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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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## Part II. Proxemics

## Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty: Movement, Perception, and *Rapport*

At the end of chapter one we saw that, towards the end of his life, Lawrence often shifted between languages in his letters in order to express the relationship between the body and the world. Travelling between different countries (with a wife whose first language was not his own) made him acutely sensitive to the intimate relationship between language and the practical, everyday life of different places. What is more, the foreignness of language itself was crucial to his expression of the spirit or life of place; the feeling of *rapport* between the sensing body and the world perceived through those senses. This “affective connection”, as he would put it in *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, between the subject and its surroundings is based on a “vibratory rapport”<sup>1</sup>. During the war, however, the letters express his alienation from England. At the start of 1916, he would write to Kot from Cornwall: “I give it up. Je n’en peux plus. And the same with the world: it is what it is: what has it to do with me, or I with it? I admit it all: you are right: there is no *rapport*” (2L, 498 [Lawrence’s emphasis]). His *Study of Thomas Hardy* was begun out of this “sheer rage” with the world. But, like the other manifestations of his “philosophy” during the war, that also share vocabularies of “mid-space” and “*rapport*”, its aim was the re-establishment of such an “affective connection”.

His experiences in Cornwall also tempered the feelings expressed in the letter to Kot. For example, in the spring of 1916, he was struck by the sight of an adder sleeping on the grass and gave a lively account of it to Mark Gertler:

Yesterday I saw an adder sleeping on the grass. She was very slim and elegant, with her black markings. At last she was disturbed, she lifted her slender head and listened with great delicacy. Then, very fine and undulating, she moved away. I admired her intensely, and liked her very much. If she were a familiar spirit, she was a dainty and superb princess. (2L, 599).

The extent to which he was affected by the sight can be gauged by its representation almost verbatim in another letter to Kot exactly seven months later:

I saw a most beautiful brindled adder, in the spring, coiled up asleep with her head on her shoulder. She did not hear me till I was very near. Then she must have felt my motion, for she lifted her head like a queen to look, then turned and moved slowly and with delicate pride into the bushes. She often comes to my mind again, and I think I see her asleep in the sun, like a Princess of the fairy world. It is queer, the intimation of other worlds, which one catches. (3L, 40)

And then, again, in "The Reality of Peace" (1917):

The brindled, slim adder, as she lifts her delicate head attentively in the spring sunshine – for they say she is deaf – suddenly throws open the world of unchanging, pure perfection to our startled breast. In our whole understanding, when sense and spirit and mind are consummated into pure unison, then we are free in a world of the absolute. The lark sings in a heaven of pure understanding, she drops back into a world of duality and change. (P, 680)

The way in which Lawrence revised the image in the letters – from one which passively records the snake ("At last she was disturbed") with esoteric commentary ("If she were a familiar spirit") in that to Gertler, to one in which he actively participates ("Then she must have felt my motion") and, which, in turn, registers a certain amount of intersubjectivity between himself and the animal ("the intimation of other worlds") – shows his sympathy with the animal kingdom as a source of *rapport* with the environment. However, in that adjective "queer" in the letter to Kot we catch him acknowledging again the absolute otherness of this world (as we saw him do in chapter one when using it to describe the uncanniness of intimate places). This magnetic attraction and repulsion between the human and the animal world can also be seen in

the poem "Snake", in which Lawrence despises the voices of his "human education" that lead him to miss his chance with "one of the lords / Of life"<sup>2</sup>. *Rapport*, then, represents a challenge to humanistic distinctions between humans and animals whilst acknowledging their obvious difference.

Another way in which the excerpts are emended to bear directly on the concept of *rapport* is in the increasing importance of motility to perception and its role in integrating the senses. In the examples in the letters, the adder lifts her head to listen and look, respectively. However, in "The Reality of Peace" she lifts her head "attentively": the adverb alongside his incredulous interjection – "for they say she is deaf" – brings the whole body into the act of perception, and sight and sound into a sensory synergy. The role of motility in Lawrence's philosophy and writing generally cannot be underestimated, and the way in which it underpins the writing of perception and cognition will be of particular interest to this chapter. Throughout his life, his writing is filled with the desire for human beings to participate spontaneously with the universe through movement. As he says in "A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*" (1929): "thought and action, word and deed are two very separate forms of consciousness, two separate lives we lead. We need, very sincerely, to keep a connection. [...] The two conditions, of thought and action are mutually exclusive. Yet they should be related in harmony" (P2, 489). Through these early examples from the animal kingdom, we can begin to see the importance of movement to his concept of *rapport*, one which he would outline more fully in the draft of the "Nathaniel Hawthorne" essay for *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923):

What we call "instinct" in creatures such as bees, or ants, or whales, or foxes, or larks, is the sure and perfect working of the primary [physical] mind working in these creatures [...] When

a bee leaves its hive and circles round to sense the locality, it is attending with the primary mind to the surrounding objects, establishing a primary *rapport* between its own very tissue and the tissue of the adjacent objects. A process of rapid *physical* thought takes place, an act of the primary, not the cerebral mind: the sensational, not the ideal consciousness. That is, there is a rapid sensual association within the body of the bee, equivalent to the process of reasoning; sensation develops sensation and sums up to a conclusion, a completed sum of sensations which we may call a sensual concept.<sup>3</sup>

Through the example of motility in animals, then, Lawrence goes on to explore how, through a “vibratory” or “direct dynamic *rapport* with the objects of the outer universe” (*FU*, 86 [Lawrence’s emphasis]), human beings might perceive and conceive of their environments with a similar sensitivity through movement.

Such thought is closely paralleled by that of Merleau-Ponty who writes in *The Structure of Behaviour* (1942) that when “the eye and the ear follow an animal in flight, it is impossible to say ‘which started first’ in the exchange of stimuli and responses” (*SB*, 13). Like Lawrence, Merleau-Ponty does not privilege visual perception, the eye *and* the ear together constitute the perception of movement. Another example from Merleau-Ponty’s lectures on *The World of Perception* (1948) shows how the “animal world”, for both thinkers, presents both the intimation of other worlds and how *rapport* between them is possible:

the world we live in is not made up only of things and space: some of these parcels of matter, which we call living beings, proceed to trace in their environment, by the way they act or behave, their own vision of things. We will only see this if we lend our attention to the spectacle of the animal world, if we are prepared to live alongside the world of animals instead of rashly denying it any kind of interiority. (*WP*, 75)

Through motility, beings trace their vision of things in their environment for themselves and for others, and as such communicate non-verbally with them. But this same movement also discloses a new relationship with one’s own body and with space. This can be seen in the scene in *The Rainbow* in which the young Ursula Brangwen

helps her father, Will, plant potatoes. The scene is noteworthy in that it is conducted almost entirely non-verbally, with Will's interjections only relating to and implying an action by Ursula. Will takes her into "his world" and guides her through the body language implied in his deictic instructions (and their accompanying gestural hyphens): "you can put some taters in for me. Look – like that – these little sprits standing up – so much apart, you see" (R, 222). Her lack of spatial awareness ("not so close") and his absorption in his own work cause Ursula to reflect that he has "another world from hers" (R, 223). But when Ursula unknowingly tramples across the seed beds leaving "zig-zagging lines of deep little foot-prints across his work" it "shocks" Will in his "intent world" and causes Ursula to question her place in the world at large and the consequences of her movement therein: "*Why* were the foot-prints there? She had not wanted to make them" (R, 223-4 [Lawrence's emphasis]). Ursula's movement is literally traced in her very environment through which both she and Will manage a glimpse of "another world from theirs".

The importance of the scene, in terms of Ursula's learning self-awareness and a judgement of others, is not fully realised until she and Maggie Schofield see "their footprints marking the snow" (R, 415) in the scene prior to Anthony's proposal, by which time Ursula has learnt that she is "a traveller on the face of the earth" (R, 417).<sup>4</sup> We saw above how Lawrence's thinking on *rapport*, through his writing of the encounter with the adder, evolved through his letters and into a more formally "philosophical" work, and a similar intertextual relationship exists between this scene and a letter written to Katherine Mansfield in February 1919 that explicitly addresses

the place and definition of the human, the relationship between them and animals, and, obliquely, the subject of *rapport*:

Yesterday I went out for a real walk – I’ve had a cold and been in bed. I climbed with my niece to the bare top of the hills. Wonderful is to see the footmarks on the snow – beautiful ropes of rabbit prints, trailing away over the brows; heavy hare marks; a fox so sharp and dainty, going over the wall; birds with two feet that hop; very splendid straight advance of pheasant; wood pigeons that are clumsy and move in flocks; splendid little leaping marks of weasels, coming like a necklace chain of berries; odd little filigree of the field-mice; the trail of a mole – it is astounding what a world of wild creatures one feels round one, on the hills in the snow. From the height it is very beautiful. The upland is naked, white like silver, and moving far into the distance, strange and muscular, with gleams like skin. Only the wind surprises one, invisibly cold; the sun lies bright on a field, like the movement of a sleeper. It is strange how insignificant, in all this, life seems. Two men, tiny as dots, move from a farm on a snow-slope, carrying hay to the beast. Every moment, they seem to melt like insignificant spots of dust. The sheer, living, muscular white of the uplands absorbs everything. Only there is a tiny clump of trees bare on the hill-top – small beeches – writhing like iron in the blue sky. – I wish one could cease to be a human being, and be a demon. – Allzu Menschlich. (3L, 328)

Just as the hailstorm in “Mercury” brings the crowd of tourists into a new relationship with their environment, here, the snow discloses the “tracings in the environment” of the various animals that live together within it. In the “strange and muscular” quality of the snowfield, which “gleams like skin”, we see another instance of the active role that the human body and its metaphors assume in Lawrence’s writing of visual perception, even whilst he re-evaluates both the privileged status of the human within this ecosystem and our dominant mode of perception (the optic “gleams” qualified by the haptic simile “like skin”). Moreover, the “footmarks” of the animals in the snow cause him to “feel” them about him and, in turn, he wishes to be amidst them as “a demon”, something other than or super-human. The same shifts between pronouns as we saw in chapter one are present in these re-evaluative steps as is deixis (“It is strange how insignificant, in all this, life seems”). “Life” here, if we are to take the following sentence as a qualification of the observation, is human life. But whilst the deixis works, on the one hand, to indicate its insignificance (as well as the limitations of

language to capture the perception of the scene in purely visual terms), on the other hand, deixis makes the human body of central importance to the perception of (this) space through the hand, an equivalent but nonetheless different sense of touch to that of the animals whose own explorations of the landscape through direct contact have been seen earlier in the passage. Through the coupling of vision and touch, “this” conveys a sense of being in the world; a term in which the sensory modalities of environmental exploration are analogous to those of the animals, but one whose exclusively human production and significance insist on difference. Indeed, if embodiment is central to perception then the form that life takes through different bodies situates difference at the heart of any interspecies encounter. As we saw with the adder, Lawrence was alive to this truth of existence and through techniques such as deixis (in which language and the human body operate together) and terms like *rapport* (in which the uniqueness and foreignness of language to the human are weighed) he dextrously attempts to find a language for embodied human experience imbricated with other beings (including the otherness at the heart of “oneself”) and the world.

In the course of this chapter, I will look at further examples of Lawrence’s and Merleau-Ponty’s shared thinking on and poetics of perception as moments in which these imbrications of the human body with the world occur. Motility for both writers underpins much of their writing on/of perception. But, for Lawrence, movement’s counterpart “stillness” plays an equally active role, both in perception and, as we saw at the end of the previous chapter, in definitions of the human. In approaching perception, the focus will be largely directed towards the visual. However, by looking at a mode of perception which, as we have seen above, is often at work with other

senses, we will better appreciate how Lawrence's writing of *rapport* challenges purely humanistic and optic perceptions of space and, thereby, how his terms operate at the intersections between the human and the animal to broaden an awareness of difference (and perspective) at the heart of perception.

### **Fantasia of the Unconscious and Spatial Metaphors**

In May 1918, Lawrence wrote to Edith Eder asking if she could lend or borrow for him "a book which describes the human nervous system, and gives a sort of map of the nerves of the human body? Do try and find a book to lend me – I want to see this" (3L, 243). Although he wanted a book of "physiology" rather than "medicine" he "managed" with the one he received and was able to find out the "certain things" he wanted to see from it (3L, 244-5). The books that resulted from this consultation, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, incorporate much of Lawrence's prior reading in philosophy and myth as well as drawing on these physiological "maps" in order to give a schematisation of the body and space whose polarities predispose them to a *rapport* that, Lawrence argues, has been lost, but which he moves to recover. The eightfold division of the body in *Fantasia* mirrors in microcosm the macrocosmic schematisation of space. The "lower" and "front", and "upper" and "back" of the body correspond to, what he calls, the "sympathetic" and "voluntary" "centres", respectively, with the "right and left dynamics of the body, in some way, corresponding to the sympathetic and voluntary division" (FU, 54). The clue as to which "centre" the right and left belong to can be found in the later passage

on the creation of our solar system where the earth's centre is said to be founded on the centre "of the first dead body", the "first germ-cell of death", the same cell which "threw out the great nuclei of the sun and the moon" (*FU*, 156). This dynamic is reprised in the passage on the death of the individual, wherein "it flings itself on the right hand to the sun, on the left hand to the moon, in the dual polarity, and sinks to the earth" (*FU*, 160), broadly placing the right with the upper, voluntary centres and the left with the lower, sympathetic ones. Lawrence then adds another layer of metaphor by (somewhat conventionally) calling "the lower plane the sensual, the upper the spiritual" (*FU*, 41).

For Gerald Doherty, these "somatic centers" track a "wholly different route to the cure" or, we might say, to a rediscovery of *rapport*, than that of the Freudian by "replacing the verbal intricacies of the transference with silent somatic states of awareness, subverting the appropriation of desire for interpretation that is the *sine qua non* of the psychoanalytic cure. In sum, they tap into a non-verbal, impersonal energy-source instead of a personal, language-bound one"<sup>5</sup>. Whereas writers, like Peter Fjågesund, have looked at Lawrence's apocalyptic turn in relation to his western theological heritage,<sup>6</sup> Doherty looks to the east and to yoga for ways of reading the subject's relation to space and time. There, Doherty claims, Lawrence also found a way of thinking that enabled him to "engage with *limit-situations*, i.e. moments of radical transformation when the self sheds its social accoutrements, and discovers dynamic new ways of being-in-the-world (this coincides in the fiction with the protagonist's access to states of maximum being)"<sup>7</sup>.

Although Doherty is keen to stress that Lawrence “never reneged on language”, he suggests that, for Lawrence, its prime function is “neither epistemological (as a means to knowledge), nor socio-cultural (as a means to communication), but soteriological (as a means of self-transformation)”<sup>8</sup> and, furthermore, that, as in his reading of these “somatic centers”, “at the moment that language fails, silence becomes the index of maximum being”<sup>9</sup>. Whilst the present thesis has obvious sympathies with readings, like Doherty’s, that consider the power of the “non-verbal”, the interplay between the somatic and the linguistic (for example in deixis) is of more interest than that of silence alone. Although it is true that Lawrence remained sceptical of language as an “epistemological” or ideal media, for him, like Wittgenstein, its use could also bring it alive (as meaning) and, when used imaginatively or creatively, it had the capacity to voice, through its poetic (rhythm, metaphor, etc.) and paralinguistic (tone, accent, dialect, etc.) qualities the living oscillations of the human’s consciousness with those of the universe. As we saw in Lawrence’s use of the image of the “bho tree” to consider the meaning of the “East”, metaphor for him is a way of creatively grounding the abstract and evading the sign-signified split he sees as common to prosaic, mimetic language and, in turn, other Cartesian binaries.

For John B. Vickery the texture of *Fantasia* itself “brings image and metaphor into the core of his writing in order to construct a cosmology of what he calls the child-consciousness and the individual self which represents the reality of existence from a structural if not historical perspective”<sup>10</sup>. Although in *Fantasia* (and indeed generally) Lawrence is not explicit about the relationship between language and being, by reading his metaphors in the text we can see that those he uses to outline the silent or non-

verbal communication of the subject with others and the world are, in fact, based on linguistic objects and, as such, demonstrate language incorporated into the body. For example, the “blood connection” that exists between family members, Lawrence writes, is “as direct and subtle as between the Marconi stations, two great wireless stations. A family, if you like, is a group of wireless stations, all adjusted to the same, or very much the same, vibration” (*FU*, 26) (“direct” and “vibratory” we remember are used above to characterise *rapport*). Elsewhere, the “telephone” (*FU*, 21) and the brain “as a sort of switch board” (*FU*, 44) show Lawrence’s ambivalence about this connection of language and being: on the one hand, the sensory exchange between the body and the other is likened to a kind of dialogue; on the other, Lawrence’s general skepticism of the machine means that, in this internalisation of language through the kind of “technological *aisthesis*” discussed by Danius, these metaphors show a strand of his thought in which language and linguistic knowledge is an impediment to full, sensory being.<sup>11</sup> For example, in arguing that “we can never know ourselves”, by constructing an analogy based on another linguistic structure (the signpost), he subtly hints that language is not in direct proportion to being: “Knowledge is to consciousness what the signpost is to the traveller: just an indication of the way which has been travelled before. Knowledge is not even in direct proportion to being” (*FU*, 72). Just as the body must be used spontaneously to generate *rapport*, language must be used creatively to voice being.

In Doherty’s reading of *Fantasia*, such creativity is at work in Lawrence’s writing of the “somatic centers” of the body. “In place of the vertical line of seven chakras, extending from the base of the spine to the top of the head” in yogic writing,

Lawrence, Doherty says, “posits six dual centers, polarized along the front and back of the body, and then the ‘final one’ – the celebrated root (*muladara*) center at which the ‘dark forces of manhood and womanhood sparkle’ – the crucial center in Lawrence’s personal mythology”<sup>12</sup>. Indeed, for Vickery, the “imaginative power” of this “intricate network of polarities” is “directly commensurate with its factual unlikelihood” but it is, nevertheless, he says, “a sustained series of connections enabling everything to fit together coherently”<sup>13</sup>. This fitting of the human into the circumambient universe is exactly what Lawrence was after in writing *rapport*, and, by dividing the body and space into corresponding planes along vertical and horizontal lines in *Fantasia*, space and the body’s movement through it takes on a metaphorical quality, in which movement traces the subject’s ontological and metaphysical relationship with their environment. For example, from the voluntary ganglion of the lower plane, Lawrence says, human beings learn to use their legs. Consequently, the “motion of walking, like the motion of breathing, is twofold. First a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot: then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in power and freedom” (*FU*, 43). We saw above how important the literal imprint (another linguistic metaphor) of the being on the earth was to *rapport* with it, in the example from *The Rainbow* and letter. Indeed, Michael Bell’s reading of the opening sentences of the novel elegantly demonstrates how these axes, the “vertical axis of religious feeling” and that of the “‘horizontal’ plane of daily life”, imbricate the body and space. For Bell, the “felt presence” of the (Christian) church-tower is “absorbed into” the Brangwen’s everyday life in the fields and through these “vertical” and “horizontal” structures Lawrence thereby expresses “a psychic structure which can

subsume, and therefore compare, two opposed ontologies”<sup>14</sup>. Although Bell does not link this explicitly with Lawrence’s vertical and horizontal division of the body and space in *Fantasia*, we will see below that the same psychic and metaphysical implications of these divisions that he draws attention to are present in Lawrence’s writing of perception in his other fiction. By interlinking these planes of the body and world through the perceptual act, *rapport* for Lawrence becomes not only a physical but also a metaphysical state.

Although Merleau-Ponty is primarily concerned with the physicality of perception, he, like Lawrence, is alive to the “emblematic value” (*PP*, 331) of the body and how spatial metaphors give rise to metaphysical meanings by giving examples of “right” and “left” as sources of “the lawful and the forbidden” or incarnations of “skill” and “awkwardness” (*PP*, 333) and “the vital sexual significance of up and down” (*PP*, 331) (a metaphorical mainstay of *Fantasia*). His writing, likewise, addresses the relationship between the “planes” of the body and those of perception. In the following passage from *The Structure of Behaviour*, he gives the example of the relationship between a football player and the pitch in order to distinguish objects in perception from “lived realities”. Whereas, Merleau-Ponty argues, objects give rise to a multiplicity of perspectival views and remain equivalent through these apparent transformations, the lived reality of the field is not “given”, rather the player “becomes one with it and feels the direction of the ‘goal,’ for example, just as immediately as the vertical and horizontal planes of his own body”; “each maneuver undertaken by the player modifies the character of the field” and in turn “alters the phenomenal field” (*SB*, 168-9). For Merleau-Ponty, such “virtual space” is only brought into being

through the action of the body and to perceive a situation “according to left and right” he says “depends on a constellation of both proprioceptive and exteroceptive stimuli”. These “egocentric” designations of space (left, right) alter according to this action, so, for example, when donning a coat, the sleeve on the right when looked at from the front becomes the left through which the arm is put (*SB*, 88-91).

This idea is taken up again in *Phenomenology of Perception*. There, the “anchoring points” of objects within a visual field (top, bottom, etc.) derive their stability from within a certain space towards which and in which the body is orientated. So, Merleau-Ponty shows, “a subject tilting his head on one side holds a stick obliquely, when asked to hold it vertically” (*PP*, 290). The vertical does tend to “follow the direction of the head” but, he says, “only if the visual field is empty, and if the ‘anchoring points’ are lacking”. The vertical, then, “is the direction represented by the symmetry axis of our body as a synergic system” and “What counts for the orientation of the spectacle is not my body as it in fact is, as a thing in objective space, but as a system of possible actions, a virtual body with its phenomenal ‘place’ defined by its task and situation” (*PP*, 291). The body “is wherever there is something to be done” (*PP*, 291). Where these “motor intentions” and the “perceptual field” (whose objects have their own “anchoring points” which give them their “significance” (*PP*, 294)) “join forces” (*PP*, 293) the “spatial level” comes to rest:

It comes to rest when, between my body as the potentiality for certain movements, as the demand for certain preferential planes, and the spectacle perceived as an invitation to the same movements and the scene of the same actions, a pact is concluded which gives me the enjoyment of space and gives to things their direct power over my body. The constitution of the spatial level is simply one means of constituting an integrated world: my body is geared onto the world when my perception presents me with a spectacle as varied and as clearly articulated as possible, and when my motor intentions, as they unfold, receive the responses they expect from the world. This maximum sharpness of perception and action points clearly to

a perceptual *ground*, a basis of my life, a general setting in which my body can co-exist with the world. (*PP*, 292 [Merleau-Ponty's emphasis])

We begin to see here the same dynamics of movement and "stillness" central to Lawrence's own theories of perception. Merleau-Ponty goes on to say that "we cannot dissociate being from orientated being" (*PP*, 295) and in so doing postulates that the body's "co-existence with the world magnetizes experience and induces a direction in it" (*PP*, 293-4), terms very similar to Lawrence's own magnetic sense of *rapport*.<sup>15</sup> For both writers, then, the body prefers certain orientations of the perceptual field, but in being "geared onto the world" these are in constant flux.

