical and ideological use of the metaphor of the animal and certain animals in particular (especially when using them to justify arguments about Lawrence as a writer for whom the “pack” or the “multiplicity” was an attractive paradigm – think of his “horror” of “swarming selves”, an image used in the letters and throughout his writing). For example, in this letter to Ottoline Morrell on the 24<sup>th</sup> March 1915 (as well as the sensuous effect of the letter being put in terms of aroma – the sensory medium of the animal (rat) he uses later in the letter), we see an example of Lawrence’s ability to “become” or enter into the being of an animal, but also the way in which the symbolic value of the animal, for him, takes precedence: “Thank you so much for the books and your letter. You shouldn’t say you are afraid of writing dull things. They are not dull. The feeling that comes out of your letter is like a scent of flowers, so generous and reassuring. It is no good now, thinking that to understand a man from his own point of view is to be happy about him. I can imagine the mind of a rat, as it slithers along in the dark, pointing its sharp nose. But I can never feel happy about it, I must always want to kill it. It contains the principle of evil. There is a principle of evil. Let us acknowledge it once and for all. I saw it so plainly in Keynes at Cambridge, it made me sick. I am sick with the knowledge of the prevalence of evil, as if it were some insidious disease” (2L, 311).

<sup>65</sup> *EJ*, 35 (13.02.97): "Another week of drizzle in that muddy misty flat utterly stupid Bognor (the name suits it) would have driven me to the end of the pier and into the dirty yellow sea beneath – (Hear hear)"; 52 (10.03.97) (and 17.03.97): "still I think your readers will agree with me, when I say that it is not an unprecedented phenomenon, this early visitor etc etc. *Hear hear!*"; 87 (18.05.97): "Already I am an expert upon William [of Orange] (*Hear Hear!*)"; 112 (08.07.97): "This diary has been woefully neglected lately – what with one thing & another – Improvement must be made! (*hear hear*)".

<sup>66</sup> Nicolson, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf Volume 1 x*.

<sup>67</sup> Anne Olivier Bell, *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume 1 x*.

<sup>68</sup> Anne Olivier Bell, *Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume 1 x*.

<sup>69</sup> To appreciate how innovative this image-making is when Woolf pleads "laziness" compare this passage with the following: "If I weren't too lazy I think I should try to describe the country; but then I shouldn't get it right. I shouldn't bring back to my own eyes the look" (*ID*, 185); "To recapitulate the events of Asheham is no longer in my power, or perhaps, since they were mainly of a spiritual nature requiring some subtlety to relate, I'm too lazy to try" (*ID*, 269).

<sup>70</sup> Cf. *L1*, 75: "Gerald is giving us his views upon Florence. You are the only person I ever do feel the least inclined to talk to – poor intimate. You don't talk damned theories, or expect sentiments".

<sup>71</sup> Cf. *L1*, 77: "But it is a most satisfactory book [Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*] – doesn't pretend to make theories – and only gives the most authentic facts"; *L1*, 100: "Kitty [Maxse] is in the very heart of the politix – at Birmingham with Joe [Chamberlain] and [George] Milner. Her head will spin right off with theories [...] The British brain feeds on facts – flourishes on nothing else – but I cant reason. Do you mind – do you think it'll make me a foolish writer?"; *L1*, 106: "Kitty here (11.30) talking her Trade, and a kind of Platonic dialogue, which has long ago ceased to be intelligible to me"; Cf. to Violet Dickinson June 1903: "Kitty [Maxse] is obviously worshiped there [at Lady Katherine Thynne's] – they all sit in her bedroom at night, and she spends the whole day talking 'theories' I suppose with Katie"; *L1*, 146: "It is a good deal to dispose of her [Caroline Emelia Stephen's] theories [about Leslie Stephen] that I want to write something for Fred [Maitland], who must naturally be guided a good deal by her"; *L1*, 156-7: "Madge [Vaughan] only longs for amusing unconventional people – artists and writers – and as she says – only Madge says many things without meaning in them – Will is a Philistine and thinks there's something wrong in cleverness. [...] She is like a starved bird up here [Giggleswick], and it is quite pathetic how eager she is to talk, and how full of ideas and theories – which have to be silenced the moment Will comes in to the room – or he would call them 'morbid'; *L1*, 263: "You know my beautifully spiritual theory, that friendship is entirely a thing of the mind, and a thought is worth perhaps twenty dozen deeds. A profound truth is hid beneath that seemingly smooth surface. Break it, and dive beneath"; *L1*, 265: [To Violet Dickinson regarding her decision to let Vanessa and Clive have 46 Gordon Square to avoid "danger"]: "But leaving theories – I hate them –".