In another example, this time from *The World of Perception*, we see how this intentional structure might give rise to the kind of "emblematic values" and the effect of absorbing the vertical into the horizontal, or at least a more holistic synergic system, of the kind mentioned by Bell and Merleau-Ponty above. Of this "vertical-horizontal axis" in relation to the visual field Merleau-Ponty notes that it is generally true that "the apparent size of objects on the horizontal plane is remarkably constant, whereas they very quickly get smaller on the vertical plane. This is most likely to be because, for us as beings who walk upon the earth, the horizontal plane is where our most important movements and activities take place" (*WP*, 55-6). Through the example of the activity of walking upon the earth, both Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty, show how embodiment underpins the "style" in which we perceive and how, in turn, this incorporates a metaphysical sense of being in the world.

It is striking that Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty not only share these poetics of space but also present their phenomenological standpoint towards this space in these works in similar terms. For example, Lawrence's refusal to believe anything that he is

told by science about the sun, placing truth only in “empiric discoveries which work in actual appliances” (*FU*, 148), is echoed by Merleau-Ponty: “The sun ‘rises’ for the scientist in the same way as it does for the uneducated person, and our scientific representations of the solar system remain matters of hearsay, like lunar landscapes, and we never believe in them in the sense in which we believe in the sunrise” (*PP*, 401). Or compare the “‘sensible’ nucleus” around which the “horizon” of perception is arranged (*SB*, 214-5), for Merleau-Ponty, with the relationship between the “germ-cell” of man and “nuclei of the sun and moon” in *Fantasia* above; or the way in which attitudes of flexion and extensor movements are said to express the taking possession of and abandonment to things (*SB*, 148) with the way Lawrence theorises the “twofold” motion of walking: “First a sympathetic cleaving to the earth with the foot: then the voluntary rejection, the spurning, the kicking away, the exultance in the power of freedom” (*FU*, 43). Moreover, for both of them, the co-existence of the parts of space seen as breadth, height, and depth in “the hold that our body takes upon the world” (*PP*, 321) is manifest in the touch-sight metaphor, where the eye “makes contact” and “goes forth” or roves “like the fingers of an infant or a blind man over the face of the treasured object” (*FU*, 229). It is with this in mind that we turn to briefly summarise the concept of vision in *Fantasia* before looking more specifically at Lawrence’s writing of embodied visual perception in relation to Merleau-Ponty.

## *Vision*

Just as the body and space were apportioned corresponding planes above, for Lawrence vision is similarly divided. In the chapter of *Fantasia* dealing with "The Five Senses", he describes "four modes of sight" in which we have "a choice of vision" (*FU*, 62). In keeping with the division of the body, there are two modes of "sympathetic vision" and two of "volitional vision". To give a brief sketch, the two types of "volitional" or "conscious vision" are said to be "almost entirely rooted in the breast" (*FU*, 59). In the first, in the "motion of cold objectivity from the thoracic ganglion", the eyes "refuse any communication" with the other and instead "watch" with the "curiosity" with which "a cat watches a fly" (*FU*, 60). However, if no "wonder" "creep[s]" into that which is beheld, such curiosity will be of the "upper will, directed from the ganglion of the shoulders: such as is the acute attention of an experimental scientist", which constitutes the second mode of "volitional vision". In "sympathetic vision" the eyes have their "sensual root". Vision from the "*upper sympathetic centre*" is contrasted with that of the "voluntary centre" as "a keen quick vision, which "watches" and "beholds, but which never yields to the object outside" (*FU*, 60). This "dark, desirous look of the savage", Lawrence says, "knows the *strangeness*, the danger of its object" but is not "open" to its study; rather, in this mode, the gulf between subject and object is acknowledged and the object's existence only in terms of the subject (*FU*, 60). In the final mode of sympathetic vision, the mind "goes forth" to dwell upon the world but can be lost in the light of the "wonderful beyond" (*FU*, 62) that is its object.

As with Lawrence's treatment of geographic space in the letters, the "modern Northern vision" characterises "the objective" and "the Egyptian the subjective" (*FU*, 62). Since the terms "north" and "south" can be mapped metaphorically onto Lawrence's division of the body they construct a matrix whose terms are used interchangeably to signify regions of space, areas of the body, modes of vision, and their consequent metaphysical or emblematic values. This metaphorical matrix is necessary for Lawrence because the "sensual root" of vision "is hard to transfer into language, as all *our* vision, our modern Northern vision, is in the upper mode of actual seeing" (*FU*, 60 [Lawrence's emphasis]). As we can see, analogies from the animal kingdom also stand in for sustained development of his concepts. But these terms are functional as well, in that, whereas "objective and subjective are words that depend absolutely on your starting-point", "spiritual" and "sensual" are not only "much more descriptive terms" (*FU*, 62) but also means of expressing a dynamic imbrication of the body with the world in order to surmount simplistic and static subject-object binaries.

Obviously Lawrence does not try to exempt himself from the "modern Northern vision" but, in his initial comments on conscious vision which precede his discussion of the four modes, he does employ an exemplary "I" (much like that of "one" in the letters) through which he describes how these modes might be synthesised. We have "some choice" in which modes we adopt, Lawrence says, but vision itself has become "faulty because we attend too much in one mode", that is, we see too much with "an endless objective curiosity":

The dark, glancing sightlessness of the intent savage, the narrowed vision of the cat, the single point of vision of the hawk – these we do not know any more. We live far too much from the sympathetic centres, without the balance from the voluntary mode. [...] Sight is the least sensual of all the senses. And we strain ourselves to see, see, see – everything, everything through the

eye, in one mode of objective curiosity. There is nothing inside us, we stare endlessly outside. So our eyes begin to fail; to retaliate on us. We go short-sighted, almost in self-protection. (*FU*, 61-2)

“Our” definition of vision is called into question in comparison with these other modes. However, their exclusive employment is equally as limited as the “modern Northern vision” alone. The terms of the exemplary “I” (or eye) involve a balance between those of the “voluntary” and the “sympathetic”, as well as an appeal to motility (“going forth”), animalistic analogy (“as a bird flying forth and coming home”), and a phenomenological openness to the object of vision and an active “dwelling upon” the “wonder” of the object in the world, and in the “wonder of vision” itself:

The eyes are the third great gateway of the psyche. Here the soul goes in and out of the body, as a bird flying forth and coming home. But the root of conscious vision is almost entirely in the breast. When I go forth from my own eyes, in delight to dwell upon the world which is beyond me, outside me, then I go forth from wide open windows, through which shows the full and living lambent darkness of my present inward self. I go forth, and I leave the lovely open darkness of my sensient self revealed; when I go forth in the wonder of vision to dwell upon the beloved, or upon the wonder of the world, I go from the centre of the glad breast, through the eyes, and who will may look into the full soft darkness of me, rich with my undiscovered presence. (*FU*, 59-60)

So the two modes of “volitional vision” are inadequate because they are too static, passive, and detached. In the cold objectivity, of the scientist, the self “stands” in the eyes and “merely stares outwards” (*FU*, 60), whereas in the example above the “eyes” and the “breast” form a synergic whole in which the movements of both (“I go forth from my own eyes...”, “I go from the centre of the glad breast...”) are active in and activate perception. This movement is residual in the curiosity that may “creep into” the eyes to stir a “wonder” in the object in the cat’s objective mode, but then we all know what curiosity does to cats, and, for Lawrence, the danger in this “sharpened or narrowed” “point” of vision is that it cannot bridge the gap between subject and object

without yielding, in the self-abnegatory manner of other modes of vision, to the object. These two modes of “sympathetic vision” are confounded because, on the one hand, the eye does not “dwell” on the object nor reciprocally “reveal” the subject (“the eye is not wide open to study”), and, on the other, is lost in it (*FU*, 61-2).

All perception then, for Lawrence, is, at its most sensuous, a synaesthetic process. Visual perception depends on the motility of the body, its orientation in space (and that of its object), and the contact with or “dwelling upon” the object by the eye. We can see in Lawrence’s writing of the bee’s sensory *rapport* with its environment through its movement and touch how important the example of animal modes of perception are to this concept. Vision, he says, is “not very highly developed in animals” so they “smell what they see” and “know better by the more direct contact of scent” (*FU*, 61). Even in this description, we see the interdependence of perceptual modes, each working to explain the other: vision gives way to olfaction, which in turn gives way to touch (“direct contact”). This last is so appealing to Lawrence because, whereas four of the five senses “have their functioning in the face-region”, the sense of touch does not lend itself to exclusive modes (as we saw in his critique of vision), but rather is “distributed all over the body” (*FU*, 56). We will see in section four below the importance of olfaction and the body as a whole as models for Lawrence’s writing of perception.

At the level of language, as well as in such sensory synergy, Lawrence’s writing of vision shares many points with *Phenomenology of Perception*. For example, the “wonder of vision” or “wonder of the world” is picked up in Merleau-Ponty’s formulation of the phenomenological reduction in terms of “‘wonder’ in the face of the

world" (*PP*, xv). The poetics of *Fantasia*'s mode of "cold objectivity" ("as a cat watches a fly") find their counterpoint in Merleau-Ponty's description of the other's objectifying gaze: "if we both make ourselves into an inhuman gaze, if each of us feels his actions to be not taken up and understood, but observed as if they were an insect's. This is what happens, for instance, when I fall under the gaze of a stranger" (*PP*, 420). Examples of this "inhuman" and dehumanizing gaze are abundant in Lawrence's fiction, but the example from the short story "Shades of Spring" demonstrates a sense of oneness with "an enduring vision" of nature broken by the presence of another and the transition to an "impersonal, observant gaze" of the kind described in *Fantasia*. There, John Syson's "restless eyes" trouble the gamekeeper, Arthur Pilbeam, in their "examination" and "penetration" of him without any heed of his office, written in Syson's initial perception of him as an "it" before the shift to the pronoun "he" (*PO*, 115).

Another example from "The Daughters of the Vicar" in the same collection, deftly illustrates how the body's position in space gives rise to its "emblematic" value in the text and how its orientation underlies the "anchoring points" in perception. Louisa Lindley, the daughter of the vicar, visits her beau, the working class miner Alfred Durant, at the home of his dying mother. After dinner, he washes himself with his back to Louisa, who helps him to wash it:

Curious how it hurt her to take part in their fixed routine of life! Louisa felt the almost repulsive intimacy being forced upon her. It was all so common, so like herding. She lost her own distinctness.

He ducked his face round, looking up at her in what was a very comical way. She had to harden herself.

"How funny he looks with his face upside down," she thought. After all, there was a difference between her and the common people. The water in which his arms were plunged was quite black, the soap-froth was darkish. She could scarcely conceive him as human. (*PO*, 86)

With Alfred “kneeling” down (*PO*, 86), Louisa’s “realistic” (as opposed to “poetic”, in Poyatos’s sense of the word) position at a higher spatial level than him conveys the “difference” she perceives between her and the “lower” class through the positions of their bodies in space which, in turn, gives rise to the “poetic” spatial metaphor for class hierarchies. Although this contributes, in part, to Louisa’s dehumanizing gaze, the touch implied in her washing his back mediates the optic distance with the haptic and, in so doing, she (somewhat paradoxically) comes to mind the loss of her distinctness less. In other words, her narrow “objective” and “objectifying” gaze that is the product of her class, Lawrence shows, needs to be mediated by another sense in order for normal human relations to be resumed, instead of the alienating framework of seeing-as a certain class.<sup>16</sup> Seeing “his face upside down” obviously functions “poetically” as part of this re-evaluation of spatial metaphors, but only through the “realistic”, phenomenological basis from which this arises. Following from his consideration of “anchoring points” and the effect of the orientation of the body in space, Merleau-Ponty writes that “the significance of the object” is “linked to its orientation”:

To invert an object is to deprive it of its significance. Its being as an object is, therefore, not a being-for-the-thinking subject, but a being-for-the-gaze which meets it at a certain angle, and otherwise fails to recognize it. This is why each object has its “top” and its “bottom” which indicate, for a given level, its “natural” position, the one which it “should” occupy. (*PP*, 294-5)

Merleau-Ponty’s example of this is, happily, that of a face seen “the right way up” and “upside down”. For the subject of perception (rather than the thinking subject), he says, “the face seen ‘upside down’ is unrecognizable” (*PP*, 294). He then gives a description of it, both amusing and repulsive in equal measure, like Lawrence’s for

Louisa Durant's perception. In the passage from "The Daughters of the Vicar", Lawrence's beings are, like Merleau-Ponty's, inevitably "situated beings" (both physically and in terms of class). The phenomenological effect of their orientations for each other underpins the social and perceptual realism, and, from them, Lawrence exploits spatial metaphors that illustrate their own constructedness and that of space itself.

One of the most profound connections between Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty, then, is that not only is the body the ground from which both write their phenomenology, but also that space and visual fields grow out of perceptions which actively travel "back and forth" or "flow", to use another of *Fantasia's* watchwords, between the body and the world. As Merleau-Ponty puts it: "I do not have *perceptions*, I do not posit this object as beside that one, along with their objective relationships, I have a flow of experiences which imply and explain each other both simultaneously and successively" (*PP*, 327). In his discussion of Cézanne's landscapes, a painter whose rejection of "geometrical perspective" (*WP*, 53) influenced both authors' writing of perception, Merleau-Ponty suggests that rather than passively flowing over the landscape without hindrance, the gaze is "forced to adopt a certain point of view and these successive snapshots of any given area of the landscape cannot be superimposed one upon the other" and that since no two objects are seen simultaneously in this way the subject gets the "feel of a world" in which "regions of space are separated by the time it takes to move our gaze from one to the other, a world in which being is not given but rather emerges over time" (*WP*, 53-4). An example of a landscape, again

from *The Prussian Officer* collection (1914), will serve to demonstrate how Lawrence writes in these phenomenological aspects of perception.

In “The Prussian Officer”, the orderly experiences feelings of bodilessness as a result of the punishing march, directed under the gaze of the Prussian Officer himself. The exertion effects his eyesight. It is only when they halt “on a small knoll high on the hill-side” and the orderly can sit “still”, that the view brings him back to himself:

There was a blue fold in the ranges, then out of that, at the foot, the broad, pale bed of the river, stretches of whitey-green water between pinkish-grey shoals among the dark pine-woods. There it was, spread out a long way off. And it seemed to come downhill, the river. There was a raft being steered, a mile away. It was a strange country. Nearer, a red-roofed, broad farm with white base and square dots of windows crouched beside the wall of beech-foliage on the wood's edge. There were long strips of rye and clover and pale green corn. And just at his feet, below the knoll, was a darkish bog, where globe flowers stood breathless still on their slim stalks. (*PO*, 19-20)

Rather than superimposing areas of the landscape, the flow of experiences here does “imply and explain each other both simultaneously and successively”. In exactly this way, the “blue fold” becomes the “pale” riverbed which “spread[s] out” before finally becoming “the river” which in turn implies and explains the “raft”. The eye follows the line his body has just travelled and in so doing creates a sense of depth in the fictional space and gives the point of view. However, what is most striking about this example is that the depth is not only achieved by following the contours of the land but also in the careful construction of the scene along vertical and horizontal axes, such as those discussed above, so as the sense of the eye's movement in its fluidly focusing and refocusing on the objects both brings it back to the body and gives the body's *rapport* with the world (the vertical line of the mountain “rising” then falling to its “foot” is taken up by the horizontal “broad” “stretches” of water “spread[ing] out”, before becoming the “broad farm”, beside whose “crouch[ing]” windows stand the

“beech[es]” and the “long strips of rye” re-emerging in vertical lines). The anthropomorphic metaphors (“at the foot” and “crouched”) not only ease the transition between the vertical and horizontal lines at their intersections but also, in the re-echoing of the flowers “just at his feet”, they metaphorically blur the distinction between the orderly and the mountain and hence the minute distance between his eye and the flowers at his feet, and the larger distance from the top of the mountains to the river at their feet. For Jeff Wallace, anthropomorphism emerges in Lawrence’s work to “confirm the circumscribed or tautological condition of human knowledge”<sup>17</sup> of the nonhuman being. But, it seems that, in its application in so many phenomenological acts of perception of this nonhuman being in Lawrence’s writing, anthropomorphism is also a gesture towards inhabiting the being of this other, or at least the acknowledgement of some kinship of life.<sup>18</sup> Indeed, the similarities between this example and the exemplary perception written in *Fantasia* above are striking, in particular the involvement of the body in both the world and perception, and the way in which it is returned to rather than yielded to the landscape (without privileging either).

The implicit refocusing of the eye gives a sense of the movement through which being and space emerge together over time. Two further examples from diverse sources will make explicit Lawrence’s attention to this detail of perception. Like the example from “The Prussian Officer”, the first focuses on another walk, this time from a piece of non-fiction, the “Walk to Huayapa” from *Mornings in Mexico* (1927). As we saw in chapter one, *Mornings in Mexico* shares with the letters a bodily vocabulary of “striding” in place of abstract distances and, here, the journey out of town begins, “In a stride, the town passes away”<sup>19</sup>. There then follow two paragraphs of landscape

written uncannily like that of “The Prussian Officer”: the gaze begins “On the left, quite near” and follows the horizontal of the “stiffly pleated mountains”, “clothed smokily with pine” and “a rich blue fume”, “darkest blue at the top”, before this last detail provokes the metamorphosis of the mountains (again at the horizontal-vertical intersection) into “some splendid lizard” whose “wavering, royal-blue crest [runs] down the ridge of his back, and pale belly, and soft, pinky-fawn claws, on the plain”, filling in the vertical axis.<sup>20</sup> The anthropomorphic metaphors (“at the foot” and “crouched”) in “The Prussian Officer” and the metamorphic metaphor here function, like Lawrence’s simile for exemplary visual perception in *Fantasia* (“as a bird flying forth and coming home”), alongside the equivalent division of the body and space along the vertical-horizontal axis, to unsettle the boundaries between material categories (humans, animals, etc.) and thereby enact symbolically or linguistically the kind of *rapport* with the environment sought through the perception described. *Rapport*, then, becomes neither a wholly animal nor a wholly human state.

The second paragraph proceeds by describing church towers, *haciendas*, trees, and a sugar-cane plantation with their proper nouns or as white or green “spots”, “dots”, “strokes”, or “squares” depending on their distance and hence how focused they are. In this case, the eye provides the main movement where distance is achieved by objects being focused upon and “moving” in the field of vision relative to the stationary body. The case in which the body moves towards an object, and focus is thereby achieved, occurs later in the walk where, “proceed[ing]” in the blazing sun “up the slope”, an abstract “line of white” is seen “at the foot of the trees”: “It looks like water running white over a weir. The supply of the town water comes this way.

Perhaps this is a reservoir. A sheet of water! How lovely it would be, in this country, if there was a sheet of water with a stream running out of it! And those dense trees of Huayapa behind"<sup>21</sup>. Movement towards this object is constantly reinforced as they "walk" and "climb" "towards the dark trees" where, as they "draw nearer", the "white slowly resolves into a broken, whitewashed wall"<sup>22</sup>. Two points are of particular note: firstly, in keeping with Merleau-Pontian thought, the object (the "line" or "stream") comes into focus out of or in relation to the background of the trees; secondly, the notion that the seemingly innocuous white line is a stream or reservoir is underlined by both a bodily logic, which reasons that to survive in the environment Huayapa must have a water source, and a spatial logic, which builds on the encounter with the bathers in the creek, which must also have one, in the previous paragraph; these logics feed forward into the optical illusion that the line must be a stream since Lawrence is travelling between these two locations, both of which must have water sources.

The second example is taken from the "Sketch-Book" chapter of *Women in Love* and included not only because it shows the role movement plays in the "resolution" of the image but also that it is another of Lawrence's optical illusions. Gudrun's drawing is taken up in relation to intersubjectivity in section three. For the purposes of the discussion here, it is Ursula in whom we are interested, and the paragraph is worth quoting in full:

Ursula was watching the butterflies, of which there were dozens near the water, little blue ones suddenly snapping out of nothingness into a jewel-life, a large black-and-red one standing upon a flower and breathing with his soft wings, intoxicatingly, breathing pure, ethereal sunshine; two white ones wrestling in the low air; there was a halo round them; ah, when they came tumbling nearer they were orange-tips, and it was the orange that had made the halo. Ursula rose and drifted away, unconscious like the butterflies.<sup>23</sup> (*WL*, 142)

This is truly writing of the “flow of experience”. Just as with the line/reservoir/stream/wall above, the butterflies that appear to snap out of nothing into Ursula’s focus actually arise out of the background of the “dozens” near the “water”. In this way, such an unfolding focus does not kill their “trembling life” (*WP*, 53), to use Merleau-Ponty’s terms, but rather Lawrence succeeds in writing repose not as “an opposite that excludes motion from itself, but rather includes it”<sup>24</sup> in the activity of the verbs “standing” and “breathing”. The adverb “intoxicatingly” and “snapping out of” also make clear the two-way traffic between movement in the world and its psychological effect on the percipient. The interaction that must take place between the body and the world is made explicit by the optical illusion where Ursula’s “fills in” the “halo” around the butterflies, an example of the phenomenon of “colour spreading” described in Daniel Dennett’s *Consciousness Explained* (1991).<sup>25</sup> As with the optical illusion above, the focus achieved through the movement of the butterflies towards Ursula unravels the logic complicit in its construction. Vision, then, for both Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty is an often tricky, unstable process, subject to constant revisions with the most up-to-date interaction with the world. It is with this in mind that we turn to other instances of perception and, by addressing intersubjectivity, assess the importance of the body to it, before looking more generally at the intersection between movement, stillness, and the role of other animals in Lawrence’s writing of visual fields.

### ***Body Language and Intersubjectivity***

According to Merleau-Ponty, the edge of the visual field is not a real line neatly cut out of the objective world, not a fragment with sharp edges framing our perceptions like a window, nor when we reach its limits do we pass from vision to non-vision (*PP*, 323). We have already seen a few examples of how Lawrence, too, exposes these blurred edges. We “see as far as our hold on things extends”, continues Merleau-Ponty, “the gramophone playing in the next room, and not expressly seen by me, still counts in my visual field” and he goes further in *The Structure of Behaviour* to include the whole “house and perhaps the town” (*SB*, 215).<sup>26</sup> In this earlier work, the “horizon of the perceived” is used in place of “visual field” and Merleau-Ponty develops this into the object- or point-horizon structure of *Phenomenology of Perception*. This structure, with movement central to the unfolding of its “horizons”, warrants some sustained attention here. To give a brief summary, to see an object is “either to have it on the fringe of the visual field and be able to concentrate on it, or else respond to this summons by actually concentrating upon it”. By actually concentrating on it, the perceiver becomes “anchored” in it but this “coming to rest of the gaze is merely a modality of its movement” in that it “continues inside one object the exploration which earlier hovered over them all”. This movement closes up the landscape and opens up the object and because to look at an object is to “plunge oneself into it”, “the inner horizon of an object cannot become an object without the surrounding objects becoming a horizon”. The “object-horizon structure” is thus “the means whereby objects are distinguished from each other” and “the means whereby they are disclosed”

(*PP*, 78-9). A second way in which movement is relevant to this structure is the case in which objects themselves move into and across our visual fields and change their place within it. Merleau-Ponty concludes that “movement has no meaning outside this relationship” in which the “relationship between the moving object and its background passes through our body” (*PP*, 323-4).