<sup>72</sup> Cf. *L1*, 193: "the excellent Lettice [Fisher], expounded her theories, always proving them in her own person – how, for instance, the ideal life is the married life – the life of the worker – she teaches – the life of the philanthropist – she runs a slum. We had to confess that our lives were *not* after this pattern. Why is virtue so unattractive [...] But she is really a nice woman".

<sup>73</sup> Cf. *L1*, 380 [on Violet Dickinson being an "air animal"]: "Throw this theory at your doctor".

<sup>74</sup> Cf. *2L*, 371-2 to Ottoline Morrell (27<sup>th</sup> of June 1919): "You seem to think that all that's wanted is a practical heart, but isn't there some place for the theoretical heart, which is my kind – the heart which imagines what people feel, and takes an interest in it, but never conceives how to do anything. Perhaps you have both, you are, of course, a very gifted woman, but then that's no merit of yours. But you see, this is a sore point – no heart indeed! I meant to make this a letter of thanks; and its turned to the opposite"; *L2*, 514 to Janet Case (5<sup>th</sup> of March 1922): "I know by instinct that none of this [the talk of the "insides of women" regarding Lottie's operation] seems to you either interesting or important compared with building your own house in the New Forest. I quite agree theoretically. Nothing could be more exciting. How do you keep up even your little pretence of interest in the Woolves I can't think. You don't do it very well. I mean I see through you. You won't get to the end of this letter without thinking about your doors and cupboards and hat racks. What fun it will be to see all your devices!"; *L2*, 516-7 to Violet Dickinson (30<sup>th</sup> of March 1922): "but I can't get rid of this wretched temperature. The downs will cure me; I wish you were over the hill. You see, I don't wish you actually in my garden, but only over the hill."; *L2*, 529 to Janet Case (21<sup>st</sup> of May 1922): "I'm having them [3 teeth] out, and preparing for the escape of microbes by having 65 million dead ones injected into my arm daily. It

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sounds to me too vague to be very hopeful – but one must, I suppose, do as they say. // I feel much better again – in fact, it wouldn't matter at all except for the heart, which seems to object. Why isn't one made rather more simply? Without a heart".

<sup>75</sup> This was a long-standing aspect of family life for Woolf. From as early as April 1898 she would write in a letter of how "Nessa and I take walks in the evening when it is cool along the beach; and discuss the universe". Letters to Vanessa later in life remind her of this pattern of decision making: "At this season we should be walking together; I am just in the mood to discuss winter plans" (*LI*, 348). And she would write to Nelly Cecil the following year informing her that: "My brother [Adrian] and I spent six hours the other day walking the streets of London, and trying to decide where we should spend Easter" (*LI*, 390).

<sup>76</sup> Cf. Virginia Woolf, "Modern Fiction" in *Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 2, 103-10.

<sup>77</sup> Cf. *2D*, 269 (11<sup>th</sup> of September 1923): "We all grow old; grow stocky; lose our pliancy & impressionability. Even Morgan seems to me to be based on some hidden rock. Talking of Proust & Lawrence he said he'd prefer to be Lawrence; but much rather would be himself".

<sup>78</sup> Cf. *EJ*, 165-6: "There is a glass skylight under which I suppose the dancers are drinking champagne & devouring quails – At any rate there is a brilliant light behind it – It is like some transparent yellow globe in the night air. And from my bed I see the leaves of a tree outlined against it. I don't know why it is but this incongruity – the artificial lights, the music – the talk & then the quiet tree standing out there, is fantastic & attracts me considerably."; *EJ*, 171: "Again I noticed that strange blending of the two lights – the pale light of the sky & the yellow light of lamps & candles both together illuminating the green leaves and grass. It makes a curious unreal effect". An even earlier example can be found in her journal of the "Warboys Summer Holiday" in August 1899: "This land, as I have had occasion to remark before, is a land whose chief attraction is its sky. It is as if you were slung on a flat green board in mid air; with only sky sky sky around & above & beneath you. // [...] [So] quickly did the clouds catch the glory, glow, & fade, that our eyes and mind had ample work merely to register the change. The main features were three; a red ball of a sun, first; then a low lying bank of gray cloud, whose upper edges were already feathery & fixed to receive into its arms the impetuous descent of the sun god; thirdly, a group of trees which made our horizon; casting their arms against the sky; then fourthly, a cloud shaped like an angels wing, so – [*drawing*] [...] This is one observation of many sunsets – that no shape of the cloud has one line in it in the least sharp or hard – nowhere can you draw a straight line with your pencil & say 'This line goes so'. Everything is done by different shades & degrees of light – melting & mixing infinitely – Well many an Artist despair!" (*EJ*, 155-6).

<sup>79</sup> When Woolf visited Cornwall in March 1921, six years before the publication of *To the Lighthouse*, embodiment as a coordinate in or ground of perspective, as well as the metafictional reflection on the processes of perceiving and writing, is captured in the following diary entry: "By looking over my left shoulder I see gorse yellow against the Atlantic blue, running up, a little ruffled, to the sky, today hazy blue. And we've been lying on the Gurnard's Head, on beds of samphire among grey rocks with buttons of yellow lichen on them. How can I pick out the scene?" (*2D*, 105). It is interesting, then, that the novel is filled with references to shoulders and this kind of body language for this very purpose. Moreover, given the prevalence of all the characters' glances back over their shoulders, the reader becomes aware that this particular, "realistic" body language also functions metaphorically or "poetically" as part of the novel's elegiac tone. Indeed, of the thirteen instances of "shoulder(s)" in the novel, almost all refer to Mrs Ramsay. For example, in "The Window" chapter, Mr Ramsay "square[s] his shoulders" whilst thinking of posterity by the geranium urn before Mrs Ramsay sees her son, James, "looking back over his shoulder as Mildred carry[s] him out", and his trauma at knowing they are not going to the lighthouse. Later, she folds a "green shawl about her shoulders" to go walking with her husband and, feeling self-conscious and not wanting to look at the lighthouse, "she looked over her shoulder, at the town"; she is also "looking at her neck and shoulders (but avoiding her face) in the glass" before the dinner party at which Rose's arrangement of grapes makes her think of those hanging "over the shoulder of Bacchus (in some picture)"; and, after the dinner party, the final instance in the chapter occurs when Mrs Ramsay reflects, "It was necessary now to carry everything a step further. With her foot on the threshold she waited a moment longer in a scene which was vanishing even as she looked, and then, as she moved and took Minta's arm and left the room, it changed, it shaped itself differently; it had become, she knew, giving one last look at it over her shoulder, already the past". There are no instances of either "shoulder" or "shoulders" in the "Time Passes" chapter, where Woolf