So how does Lawrence write this into his fiction? Two picnic scenes, the first from *The White Peacock* (1911) and the second from *Sons and Lovers* (1913), neatly demonstrate this and also draw attention to the perspectival grounding of the point-horizon structure and address the problem of how, as Merleau-Ponty puts it, the intersubjective world is grasped through this field of lived perception (*SB*, 219). The first is taken from the start of the chapter “Pastorals and Peonies” in *The White Peacock*, where a “movement of white in the dark wood” is all that George Saxton perceives as Leslie Tempest’s picnic party enters his field of vision.<sup>27</sup> George’s attention is summoned and he, in turn, summons Cyril’s by exclaiming ““Here they are!””. The two then stand “still”, like the Prussian Officer’s orderly, concentrating on their passing. But Cyril’s myopic eyes can only make out “Two girls, heliotrope and white, a man with two girls, pale green and white, and a man with a girl last”, so he asks George if he can ““tell who they are?””. Now, George’s picture is, on the contrary, much sharper: ““That’s Marie Tempest, that first girl in white, and that’s him [Leslie] and Lettie at the back””. The second example is taken from the chapter “Lad-and-Girl Love” in *Sons and Lovers*. The party, including Paul Morel and Miriam Leivers, set off for the Hemlock Stone. When they arrive, the lads climb “to the top of the rock to look round” and see, beyond the field below, “the garden of an old manor”:

“See,” said Paul to Miriam, “what a quiet garden.”

She saw the dark yews and the golden crocuses, then she looked at him gratefully. He had not seemed to belong to her among all these others; [...] How it hurt her and deadened her perceptions. [...] And now he asked her to look at this garden wanting the contact with her again. Impatient of the set in the field, she turned to the quiet lawn surrounded by sheaves of shut-up crocuses. A feeling of stillness, almost of ecstasy came over her. It felt almost as if she were alone with him in this garden. (*SL*, 200-1)

Three characteristics shared by these scenes are important: firstly, like Cyril, Miriam is also “short sighted” (*SL*, 187); secondly, George’s exclamation ““Here they are!”” and Paul’s imperative ““See”” situate the perceptions from their embodied perspective and imply a deictic non-verbal behaviour that opens the intersubjective space; and thirdly, the same “stillness” that overcomes the orderly in “The Prussian Officer” (above) comes over Cyril, George, and Miriam. Whereas the optical illusions above allow Lawrence to address how objects present different perspectival aspects to an individual, these intersubjective moments highlight how differences in embodiment affect perception. In *The White Peacock*, the change in focus between the two subjective images (and even between George’s perception of a “movement” and then his sharper picture) enacts the object’s movement through space relative to each body. Likewise, the example from *Sons and Lovers* presents the difference between Paul’s perception of the objects at their “horizons” (“yew hedges, and thick clumps and borders of yellow crocuses round the lawn” (*SL*, 200 [my emphasis])) and Miriam’s of the objects in themselves (the “dark yews” and the “golden” and “shut-up” crocuses). Through these intersubjective differences, the examples show objects “unfolding” at their “horizons” for different beings over time, and thereby illustrate Merleau-Ponty’s “point-horizon” structure.

As well as allowing Lawrence to write these phenomenological aspects of perception, structuring the scenes through intersubjectivity has the advantage of contrasting, through opposing perceptual “styles”, different modes of being; or, in other words, how “realistic” body language gives rise to the body’s “poetic” or metaphorical function in a text. In the example from *The White Peacock*, Cyril’s bookish, myopic vision is exactly that which Lawrence would criticise in *Fantasia*, whereas George’s quicker and sharper long-distance vision feeds into his symbolic role as an animal or, in *Fantasia*’s terms, “savage” in tune with his environment, if not its culture or himself. A similar metaphoric reading of the perceptions of Paul and Miriam in *Sons and Lovers* is possible. Although Lawrence shows Miriam partially aware of the imbrications of objects (“the quiet lawn *surrounded by* sheaves...”), her perceptions of them, or their “horizons”, are not nearly as developed as Paul’s, and focus instead on the possession of the “points” or “objects” themselves. This difference, in *Fantasia*’s terms, is that between Paul’s exemplary perception, which both goes forth into the garden and is grounded in his body (demonstrated deftly through his deixis), and Miriam’s who sees everything “in terms of the wonderful beyond” in which she loses herself (*FU*, 62). This, in turn, feeds into the metaphorical texture of *Sons and Lovers*, in which Miriam’s possessive, exclusive mode of perception ironically alienates her from Paul and is criticised in favour of a self-centred and self-assured relationship with others and space. The technique is a distinctive feature of Lawrence’s use of perception throughout his novels, for example in the difference between Ursula’s and Anthony Schofield’s perceptions of the moon, in *The Rainbow*, as an indicator of their

different modes of being: “He did not see it. He was one with it. But she saw it and was one with it. Her seeing separated them infinitely” (*R*, 416-7).

Just as the walk towards Huayapa resolves the “line” into a “wall”, or the orderly’s perception retraces his path up the hill, Miriam’s feeling of being drawn into the landscape as she focuses upon it is another example of Lawrence highlighting the relationship between action and perception in his presentation of spatial depth as movement or, as Merleau-Ponty puts it, “a possibility of a subject involved in the world” (*PP*, 311). The body language implied by Paul’s “See” which guides Miriam’s gaze is also much like that described by Merleau-Ponty as he asks what happens when he and his friend (also named Paul) look at a landscape:

My friend Paul and I point out to each other certain details of the landscape; and Paul’s finger, which is pointing out the church tower, is not a finger-for-me that I *think of* as orientated towards a church-tower-for-me, it is Paul’s finger which itself shows me the tower that Paul sees, just as, conversely, when I make a movement towards some point in the landscape that I can see, I do not imagine that I am producing in Paul, in virtue of some pre-established harmony, inner visions merely analogous to mine: I believe, on the contrary, that my gestures invade Paul’s world and guide his gaze [...] [Paul] has a living experience of the same world as mine. (*PP*, 471-2 [Merleau-Ponty’s emphasis])

The “contact” or “living experience” Miriam gets with both the garden and Paul begins with this body language. Other Modern writers obviously use intersubjectivity and deixis.<sup>28</sup> But Lawrence’s integration of this realistic body language into the poetic, metaphoric fabric of so many of his texts – from Hermione’s comparison of Gudrun’s sketch with its object (“*That’s what you have done*” (*WL*, 144 [Lawrence’s emphasis])) to the landscape of “Flowery Tuscany” (1927) (“And there the earth’s bowl of crocuses is amazing” (*P*, 50)) – marks him out amongst them. As a technique for drawing attention to the relationship between embodiment, action, perception, and others, both Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty share a preoccupation with intersubjectivity.

The shared emphasis on such a “living experience” in their writing makes a reading of the similarities between their philosophical projects a fruitful one.

**Rapport: Movement, “Stillness”, and Animals**

What Lawrence shares with contemporary philosophers of vision is his rejection of the eye as a kind of camera. It is for this reason that, in his most explicit exposition of this sense in *Fantasia*, he writes that when a child sees a horse “he doesn’t see the correct biological object we intend him to see” because he is “*not* a little camera. He is a small vital organism which has direct dynamic *rapport* with the objects of the outer universe. He perceives from his breast and his abdomen, with a deep-sunken realism” (*FU*, 86). Merleau-Ponty, in similar terms, argues that seeing things on film differs from “normal vision” because “the screen has no horizons”, so that when an ash tray, for example, is given in close-up in an actor’s hand, we can remember what we are being shown but we do not actually identify it; whereas in normal vision the direction of the gaze upon a sector of the landscape brings it to life, while the other objects recede into the periphery and become dormant but do not cease to be there (*PP*, 78). Later in *Phenomenology of Perception*, he continues the argument regarding another prosthetic way of seeing (through a microscope) where he writes that “the living body *itself* appears when its microstructure is neither excessively nor insufficiently visible” (*PP*, 352). Merleau-Ponty’s thought is a touchstone for other philosophers, like Andy Clark, Alva Noë, and James Gibson whose “ecological” theory of perception is similar to Lawrence’s expression of a “direct dynamic *rapport*”:

“the seeing of an environment by an observer existing in that environment is direct in that it is not mediated by visual sensations or sense data”<sup>29</sup>. Gibson’s own conception of the reciprocation between action and perception and the “affordances” for action arising from the “tight *perceptual attunement* between animal and environment”<sup>30</sup> is a useful lens through which to read *rapport*.

As we saw above, in the examples from the letter to Kot, *Fantasia*, “The Prussian Officer”, and *Mornings in Mexico*, animals often appear at the (horizontal-vertical) intersections or horizons between the human subject and the environment in visual perception. This intimation of other perceptual worlds during the act of perception itself serves to blur the strict humanistic divisions between the subject and object further. But, as we also saw, these other perceptual worlds depend not only on a difference of embodiment, but also on a perceptual mode other than, or at least in addition to, the visual. The supplementation of vision through motility and touch have already been considered. When looking at the combination of olfaction and vision, however, the example of the bee, used by Lawrence in his outline of *rapport*, is often his animal of choice. For example, as the Prussian Officer’s orderly marches up the hill, he smells “the perfume of clover, like pure honey and bees” (*PO*, 19) and his sensory impressions are converted into visual images, rather than being seen directly. The deixis in “Flowery Tuscany” (above) is preceded by the observation of “horizontal green cloud-puffs of the pines” and proceeded by the paragraph beginning “And the small brown honey-bees hop from flower to flower, dive down, try, and off again” (*P*, 50) completing the horizontal-vertical matrix. These passages (like the bodily tropes of the letters, the anthropomorphic metaphors of “The Prussian Officer”, or the “lizard” in

*Mornings in Mexico*) show Lawrence rescaling abstract distance through an appeal to the immediate material world around him and, thereby, suggesting that the same physical *rapport* which humans might understand themselves to have with the world, is that which animals simply “trace” in the way they move in their environment. This rescaling is illustrated in another passage from *Fantasia* in which he rewrites Einstein claiming that the relativistic universe is, in fact, “a cloud of bees flying and veering round” (*FU*, 19). Furthermore, the following passages from fiction, non-fiction, and correspondence, respectively, use the olfactory perception of the bee to supplement (if not surpass) visually perceived distance:

He [Anton Skrebensky] seemed more and more to give her [Ursula Brangwen] a sense of the vast world, a sense of distances and large masses of humanity. It drew her as scent draws a bee from afar.<sup>31</sup> (*R*, 293)

When his educated grandson told him that the red was there to bring the bees and the flies, he [the old man] knew well enough that more bees and flies and wasps would come to a sticky smear round his grandson’s mouth, than to yards of poppy-red. (*P*, 399)

Yesterday we motored to Valdemosa [...] It was lovely looking out from the monastery, into the dimness of the plain below, and the great loose roses of the monastery gardens so brilliant and spreading themselves out – then inside, the cloisters mountainous, and the bluest, bluest sea I ever saw [...] the big blueness shimmering so far off, north – lovely. Then we went on to Soller, and the smell of orange-blossom so strong and sweet in all the air, *one* felt like a bee. (*7L*, 275 [my emphasis])

Although when returning Wilfred Trotter’s *Instincts of the Herd in War and Peace* (1916) to Dollie Radford in December 1916, Lawrence wrote to her that he “didn’t like it very much” and could not stand its “scientific talk” of “instincts and bee communities and wolf packs and such like” (*3L*, 59), often examples of human social and political systems in his writing are, in fact, given in apiarian terms.<sup>32</sup> From the description in this letter, Lawrence seems to have taken offence at chapter six of Trotter’s book, in particular, in which he speculates on what he calls “gregariousness”

(that is, the instinct for a herd or group consciousness) and the future of man. Trotter isolates a tension between the individual (which has “capacity for varied reaction”) and the herd which has “the power of intercommunication amongst the individual constituents of the new unit”<sup>33</sup>. The full advantages of gregariousness, he says, “will only be attained when the two sets of activities are correspondingly strong”, and he lauds the astounding success and “completeness of gregariousness in bees and ants” in that the “individual has become as completely merged in the hive as the single cell in the multicellular animal, and consequently the whole of her activities is available for the uses of the State”<sup>34</sup>. Whilst the “power of intercommunication” is crucial to Lawrence’s own use of the bee in his concept of *rapport*, he, unlike Trotter, begins as he always would with the individual rather than collective humanity, and with the distinct, human being at that. Even in *rapport*, then, and its appeal to the animal being of the human we see, again, the tension between a deeply human and humanistic turn in Lawrence’s thought and a posthuman flight from it. As Lawrence continues in the letter to Radford: “We want a republic based on extrinsic equality, and intrinsic inequality” (3L, 59-60). There is such a thing as “human nature” for Lawrence, but it is not directly proportional to “humanity”. The latter, for Lawrence, is tantamount to abstraction or the average. Rather, humanity should be based on the individual’s “intercommunication” or *rapport* first and foremost with others, and the very act of such perception discloses (be it visually, kinetically, or otherwise) the intrinsic difference of which he writes. Perception, then, is an ethical state for Lawrence, which, rather than subject the other to an “anthropomorphic transformation”, acknowledges and appreciates (even through anthropomorphism itself) a “material

kinship” of difference. By expanding the dominant mode of perception that we take to define our humanity (vision) with other supposedly “animal” modes of being and perceiving (for example through the bee’s “direct contact” or olfactory sensing), *rapport* is a “style” of being and perceiving conditioned by embodiment (and therefore specific to each species); however by sensing in such a way that gives rise to intersubjectivity and intersubjective perceptions (in allowing the other, as Merleau-Ponty says, to have “a living experience of the same world as mine”, be it through touch, deixis, or smell) the synaesthetic expansion of sensory channels suggests a more supple definition of “humans” and “animals” themselves.

*Rapport*, in turn, “direct”, “dynamic”, physical, “vibratory”, whilst by definition concerned with the relationship “between” subjects and their environments, is based on a navigation of this environment through the whole being and does not privilege vision. In writing the perception of this movement, Merleau-Ponty writes that “the relation between the moving object and its background passes through our body” (*PP*, 324). So at the creek in the “Walk to Huayapa”, Lawrence sees the herdsman “aim the stone sideways” at the bull crossing the stream. Then the next sentence begins “There is a thud” and the animal “swerves” round.<sup>35</sup> Here, the elliptical movement and causality are written in through sound rather than sight, in a similar way to the orderly’s senses in “The Prussian Officer”. Merleau-Ponty also considers the case of a stone thrown in order to think about movement: “Suppose I throw a stone. It hurtles across the garden. For a moment it becomes an indistinct meteor-like object, and then a stone again when it falls to the ground some distance away”. He concludes that “once the distinction is made between the body in motion

and movement, there is no movement without a moving body, no movement without an objective landmark, and no absolute movement" (*PP*, 312). This may be obvious enough. However, what is worth dwelling on is the phenomenology of the stone as "an indistinct meteor-like object". Heidegger writes that "A living thing can indeed also be grasped as a spatiotemporal magnitude of motion, but then it is no longer apprehended as living"<sup>36</sup>. But in Lawrence's writing of movement, he gives a sense of both of these aspects, that is, the body as both "living" human and as something other than this. For example, there is not a part(icle) of Paul that does not "swing" when he is on Miriam's swing in *Sons and Lovers*. But although the swinging destabilises the division between his body and the surrounding space it does not entirely collapse the perception of the living body itself.<sup>37</sup> The example is of particular interest to our discussion of *rapport* because, in addition to Miriam's focalization of Paul, a "swallow" has also been "watching" his movement unbeknownst to him, and "dart[s] out of the door" whilst he, too, is in the air: there is a sense that the swallow, in its darting out of the barn shows its sympathy or *rapport* with Paul's delight in movement through its own negligent flight (*SL*, 181).

On the other hand, the "stillness" of the orderly, Cyril, George, and Miriam in the examples above show that perception, for Lawrence and Merleau-Ponty, relies on the body as a landmark through which movement passes as much as the movement of the object itself. Like Heidegger's repose "which is an inner concentration of motion"<sup>38</sup>, in the example from "Flowery Tuscany", Lawrence writes: "You cannot believe that the flowers are really still. [...] You cannot believe they do not move, and make some sort of crystalline sound of delight. If you sit still and watch, you begin to

move with them, like moving with the stars, and you feel the sound of their radiance” (*P*, 50). Such stillness begins with vision but, in giving rise to movement, engages tactility (“feel”) and audition (“sound”) in order to express an utterance of metaphysical being (“crystalline sound of delight”). The *rapport* that both Lawrence and the bees feel with the flowers of Tuscany is traced in the vertical-horizontal movement of their gaze and flight, respectively. This “cross of all being and existence”, as Lawrence puts it in *Fantasia*, that divides the body and space into four in order to show the “vital flow” or “circuit” between them in perception (and that between the “sensual” and the “spiritual” in the “delight” arising from it) is similar to Heidegger’s “fourfold”: “By a *primal* oneness the four – earth and sky, divinities and mortals – belong together in one”<sup>39</sup>. This “dwelling” on the earth, like Lawrence’s ethical recognition of difference in perception, means “to remain at peace” within “the free sphere that safeguards each thing in its nature”<sup>40</sup>. Such repose in space, and indeed human being itself, is in fact a staying “within the fourfold among things”<sup>41</sup>. Even when mortals “turn inward” or lose their “rapport with things”<sup>42</sup>, Heidegger says, such states would be “impossible” if they were not also a staying with things; in other words, to be alive is to be alive to and within space.

In *Fantasia* and much of his prose fiction, then, Lawrence uses this strict division of space along straight, metaphorical lines to give rise to rounded “circuits” that express the imbrications and “flows” within the body and those with the world in perception and in being in space. Merleau-Ponty’s phenomenological approach to perception and Lawrence’s are closely attuned, especially in their writing of “horizons” which serve to blur further the far from clear-cut lines between the body and the world.

As well as space being “around” the subject, the well-rounded being of Lawrence’s characters occurs when they embrace the “fourfold” division of their being and cease to privilege any one mode of being over another. This results in the human being realising their “sensual” or animal being and thereby their ethical relationship to other animate matter, which in turn overturns humanistic binaries that subject the other to an anthropomorphic gaze (hence the appearance of animals in their animal otherness in moments of perception that trace this albeit human vertical-horizontal matrix). The gaze and visual perception as powerful tools of these humanistic distinctions between humans and animals are thus supplemented with other sensory modes, for example touch, that make the human body as sensitive to its environment as it perceives animals themselves to be.

In *The Poetics of Space* (1958) Gaston Bachelard stresses the necessity of “‘de-psychoanalyzing’ ourselves”, a cause sympathetic with Lawrence’s in *Fantasia*. Like Lawrence, through a reappraisal of our perceptual relationship with space, he suggests that in realising the roundness of things, we “confirm our being intimately, inside”<sup>43</sup>. Such a core of being inaccessible to the other would characterise much of Lawrence’s writing. However, just as Lawrence in “Mercury” looks “all round” the mountain and thereby becomes both a singular presence on it and in repose with it, in the “rounded landscape”, Bachelard writes, “everything seems to be in repose”: “The round being propagates its roundness, together with the calm of all roundness”<sup>44</sup> and, in turn, the world becomes “round around the round being”<sup>45</sup>. If, as Bachelard says, “everything round invites a caress”<sup>46</sup>, in renewing a sensuous relationship with space through touch

(and other sensory modes), both writers suggest how a *rapport* with the other might be established that reconnects the subject, once again, with live space.

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<sup>1</sup> *FU*, 128-9: "between an individual and any external object with which he has an affective connection, there exists a definitive vital flow [...] Whether this object be human, or animal, or plant, or quite inanimate, there is still a circuit [...] So there is a definite vibratory rapport between a man and his surroundings".

<sup>2</sup> D. H. Lawrence, "Snake" in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1923; London: Secker, 1931) 116. An earlier poem, "She Said as well to Me", from *Look! We Have Come Through* (1917) also foregrounds the otherness of human and animal worlds and makes the most direct use of the material from the letters: "Nor the adder we saw asleep with her head on her shoulder, / curled up in the sunshine like a princess; / when she lifted her head in delicate, startled wonder / you did not stretch forward to caress her / though she looked rarely beautiful / and a miracle as she glided delicately away, with such dignity" (D. H. Lawrence, *Selected Poems*, ed. and introd. Keith Sagar (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1975) 86).

<sup>3</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *The Symbolic Meaning: The Uncollected Versions of Studies in Classic American Literature*, ed. Armin Arnold (Arundel: Centaur, 1962) 135 [Lawrence's emphasis].

<sup>4</sup> Ursula's increasing consciousness of her footprints on the earth is a measure of both her growing awareness of self and of her place in the world amongst others throughout *The Rainbow*. This is not limited to other humans, but also includes the larger animal world, for example in her perception at Christmastime in chapter ten, "The Widening Circle": "Winter came, pine branches were torn down in the snow, the green pine needles looked rich upon the ground. There was the wonderful, starry, straight track of a pheasant's footsteps across the snow imprinted so clear; there was the lobbing mark of the rabbit, two holes abreast, two holes following behind; the hare shoved deeper shafts, slanting, and his two hind feet came down together and made one large pit; the cat podded little holes, and birds made a lacy pattern" (279). The intertextual relation with the following letter to Katherine Mansfield is obvious.

<sup>5</sup> Doherty, *Oriental Lawrence* 10.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Fjågesund esp. chap. 1.

<sup>7</sup> Doherty, *Oriental Lawrence* 1-2 [Doherty's italics].

<sup>8</sup> Doherty, *Oriental Lawrence* 5.

<sup>9</sup> Doherty, *Oriental Lawrence* 8.

<sup>10</sup> John B. Vickery, "D. H. Lawrence and the Fantasias of Consciousness" in Salgãdo and Das (eds.) 170.

<sup>11</sup> Jeff Wallace draws attention to the figures of "instrumentation" that are, as he sees it, "carried over from *Education [of the People]*" (159), similar to those given here, in his discussion of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.

<sup>12</sup> Doherty, *Oriental Lawrence* 88.

<sup>13</sup> Vickery, "D. H. Lawrence and the Fantasias of Consciousness" 167.

<sup>14</sup> Michael Bell, *D. H. Lawrence: Language and Being* 82-3.

<sup>15</sup> In *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* the division of the body is given in magnetic terms, with the front conceived as "the live end of the magnet" with the "back closed in opposition". Lawrence's use of the term *rapport*, then, may owe something to the concept of "magnetic rapport". Commenting on this "singular phenomenon" in his *Principles of Psychotherapy*, trans. H. M. and E. R. Guthrie (1924; London: Allen and Unwin, 1925), Pierre Janet comments on the importance of the "personal factor" (74) in the treatment of subjects. In a recent article on "The History, Significance and Scope of Body Psychotherapy Today" in *Body, Movement, and Dance in Psychotherapy* 1 (March 2006), Courtenay Young celebrates this aspect of Janet's work. Whereas "Freud's psychoanalysis grew out of this basically body-orientated work", he says, "it ended up as a limited verbal specialization", a "talking cure" that tended to ignore Janet's more "integrative approach", which, he continues (quoting David Boadella), "gave equal value to the body" and "the importance of non-verbal communications" (18). According to Young, Janet's "concept of rapport was possibly the foundation of Freud's concept of transference" though Janet's rapport "has much more of an empathic and body-oriented sense" (18). Interestingly, Lawrence himself is mentioned by Young as a member of the artistic "counter-culture" whose "philosophy with a strong bodily connection" opposed the "narrow deterministic path that the emerging discipline of psychology seemed to be being directed down" (20). This certainly sits well with Lawrence's direct attack on Freud in *Fantasia* and my discussion of his own idea of *rapport* here.

<sup>16</sup> This reading is obviously germane to Lawrence's process in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the subject of chapter six.