experiments with a disembodied narrative voice. In “The Lighthouse” chapter, however, Mr Ramsay slings “a knapsack round his shoulders” before sending Cam for a (green?) “cloak” before they set sail for the lighthouse. Then, when they are in the boat, Cam’s “movement” at her father’s poetry causes him to break off and exclaim (deictically) “Look! Look!” so urgently that “James also turned his head to look over his shoulder at the island” (something that his mother would not do); meanwhile Minta puts “her bare arm on his [Paul’s] shoulder, lest he should tell her anything” (just as James’s look at the lighthouse echoes his mother’s body language in the scene in “The Window” chapter when she goes walking with her husband, Minta’s body language here compensates for a lack of verbal communication, something which also provoked Mrs Ramsay’s backward glance in the scene in “The Window”). Finally, Lily Briscoe takes a “line from shoulder or cheek” in completing her picture of Mrs Ramsay and she remembers, finally, how Mrs Ramsay “would turn her head; would look so, over her shoulder, always with some Minta, Paul, or William Bankes at her side”. *To the Lighthouse*, then, is in some sense, a novel about the bringing to consciousness or representation all of these unconscious “glimpses” of a body language, manner, or even “style” (in Merleau-Ponty’s sense) that characterise a life.

<sup>80</sup> Woolf uses a similar technique in her next novel, *Mrs Dalloway*. There, Peter Walsh’s aging eyesight sees an “effigy of a man in a tail-coat with a carnation in his button-hole coming towards him” (*MD*, 54). This is corrected later when he realises it is, in fact, a young woman: “the red carnation he had seen her wear as she came across Trafalgar Square burning again in his eyes and making her lips red” (*MD*, 59).

<sup>81</sup> One particularly good example regarding this also occurs in section II: “She [Mrs Flanders] looked out of the window. Little windows, and the lilac and green of the garden were reflected in her eyes” (*JR*, 34). For further examples regarding Woolf’s writing about “screens” in her letters and diaries see: “The worst of it is the screen between our eyes and these [?] gallows is so thick. So easily one forgets it – or I do. [...] Is it a proof of civilization to envisage suffering at a distance –” (*2D*, 100); “I had to dine with Dadie [Rylands], and undergo a large vociferous Bloomsbury party – sitting outside, with the glass between me and everybody; hearing them laugh; and seeing, as through a telescope, (she looked so remote and washed up on a rock,) poor Edith Sitwell in her brocade dress, sitting silent” (*3L*, 236); “But why I ask ‘see’ people? Whats the point? These isolated occasions come so often. May I come & see you? And what they get, or I get, save the sense of a slide passing on a screen, I cant say.” (*3D*, 211). Woolf’s critique of the detachment from the horror of war when seen through “field-glasses” (*JR*, 216) in *Jacob’s Room* may, in part, lie in her own experience with them in the summer prior to the novel’s publication: “But the truth of it is that this bit of the country is becoming picturesque. Old gentlemen sit sketching – I watch them through field glasses. You know how they do it – a grassy road – a few cows – a child in pink – perhaps a goose in the foreground” (*2L*, 477).

<sup>82</sup> Cf. *EJ*, 335: “Still, however open and rickety, the place had the effect of making you feel that you had come to the genuine living place at last, after skimming a facetious exterior for a long time. Here people lived, not merely stayed. And this impression remains; indeed for the first time Greece becomes an articulate human place, homely & familiar, instead of a splendid surface”.

<sup>83</sup> Cf. Christopher Butler, *Early Modernism: Literature, Music, and Painting in Europe 1900-1916* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1994).

<sup>84</sup> Cf. Michael Wood, “Modernism and Film” in *Cambridge Companion to Modernism*, ed. Michael Levenson (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1999) 217-32; David Trotter, *Cinema and Modernism* (Oxford: Blackwell, 2007).

<sup>85</sup> Terri A. Mester, *Movement and Modernism: Yeats, Eliot, Lawrence, Williams, and Early Twentieth-Century Dance* (Fayetteville: U of Arkansas P, 1997) esp. the chapter on “D. H. Lawrence: Dancing with the ‘Greater, not the Lesser Sex’” pp. 91-122. Whilst Mester’s discussion in these pages is of dancers and dancing in Lawrence’s novels, interestingly, she notes, in passing, in a discussion of the *Schuhplattell* in *Women in Love*: “Gudrun is hollow at the core and just as incapable of giving love, but she is a survivor who reads in Gerald’s body language the warning that one of them ‘must triumph over the other’” (116).