<sup>17</sup> Wallace 120.

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<sup>18</sup> Wallace takes up the question of anthropomorphism in relation to *Women in Love*, where, he says, “the question of how we treat animals *aesthetically*” is “a major and explicit concern” of the novel (130). He goes on to say that the novel, “makes available a number of alternative positions on animals, the distinctions between these positions often seeming fluid and indefinite. Creatures are pristine and separate dwellers in ‘another world’ and therefore never to be anthropomorphised; yet creatures are, as Lawrence’s own prose demonstrates, always ripe for anthropomorphic transformation” (134). Distinctions between the human and the nonhuman, then, “might ‘leak’ in more than one direction. If what we share with animals is a bodily materiality, then analogy can work both ways: if we are like them, they are like us; to the extent that we are animal, they are human. Anthropomorphism in this light is less a ‘mistake’ than an expanded acknowledgement of material kinship – expanded, that is, beyond the Darwinian emphasis on the creaturely in the human” (135).

<sup>19</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico and Etruscan Places*, introd. Richard Aldington (London: Heinemann, 1956) 10.

<sup>20</sup> Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* 10.

<sup>21</sup> Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* 14.

<sup>22</sup> Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* 14.

<sup>23</sup> In that innocuous, “ah”, we catch an echo of Will Brangwen’s perception of the space revealing itself visually but in tactile terms (“to the touch”) in “The Cathedral” chapter of *The Rainbow*: “Here the stone leapt up from the plain of the earth, leapt up in the manifold, clustered desire each time, up, away from the horizontal earth, through the twilight and dusk and the whole range of desire, through the swerving, the declination, the declination, ah, to the ecstasy, to the touch, to the meeting and the consummation, the meeting, the clasp, the close embrace, the neutrality, the perfect swooning consummation, the timeless ecstasy” (202). Both verbal exclamations make the reader aware that their bodies actively construct these perceptions and of the role of desire in them. An identical effect, this time in Clarissa’s perception of the space of Mulberry’s the florists in olfactory (and deictic/visual) terms, can be seen in *Mrs Dalloway*: “There were flowers: delphiniums, sweet peas, bunches of lilac; and carnations, masses of carnations. There were roses; there were irises. Ah yes – so she breathed in the earthy-garden sweet smell as she stood talking to Miss Pym” (15).

<sup>24</sup> Martin Heidegger, “The Origin of the Work of Art” in *Poetry, Language, Thought*, trans. and introd. Alfred Hofstadter (1971; New York: Harper-Perennial, 2001) 47.

<sup>25</sup> Daniel C. Dennett, *Consciousness Explained*, illustr. Paul Wiener (1991; London: Penguin, 1993) 344-56.

<sup>26</sup> In *Action in Perception*, Alva Noë may have had this passage in mind when he makes an interesting distinction between this kind of “egocentric, behavioral space” (discussed in the Introduction) and a “cognitive grasp of” or “thought” approach to (absolute) space: “When you hear a sound as being on the left, you don’t need to *think* about which way to turn in order to orient towards the sound. Hearing it as being on the left is bundled, as it were, with the understanding that to turn to the left is to turn toward the sound (that doing so would increase the intensity of the relevant sound). You do need to think about how to maneuver a couch to squeeze it through a small passage. But you do not need, in the same way, to think about how to maneuver your body to squeeze it through the doorway. Just perceiving the doorway as having certain spatial qualities is perceiving it as enabling, requiring, or permitting certain kinds of movement with respect to it. With the sound, and the passage through the door, one is occupied with egocentric, behavioral space. With the couch and the small passage, one is concerned with geometry and absolute space. Only in the latter case, but not the former, would one need to think, calculate, measure” (88-9).

<sup>27</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *The White Peacock*, ed. Alan Newton, introd. John Worthen (1911; London: Penguin Classics, 1987) 297.

<sup>28</sup> Cf. James Joyce, *Ulysses*, ed. and introd. Jeri Johnson (1922; Oxford: Oxford World Classics, 1998) 30: “– Three, Mr Deasy said, turning his little savingsbox about in his hand. These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for shillings, sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See”.

<sup>29</sup> James J. Gibson, “A Theory of Direct Visual Perception” in *Vision and Mind: Selected Readings in the Philosophy of Perception*, ed. Alva Noë and Evan Thompson (Cambridge, MA: MIT P, 2002) 77.

<sup>30</sup> Noë, *Action in Perception* 21 [Noë’s italics].

<sup>31</sup> The suggestion of Ursula perceiving through scent and acting on it like a bee doing a waggle dance is continued later in the chapter: “And the scents of autumn were like a summer madness to her. She fled

away from the little, purple-red button-chrysanthemums like a frightened dryad, the bright yellow little chrysanthemums smelled so strong her feet seemed to dither in a drunken dance" (307-8). In the "Passion" chapter of *Sons and Lovers*, bees, again, appear at a complex moment of intersubjectivity and narratorial focalization. Paul Morel stands in their garden "beside a bush of pale Michaelmas daisies", watching the afternoon "golden over the hills of Derbyshire" and "the last bees crawl into the hive". Perceiving these creatures appears to sensitize him to the environment and others, in this case Clara, in mode other than the visual, as Lawrence continues in the following sentence: "Hearing her coming, he turned to her with an easy motion, saying: // 'It's the end of the run for these chaps'". This perception of the bees then leads to a re-presentation of Paul's perception of the hills, but after that of the bees, it is in intersubjective terms: "Clara stood near him. Over the low red wall in front was the country and the far off hills, all golden and dim". We saw above how Miriam, in contrast with Paul, sees in more strictly visual and objective terms and Lawrence then introduces her to the scene in order to contrast this mode again with Paul's manifestly animal *rapport* here: "At that moment Miriam was entering through the garden door. She saw Clara go up to him, saw him turn, and saw them come to rest together. Something in their perfect isolation together made her know that it was accomplished between them" (367-8). What Lawrence seems to be saying is that Miriam entirely misses the felt, *rapport* of the moment in "seeing" everything visually from the outside rather than being with it. In *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf writes Lily Briscoe's model of society and her challenge to solipsistic thinking, in terms very similar to those of Ursula in *The Rainbow*, through olfaction (as distinct from haptic contact): "Nothing happened. Nothing! Nothing! as she leant her head against Mrs Ramsay's knee. And yet, she knew knowledge and wisdom were stored in Mrs Ramsay's heart. How then, she asked herself, did one know one thing or another thing about people, sealed as they were? Only like a bee, drawn by some sweetness or sharpness in the air intangible to touch or taste, one haunted the dome-shaped hive, ranged the wastes of the air over the countries of the world alone, and then haunted the hives with their murmurs and their stirrings; the hives which were people" (57-8).

<sup>32</sup> Cf. *SS*, 16: "They [Italian railway officials] are like bees round a hive, humming in an important *conversazione*, and occasionally looking at some paper or other, and extracting a little official honey. But the *conversazione* is the affair of affairs. To an Italian official, life seems to be one long and animated conversation – the Italian word is better – interrupted by casual trains and telephones"; *FLC*, 218: "The stream of desire is the stream of life itself. It is that which unites us. It is that, even, which makes a nation a nation: the soft, invisible desire of people making a great swarm like a hive of bees".

<sup>33</sup> Wilfred Trotter, *The Instincts of the Herd in War and Peace* (1916; London: Ernest Benn, 1947) 63.

<sup>34</sup> Trotter 63-4.

<sup>35</sup> Lawrence, *Mornings in Mexico* 13-4.

<sup>36</sup> Martin Heidegger, "The Age of the World Picture" in *The Question Concerning Technology and Other Essays*, trans. and introd. William Lovitt (New York: Harper, 1977) 120.

<sup>37</sup> In *To the Lighthouse*, Woolf writes the movement of Cam in Mrs Ramsay's eyes in similar terms: "She was off like a bird, bullet, or arrow, impelled by what desire, shot by whom, at what directed who could say? What, what? Mrs Ramsay pondered, watching her. It might be a vision – of a shell, of a wheelbarrow, of a fairy kingdom on the far side of the hedge; or it might be the glory of speed; no one knew. But when Mrs Ramsay called 'Cam!' a second time, the projectile dropped in mid career, and Cam came lagging back, pulling a leaf by the way, to her mother" (60-1).

<sup>38</sup> Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought* 47.

<sup>39</sup> Martin Heidegger, "Building Dwelling Thinking" in *Poetry, Language, Thought* 147 [Heidegger's emphasis].

<sup>40</sup> Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought* 147.

<sup>41</sup> Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought* 154.

<sup>42</sup> Heidegger, *Poetry, Language, Thought* 155.

<sup>43</sup> Bachelard 234.

<sup>44</sup> Bachelard 238-9.

<sup>45</sup> Bachelard 240.

<sup>46</sup> Bachelard 236.

## Revising *Kew Gardens*: Woolf, Walking, and the Modes of Modern Travel

It is one of the peculiarities of modernism that two such influential figures as Lawrence and Woolf never met one another. Given their many mutual friends and acquaintances the opportunity certainly was not lacking. As well as having corresponded, if we compare their letters we can see another instance of just how close they may have come to meeting. On the 27<sup>th</sup> of December 1910, both Lawrence and Woolf walked over the Brighton Downs: Lawrence went over them from Davigdor Road in Hove to Rottingdean with his French acquaintance, M. Didier; whilst Woolf came from Lewes into Brighton's suburbs to meet Saxon Sydney-Turner (they drove to Hove for lunch). Both record it being a "rough" (*IL*, 215) and "windbitten" (*LI*, 443) day, although neither really minded that. As we have seen, the many letters that record their tramping about often find them at their happiest. This chapter takes the example of Woolf's first experimental short story, *Kew Gardens*, as the occasion to look at the importance of pedestrian movement to the processes of perception and cognition in her fiction, and how she thereby writes the human subject into touch with the environment through a similar model to that of Lawrence, namely, the example of the animal kingdom.

The one occasion on which Woolf "unmistakably" caught sight of Lawrence was from a train window at Civita Vecchia station in April 1927. According to the letter Woolf wrote to her sister on the ninth, Lawrence and Norman Douglas were "sitting side by side on a bench", "Lawrence pierced and penetrated; Douglas hog-like and brindled", before they were "swept off by train one way and we went on to Rome" (*L3*,

361). Of her trip to Cassis and Italy, of which this was one of the notable sights, she explained to Vita Sackville-West: "You can't think how dry and gravelly my mind gets when I don't take it to the South where things have a dash of red and blue to them, don't wobble in pale grease as they do here" (*L3*, 347). In her love of the "South" (capital "S") she shares with Lawrence an imaginative geography and qualitative sense of abstractions. The insouciance of Italy for Woolf, like Lawrence, intimated a simpler way of life than that of technological modern Britain: "I don't want to go back to the telephone and the omnibus at all" (*L3*, 366) she wrote to her sister a fortnight after seeing Lawrence and Douglas.

But whilst the industrialised society of their day drew criticism from both Lawrence and Woolf, the advantages afforded by the technologies for travel, from which they themselves benefited, elicited more ambivalent responses. Early in 1897, for example, Woolf's journal obsessively records the many accidents to befall the London traveller with both a horror and dark humour.<sup>1</sup> But then, as we have seen, "increased mobility" (*3D*, 112) was crucial to mental stability and image making for Woolf. Accounts of modernism today emphasise the way in which Modernity altered the experience of space for artists and writers alike, and Lawrence and Woolf are no exception. For example, the Great Western Railway that was to take her to Cornwall in 1905 was "the wizard who was to transport [her] into another world, almost another age" (*EJ*, 281). The image of the train, as Rachel Bowlby has shown,<sup>2</sup> could be one of political, sexual, and imaginative liberation for Woolf, but then, upon finding "a railway with little trucks being built in the field" when walking over to Asheham in August 1927, she could hardly contain her rage at this "killing all [her] ghosts" (*L3*,

414). L. D. Clark sees such a “clash between nature and technology”<sup>3</sup> in the landscape of Lawrence’s boyhood as formative to his writing, and Michael Freeman has shown recently that “a glance at a railway map of the area north-west of Nottingham shows just how far it was criss-crossed by railways”<sup>4</sup> during this time.

The motor car as well as the railway is central to Danius’s account of the way in which technology affected perception in the period. Woolf internalised images of the motor car into her accounts of travel, in a manner similar to that described by Danius, even before she and Leonard bought their own second-hand Singer in the summer of 1927.<sup>5</sup> For Makiko Minow-Pinkney, this purchase meant that “the locus of her identification shifted from pedestrian to motorist”<sup>6</sup>. As a “flexible, individualistic, and self-destined” mode of transportation, in contrast to the train, the motor car, she continues, “meant physical and social liberation”<sup>7</sup> for Woolf. She contrasts this with Woolf’s pedestrian experience in which, she says, “the polarity at issue was the natural, the spontaneous, and the leisurely versus the efficient, the orderly, and the fast”<sup>8</sup>. She illustrates this shift with the following passage from *Orlando* (1928), in which Orlando perceives from behind the wheel: “People buzzed and hummed round the plate-glass windows within which one could see a glow of red, a blaze of yellow, as if they were bees, Orlando thought – but her thought that they were bees was violently snipped off and she saw, regaining perspective with one flick of her eye, that they were bodies”<sup>9</sup>. What Minow-Pinkney’s gloss undervalues, in my opinion, is the effect that the motorist’s perspective has on the perception of others, in particular the dehumanizing gaze which, at speed, sees bodies “as if” they are bees, but which stops short (with the slowing of the car) of thinking that “they were” bees. This attraction to a certain

posthuman aesthetic afforded by technology in Woolf's writing has been the subject of Holly Henry's discussion of the telescope and, what she calls, the aesthetics of astronomy in her writing, especially her short story "The Searchlight"<sup>10</sup>. Like those "antennae" of artists discussed in chapter two, the searchlight of the story's title (which is also metaphorically that of the storyteller's and telescope's gaze) similarly unfolds and "prods", in a very haptic and emotive sense, the narrative space "like the antennae of some prodigious insect".

Indeed, the blurring of the human and the animal in *Orlando* is typical of Woolf's images from motor cars in her autobiographical writing (and indeed from train carriages also in Douglas's "hog-like" form).<sup>11</sup> Likewise, Lawrence's letters and novels demonstrate how the speed of the automobile destabilizes such categories in perception.<sup>12</sup> For him, like Woolf, rather than go by "Rolls Royce" (as he and Brewster had the opportunity to do on their trip to the Etruscan tombs) it was often better, as he put it to Brewster, to "tramp it our two selves" (*5L*, 648). Even on foot, the pedestrian's progress, for both writers, can result in the same kind of effects as those from motorised forms. For example, Freeman's account of the train in *Sons and Lovers* fails to mention the moment that Paul, "breaking into a run", sees a train "like a luminous caterpillar": "There was a faint rattling noise. Away to the right, the train like a luminous caterpillar was threading across the night. The rattling ceased" (*SL*, 373). The image is one that Woolf herself would use, almost verbatim, in her 1907 journal: "At last a great luminous train, semi transparent, came rattling before us; with a body like some phosphorescent caterpillar, & a curled plume of smoke, all opal & white, issuing from the front of it. Then there was a very dark land with bright bars of

moon light across it, so white that our shadows were cut in them" (*EJ*, 369). Other "realistic" writers of the period proceed similarly, even including the same synaesthetic construction of the image through sight and sound as Lawrence and Woolf.<sup>13</sup> In immersing and merging the subject in the environment, the activity of walking, for both writers, has a similar effect on the objects of the pedestrian's perception. Moving objects traverse physical space and in being between locations, as such, necessitate a vocabulary that can voice their indeterminate status for perception. This, like the example from *Orlando*, is one, for both Lawrence and Woolf, in which humans, animals, and machines, are seen analogously but never entirely lose the constituent, living qualities of their own bodies.

Indeterminacy itself should be considered alongside Minow-Pinkney's statement describing the motorised transportation of the automobile as "flexible, individualistic, and self-destined". Whilst it is true that the car, for Woolf, expanded "that curious thing, the map of the world in ones mind" (*3D*, 147), even the criss-crossing highways and byways dictate a predestination that the pedestrian circumvents. Destiny and destination in travel (as much as in art and life) are troublesome ideas for Lawrence and Woolf. For example, in the way towards "The Reality of Peace" (1917) Lawrence insisted that we "cannot map out the way" (*P*, 671) but said, nonetheless, that each man's own path was "like the degrees of longitude, the lines of longitude drawn on a geographer's globe" (*P*, 687). Their nomadic explorations of space and shared desire to "hop off the known map" (*3L*, 522) mean that walking becomes an exemplary, non-teleological mode in which the process and experience are themselves the paths (to (self-)knowledge) rather than their being laid down *a priori*. This

peripatetic style can be seen in their essays and novels, which engage with these supplements or prosthetic aids to travel (globes, maps, etc.) in order to travel beyond them.<sup>14</sup> For example, in “The Crown” (1915), Lawrence employs the metaphor of “striding”, we saw in his letters, to express the “transit” of Being as “a stride taken” (*P2*, 368-9). In “The Reality of Peace”, in spite of Lawrence’s love of atlases and maps in this period,<sup>15</sup> they are discarded along with charts, mathematics, and mechanics in favour of an adjustment to an “unstable equilibrium” with life. This “new and for ever incalculable element” would preoccupy Lawrence’s thought for the rest of his life, and he would use the same phrase three years later to characterise the “for ever incalculable journey of creation” (*P*, 220) in his preface to the American edition of *New Poems* (1920). Whilst, as we have seen, attention has been paid to the effect of the car and the railway on their writing, the “incalculable” or non-teleological modes of travel, such as Woolf’s nomadic rambling and skating or Lawrence’s skiing and sailing, have yet to be discussed. The present chapter will begin by offering a whistle-stop tour of these experiences and their metaphorical application in the novels before going on to take a detailed look at *Kew Gardens*. In so doing, the posthuman aesthetic arising from human’s use of prosthetics to get on the move will be addressed. By examining the transmission of Woolf’s short story, from the revised typescript to the first 1919 edition through her emendations, I argue that the reader gains a more intimate understanding of how the story’s posthuman aesthetic offers non-teleological, non-verbal modes of being as alternatives to abstract conceptions of space.

### A few slippery and collapsible moments: *Skiing, Skating, and Sailing*

The “slippery and collapsible moments” from which this section takes its title allude to a letter written by Lawrence to Earl Brewster from Switzerland in 1928. In it he acknowledges that he is “not up to winter-sports” but describes an experience of tobogganing that, he stresses, “*is* a sort of tonic” (6L, 284). Other letters during his time there reveal a similar ambivalence. To Arthur Wilkinson, his neighbour in Italy, he wrote: “We drove in a sledge, tinkletinkle, to the top of the pass yesterday – F[rieda] and I. – the others came on skis – and we picnicked on the pass, very high, [...] – and some men did some very fine ski-running. I liked it very much – and it sort of puts life into one” (6L, 290). But, to his wife, Frances Wilkinson, he complained: “No sound save sleigh-bells – and no motion, save a few people little as flies on the snow. Ugh!!” (6L, 276). We have seen, in the snowscapes he wrote throughout his life – from *The Rainbow*, the letters to Katherine Mansfield from the winter of 1918-19, to the essay “Mercury” – that these were, for Lawrence, spaces able to disclose the *rapport* of beings with their environment. Another such scene, in which tobogganing and skiing are particularly important in this respect, is found at the close of *Women in Love*.<sup>16</sup>

The final chapters of the novel are played out against the backdrop of the Alps in which the first days pass “in an ecstasy of physical motion, sleighing, ski-ing, skating, moving in an intensity of speed”, and these operate as vehicles through which Lawrence can oppose characters who, on the one hand, abstract space and those who, on the other, accept its dynamic incalculability. So, tobogganing with Gerald, Gudrun experiences the ““complete moment”” (WL, 475) of her life. Whereas with Loerke,

who only toboggans or skates “in little snatches”, she experiences “pure amusement careless and timeless” as they twirl “riskily to rest at the bottom of the slope” (*WL*, 529). Gerald’s rejection of this risky or “incalculable” element is sent up at the end of the chapter “Snowed Up”. Returning to the ridge from which he has seen the “old imperial road”, his feet seek his old ski tracks, and he (like Lawrence in the letters to Mansfield) “slither[s] down a sheer snow slope”. Frightened but undeterred, he continues to take a track towards the “summit” but, before he can make it up, he slips and falls (*WL*, 534). It is the final irony of the book that the man who is beset by accidents throughout his life, cannot take a less than “geometric” (*WL*, 471) approach to the problems of modernity any more than he can accommodate the “incalculable”.

The vocabulary of “complete”, “timeless”, “slippery”, and “collapsible” moments shows Lawrence on edge about the mechanical ascent and descent upon which skiing is based, and this concern is voiced in other letters from Switzerland. If Gerald’s mechanization, or, more accurately, prostheticization, with toboggans and skis leads him to experience time disjunctively, it also leads him to treat space “imperially”<sup>17</sup>, as he does with the family’s mines, a style of being that Lawrence criticises through him. He is caught between an otherworldly abstraction (the summit) and an “imperial” approach to the past and present that result in his use of space for either sensation-seeking (the snow) or money-making (the mines) ends. Neither alternative constitutes a *rapport* with the environment (needless to say Gerald’s sympathy with animals is somewhat lacking). What troubles Lawrence about these prosthetics is not necessarily that they are mechanical (although they do encourage mechanical, repetitive behaviour) but that they sharpen the boundaries between the

body and its environment to the extent that *rapport* is no longer desirable. Travelling “swiftly on skis, taking far flights and skimming past the dark rocks veined with brilliant snow” (*WL*, 519) Gerald is no longer, to borrow Ursula’s description of herself in *The Rainbow*, a traveller on the face of the earth. His velocity has rendered space (and others in it) meaningless to him; it “surpasse[s] life itself” and, instead, his body becomes “one perfect line of force” (*WL*, 475-6). So, when Birkin goes “over the snow slopes to see where the death had been” (*WL*, 538) there is no mention or record of Gerald’s footsteps in the snow. Consequently, Birkin finds it hard to understand Gerald’s actions (he has left no trace), but he does notice “Round about” the “spiked, slashed snow-peaks” (*WL*, 538) up which Gerald might have escaped. This designation of space (“Round about”), used to describe the bee’s movement in the “Nathaniel Hawthorne” essay and in “Mercury”, suggests Birkin’s *rapport* with the environment, by describing space in “egocentric” terms, that is, closely related to his body and the actions he imagines space affords it, in contrast to Gerald’s lack of *rapport* with it (which results in his death). We might apply such a reading to Lawrence’s attitude towards the “joyless” little ice skaters in a letter from Versailles (another “imperial” topos) in February 1924 (*4L*, 590).

Woolf’s accounts of skating, on the other hand, are much more concerned with how this prostheticization empowers the subject to deconstruct the limits of social, rather than material, space. One of her very first journal entries describes an occasion in January 1897 on which Virginia and her sister go skating (*EJ*, 23). It is “just above freezing”, she tells us, so the activity for her, like Lawrence, is one that is acknowledged as inherently risky. Nonetheless, there are “a good many people” on the

ice, although she says “notices were up forbidding them”, so they join them. Whilst this short entry is notable mainly for this flouting of convention and authority, other details Woolf notices, such as the quality of the ice (“bad in parts, and in parts good”) and the condition of her skates and body (“My left leg (attributed to the left skate being crooked) was very weak”), show her aware that all these elements function together as a new whole in creating the movement, rather than the body, prosthetic, and space remaining discrete units. We have already seen the importance of walking to thinking in her letters and diaries so it is interesting that, on the 22<sup>nd</sup> May 1917, Woolf uses skating as a metaphor in a letter to her sister to denote an inability to think: “but really the ramshackleness of the aristocratic mind [Ottoline’s] is a marvel. They seem incapable of thinking and skate along from one extraordinary rumour to another” (L2, 156). Probably the most well-known instance of skating in Woolf’s work, however, is that of Orlando’s excursions with the Russian Princess Sasha. Here, “The Great Frost” that freezes the Thames creates a space on which Orlando and Sasha conduct their romance. It is a space of escapism and trespass (like that recorded in Woolf’s journal) and one whose smooth surface levels the usual divisions of class inscribed in space: “the couple was often seen to slip under the silken rope, which railed off the Royal enclosure from the public part of the river and to disappear among the crowd of common people”<sup>18</sup>. But it is, for all that, only a temporary space that is dependent on the climate, and, when the thaw comes, the skating ends and Sasha sails away.<sup>19</sup>

The comparison with sailing is an interesting one given that in the same letter in which Lawrence describes the skiing to Brewster, he also writes of their chalet as “just like a ship. Only sadly we can’t sail on”. Unlike skating or skiing, sailing is a mode in

which the body is less obviously prostheticized. Rather, it is imbricated in an incalculable element resistant to the “imperial” approach. The image of the ship underlies much of Lawrence’s creative imagination throughout his life. Unlike the snowscapes and skiing above, oceans and seas are environments that evolve dynamically with the traveller and, as such, resist “imperial” mappings; being “incalculable”, the traveller can only adjust to them rather than mechanize them to his own ends. It is this that allows the sailing metaphor to endure throughout his work and which aligns it closely with the idea of *rapport*. By briefly floating this metaphor, I will show, on the one hand, the potential of this space for Lawrence and, on the other, how it borders on an unrealisable utopia.

Lawrence’s dream of owning a ship, as many commentators have remarked, is closely related to that of “Rananim”, the name for his ideal community hatched during the Christmas celebrations of 1914.<sup>20</sup> However, what is not generally mentioned, either in discussions of the fantasy of the ship or the paintings themselves, is the presence of red-sailed ships, in particular, in both his early writing and artwork, as images which embody the ideals of Lawrence’s later ship fantasy, namely, the individual in contradistinction to society and the ship as a (metaphorical) vehicle for satisfactory interpersonal relationships. For example, in 1905, Lawrence’s “Armorial Device” in watercolour inscribed for “C. M. Burrows” includes a red sailboat (red sails and red trim, with another red sail on the horizon) in the bottom left-hand pane (c. 3 x 3 cm). Only two figures pilot the boat and it is set apart from the townscape in the background. Likewise, the painting “[Dutch Windmill]” (dated in Lawrence’s hand 21 May 1905) portrays a solitary figure (with noticeably red hair) sitting pensively in the

bow of an entirely red sailboat in the middleground, distanced again from the town in the background. The colouring of the boat (like that in the “Armorial Device”) gives the picture a weird, surreal quality suggestive of the power of the vessel itself. The earliest surviving correspondence between Lawrence and his mother is dated a month later (12 June 1905) and is a postcard of a “[Fishing boat] Returning Home” from Yarmouth (*IL*, 27).

In his *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years*, John Worthen quotes from a diary fragment (dating from August 1906) in which Lawrence describes the launching of a lifeboat. His emendation of “brown sails” to “red”, Worthen says, “reads more like a mistake than an observation” and the piece as a whole, he continues, is “far more experimental than his contemporaneous paintings of water and boats”. But, in the context of our discussion here, rather than see the diary and painting in opposition, this piece seems to be another marker of the developing importance of the figure of the red-sailed boat to his symbolism: “The stays are loosed, and the boat glides beautifully on to the water, then rises and falls on the waves like a child in its mother’s arms. Twelve oars stand out simultaneously and sweep the sea, – the wind fills the brown sails and away she glides like a live thing, the sun burning on her red sails”<sup>21</sup>. A “live thing”, the exact words that, as we saw in the introduction, Lawrence would use to describe the satisfactory human-machine prosthesis in a later diary: *Sea and Sardinia*.<sup>22</sup> The Italian travel books, later in Lawrence’s life, continue to include the red-sailed symbolism both as a mark of life and of the sailing boat as a living assembly of the machine, human, and animal in *rapport* with the environment.<sup>23</sup>

However, the best and earliest example of the red-sailed ship as a symbol of Lawrence's ideal navigation of the incalculable element of space and interpersonal relations is to be found in another watercolour from around 1903. In the work, provisionally titled "[He that loves a rosy cheek...]" after the poem by Thomas Carew he copied beneath the painting, Lawrence portrays a choppy seascape, which two red-sailed boats, in fore- and middle-ground respectively, struggle to navigate. The technique of accompanying a painting with a poem was not uncommon.<sup>24</sup> However, its depiction of the sailing boats together as representations of the "Hearts with equal love combined" is the most explicit use of red-sailed boats as metaphors in his early work.

Later, the figure of the ship becomes a measure of the (lack of) *rapport* Lawrence felt with Frieda in early letters between them,<sup>25</sup> and appears in the wartime essays.<sup>26</sup> However, its most explicit recurrence is in the versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* towards the end of his life. Critics, such as Gerald Doherty, have considered the function of hydraulic tropes in the novel as a measure of Connie's blooming sexuality. However, the sailing motif is equally important since it channels her desire and is, thereby, the vehicle through which Lawrence can speculate on the future of marriage as social and sexual cohesion. In the first version of the novel, Connie wants a man who will go through life with her but without waking her, "as if they were sailing in one boat" (*FLC*, 154), however, by the second version, she thinks differently:

But she and he were like two sailing ships. Each captain handles his vessel in a different manner, and the ships stay apart for their own safety. Only in a smooth sea can the jolly-boat row from one to another. And after a squall, the morning finds them blown far apart, out of sight, so they seem to be lost to one another, in the empty seas. But steering always to the same point in the west, the one rises over the horizon to the other, and they go on.

So it must be: a voyage apart, in the same direction. Grapple the two vessels together, lash them side by side, and the first storm will smash them to pieces. That is marriage, in the bad weather of modern civilization. But leave the two vessels apart to make their voyage to the same port, each according to its own skill and power, and an unseen life connects them, a

magnetism which cannot be forced. And that is marriage as it will be, when this is broken down. (*JT*, 302)

Such “magnetism which cannot be forced” sounds uncannily like the *rapport* of the earlier writing. Although Lawrence omitted this from the final version in favour of Mellors’s more abstract outline (*LC*, 276),<sup>27</sup> we can see that, through these metaphors based on non-motorised modes of transportation, Lawrence and Woolf mediate between abstract and the concrete. Skiing, skating, and sailing are modes in which the environment itself is instrumental in the movement of the body, its orientation, and its relationship with others. The prosthetic relationship of the human with the mechanical or technological is acknowledged; however, in this new assemblage neither element takes precedence, but rather as a new whole it enables life to flow through it in *rapport* with an environment that is also evolving dynamically. No imprint is left in this surface but then neither is the new velocity of this being such that the surface becomes insignificant; on the contrary, its flows conduct the traveller across it. Unless we “take the tide as it comes, ride upon it and so escape it”, Lawrence writes, “we are lost” (*P*, 677).

Picking up that phrase, the importance of the idea of “getting lost” in ungoverned, unmapped space is important to them both. We “cannot map out the way”, Lawrence writes, rather, the “way is given on the way” (*P*, 671, 670). Woolf, likewise, would use non-teleological travel as a model for her explorations of Cornwall in 1905: “We make expeditions, it seems to me, more for the sake of the going & coming [...] than because there is any special sight of beauty to be found in the spot where we pitch our resting place” (*EJ*, 294). As we saw, Cornwall was an almost otherworldly place for her, but its landscape is also, crucially, one which is fluid and

dynamic, like Lawrence's seascapes, resistant to conventional infrastructure. However, in her descriptions of tramping about there, like the importance of hearsay and local knowledge to the experience of place in Lawrence's letters, we see the importance of the interaction between the mapped and the unmapped to Woolf's experience of walking. So, rambling round Cornwall in 1905 she wrote how "the map of the land" became "solid in [her] brain" (*EJ*, 285) and would trace her route afterwards on a map carried only for this purpose. Indeed, their shared response to the "scarcity of good roads in Cornwall" (*EJ*, 290) neatly summarises their attitudes towards infrastructure and to public and private mappings of space. A letter to Bertrand Russell from Cornwall in January 1916 shows that, for Lawrence, the lack of social infrastructure was born out of the anti-social style of being of the "insect-like" (*2L*, 520) Cornish themselves:

I think they've lived from just the opposite principle to Christianity: self-fulfilment and social destruction, instead of social love and self-sacrifice. So here there is no social structure, hardly, and the people have hardly any social self: only the immediate intimate self. That's why they're generally disliked. And that's why they were wreckers and smugglers and all antisocial things: And that's why the roads are too dodgy to be grasped. (*2L*, 505)

Though less ideological, Woolf's record in her 1905 journal likewise discovers the Cornish character and "variety & incident" (her equivalent of Lawrence's "incalculable") off the beaten track:

Once you step aside [from the road] you must trust innumerable little footpaths, as thin as though trodden by rabbits, which lead over hills & through fields in all directions. The Cornish substitute for the gate is simple; in building a wall of granite blocks they let two or three jut out at convenient intervals so as to form steps; you often find these arranged beside a gate which is heavily padlocked, as though the farmer winked one eye at the trespasser. The system of course has its advantages for the native, or for one well acquainted with the lie of the country; it keeps the land fluid, as it were, so that the feet may trace new paths in it at their will; but the stranger must often prefer the cut & dry system of regular high roads [...] for the walker who prefers the variety & incident of the open fields to the orthodox precision of the high road, there is no such ground for walking as this. (*EJ*, 290-1)

So, whilst fixing “certain recognised spots” as the “goal of any expedition” is safer, the “little visions” or dozens of places fit for “pilgrimages”, Woolf finds, “are not to be evoked at will by any combination of steam & horse”. Rather, they are “sudden, unexpected, secret” (*EJ*, 294); discovered on the way to something else, born out of the traveller’s adjustment, somewhere between the calculable and the incalculable. In this sense, landmarks become unrepeatable and unmappable and any space is potentially the sacred site of pilgrimage. Rather than “orthodox precision”, this space becomes, by turns, “fluid” and “open”, in other words, decentralized, non-hierarchical, space that is recreated and remapped each time feet “trace new paths in it at their will”. Walking through this space and “tracing” new paths, then, becomes synonymous with engaging with the community and locality, which becomes thereby a form of political action in causing its development.

This action is also an ecological action and one which causes the human to enter into a new, animal relationship with the earth. By following the rabbits’ “innumerable little footpaths”, Woolf enters into the spirit of the other (both the animal and the Cornish mind and thereby their locality), just as in *Etruscan Places* Lawrence only discovers the “scattered”, “irregular”, “warren” of tombs at Tarquinia by diving “down into them just like rabbits popping down a hole” (*EP*, 62), or those at Vulci by crawling “under the scratching brambles, like a rabbit” (*EP*, 140). By discarding human and humanistic mappings of space in favour of an immediate, experiential relation with it, walking becomes a process of rediscovering and recovering place from abstractions and, in turn, the animal being of the human for Lawrence and Woolf.

Indeed, their numerous references to their own internal “maps” (Woolf) and “compasses” (Lawrence) in their autobiographical writing suggest that, for them, body/environment borderlines are always already permeable. The juxtaposition of the human, mechanical, and animal, in their descriptions of transportation constitute their posthuman poetics for movement and travel and underwrite the consequent blurring of material categories when objects are seen at speed. Such a prostheticization of the human in order for this to take place can, conversely, dislocate the body from the environment and lead to the very “imperial” approach to space against which they write. These terms (human, animal, machine) remain oppositional for these writers, for example, in this letter to Bertrand Russell from Lawrence (in which another ship also figures): “Do stop working and writing altogether and become a creature instead of a mechanical instrument. Do clear out of the whole social ship. Do for your very pride’s sake become a mere nothing, a mole, a creature that feels its way and doesn’t think” (2L, 547). But in “feeling” (haptically and kinetically) the way rather than “knowing” it (in predominantly optic and abstract terms *a priori*) Lawrence and Woolf employ a posthuman poetics which, by imbricating these terms together, suggest new living and lived relationships between them. In turning now to Woolf’s revisions of *Kew Gardens*, we will see how she emended the story in order to emphasise how walking unfolds a similarly felt space for perception and cognition, a space that is itself growing.

### ***Lost Readings and Getting Lost in Kew Gardens***

In *A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf shows how bringing the mind into contact with “facts” relies on the trespassing of spatial and textual boundaries. On the way to the “Oxbridge” library where she intends to look at the amendments to a manuscript, she rapidly pursues her thoughts about women and fiction hither and thither across the turf, only to be intercepted by a Beadle who sends her back to the gravel path. No great harm is done, except to her pleasure – after all, “turf is better walking than gravel”<sup>28</sup> – and to her thoughts, which she realises have been sent back into hiding once she is back on the straight and narrow. Predictably, when she arrives at the library via this path she is not permitted to enter there either. So she proceeds to take these encounters and weave them into an argument that demonstrates the creative potential of going off the beaten track. Indeed, she only breaks off her thoughts on the future of women’s writing “because they stimulate [her] to wander from [her] subject into trackless forests where [she] shall be lost”<sup>29</sup>.

Nevertheless, with this in mind, she considers the novel, a book that, she says, should be adapted to the body to accommodate the interruptions of a modern (woman’s) life and one that leaves an impression on the mind’s eye that is “pagoda shaped” and “domed like the Cathedral of Saint Sofia at Constantinople”<sup>30</sup>. The simile is apropos, since her own first-hand impressions of St. Sophia, mentioned in chapter two, show that, from as early as 1906, she was attempting to record how the body as a whole perceived both form and the “fragmentary”, “strange rays of light” that compose “it”: “Here was St. Sophia; & here was I, with one brain 2 eyes, legs & arms in

proportion, set down to appreciate it. Now what ever impression it made was certainly fragmentary & inconsequent” (*EJ*, 349). Moreover, this same diary of Constantinople also demonstrates the importance of “los[ing] your way in the unrecorded slums” for the town to become “a real town of flesh & blood” (*EJ*, 353).

In these examples, then, Woolf is not only using place and structure as metaphors for different systems of thought, such as she does, say, in *Night and Day* (1919) to describe Ralph’s building a pile of thought “as ramshackle and fantastic as a Chinese pagoda”<sup>31</sup>. She is also stressing the importance of the body to the navigation of established structures and how, by trespassing their given forms, it is brought into closer contact with them.

Thinking back to *Kew Gardens* through these passages, one is struck by the similarity between them. For example, like Woolf in *A Room*, the young woman of the short story, Trissie, is led down the garden’s “path” by a young man instead of going to the “Chinese pagoda” as she pleases. Further parallels arise when taking the story’s revised typescript into consideration. Her description of St. Sophia as “the fruit of a great garden of flowers” (*EJ*, 348) suddenly takes on renewed resonance amongst details of a cathedral and mosaic in the typescript that are omitted from its publication in 1919.<sup>32</sup> Moreover, a cursory glance over the story’s well-known opening sentence reveals differences between the typescript and this edition that align the former with the description of her stroll through the Oxbridge quadrangles of *A Room* in a way that is lost in the 1919 edition:

From the oval shaped flower-bed there [rise] <rose> perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart shaped or tongue shaped leaves half way up, and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with <raised> spots of colour *rough to the finger*: and from the red or blue or

yellow gloom of the throat emerge[s]<d> a straight bar rough with gold [dudt] <dust> and [knobbed] <clubbed> at the end. (*KGTS*, 1 [my italics])

From the oval shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart shaped or tongue shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raise upon the surface; and from the red blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end. (*KG*, 1)

Strolling through those colleges past those ancient halls the *roughness of the present* seemed smoothed away; the body seemed contained in a miraculous glass cabinet through which no sound could penetrate, and the mind, freed from any contact with facts (unless one trespassed on the turf again), was at liberty to settle down upon whatever meditation was in harmony with the moment.<sup>33</sup>

Not only do the emendations show that Woolf originally wrote the story in the present tense, but that, crucially, the language of her typescript – “raised”, “knobbed”, and “rough to the finger”, instead of “upon the surface” in 1919, to describe the “spots of colour” – appeals to a haptic sense that makes explicit that such an experience of the present at Kew comes through the immediate medium of touch. Whilst there is something attractive to Woolf about the liberty afforded to the mind by the hermetic “smoothness” of the Oxbridge atmosphere, it is belied by her anxiety about the kind of dualistic thought that has made “smooth lawns”<sup>34</sup> of what was once marsh and grassland and excluded her, as a woman, from these structures. Moreover, the roughness of the present at Kew highlights the importance of embodiment to the cognition of a place that, paradoxically, offers the subject a smooth passage between its lawns, paths and oval-shaped flowerbeds.

In her use of these metaphors of “rough” and “smooth” for space and her blurring, or trespassing, of the boundaries between them to demonstrate how each gives rise to the other, Woolf’s terms for spaces like Oxbridge and Kew might be compared with Deleuze and Guattari’s “Smooth space and striated space – nomad

space and sedentary space”<sup>35</sup>. For them, “smooth” space is nomad space, that is, external to the State, and is distinguished from the State’s internal and internalizing “striated” or “sedentary” space (although both exist alongside one another in a state of flux or de- and reterritorialization). These “smooth” spaces, like some of those considered above, are those of “deserts, steppes, ice, and sea, local spaces of pure connection” whose “orientations, landmarks, and linkage are in continuous variation” and which operate “step by step”<sup>36</sup> and are “explored only by legwork”<sup>37</sup>. Within such space “visibility is limited” so, in traversing it, the traveller is reliant on sets of (sensory) relations; it is “a tactile space, or rather ‘haptic’, a sonorous much more than a visual space”<sup>38</sup>. Given the variability of their landmarks, nomadic movement “is not from one point to another, but becomes perpetual, without aim or destination, without departure or arrival”<sup>39</sup>. That is not to say that the nomad does not have territory or follow customary paths, but rather that, “although the points determine paths, they are strictly subordinated to the paths they determine”<sup>40</sup>. The space of the State, on the other hand, is “striated by walls, enclosures, and roads between enclosures”, whereas “nomad space is smooth, marked only by ‘traits’ that are effaced and displaced with the trajectory”<sup>41</sup> (one thinks of Gerald in *Women in Love*).

However, Deleuze and Guattari do not define the nomad by movement. Rather, they say, the “nomad knows how to wait”, and they go on to make a distinction between “movement” (that is, “extensive”, “the relative character of the body considered as ‘one’”, and “point to point”) and “speed” (that is, “the absolute character of a body whose irreducible parts (atoms) occupy or fill a smooth space in the manner of a vortex, with the possibility of springing up at any point”).<sup>42</sup> Spiritual voyages,

they continue, are those effected “without relative movement, but in intensity, in one place”<sup>43</sup>. Nomad space, then, is that of the traveller around and within whom space lives and comes into being. Even “the most striated city gives rise to smooth spaces: to live in the city as a nomad, or as a cave dweller. Movements, speed and slowness, are sometimes enough to reconstruct a smooth space”<sup>44</sup>. Deleuze and Guattari give the examples of Chess and Go to illustrate striated and smooth space respectively. However, in considering the conversion between them, we might equally return to the example of the footballer and the pitch (given in chapter three), whose striations give way to its phenomenological experience (movement is not directed towards or at any one goal, rather, the players move in relation to many “landmarks” – teammates, opponents, touchlines, ball – in order to score as a team). These spaces, Deleuze and Guattari remind us, “are not in themselves liberatory”, rather, in them, “life reconstitutes its stakes, confronts new obstacles, invents new paces, switches adversaries”<sup>45</sup>.

As we saw in the opening sentences of *Kew Gardens*, the place, for Woolf, is also “a space of contact, of small tactile or manual actions of contact, rather than visual space like Euclid’s striated space”<sup>46</sup>. However, it is one in which this haptic dimension functions alongside the optic in the ongoing production and transference of rough space into smooth and vice-versa (in the typescript version, for example, the colour of the optic opening becomes “rough to the finger” then returns to the visual “red or blue or yellow” gloom before the haptic returns again in the “straight bar rough with gold dust”). For her, smooth space (like that of Oxbridge in *A Room*) is indeed a liberatory process (“Strolling through those colleges past those ancient halls the roughness of the

present seemed smoothed away”). However, in her metaphorical use of the terms, smoothness is aligned with the optic (and utopic) and is somewhat suspect in its distance from the “rough”, haptic present (“the body seemed contained in a miraculous glass cabinet through which no sound could penetrate”). Moreover, Woolf obviously genders these spaces in both *Kew Gardens* and *A Room* (lawns are “smooth”, female spaces; paths are “striated”, male spaces).

Nevertheless, *Kew Gardens* is a space that unfolds smoothly “step by step” in the middle of the city of London. The sounds of the aeroplane and omnibuses at its conclusion suggest the proximity between these two spaces (smooth and striated), and remind us that Kew is, indeed, a nomadic topos in contrast to what remains outside and around it.<sup>47</sup> Although the “flower-bed” is a structuring device of the story it is by no means the goal of the characters, and whilst it is also the site of “spiritual” as well as corporeal movement, it is a centrifugal point to which they are drawn on their journeys only in order to leave it behind. Moreover, the flower-bed is one among many of the areas through which Woolf gives a sense of the space of Kew growing and changing with those who walk in it. It is one of the contentions of this section that *Kew Gardens* is Woolf’s attempt at writing a nomad or “ambulant” space. By looking at the typescript, I will show that, when read alongside the published version, its variant readings help the reader better appreciate the place of the body in her attempt to write the human subject into touch with Kew’s “smooth” atmosphere.