<sup>86</sup> Although Nietzsche’s figure of the poet Zarathustra is his perhaps best remembered incarnation, his Dionysus and Apollo from his first book, *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872), meditate on the arts of music and of sculpture respectively, and he continues to pursue his critique of ideals in *Ecce Homo* (1908) through the metaphor of the “idol”. The mechanics of psychoanalysis in Freud’s essays on “Delusions and Dreams in Jensen’s *Gradiva*” (1907) and “The Moses of Michelangelo” (1914) also operate through figures of sculpture.

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<sup>87</sup> Havelock Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* vol. 1 (New York: Random House, ?1937) 191. In the section on "Touch", Ellis says of the skin: "the skin in not merely a method of protection against the external world; it is also a method of bringing us into sensitive contact with the external world" (3).

<sup>88</sup> Cf. Paterson chap. 3 esp. pp. 48-55.

<sup>89</sup> Ellis, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* 188.

<sup>90</sup> A. Scobie and A. J. W. Taylor in their "Perversions Ancient and Modern: I. Agalmatophilia, the Statue Syndrome" in *Journal of the History of the Behavioural Sciences*, vol. 11 (January 1975) coin the term "Agalmatophilia" in contrast to "Pygmalionism" as such: "Agalmatophilia is the pathological condition in which some people establish exclusive sexual relationships with statues. The condition is neither to be confused with pygmalionism nor with fetishism, although confusion sometimes arises about these three different manifestations of immature sexuality [...] An agalmatophiliac, however, establishes a personal relationship with a complete statue as a statue. He does not bring the statue alive as would a pygmalionist, and he does not use just a part of a statue as a symbolic substitute for an entire female as would a fetishist" (49). Amongst their "Modern" references to Agalmatophilia in literature they cite Molly Bloom's soliloquy at the end of *Ulysses*.

<sup>91</sup> Kenneth Gross, *The Dream of the Moving Statue* (Ithaca: Cornell UP, 1992) 9.

<sup>92</sup> Tamar Garb, *Bodies of Modernity: Figure and Flesh in Fin-de-Siècle France* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1998) 75.

<sup>93</sup> Cf. *EJ*, 12: "A.[drian] bought a 2lb. pair of dumbbells, with which he is going to strengthen his arms!"

<sup>94</sup> Garb 55-7.

<sup>95</sup> Garb 57.

<sup>96</sup> Garb 65. Garb's book also provides images of plaster casts of limbs that could be purchased, like the statues of Desbonnet himself, by aspiring body builders. This takes on particular resonance when compared with a letter that Woolf wrote to Ethel Smyth in 1930, in which she describes the process of composing *Night and Day* (1919) and says that whilst doing so she made herself "copy from plaster casts, partly to tranquilise, partly to learn anatomy" (*L4*, 231).

<sup>97</sup> Garb 58.

<sup>98</sup> Cf. Heather McPherson, *The Modern Portrait in Nineteenth Century France* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001) esp. 77-89.

<sup>99</sup> Cf. Jeffrey Meyers, *Painting and the Novel* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 1975) 79-80: "He [Lawrence] employs African art to symbolise wilful sex and decadent love, and Jewish art to symbolise the destructive principle that is manifest in machines and in war, so that the decadent Loerke both admires primitive art and glorifies machines in his German Sculpture [...] Though Birkin and Ursula are not entirely free from the dissolution expressed in Gertler's painting, their love is defined by contrast to the three worlds of corruption in the novel – the mines and Bohemia which coalesce in Loerke's art – and which are all directly related to *Merry-Go-Round*, a unifying symbol in *Women in Love*". Meyers also considers "Maurice Greiffenhagen and *The White Peacock*" and "Fra Angelico and *The Rainbow*". However, he does not mention how another of Gertler's works, *The Creation of Eve* (1914), is translated wholesale into chapter four of *The Rainbow*, "The Girlhood of Anna Brangwen", where Will makes a wood-carving of the same name: "He was carving, as he had always wanted, the Creation of Eve. It was a panel in low relief, for a church. Adam lay asleep as if suffering, and God, a dim, large figure, stooped towards him, stretching forward His unveiled hand; and Eve, a small vivid, naked female shape, was issuing like a flame towards the hand of God, from the torn side of Adam. Now, Will Brangwen was working at the Eve. She was thin, a keen, unripe thing. With trembling passion, fine as a breath of air, he sent the chisel over her belly, her hard, unripe, small belly. She was a stiff little figure, with sharp lines, in the throes and torture and ecstasy of her creation. But he trembled as he touched her. He had not finished any of his figures. There was a bird on a bough overhead, lifting its wings for flight, and a serpent wreathing up to it. It was not finished yet. He trembled with passion, at last able to create the new, sharp body of his Eve" (120-1).