Critical approaches to *Kew Gardens* often overlook or ignore altogether the revised typescript, and in so doing underplay the interaction between the mind and the body and the physicality of Kew. Edward Bishop’s and John Oakland’s articles are

silent on the typescript and both, in placing the story in the context of Woolf's view of life as "a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end" in "Modern Fiction", focus on the atmosphere of the garden for consciousness. Bishop argues that "Woolf does not document the physical scene, she immerses her reader in the atmosphere of the garden"<sup>48</sup> and Oakland, who briefly wonders if Woolf's essay involves "too passive [a] conception of perception", also accepts it as the framework in which to set the story.<sup>49</sup> Alice Elizabeth Staveley opens her thesis with the same quotation from "Modern Fiction" but, whilst it represents the most in-depth study of the story and Woolf's "*Monday or Tuesday Years*", she too considers that "the only major distinction between the surviving typescript and the published text [is] an excised section of the typescript that expands on the women's dialogue rendering it more of a competition than an exchange"<sup>50</sup>. Kathryn N. Benzel's article is an exception. But for her the "revisions demonstrate an experimental narrative strategy – generalizing and abstracting" which "recognize and replicate the indeterminacy of life" for consciousness, which she, too, links to Woolf's essay.<sup>51</sup>

For both Benzel and Bishop, then, *Kew Gardens* is represented "not as a physical entity but as a collection, sometimes consistent, sometimes discordant, of characters' thoughts"<sup>52</sup>. Oakland's argument that the story "is more than atmosphere, insubstantial impressionism or an experiment" challenges these views but, in not considering the typescript, omits a level of detail in its suggestion that the story reveals "a harmonious, organic optimism"<sup>53</sup>. The present section is sympathetic to Oakland's reading and by showing the way in which the optic and haptic function together in the

story will also look at the ways in which humans, animals, plants, and machines merge through the senses. My main focus, however, will be on bringing to the reader's attention the emendations Woolf made to the typescript in the creation of the 1919 edition, with a view to emphasising the importance of embodiment to an understanding of the story and thereby demonstrating how current critical accounts in terms of "thought" or "atmosphere" might gain from readings that show her writing perception and cognition through movement and touch. Whereas, Benzel's account of the typescript focused largely on Woolf's holograph emendations to the typescript itself, my own approach will consider both these and the silent corrections made to the typescript in the 1919 edition. Moreover, by reappraising the story in light of those early diary entries concerned with the creative potential of getting lost and off-road travel, rather than her essay on "Modern Fiction", I hope to leave the reader with a renewed sense of Woolf the nomad rather than Woolf the urban *flâneuse*.<sup>54</sup>

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Woolf's opinion of Hampton Court and Kew Gardens in 1903 was that, on the "maps" of most Londoners', these locations might be "marked blank like certain districts of Africa" and that they were "essentially places which you visit between trains". Her own experience, by contrast, was "crammed from no guide book or travelers tales. I have seen what I describe with my own eyes" (*EJ*, 172-3). The "intimacy with which she [wrote] about Kew in her diary" has led Benzel to suggest that "she viewed the gardens as her own private space"<sup>55</sup>. However, even Woolf's

most intimate accounts of the places she explored and came to know privately in her earliest diaries show that, in her use of, say, cartographic imagery or detail from local guidebooks, her “refashioning”<sup>56</sup> of the geography of place acknowledged, incorporated and was made in informed contradistinction to others’ opinions about and descriptions of it. Kew is one such location for her, “an intermediate space”<sup>57</sup> between the private and the public, the local and the global; the gardens, as Katharine Hilbery feels, have “no points of the compass”<sup>58</sup>. In these early accounts of her nomadic travel, those in which she demonstrates how mapped and unmapped, rough and smooth space give rise to each other often result in her best traveller’s tales.

One of the earliest examples of this is an adventure she had whilst on holiday in Bognor in February 1897. Virginia and Vanessa, with “no map, no watch, and no knowledge of the country”, set out on bicycles and find “the roads muddier and worse than [they have] ever ridden on”. They take to the footpath that is, she says, “smoother” than the road and thus penetrate so far into the country that “footpaths cease to exist”. Their progress is cyclical in a double sense since they return to the “respectable High St.” of the town, but not before Virginia has gained a knowledge of the countryside she lacked at the outset: the six inches of “sticky clay” through which they comically plough is set (in an aside) against Jack Hills’s declaration that “the country [is] a sandy one” (*EJ*, 33). Here, Woolf shows that an accurate knowledge of a location is, perhaps somewhat paradoxically, contingent upon getting lost in it.

The entry is also characteristic of those from the early months of 1897 in her use of deixis to write sensory experience through the hand and touch, and thereby couple visual and tactile modes, in writing the navigation of unknown space. In the

February entry above, the deictic “– and behold – here was a school of little boys marching towards us!” itself stands out typographically on the page. She uses the same technique a month later to image some daffodils on another bike ride where she also “Lost the train at Welwyn” (*EJ*, 60). Again, in April, on another bike ride, having scaled a hill “on foot”, she writes: “behold a beautiful smooth descent of two miles and a ½ lay before us!” (*EJ*, 73). As in *Kew Gardens* and *A Room* above, here “smooth” progress into uncharted space remains contingent on “the roughness of the present”. The importance of dismounting to explore on foot is again made clear two years later when Woolf was holidaying in Warboys. Despite the “roads” having their “beauties to the eye”, a bicyclist, she says, is “a mechanical animal”, so it is not until she dismounts that the scenery is “appreciated”. Here again, an appreciation of the “flat” scene from the “raised” road involves both the optic and haptic: to be “set down” within it, the present is there “to gaze at, nibble at & scratch at” (*EJ*, 143).

These nomadic movements continue in 1905. Although Woolf thought the maps accompanying her lectures in March “dull” (*EJ*, 255), tramping about Cornwall in August, “the map of the land [became] solid in [her] brain” (*EJ*, 285) and, a year later, she wrote how, “after leaping & circumnavigating, & brushing through reeds, & scrambling beneath barbed wire, it is pleasant to lie on the turf & try steering by windmills & towers to indicate on the map where you are precisely” (*EJ*, 311). This is a far cry from the sheepish Woolf who thought it less “idiotic” to admit to losing “the road in broad daylight” than admitting to getting lost on the way to “nowhere” in 1903 (*EJ*, 190) and continues to show the importance of cartography and infrastructure to her nomadic imagination.

Such is the case with her comments on “the scarcity of good roads in Cornwall” (*EJ*, 290), which, by contrasting the “smoothly hammered” roads of the metropolitan “South” with the rough, “marks of rusticity” there, begin to use the same textural metaphors to criticize abstract systematization through an imaginative, felt space. Whereas the roads of the South “strike directly to their destination”, stepping aside from the Cornish “road” one must trust “innumerable little footpaths, as thin as though trodden by rabbits, which lead over hills & through fields in all directions”. Bodily sensitivity and an awareness of the space radiating from it go hand in hand. This system “keeps the land fluid, as it were so that the feet may trace new paths in it at their will” (*EJ*, 290). But as this and her earlier writings show, such fluidity is not necessarily best achieved by the human. Rather it is by tracing multiple “rabbit-like” footpaths that Woolf deconstructs the “cut & dry” (*EJ*, 290), “orthodox” (*EJ*, 291), “natural” (*EJ*, 366) system of delimiting space, in a way that looks forward to *A Room*. Such imaginative immersions in animal and vegetable being alongside an emphasis on process and becoming, the haptic as well as the optic, can be seen in her revisions to *Kew Gardens*.

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*Kew Gardens* and these early diaries share much common ground in their acknowledgement of the power of the voice to create and condition space. In 1903, Woolf recounted “being brought to a stop” in her explorations “by hearing male rustic voices, alarming to pedestrians of the womanly sex” (*EJ*, 190), and *Kew Gardens* also

displays the tension between the desire for a non-verbal immersion in the natural and the interruption of this by the voices of others. The story opens with a description of a flower's "throat" and concludes with a chorus of human, animal, and mechanical voices "murmuring" together, offering an alternative to the human dialogues that punctuate the story. Yet even critics, such as Bishop and Oakland, who emphasise that the human episodes structure the story, neglect to point out that each of them concludes with one of the characters directing the other (verbally) through Kew differently from how they have been or wish to explore it. Crucially, these moments of direction are also interruptions of (non-verbal) mergings of the human with the natural world.

A comparison of the typescript with the 1919 edition shows that Woolf's revisions of these moments of identification are much more evocative in the published version, and, by extension, she meant their interruptions to be more strongly felt. However, with the first couple introduced in the story, the human world is as other to the animal as the animal is to the human. Consequently, Woolf cut the part of the simile, given from the snail's point of view, linking Simon and Eleanor's movement with the butterflies' through human deictics ("[flutter this way and that]" (*KGTS*, 2)), to leave extant the more abstract "zig-zag flights".<sup>59</sup> Likewise, in the typescript, sexual difference is delineated more sharply: the final two sentences of what is the second paragraph in the 1919 edition form a short, separate paragraph in the typescript, emphasizing the otherness of the sexes in both body and thought. Woolf also omits her holograph emendation to the typescript of Eleanor's second piece of dialogue that pluralizes the final word "reality" to "reality<s>" (*KGTS*, 3) in 1919. But although the published version mitigates this solipsism by merging the typescript's second and third

paragraphs and omitting Eleanor's self-assertive "I" – "For me, a kiss[.] <--> I imagine six little girls" (*KGTS*, 3) becomes "For me, a kiss. Imagine six little girls" (*KG*, 3), thus allowing her to invite Simon imaginatively inside her "reality" – the potential understanding these changes suggest between the human sexes fails to extend to that between themselves and the surrounding plant life. In the 1919 edition, Woolf omits another holograph emendation made to the typescript that shows how the memory of Eleanor's kiss narrows the distinction between herself and other human and plant life: "the kiss of an old grey haired woman with a wart on her nose, the mother of all my kisses all my life [.] <- with the red water lilies – the past!>" (*KGTS*, 3). The typescript, then, demonstrates Eleanor's closest identification with nature, but Woolf tempers this in 1919 to allow for the theme's gradual development through the story.

Whereas in the typescript the two men are introduced in the same paragraph as the snail and the high-stepping insect, in the published version Woolf, again, delineates the human and animal more sharply by making "This time they were both men" the beginning of a new paragraph (*KG*, 4). As with Simon and Eleanor, she shows the merging of the two through a simile. The description of the elderly man's gestures in the manner of "an impatient carriage horse who is tired of waiting outside a house" (*KGTS*, 5) becomes in 1919 just "an impatient carriage horse tired of waiting outside a house" (*KG*, 5). Although the published version has brought the identification closer by focusing on the horse-like-man rather than targeting them separately, in both versions it is immediately undercut because in the man these gestures are "irresolute and pointless". Through these two early couples, Woolf shows that identification with an other is a matter of being, rather than one that can be achieved through language.

To underscore this, she contrasts superficial identifications of the human and the natural world through metaphors, which immediately impose likeness, with descriptions that show identification happening as a bodily process.

It is through the younger man, William, that Woolf begins to affiliate the human and animal worlds in this way. However, this move is counterbalanced by an equivalent estrangement of human beings from each other. In the typescript, it is from the “sight of [Eleanors]<a woman’s> dress in the distance” that William must divert the old man’s attention by touching a flower with “the tip of his walking stick” (*KGTS*, 6). In 1919, this sense of estrangement through her holograph emendation of “Eleanor” to “woman” is compounded by the silent alteration of “ships lost at sea” to “women drowned at sea” (*KG*, 5). On the other hand, the deictic function of “tip” to create intersubjectivity between the two men not only shows Woolf’s move towards the haptic and the optic but, in so doing, her equivalence between this way of perceiving through multiple senses and that of the snail’s perception of the texture and sound of the leaf with “the tip of his horns” (*KG*, 7). That Woolf intended this resonance is made clear when looking at the typescript, in which she wrote “point of his horn<s>” (*KGTS*, 8) before silently emending it to “tip” in 1919.

Unlike the introduction of the other human couples, there is no “transition”<sup>60</sup> paragraph between the two men and the two elderly women because, from the entrance of the latter, they recognize (indeed are “frankly fascinated by”) the absolute otherness of the men in terms of sex, class, psychology, body, and space. Staveley’s footnote on the typescript (quoted above) suggests how, in the published version, Woolf softened the antagonism between the women themselves, but criticism of the scene has yet to

look at the typescript in relation to how Woolf came to write the scene as a “moment of intoxication and identification, the immersion of the human in the natural”<sup>61</sup>. Benzel, who is the only one to consider the typescript, like Staveley, interprets the deletion of the competitive aspect from it as evidence that the women’s relationship becomes “vague, and the preceding lines of dialogue seem disconnected to any reality”<sup>62</sup>. Likewise, Bishop’s take on the published scene focuses on how the words of the women’s dialogue “cease to have more than vestigial denotative meaning” but instead become “palpable” and “non-cognitive”<sup>63</sup>. Looking at the typescript in the context that Oakland interprets the scene is interesting as its revision largely demonstrates how Woolf wanted to show this “identification” as an adaptive process happening as a function of the garden’s exploration, rather than imposing this blurring of material categories for the reader at the outset through self-conscious linguistic technique (like the metaphors discussed above). Woolf thereby particularizes each of these moments of identification as moments of being rather than generally relativizing the human and the natural worlds.

From the first paragraph of the typescript, Woolf describes the spaces of the vegetable world in explicitly (human) architectural terms: the light illuminates “the vast <green> cathedra<|> spaces beneath the dome of the heart shaped and tongue shaped leaves”; in the paragraph with the high-stepping insect, the “flat blade like trees” wave “from the root to the highest pinnacle”; and in the cancelled passage of narrative concerning the two women their words make “a mosaic round them” (*KGTS*, 1; 4; 7). But in 1919, the equivalence between the human and the natural is achieved with a lighter touch. Woolf omits “cathedral” and “mosaic” and emends the other

description to “from root to tip” (*KG*, 4). Again, as with the flowers unfurling at the “tip” into multicoloured petals in the first sentence, the men’s joint attention on the flower through the “tip” of William’s walking stick, and the “tip” of the snail’s horns sensing the leaf, Woolf’s preference for the word in the published version over variants of it in the typescript shows her using it to signify the meeting of an other at the limit of one’s being in a language that appeals to the body but which does not exclusively favour the human perspective.

Each of these moments also emphasizes the importance of movement to this process. By gradually introducing the way in which the natural world is identified with the human in this way, Woolf can show both how the human subjects adapt themselves to the terms of the garden and how the animals come to terms with the presence of humanity in their environment. So, in the transitional paragraph after the ponderous woman has identified with the flowers, not only does Woolf emend the description of the snail’s horns from “point” to “tip”, the snail also begins to perceive the leaf’s “roof” in the (albeit crude) terms of human architecture. Moreover, the holograph emendations to his perceptions show that, when the snail is interrupted in his identification with the human, as the humans are in their identifications with nature, the process is ongoing but incomplete: he is only “<getting used>” to the terms in which he begins to perceive the leaf, rather than accepting the terms in which they are “[revealed to him]” (*KGTS*, 8).

Her emendations to the ponderous woman’s identification with the flowers also make this clear:

[She] <The ponderous woman> looked through [thil] the pattern o[jj]<f> falling words at the flowers standing cool, firm and upright <in the earth> <,> with a curious expression, [...]<sup>64</sup> She

came to a standstill opposite the oval shaped bed, and [v]eased even to pretend to listen to what other woman said. After a time <She uprooted herself: &> [she] suggested that they should find a seat and have their tea. (*KGTS*, 7-8)

The ponderous woman looked through the pattern of falling words at the flowers standing cool, firm, and upright in the earth, with a curious expression. [...] <sup>65</sup> So the heavy woman came to a standstill opposite the oval shaped flower bed, and ceased even to pretend to listen to what the other woman was saying. She stood there, letting the words fall over her, swaying the top part of her body slowly backwards and forwards, looking at the flowers. Then she suggested that they should find a seat and have their tea. (*KG*, 6-7)

In the typescript, Woolf draws an arrow to her holograph insertion (“<She uprooted herself: &>”) from the word “bed” in the previous sentence. However, like the similes used to merge Simon and Eleanor with the butterflies and the elderly man with the carriage horse above, in 1919 she omits this insertion, again demonstrating her preference for process over single metaphorical statement to write the identification of the human with the natural. What the “other woman said” in typescript becomes what she is “saying”, and “letting”, “swaying”, and “looking” all show ongoing bodily movement underlying thought and development. This is true generally of the difference between the typescript and the published version. For example, in the first paragraph, Woolf alters “threads of fibre beneath the surface” (*KGTS*, 1) to “branching threads of fibre” in 1919. The paragraph’s final sentence in typescript is also emended from “[come into]” to “<walk in>” Kew Gardens (*KGTS* 2), and the description of William’s look of stoical patience is changed from “slowly [deepened] <grew deeper>” (*KGTS*, 6) to “grew slowly deeper and deeper” (*KG*, 6).

This reliance of the processes of language and thought on the body is made clearest by Woolf in the relationship between the final couple, who, unlike the two men, are introduced seamlessly in the same paragraph as the snail, suggesting how they will be put in touch with the garden in a way that the others are not. In answer to

Trissie's question "'What's 'it' – do you mean by it?'" Bishop begins his article by insisting that "The reader knows what the young woman means" because it "occurs near the close of 'Kew Gardens'". "'It'", for Bishop, is "the essence of the natural and the human world of the garden"; not the "physical scene" but the "atmosphere of the garden"<sup>66</sup>. For Staveley, "'it' carries a weight of social signification that goes beyond questions of essence: 'it' encodes a critique of the economies of sexual exchange that underpin prevailing assumptions about conventional patterns of courtship, romance, and marriage"<sup>67</sup>. But, to continue placing the story in the context of Woolf's diaries, perhaps the reader gets a better sense of what she means by "'it'" from her diary entry on the 27<sup>th</sup> of February 1926:

I have some restless searcher in me. Why is there not a discovery in life? Something one can lay hands on & say "This is it?" My depression is a harassed feeling – I'm looking; but that's not it – that's not it. What is it? And shall I die before I find it? Then (as I was walking through Russell Sqre last night) I see the mountains in the sky: the great clouds; & the moon which is risen over Persia I have a great & astonishing sense of something there, which is "it" – It is not exactly beauty that I mean. It is that the thing is in itself enough: satisfactory; achieved. A sense of my own strangeness, walking on the earth is there too: of the infinite oddity of the human position; trotting along Russell Sqre with the moon up there, & those mountain clouds. Who am I, what am I, & so on: these questions are always floating about in me; & then I bump against some exact fact – a letter, a person, & come to them again with a great sense of freshness. And so it goes on. But, on this showing which is true, I think, I do fairly frequently come upon this "it"; & then feel quite at rest. (3D, 62-3)

Although Woolf, here, perhaps gets no closer than Trissie to defining what "'it'" is, in both the diary and the short story the physical process ("(as I was walking through Russell Sqre last night)") and physicality of process ("something one can lay hands on"; "bump against") along the way to approaching the construction of "'it'" are strongly felt.

Again, in this context, the revisions to the typescript are telling in that they emphasise how thought and bodily action go hand in hand, and, at the same time, how,

in revising the characterization of both humans and animals to this end, Woolf blurs the distinction between the two. So, just as Woolf silently changes the typescript where the young couple press “the end of her parasol deep down into the soft earth” from “who knows (so they thought) what precipices aren’t concealed in them, or what slopes of glowing ice don’t shine in the sun of the further side[.]<?>” (*KGTS*, 9) to read “who knows (so they thought as they pressed the parasol into the earth) what precipices aren’t concealed in them, or what slopes of ice don’t shine in the sun on the other side? Who knows? Who has ever seen this before?” (*KG*, 8), her holograph emendation to the typescript (retained in 1919) regarding the high-stepping insect waiting “with its antennae trembling <as if in deliberation>” (4), makes clear this reciprocity between thought and action in both humans and animals alike. Whereas in *Night and Day*, the narrator supplies a gloss to what Katherine means by “this” as she walks around Kew,<sup>68</sup> in *Kew Gardens* it is not the precise meaning of deictics such as “this” and “it” that is important. Rather, like Woolf’s experiments with them in the diaries, her emendations to the typescript show that the body and its movement through space create these moments of intersubjectivity and this gestural language in order to make “it” very much contingent on the “physical scene” and the particular situation of the subject and, in turn, the verbal contingent on the non-verbal.

In the 1927 special edition of the story, Woolf added to this haptic sense of space by replacing “slopes of ice” (in the typescript and 1919 edition above) with “ridges of ice”<sup>69</sup>. Indeed, her emendations of the typescript demonstrate a turn towards the haptic experience of Kew in 1919: the description of the old man on seeing the woman’s dress changes from “He took off his hat and began to hurry towards her

saying” (*KGTS*, 6) to “He took off his hat, placed his hand upon his heart and hurried towards her muttering and gesticulating feverishly” (*KG*, 5); the metaphor for the youthfulness of the final couple metamorphoses from one about “the smooth pink case of the flower” (*KGTS*, 8) to “the smooth pink folds of the flower” (*KG*, 7); even the simile for the mechanical gears of the motor omnibuses incorporates touch, turning “one within another” in 1919 (*KG*, 10), whereas they merely turn “ceaselessly” in typescript (*KGTS*, 12). Woolf’s hand in the production of the typescript may also have actively contributed to her writing in a heightened haptic sense: the darker ink on page ten – which includes “the young man fingering the coin in his pocket”, “pulling the parasol out of the earth”, and drawing Trissie on – shows that she must have changed her typewriter’s ribbon before typing it, and the remainder of the story.

But whilst the (human) body is manifestly placed at the centre of perceptual experience in the garden, many of Woolf’s revisions of the typescript in 1919 show how human categories of thought are not privileged in the same way. Indeed, the “atmosphere” she achieves in the story is not, as critics like Bishop and Benzel suggest, at the expense of the physical, but rather, through the emendation of human divisions of space and time, she allows causality to be felt not thought. The emendations to the passage of light through the opening paragraph provide the best example of this:

the red and blue and yellow lights pass<ed/> one over the other staining some inch of the <flower> bed <beneath> for a second with a spot of the most intricate colour. It [may] [strike] <lighted> upon <either> the smooth grey back of a pebble, or the shell of a snail with its brown circular veins, or, falling into the centre of a rain drop, held in a crevice of the earth, [...] <sup>70</sup> Instead of that [however] the drop [is] <was> left in a second silver grey once more: and the light now settle[s]<d> upon the flesh of a leaf, revealing the threads of fibre beneath the surface; and in another second [it] passe[s]<d> on. (*KGTS*, 1)

the red blue and yellow lights passed one over the other, staining an inch of the brown beneath with a spot of the most intricate colour. The light fell either upon the smooth grey back of a

pebble, or the shell of a snail with its brown circular veins, or, falling into a raindrop, [...] <sup>71</sup> Instead the drop was left in a second silver grey once more, and the light now settled upon the flesh of a leaf, revealing the branching thread of fibre beneath the surface, and again it moved on. (*KG*, 1)

In 1919, the passage of time is not measured by the “second”. Rather, the perception of the movement of light is the very way in which the passage of time is felt. Instead, “again” and “then” (for example in the emendation from “After a time” to “then” in the final sentence of the scene with the two women above) are words that characterize the causal relation of events for both humans and animals alike, rather than time’s conception in minutes and seconds. Indeed, the “time” that one should have tea according to convention rather than desire is the premise upon which the young man regulates Trissie’s exploration of the garden, something that the story implicitly criticises.

It is fitting that, having given a reading of *Kew Gardens* in light of Woolf’s early writing about nomadic travel and the significance of the body feeling its way into unmapped space, my closing observations should concern a small but important change to the typescript that demonstrates Woolf’s preference for going off the beaten track at Kew. In her article, Benzel notes that, rather than closing with the snail going on “quietly towards his goal” (*KGTS*, 12), in the published story light simply flashes into the air. However, as this section has shown, Woolf’s emendations to the animal world double those made to the human – the high-stepping insect trembles in deliberation just as the ponderous woman sways in time with the flowers; the tips of walking sticks press themselves upon the world like the tips of the snail’s horns – and this change should be read alongside another of Woolf’s emendations on the same page. Whereas in the typescript, the men, women and children who see “the breadth of yellow that lay

upon the grass path" (*KGTS*, 11) leave it for the shade of the trees, in 1919 they only see "the breadth of yellow that lay upon the grass" (*KG*, 9). Here, like Woolf in *A Room*, they are not, in any case, following a path when they lose themselves in the trackless forest. For the men, women and children, then, as much as for the snail, the smooth space of the garden, unlike the infrastructure of the city that makes itself heard outside, is one that must be felt into and that unfolds itself through this process of exploratory walking.

For Deleuze and Guattari, "Taking a walk is a haecceity". "Haecceity, fog, glare. A haecceity has neither beginning nor end, origin nor destination; it is always in the middle"<sup>72</sup>. As we have seen, so, too, is a walk in *Kew Gardens*. Each being we meet in the garden is already on the way to somewhere else; their identifications with one another are always kinetic. This section has shown that the differences between the typescript and the published story demonstrate how Woolf revised the story to these ends. Whilst it is fair to say that certain revisions to the typescript represent a move towards "generalization and abstraction"<sup>73</sup>, Woolf's "mist" derives "from extreme precision, not vagueness"<sup>74</sup>, and I would argue that her emendations generally appeal to a haptic sense of space, rooting perception, thought and action in the bodies of humans and animals alike. Through the body and its movement, the deictic language for what the characters perceive (for example, Trissie's "turning her head this way and that way [...] wishing to go down there and then down there") makes sense; "it" describes and interrogates the ongoing process of sensing, of making sense out of one's body as much as it seeks to fix upon a definition. In the midst of things at Kew, perception "no longer resides in the relation between a subject and an object, but rather

in the movement serving as the limit of that relation, in the period associated with the subject and object”<sup>75</sup> in their proxemic relations. The nomadic “streaming, spiralling, zigzagging, snaking, feverish line of variation”<sup>76</sup> taken by the couples and animals through *Kew Gardens* blurs them together whilst they move in this way. Such “zig-zag flights” are taken by Simon and Eleanor and the butterflies, and, as we saw in chapter one, by Ursula in *The Rainbow* through which she, too, begins to understand her relationship with others and the earth.

The same “style” in which Woolf made expeditions in Cornwall “more for the sake of the going & coming [...] than because there is any special sight of beauty to be found in the spot where we pitch our resting place” (*EJ*, 294) is that which she gives to both humans and animals in *Kew Gardens*. By unearthing some of the variant lines lost in the transition between the typescript and the published version of the story, we can see how Woolf tried to leave her reader with a similar sense of Kew, and the ebb and flow of a walk through it in July. This chapter has shown that walking and nomadic movement in vehicles in which the traveller, technology, and environment are mutually dependent for movement, represent a challenge to the motorised, urban, overpopulated, and overly polluted spaces of modernism, which both Lawrence and Woolf criticised.

In Part II, we have seen how, through the example of the animal kingdom, both writers suggest that exclusively visual modes of perception need to be supplemented with other sensory modalities if human beings are to have a *rapport* with their environments and others. The body and non-verbal behaviour are thus central to this project. What has become apparent is that the hand and the eye work together for these

writers, not just in the scene of writing but in their writing of perception. Deixis is a defining characteristic of their language for the proxemic relationship between beings, their (perceptual) worlds, and others. But, as we saw, for Lawrence, such *rapport* occasions direct contact between one's "own very tissue and the tissue of the adjacent objects". In Part III, we turn our attention to that very subject, touch, and to its place and potential as a form of non-verbal communication in their writing. The meeting between the human and technology at the outer reaches of the human, the hand, through the figure of prosthetic will concern us, as will letters themselves as forms of prosthetic touch. As with *Kew Gardens*, manuscripts, as the site of hand's first presence in the text, will be important sources for such a consideration. The final chapter of the thesis on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* will look at Lawrence's revisions to the novel's manuscripts and how their emendations underline the importance of non-verbal communication, which, in turn, underlies its belief in a style of touch or "feeling", namely, tenderness.

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *EJ*, 60 (26.03.97): "As we were coming home, we saw a poor young lady bicyclist run over by a cart"; *EJ*, 62 (29.03.97): "father and I bussed to St James St. – We had several perilous crossings before we reached the London library [...] It is a miracle that I escape to write this"; *EJ*, 63 (31.03.97): "Nessa bicycled down to the studio, and met with no accident"; *EJ*, 69 (11.04.97): "N. and I drove in a victoria – our man raced the bicyclists all the way home which was rather alarming, but they just won – However I was thankful to get home safe at all"; *EJ*, 75 (25.04.97): "a Mr Robjohns – an Australian friend of Emmie's, who met with a bicycle accident outside their door, & was brought in and recovered in their hall – but one ending to such a story!"; *EJ*, 82-3 (08.05.97) "On the way there [the Bank] we saw a hansom overturned in Piccadilly – I saw it in mid air – the horse lifted from its legs, and the driver jumping from the box. Luckily, neither horse nor driver suffered though the hansom was broken – Then again, I managed to discover a man in the course of being squashed by an omnibus, but, as we were in the midst of Piccadilly Circus, the details of the accident could not be seen"; *EJ*, 85 (13.05.97): "one of our jobs took us to Herbert and Jones [Kensington confectioners] to buy some sponge cakes for Stella's tea – While we waiting for them – I heard a stampede in the street outside – shouting – as the stampede became more violent – & then a crash. Evidently the runaway had collided. A glimpse out of the door – to which the young ladies all crowded to get a better view – showed one horse on the ground and a second prancing madly above it – a carriage was smashed up & a wagon turned over on its side. The young ladies were dispersed by the appearance of an infuriated steed at the door – pushing it with its nose; however he was captured in time. As soon as things were quieter we fled – without the sponge cakes – No one hurt".

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Bowlby, *Feminist Destinations* 1-16.

<sup>3</sup> L. D. Clark, *The Minoan Distance* 18.

<sup>4</sup> Freeman 93.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. *L3*, 386: "how anyone can be such a fool as to think the mind dull compared with the body, Lord knows. I'm sure I live more gallons to the minute walking once round the square than all the stockbrokers in London caught in the act of copulation".

<sup>6</sup> Minow-Pinkney 162.

<sup>7</sup> Minow-Pinkney 162.

<sup>8</sup> Minow-Pinkney 162.

<sup>9</sup> Virginia Woolf, *Orlando: A Biography* (1928; London: Vintage, 1992) 195-6.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Henry 53-4: "The very structure of the sentences evokes the view made possible by a telescope. The ellipses, repetitions, and lacunae require the reader to encounter the text in a sense similar to the experience of looking through the restrictive lens of a scoping device. The elliptical interruptions, for instance, limit the reader's view to only one tree at a time [...] Thus reading 'The Searchlight' becomes a participatory, embodied, and dramatic experience for Woolf's readers by means of the narrative structure".

<sup>11</sup> For example, in her diary of a drive through France in 1928, Woolf imaged Chartres cathedral as a "snail [...] marching across the flat country" (*3D*, 179).

<sup>12</sup> Like Woolf's image of Chartres, Aaron's view of Milan Cathedral as he passes through the city's streets, with the waspish "little yellow tram-cars" slipping past, is of its "piny bulk" like "a grey-purple sea-urchin with many spines" (D. H. Lawrence, *Aaron's Rod* (1922; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977) 218). From Leslie Tempest's car accident in Lawrence's first novel, *The White Peacock*, automobiles in his fiction tend to represent an unhealthy prosthetic relationship of man and machine (which can be compared with that of *Sea and Sardinia*, discussed in the Introduction). In *The Rainbow*, Lawrence uses a leitmotif in order to demonstrate how the speed of the motor car alters visual perception and, in turn, the Brangwens' changing metaphysical conception of nature. In the opening pages of the novel, the earliest, undistinguished Brangwens see, in the autumn: "birds in flocks blew like spray across the fallow, rooks appeared on the grey, watery heavens, and flew cawing into the winter" (8). In the second chapter, concerned with the first generation of Brangwens, the image returns as Tom works in the fields: "great droves of birds dashed like spray from the fallow, rooks appeared, black and flapping down to the earth, the ground was cold as he pulled the turnips, the roads were churned deep in mud" (72). Then, in the third generation, Ursula is taken for a ride in Anton's "motor-car": "She saw the familiar country racing by. But now, it was no familiar country, it was wonderland. There was the Hemlock Stone standing on its grassy hill. Strange it looked on this wet, early summer evening, remote, in a magic land. Some rooks were flying out of the trees" (305). Speed has an uncanny effect on her perception and this

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final image of the rooks is almost dismissive in comparison with the poetic function they serve as indicators of the male Brangwens' spiritual sense of the earth. In the first two examples, they move along the "vertical" axis discussed in the previous chapter, but, in the final example, this orientation is notably absent. Moreover, it is interesting that it should be the Hemlock Stone that she perceives, since the location, as we saw in the previous chapter, was the site from which Lawrence experimented with visual perception in his previous novel, *Sons and Lovers*.

<sup>13</sup> For example, in *Tono-Bungay* (1909; London: Penguin Classics, 2005) H. G. Wells's George Ponderevo remembers (from the "Lord Roberts  $\beta$ " airship): "a train boring its way like a hastening caterpillar of fire across the landscape, and how distinctly I heard its clatter" (353). At the close of James Joyce's "A Painful Case" from *Dubliners* (1914; London: Penguin Popular Classics, 1996), the tragically lovesick Mr Duffy turns his eyes towards Dublin and sees "a goods train winding out of Kingsbridge Station, like a worm with a fiery head winding through the darkness, obstinately and laboriously. It had passed slowly out of sight; but still he heard in his ears the laborious drone of the engine reiterating the syllables of her name" (131).

<sup>14</sup> In looking at *Twilight in Italy*, L. D. Clark shows that "travel writing as symbology" was a most "congenial form" for Lawrence to "transmit [his] genius" and that, as such, it was as effective as any of the novels. He shows how the book's genesis during the "fertile Fiascherino period" was born out of Lawrence's "avid interests in reading" accounts of "travels" and "raw philosophy", that, he says, Lawrence brought together in his own "travel writing" (113). He also comments on Lawrence as a letter writer, in terms that suggest that during his first weeks in Germany, "Lawrence the correspondent became one with Lawrence the traveller", and that the letters, from this period on, become "in themselves travel sketches, and the intimate glimpses of common life which these contain are woven with easy and consummate skill into Lawrence's endeavours to understand his own condition and refine his talents" (35).

<sup>15</sup> Cf. *2L*, 653 (08.09.1916): "The atlases came this morning – really a *great* pleasure. I only hope you didn't *buy* the one you gave me. I will write to Collins – noble of him. I *love* maps, these maps of all sorts – I could stare at them for ever" [Lawrence's emphasis].

<sup>16</sup> L. D. Clark, in his appraisal of the novel's conclusion in *The Minoan Distance*, sees its "whole quest theme" as emerging "in concepts of space and geography in which the world stands for moral place" (173), in a similar sense to that given in my discussion of the letters in chapter one. In so doing, he touches on Gerald's skiing as an indicator of his affinity with the "Northern" location (163) and the different tobogganing scenes with himself, Gudrun, and Loerke (172). However, the way in which each of the characters move, and the way in which this bears on how they trace in the environment their *rapport* (or lack of it) is not given sustained consideration as it is here. Clark also suggests that "mobility" is a crucial trait of Birkin and central to an understanding of his place in the novel (156-7). I think that Clark's reading is important and lucid. However, I think that the qualification of the types of "mobility" and the attitudes of other characters to the space in which they move, such as I give, is equally necessary to a full appreciation of the novel.

<sup>17</sup> My use of the term here is indebted to Neil Roberts, who, in his excellent book on *D. H. Lawrence, Travel and Cultural Difference* borrows Mikhail Bakhtin's concept of "adventure time", that is, "an extratemporal hiatus between two moments of biographical time" that puts the world at the traveller's disposal, to criticise Lawrence's response to otherness in *Sea and Sardinia* as "imperialistic": "In particular I have contrasted what I have loosely called adventure, in which the privileged 'imperialistic' traveller observes the lives of indigenous peoples vividly and sympathetically but moves on, without any commitment to the life s/he has observed, and quest, in which the traveller's own destiny is determined by the needs of the people among whom s/he travels" (121).

<sup>18</sup> Woolf, *Orlando* 22.

<sup>19</sup> Another example of the way in which skating is part of a romantic or romanticized winter landscape can be seen in this entry in Woolf's diary on Valentine's Day 1922: "We are as comfortable as cottagers (looked at through a window) & this morning dropped from the blue (yes it is blue, & frost on the roofs, & Ralph skating at Tidmarsh; & Mrs Sanders not sent her proofs) £114.18, unexpected payment from Mitchells [in whom she had shares], in whom I lost, so I thought, £600. [...] God after all does exist; for always some wind brings down an apple at the critical moment" (*2D*, 161).

<sup>20</sup> Cf. George G. Zytaruk "Rananim: D. H. Lawrence's Failed Utopia" in Salgãdo and Das (eds.) 266-94. John Worthen, in *Life of an Outsider*, describes the idea of the ship as "another fruitful fictional fantasy,

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just on the edge of the practical" (228). He goes on to say that the "fact that, later on, Frieda grew 'terrified' of it suggests that the fantasy had grown too serious; at which point Lawrence, too, grew worried about being 'tied' to the ship" (228). Neil Roberts, on the other hand, distinguishes the fantasy of the ship from Rananim and also puts his finger on the way in which it may have been divisive in the Lawrences' marriage: "I think that the exclusive masculinity of this fantasy and its overt irresponsibility distinguish it from the Rananim motive, which was earnest and idealistic, and always included Frieda" (7). L. D. Clark makes an interesting observation about the ship's manifestation in the writing of the post-Mexican period: "Lawrence sought a differently circumscribed male reality, one enclosing itself against social and political spheres and boarding a vessel often real, often symbolic, sometimes both: a vessel occupied in isolation, or with a woman or a few kindred spirits only, heading into the final outreach of the pilgrim's travelling. The vessel was in many ways an ark, during this period which opens with 'The Flying Fish' and closes with 'The Ship of Death'" (338-9).

<sup>21</sup> Cited in John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Early Years 1885-1912* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991) 136.

<sup>22</sup> As with many of his books, Lawrence found it hard to title what eventually became *Sea and Sardinia*. The style in which it is written certainly suggests the diary form. On the 22<sup>nd</sup> of March 1921 Lawrence wrote to Robert Mountsier informing him that he would send "the MS. of 'Diary of a Trip to Sardinia'" later that week (although a week later he would retract this title saying that "the 'Diary' title was merely provisional" and suggesting others, such as "A Swoop on Sardinia" and "A Dash through Sardinia", that emphasise the onward and outward motion within the book (3L, 688, 696).

<sup>23</sup> In "The Spinner and the Monks" chapter of *Twilight in Italy*, Lawrence sees "a blood-red sail like a butterfly breathing down on the blue water" (27). In *Etruscan Places*, Lawrence writes that "As the light of history dawns and brightens, we see them [the Etruscans] winging along with their white or scarlet sails" (39). As far as I can tell, in *Sea and Sardinia* there is no specific mention of red sails, however, Lawrence is nonetheless fascinated by sails (at one point on the voyage to Sardinia he counts fifteen on one vessel). Whilst Lawrence's boat is a mechanical steamer, its own "magic gallop" is strongly contrasted with the "the absolute insanity of machine persistence. The agony which a train is to me, really" (30). His description of the "schooner" with "her tall ladder of square sails white in the afternoon light" which make her run "like an wild animal on a scent across the waters" (38) – alongside other descriptions of sailboats as "odd-winged insects of the flower" (48), and his steamer's trail as "like a snail's path, trailing across the sea" (49) – models the navigation of this human-machine assembly in terms of animals, and, in particular, that of olfaction, discussed in relation to *rapport* in the previous chapter. Furthermore, the following sentence, "There – the scent leads her north again" (38), uses deixis and his characteristically gestural hyphen to give his perception of this through a sensory synergy (optically, haptically, olfactorially).

<sup>24</sup> Cf. "Evening Scene" in *Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. Mervyn Levy (London: Cory, Adams, and Mackay, 1964) 84, in which a postcard-size picture of a solitary boatman (like "[Dutch Windmill]") is given above the quatrain beginning "Am Abend wird man klug..." by Friedrich Rückert, which Lawrence copies beneath.

<sup>25</sup> In letters between them, on their first eloping to Germany in May 1912, Frieda, according to Worthen, wrote "lurid accounts of her encounters in Metz with her old admirer Udo von Henning" (*Life of an Outsider*, 118) to Lawrence (in Waldbröl). On Friday the 17<sup>th</sup> he responded thus: "That was the letter I expected – and I hated it. Never mind. I suppose I deserve it all. I shall register it up, the number of times I leave you in the lurch: that is a historical phrase also. This is the first time. 'Rats' is a bit hard, as a collective name for all your men – And you're the ship? Poor Henning, poor devil! Vous le croquez bien entre les dents" (1L, 406). The importance of the figure of the ship here can be measured by looking at the manuscript of the letter (at the Harry Ransom Center, University of Austin, Texas). The phrase "– And you're the ship?" is added above the line, suggesting that Lawrence thought it a worthy and important enough addition to the metaphor after finishing the letter.

<sup>26</sup> Cf. "The Reality of Peace": "This is peace like a river. This peace like a river to flow upon the tide of the creative direction, towards an end we know nothing of, but which only fills us with bliss of confidence. Our will is a rudder that steers us and keeps us faithfully adjusted to the current. Our will is the strength that throws itself upon the tiller when we are caught by the wrong current. We steer by the delicacy of adjusted understanding, and our will is the strength that serves this. Our will is never tired of adjusting the helm according to our pure understanding. [...] // But all the while our greatest effort and

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supreme aim is to adjust ourselves to the river that carries us, so that we may be carried safely to the end, neither wrecked nor stranded nor clogged in weeds. All the while we are but given to the stream, we are borne upon the surpassing impulse which has our end in view beyond us. None of us knows the way. The way is given on the way" (P, 670).

<sup>27</sup> Cf. MS3, 639: "'Nay nay! It's more than that. Living is [like a stream.] <moving, and moving on.> My life wont go down the [ordinary stream – it refuses to.] <proper gutters, it just won't.> So [it's] <I'm> a bit of a waste trickle by [itself.] <myself.> And I've no business to take a woman into my life unless my [living stream] <life> flows and flows somewhere, to carry us both along'". The manuscript versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are held at the Harry Ransom Centre, University of Texas, Austin. The manuscripts of the first, second, and third version will be referred to as MS. 1, MS. 2, and MS. 3, respectively, in this chapter and the following chapters.

<sup>28</sup> Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (1928; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1973) 8.

<sup>29</sup> Woolf, *A Room* 78.

<sup>30</sup> Woolf, *A Room* 71.

<sup>31</sup> Virginia Woolf, *Night and Day* (1919; Oxford: Oxford World's Classics, 1999) 237.

<sup>32</sup> All references to the printed edition of *Kew Gardens* are to the first 1919 edition (unless stated otherwise) and abbreviated KG. Since no pagination was given to either this or the special 1927 edition, the page numbering I have given for these editions takes page 1 to be that on which the text of the story begins. References to Woolf's revised typescript of the story are abbreviated KGTS and follow the pagination given on its pages. For the ease of the reader, I have silently corrected Woolf's often extensive typographical errors in quotation from the typescript. In terms of its revision, words in [square brackets] indicate holograph deletions to the typescript, whereas words in <triangular brackets> indicate holograph insertions to the typescript.

<sup>33</sup> Woolf, *A Room* 8 [my italics].

<sup>34</sup> Woolf, *A Room* 11.

<sup>35</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 524.

<sup>36</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 544.

<sup>37</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 409.

<sup>38</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 421.

<sup>39</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 389.

<sup>40</sup> Deleuze and Guattari give the example of the oasis or water point in the desert that is reached only in order to be left behind (419).

<sup>41</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 420.

<sup>42</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 420-1.

<sup>43</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 421.

<sup>44</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 551.

<sup>45</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 551.

<sup>46</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 409.

<sup>47</sup> The final paragraph of the story, for example, opens with an affirmation of this nomad space ("Thus one couple after another with much the same irregular and aimless movement passed the flower-bed..."); however its other details, such as the palm house like a "market", the "drone of the aeroplane" and the "omnibuses", see the economic and infrastructural striations impinge on this smooth space. The aeroplane is of particular interest, in that, like the one advertising toffee after the "explosion" in the street in *Mrs Dalloway*, its "fierce" presence suggests the space of airborne warfare (which Woolf observed first-hand in the First World War) and thereby the political dimensions of these spaces (smooth, striated) as battlegrounds, as discussed by Deleuze and Guattari.

<sup>48</sup> Edward Bishop, "Pursuing 'It' Through 'Kew Gardens'" in *Studies in Short Fiction* 19 (1982): 269.

<sup>49</sup> John Oakland, "Virginia Woolf's Kew Gardens" in *English Studies* 3 (1987): 265.

<sup>50</sup> Alice Elizabeth Staveley, "Reconfiguring 'Kew Gardens': Virginia Woolf's *Monday or Tuesday Years*", diss., U of Oxford, 2000, 73 n62.

<sup>51</sup> Kathryn N. Benzel, "Woolf's Early Experimentation with Consciousness: 'Kew Gardens', Typescript to Publication, 1917–1919" in *Virginia Woolf: Turning the Centuries. Selected Papers from the Ninth Annual Conference on Virginia Woolf*, ed. Ann Ardis and Bonnie Kime Scott (New York: Pace UP, 2000) 194.

<sup>52</sup> Benzel 192.

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<sup>53</sup> Oakland 264.

<sup>54</sup> Cf. Rachel Bowlby, "Walking, Women, and Writing: Virginia Woolf as *flâneuse*" in *New Feminist Discourses: Critical Essays on Theories and Texts*, ed. Isobel Armstrong (London: Routledge, 1992). In his chapter on Virginia Woolf in *Moving through Modernity*, Andrew Thacker approaches the "cartography of London" (154) in relation to the dialectics between what he calls Woolf's internal and external geographies. In so doing he focuses on representations of public and private transport (after Bowlby and Minow-Pinkney) and, like Bowlby, considers Woolf's urban *flânerie*. Thacker's study is both timely and illuminating; however, the present chapter questions assertions such as he makes in closing his chapter, in particular, that, for Woolf, "the motorcar represents a much more haptic sense of modernity" (184). On the contrary, I would argue that walking and non-motorised modes of transport, such as we saw above, are haptic for Woolf (in that bodies "in touch" with their environment disclose a new relationship with space through their movement in and with it). Rather, the deictic terms in which he reads Clarissa's bus top travel in *Mrs Dalloway* (171), for example, form part of Woolf's renegotiation of the optic-haptic synergy and do not necessarily constitute simply an increased hapticity or "grasp" on the world, in fact the reverse.

<sup>55</sup> Benzel 194.

<sup>56</sup> Woolf, *Night and Day* 347.

<sup>57</sup> Staveley 33.

<sup>58</sup> Woolf, *Night and Day* 350. It is interesting, then, in light of our previous discussion that, in *Night and Day*, Ralph Denham initially sees Katherine in Kew Gardens "like a ship in full sail" (347).

<sup>59</sup> In terms of the relationship between the insect and human worlds and the early autobiographical writing, a letter to Clive Bell from Cornwall in December 1909, suggests the beginnings of the dragonfly memory that Simon has in this section of *Kew Gardens*: "The life I lead is very nearly perfect [...] what with the silence, and the possibility of walking out, at any moment, over long wonderfully coloured roads to cliffs with the sea beneath, and coming back past lighted windows to one's tea and fire and book – and then one has thoughts and a conception of the world and moments like a dragon fly in the air – with all this I am kept very lively in my head" (*L1*, 416).