<sup>100</sup> Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* (1902; London: Penguin, 1994) 111.

<sup>101</sup> Virginia Woolf, "On Being Ill" in *The Collected Essays of Virginia Woolf*, vol. 4 (London: Hogarth, 1967) 196.

<sup>102</sup> Gross 86.

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<sup>103</sup> Ellipsis added by the editors of the Cambridge edition indicating damage to the manuscript of the letter at this point.

<sup>104</sup> Joseph Kestner, "Sculptural Character in Lawrence's *Women in Love*" *Modern Fiction Studies* 21 (1975-6): 547.

<sup>105</sup> Sagar 63.

<sup>106</sup> Stefania Michelucci, "D. H. Lawrence's Representation of the Body and the Visual Arts" in *Writing the Body in D. H. Lawrence: Essays on Language, Representation, and Sexuality*, ed. Paul Poplawski (London: Greenwood, 2001) 21-2.

<sup>107</sup> Gross 32.

<sup>108</sup> Merleau-Ponty gives a summary of this with regard to the body's sexual being in *PP*, 193. His comments as regards psychology here may be usefully applied to Ursula's shifting feelings in the chapter "Shame": "Usually man does not show his body, and, when he does, it is either nervously or with an intention to fascinate. He has the impression that the alien gaze which runs over his body is stealing it from him, or else, on the other hand, that the display of his body will deliver the other person up to him, defenceless, and that in this case the other will be reduced to servitude. Shame and immodesty, then, take their place in a dialectic of the self and the other which is that of the master and slave: in so far as I have a body, I may be reduced to the status of an object beneath the gaze of another person, and no longer count as a person for him, or else I may become his master and, in my turn, look at him. But this mastery is self-defeating, since, precisely when my value is recognised through the other's desire, he is no longer the person by whom I wish to be recognized, but a being fascinated, deprived of his freedom, and who no longer counts in my eyes".

<sup>109</sup> Woolf, *Collected Essays*, vol. 3, 49.

<sup>110</sup> The work of the sculptor Anthony Gormley is particularly germane to Lawrence's and Woolf's attempts (through the figure of the statue) to show simultaneously the solid, objective, human body in the world and the way in which space radiates from it through the more inhuman metaphors of "forces", "hazes", "luminous halos", and "Chladni figures". In works such as *Domain Field* (2003) and especially *Feeling Material* (2003-7), Gormley attempts to "describe the space of the body using a matrix formed of orbits". This work thereby makes "the internal space of the body visible as a void", something which Lawrence and Woolf do not and would not attempt, being concerned, as they are, with the visceral. Nonetheless, insofar as *Feeling Material* retains the outline of the human form, in Gormley's words, "as the still place at the centre of a spiralling energy field", this work resonates with their attempts to write this relationship between the body and space. Gormley's discussion of *Feeling Material* (quoted above) can be found at his website here:

<<http://www.antonygormley.com/viewproject.php?projectid=26&page=1>>

Images of the work can also be found at the website, see esp.:

<<http://www.antonygormley.com/viewphotoseries.php?photoseriesid=19&page=1&projectid=26>>

<sup>111</sup> Virginia Woolf, "All About Books" in *Collected Essays*, vol. 2, 263.

<sup>112</sup> Deleuze 230.

<sup>113</sup> Deleuze 229.

<sup>114</sup> Deleuze 227.