<sup>60</sup> Oakland 269.

<sup>61</sup> Oakland 271.

<sup>62</sup> Benzel 197.

<sup>63</sup> Bishop 272.

<sup>64</sup> My ellipsis to indicate my abbreviation of this passage of the typescript.

<sup>65</sup> My ellipsis to indicate my abbreviation of this passage of the 1919 edition.

<sup>66</sup> Edward Bishop, "Pursuing 'It' Through 'Kew Gardens'" 269.

<sup>67</sup> Alice Elizabeth Staveley, "Reconfiguring 'Kew Gardens'" 64.

<sup>68</sup> Woolf, *Night and Day* 346.

<sup>69</sup> Virginia Woolf, *Kew Gardens* (London: Hogarth, 1927) 16.

<sup>70</sup> My ellipsis to indicate my abbreviation of this passage of the typescript.

<sup>71</sup> My ellipsis to indicate my abbreviation of this passage of the 1919 edition.

<sup>72</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 290.

<sup>73</sup> Benzel 194.

<sup>74</sup> Bishop 274.

<sup>75</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 311.

<sup>76</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 550.

## Part III. Haptics

## D. H. Lawrence's and Virginia Woolf's Hands

In Plato's *Phaedrus*, a letter hidden in the left hand of a cloak provokes a dialogue on the equivocality of writing. Just as Phaedrus himself has something "up his sleeve", so too, argues Socrates, do written words. Out of their author's reach, on the one hand, they say things that were never intended, and, on the other, when questioned about them, they dumbly put fingers to their lips in silence. Derrida's reading of "Plato's Pharmacy" brings out the play of the text's unstable binaries in relation to that of speech/writing. In this way, the written becomes a supplement as the prosthetic is for the organ: "the perversion that consists of replacing a limb by a thing, here, substituting the passive, mechanical 'by heart' for the active reanimation of knowledge"<sup>1</sup>. Earlier in the twentieth century, this interplay between prosthesis and the (written) word similarly occupied writers like Freud and Heidegger. For the latter, both the hand and the word jointly distinguish the human. The hand signs, designs, and has handicrafts. Even when man is silent "the hand's gestures run everywhere through language". So when the word itself turns into a "type" it is the "typewriter" that "tears writing from the essential realm of the hand, i.e., the realm of the word": "Mechanical writing deprives the hand of its rank in the realm of the written word and degrades the word to a means of communication". Regrettably, in the age of the typewriter (or e-mail) a handwritten letter has become an "antiquated" and "undesired thing" that disturbs "speed reading". Whereas the typewriter "makes everyone look the same" and conceals "the handwriting and thereby the character"<sup>2</sup>.

Prefacing a discussion of the place of the hand in Lawrence's and Woolf's letters with Plato's *Phaedrus* may seem a little ham-fisted, but the work impressed them both and is a touchstone in novels such as *Jacob's Room* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Critics have also overlooked the allusion to *Phaedrus* in discussions of the "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapter of *Women in Love*. Like Derrida's "Pharmacy", Lawrence's scene plays with an antidote/poison binary. Gerald and Gudrun choose their poison to take the edge off the already "tipsy" Halliday party. Moving through non-verbal communication to dialogue, writing then takes centre stage when, in Birkin's absence, Halliday produces a letter written by him, from his "pocket", and mockingly reads it aloud. Gudrun's antidote is to take the letter out of Halliday's hand and leave the café. In the taxi, she shows the "crushed paper" to Gerald (perhaps because she has put it in her own pocket?) and, like Socrates, remarks on Birkin's foolishness for writing letters that "give himself away" (*WL*, 380-93).

Recent work on touch, such as that by Classen (2005) and Paterson (2007), recognises how the sense has been taken up by a number of prominent philosophers, including Derrida, in the twentieth century, and is indicative of the contemporary reappraisal of the senses, of which the hand and haptics are part. Although Classen's book emphasises cultural readings of touch at the expense of the scientific, contemporary work on the embodied mind attests to the importance of the hand and touch in this field as well. For example, in *Action in Perception*, Alva Noë premises his "enactive approach" to the subject on the sense of touch. It is interesting, then, that Classen, Paterson, and Noë acknowledge a theoretical debt to the phenomenological work of Heidegger and, in particular, Merleau-Ponty. Indeed, in coming to grips with

such a complex subject, there has been much exchange between writers from both sides of the “Two Cultures”.

In scratching beneath the surface of Lawrence’s and Woolf’s attitudes towards the role of the hand and technology in their writing, this chapter, like their own thought, feels its way between binaries such as art and science. Previous work in this area, such as Scott Sanders’s “The Left-Handedness of Modern Literature” (1977), has tended to read the modernist project as aligned with a “literary imagination” and “modes of knowledge” that “rely upon intuition” and that “both are on the defensive against a technical world”<sup>3</sup>. Sanders is right to draw attention to the “sense of the primitive lurking just beneath the skin” as “a common property of literary modernism”<sup>4</sup>. However, it seems to me that it is not just beneath the skin that this lurks for these writers. Rather, in the cognitive dissonances that come about through explorations of sensory channels other than vision, it is written into or onto the skin itself. As with the bar of lemon soap in Leopold Bloom’s pocket, the objects of the Modern world press against these characters and they come to know it through touch. Whereas, for Sanders, left- and right-handedness operate as metaphors for differing epistemological standpoints,<sup>5</sup> the present chapter returns to the body itself in handling the ways in which these writers weigh up their own response to hands at and in the scene of writing.

In blurring the lines between inside/outside, nature/culture, prosthesis is a radically new way of being in touch with the world and with others. The “antagonism toward industrial society”, Sanders argues, is expressed through Lawrence’s “contempt” or “fear” in his “portrayal of the subterranean miners”<sup>6</sup>. It is this standard

critical interpretation of his resistance to the dehumanizing technologies of the modern world that the present chapter looks to redress. Lawrence's relationship with prosthetics is probably best known through his semi-autobiographical account of Paul Morel's work at Jordan's Surgical Appliance Factory in *Sons and Lovers*. Perhaps not so well known are letters, such as this written to David Garnett from San Gaudenzio in the same year as the publication of the novel, in which "a wild and handsome one-legged man with a deltoid like a boss of brass" dances with Frieda "like a wooden-legged angel" (1L, 536). Prosthesis inevitably works alongside the hand in their writing as the medium of "between-ness" or intersubjectivity. As another example from Lawrence's letters shows, the idioms in which he signs-off to friends between 1914-15 take the form of epistolary handshakes and suggest the kind of intimacy and moments of interpersonal contact aimed at through the (prostheticized) hand: "une bonne poignée" (2L, 147), "Küss die Hand" (2L, 207), "una stretta di mano" (2L, 251), and "Je te serre la main" (2L, 277).

I obviously do not mean to suggest that Lawrence's critique of the effect of industrialism on human beings should be revised wholesale. This aspect is central to an understanding of his work. Rather, this chapter will examine sources, such as those quoted above, in which the line between the human and others, such as animals and machines, is called into question. The dualisms, mentioned above, that prosthesis blurs are also among those singled out by Donna J. Haraway, which, she argues, "have been persistent in Western traditions" in the domination of "all constituted as others"<sup>7</sup>. Discussions of prosthesis and posthumanism are thus closely aligned, and one of the aims of this chapter will be to demonstrate the posthuman poetics Lawrence and Woolf

write with when attempting to think out the relationship between humans, animals, and machines. Through these poetics, which in certain ways can be seen to anticipate Haraway's own "Cyborg imagery", that is, "a way out of the maze of dualisms in which we have explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves"<sup>8</sup>, one can trace the contemporary debates surrounding the "posthuman" back to Modernism. In the introduction to his book *Posthumanism*, Neil Badmington himself gives the example of Freud, whose work, for him, "witness[es] the waning of humanism"<sup>9</sup>. By giving sustained attention to two other Modern writers, I hope to further the case for this reading of Modernism. If reason, for Descartes, was the basis on which one could propose the distinction between the human and the animal (which Badmington outlines as the basis for humanism), in considering a different kind of intelligence, that of the body, and, in this essay, specifically that of the hand and prosthetics, Lawrence and Woolf contribute a revision of humanism which, like Francis Fukuyama's *Our Posthuman Future*, sees species-typical human emotions as "more critical to our sense of our own humanness than either our reason or our physical appearance"<sup>10</sup>. In their letters that consider, and, in many cases, enact their encounters between bodies and technologies (such as that above, in which Lawrence exuberantly records both the life of the dancer with the prosthetic leg and the way in which he vivifies Frieda in thus being able to dance with her), these writers show how the concept of the "human" might be enriched by deconstructing anxieties about the fragmentary wholeness of the human body and thinking of it alongside and amongst animals and machines, whilst holding on to an essence of the human rejected by contemporary theorists of the posthuman. Some of the ways in which Lawrence and Woolf work out their nuanced

thought surrounding these debates will be explored here at the very site of the human body that itself crosses the boundary between the self and the other: the hand.

Taking its cue from the considerations of their letters, this chapter begins by looking at the hand in Lawrence's and Woolf's correspondence in light of the theoretical frameworks above. Scant critical attention has been paid to these rich sources. In giving sustained treatment to them, the chapter endeavours to bring out some of their less well-known aspects and, generally, to appraise their valuable place in Lawrence's and Woolf's thought.

The first part touches on Heidegger's meditation above on the relationship between the hand and hand- and type-written letters, before opening out to consider the role of prosthesis and language itself as a prosthetic. In light of Woolf's letters and diaries, the essay then turns to look closely at the significance of handwritten notes in *Jacob's Room* and *Mrs Dalloway* and the ways in which they "touch" their recipients. Following up these points, I go on to chew over the fingernails of a few modern characters as parts of the hand, which, because of their detachability, are themselves, in a sense, already prosthetic. The chapter then considers the different effects of hands touching skin-to-skin as opposed to when exchanging objects, such as coins, and evaluates how touch itself acts as a currency with its own exchange rate in the work of modern writers.

### Let us consider letters –

Leafing through the correspondences of Lawrence and Woolf, letters occasionally come to hand in which they express in similar terms their dislike of letter writing. For example, in a letter written early in 1927 to his long-time friend Kot, Lawrence explained that the break in their correspondence was because he was “finding it harder and harder to write letters” and that the “will-to-write seems to be departing”. Instead, he wrote what, in 1928, would become *Lady Chatterley* “in sudden intense whacks” and painted for his own amusement (5L, 627). Likewise, Woolf, in the middle of 1928, replied to Saxon Sydney-Turner: “I gather from your postcard that I am a source of disappointment to you, but you would mitigate your severity if you knew how much I *hate* and *detest* writing letters. Every year I write fewer, and every year I enjoy reading them more” (L3, 515). The letters she wrote throughout her life often express this preference for receiving rather than writing letters. Whereas Lawrence, on the other hand, began his piece “Accumulated Mail”: “If there is one thing I don’t look forward to it’s my mail” (P, 799).

What problematises a reading that would situate Lawrence’s preference for the hand- over the type-written amongst his general scepticism of the mechanical are his letters written during the war that document his responses to the “splendid” gift of a typewriter from Amy Lowell. At a time when money was tight for the Lawrences, it afforded him the opportunity to continue earning a living as a writer since he could produce his own typescript for publishers. Shortly after receiving it, this touch of irony in another letter to Kot is a measure of his ambivalence towards it: “You will see I am

quite an expert typist, but very slow indeed. I, however, use all my fingers" (2L, 229). Thanking Amy Lowell later in the same month, he described it going "like a bubbling pot, frightfully jolly" and how he and Frieda were "for the present bewitched" by it (2L, 234-5). "Bewitched" was also how Lawrence felt at the thought of "getting into a big train" to come the long distance out of Cornwall later in the war (3L, 45). But despite often responding in this way and taking "unkindly to any sort of machinery", as he put it in another letter to her, by August 1916 he and the typewriter had "sworn a Blutbruderschaft" (2L, 645). What makes a consideration of the prosthetic relationship between the body and printing technologies in terms of his concept of "Blutbrüderschaft" interesting is that, when an equivalent relationship is proposed in letters to John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield (2L, 570), or *Women in Love*, at around the same time, the new relationship allows its composite parties to retain their individuality. By extension, then, it seems that an intermingling between the human and the machine in order to create a new, live whole – as with, say, the bus driver in *Sea and Sardinia* – that would not compromise the integrity of either might be considered positively by Lawrence.

However, the change undergone by the word itself rather than the writer, in the transition from manuscript to typescript, seems to do as much damage to the body of the text for Lawrence as it does for Heidegger above. In a letter to Catherine Carswell in which he says he is typing "The Reality of Peace" (1917) so that he can have another "copy" and "recast the second one", Lawrence writes that he has "left off" doing it because it made him feel like he was "going dotty, straight out of my mind" (3L, 125). It is perhaps, then, no surprise that the "peace" proposed in the essay "transcends

mathematics and mechanics” (P, 671). Rather, apropos of a discussion of the power of the hand in his writing, such peace, he says, can only be brought about if “our fingers are itching to start the new work of building up a new world” (P, 675). However, as discussed in the previous chapter, an engagement with abstraction and technology in prosthetic terms is important to the essay’s argument. Letters from later in his life display a more violent reaction towards the printed word. Of *Lady Chatterley* he wrote to the typist Nancy Pearn in 1927: “the novel is the furthest I’ve gone. To me it is beautiful and tender and frail as the naked self is – and I shrink very much even from having it typed. Probably the typist would want to interfere” (6L, 29). Ironically, Pearn, herself, would later refuse to type the novel. And to Dorothy Brett he wrote of “The Escaped Cock” a year later: “I haven’t given Crosby Gaige the second half of *Escaped Cock* though I’ve written it, and I think it’s lovely. But somehow I don’t want to let it go out of my hands. It lies here in MS. – not typed yet” (6L, 469). Interference with content aside, these letters show that *Lady Chatterley* and *The Escaped Cock*, both based on the renaissance of the body through touch, are also works whose emotional ability to “touch” their readers is bound up with their manifest being as manuscripts.

Looking over the manuscripts of *Lady Chatterley*, the reader can get a sense of why they were so important to Lawrence.<sup>11</sup> As working notebooks, they not only record the growth of the novel but also the staves of music he was composing for his play *David*, penciled in on page 220 and pages 222-6 of the manuscript of the first version. But the manuscripts themselves also reveal their qualitative touch with life bound up with their biographical and semantic importance. For example, at the top of page 41 of *MS. 1*, Lawrence inserted in a smaller hand, surrounded by a box of broken

dashes: “Smudges made by John, the dog, near the stream behind San Polo Mosciano! 26 Oct 1926”. Biography must have been on Lawrence’s mind when he wrote this note because on the previous page he was writing Connie’s walk through the wood to the “daffs” where she sits down “with her back to a young pine tree”, which, as photographs, memoirs, and earlier work such as *Fantasia* attest, was a position favoured by Lawrence himself during composition. Such sensitivity to the body and body language is lost in printed versions since, without Lawrence’s note about John, his cameo eight pages later in *MS. 1* as the keeper’s dog, Flossie, who (as John possibly did to Lawrence) runs “silently to her, putting its paw on her knees” (or in Lawrence’s case his manuscript), is also lost.

The note on John was probably intended to amuse Frieda when Lawrence gave her the manuscript to read. Another example of this can be found in the manuscript of the second version. Lawrence began this version in greyish-black ink (revising in blue ink and pencil) until page 366 where he changed to a watery-blue ink for the remainder of the 570 pages. The change occurs at the beginning of “Chapter XII”. After having finished its sixth paragraph in the black ink (“And things would come clear, in her own soul most of all, in the interval...”), Lawrence changed to the blue ink to close the paragraph with the sentence, “She would go, if only to test her own experience”, and then continued in blue. Then, six paragraphs into the blue, Lawrence wrote the scene in which Clifford badgers Connie to get him some fountain pen ink (*MS. 2*, 367). Like the note in *MS. 1*, the placement of the scene a few paragraphs after the change in ink makes it probable that the scene in the manuscript originated from an actual encounter between himself and Frieda over the ink. However, as with that note, any sense of this

subtlety is lost in the printed editions. These signs and marks on manuscripts disclose the body's presence and write its own biographical life alongside the text proper. In letting these manuscripts go out of his hands (or "hand"), it was probably this qualitative way of touching his readers that Lawrence felt as a loss.

Woolf's letters and diaries disclose a similarly skeptical attitude toward the mechanical and an affirmatory belief in the autographic. A letter written early in 1907 to Clive Bell illustrates how a handwritten letter for her carries the mark of its creator: "A true letter, so my theory runs, should be as a film of wax pressed close to the graving in the mind; but if I followed my own prescription this sheet would be scored with some very tortuous and angular incisions" (*L1*, 282). Whilst the simile alludes to printing, crucially, the impression itself is not typographic but bodily ("incisions"). Rather, Woolf's imagery is closer to that of Freud's "Mystic Writing-Pad" (1925) and one that she would use again in *Jacob's Room*. Those she does typewrite to family and friends convey less of the "bewitchment" felt by Lawrence at the typewriter but, at once, a preference for autograph and touches of self-deprecatory fun poked at what she considered her own poor handwriting. For Woolf, handwriting is not only a reflection of states of mind but is clearly important to the effect of the letter on her correspondent, as can be seen in a comment to her friend Jacques Raverat in March 1924: "I dare not go on, because my brain is in splinters – and my handwriting like drifts of wreckage" (*L3*, 93). Letters to her nephew, Quentin Bell, not only reveal the discomfiting practicalities of using the typewriter ("it means sitting high, on a chair, at a table, with cold hands, away from the fire" (*L3*, 555)) but also the consequence for her style, and

by implication the relationship, for Woolf, between the body of the writer at the point of writing and the bodily effect of the resulting letter on the reader:

I have just read the preceding page and doubt I shall send it. The truth is I cannot write on a typewriter; I make enemies whenever I do; ladies are insulted; gentle men furious: old friendships are broke off. But then as you cant read my hand writing – one must risk it. Its very odd how it rigidifies the mind; as if ones hand were half numb. This is the reason why instead of being ablaze with brilliance, wit, profundity, news, of every kind, it is flat as a charwomans back. One cant correct, thats it.<sup>12</sup> (*L3*, 507)

A diary entry written almost a decade earlier neatly summarises this relationship between the physical state (of the hand) and that of the mind, respectively, and the consequence for both her written style and affect. Bedridden, after the removal of a tooth, Woolf bemoaned being “much behindhand” in her work for the month, and continued: “Even the muscles of my right hand feel as I imagine a servants hand to feel. Curiously enough, I have the same stiffness in manipulating sentences” (*ID*, 233). Her essay “On Being Ill” has been discussed in relation to the effect the ill body has on visual perception,<sup>13</sup> but her favouring of the hand as a trope or site through which to explore this has gone unmentioned. Further letters and diary entries use fingers and thumbs in order to write this.<sup>14</sup> Those quoted above show how the hand which feels ill has an ill effect on the mechanics of writing and handwriting itself. Other letters show that by keeping up “some kind of mechanical activity” with her hands such as “setting type” for the Hogarth Press or “ordering dinner” Woolf kept her mind occupied from “brood[ing] ceaselessly” and from succumbing to mental illness (*L3*, 245). However this could be doubled-edged. The typesetting of *The Waste Land* (1922) for the Hogarth Press made her “hand tremble” so much that afterwards in a letter to Barbara Bagenal she wrote: “Don’t blame your eyes. It is my writing” (*L3*, 56).

Whilst Woolf said she could not “think, or spell in print” (*L2*, 536), when her hand gave up “making letters clearly” (*L2*, 562) her letters necessitated the typewriter. Looking at the number of errors on the corrected typescript of *Kew Gardens* one might be persuaded to agree with Woolf’s assessment of her proficiency at the machine. But as the examples above show, the experience of typewriting led her to a new awareness of the agency and physical life of the hand itself in the scene of writing. The hand is not just part of the whole system of the body but also, through its use, and as the point of contact between the body and the machine, discloses an autonomy and interior life of its own (that can be concealed by ergonomic machines).

It is this sense of the hand that Lawrence has in his celebrated piece “Why the Novel Matters”:

Why should I look at my hand, as it so cleverly writes these words, and decide that it is a mere nothing compared to the mind that directs it? Is there really any huge difference between my hand and my brain? Or my mind? My hand is alive, it flickers with a life of its own. It meets all the strange universe in touch, and learns a vast number of things, and knows a vast number of things. My hand as it writes these words, slips gaily along, jumps like a grasshopper to dot an *i*, feels the table rather cold, gets a little bored if I write too long, has its own rudiments of thought, and is just as much *me* as is my brain, my mind, or my soul. Why should I imagine that there is a *me* which is more *me* than my hand is? Since my hand is absolutely alive, *me* alive. (*P*, 533 [Lawrence’s emphasis])

But whereas the life, knowledge, and cognition of the hand, for both Lawrence and Woolf, serve to repudiate dualism, the material apparatus through which the hand writes draws attention to a posthuman strain in their thinking. Heidegger argues that whilst apes, too, have organs that can grasp, the hand is infinitely different from paws, claws, fangs, and talons by a degree of essence. For him, just as the hand never originates from these forms, only a being which can speak and think can have hands and be handy in achieving works of handicraft.<sup>15</sup> The pen, as far as Lawrence was

concerned, was not alive at all, since the “me aliveness” ended at the fingertips, with only the fingernails, “those ten little weapons between me and an inanimate universe”, crossing the “mysterious Rubicon between me alive and things like my pen” (*P*, 533). But if, in using it to write, the hand becomes more alive it does not necessarily become more human, or rather, this life is not measured in exclusively human terms. In a subsequent letter to Quentin, Woolf writes that “to sit at my typewriter is to become a polar bear rapidly drifting to destruction upon a block of ice” (*L3*, 559). In the letter to him, quoted above, the typewriter itself “pecks one along like a hen” (*L3*, 507). Lawrence’s example of the writing hand is that of a grasshopper jumping to dot, not by accident, the letter “i”. It would seem, then, that for these writers, the hand in the process of writing is alive and has a consciousness of its own which bears a likeness to the kind of automatic response of an animal to its environment. The reflections on their writing, and, in particular, their typewriting, suggest that these experiences contributed significantly to a mode of thought that blurred the material categories of the human, animal, and machine. However, running counter to this in their thought, is a mode, similar to Heidegger’s above, in which the hand, in its difference from paws, claws and prosthetics, itself offers a challenge to the posthuman. This ambivalence is probably best fleshed out with some brief examples regarding Lawrence and Woolf’s attitude towards prosthesis in general.

Tim Armstrong’s consideration of “prosthetic modernism” in his book *Modernism, Technology, and the Body* (1998) sees prosthesis as on the one hand “positive” (in terms of enhancing the body) and on the other “negative” (in terms of compensating for the damaged body). In this way he leans on Mark Seltzer’s

conception of “the double logic of prosthesis” in his *Bodies and Machines* (1992). David Wills’s *Prosthesis* (1995), which draws on personal experience of his father as an amputee for its theory, also rests on, what he terms, “the duality of every prosthesis” in its simultaneous “emulation” and “superceding” of the human body. These terms are a useful lens through which to reflect briefly upon Lawrence’s and Woolf’s attitudes towards prosthesis.

What is interesting about both of their approaches to the body is its permeability. However, it would be wrong to say, after Wills, that in their writing the whole is never anywhere because the parts are always already detachable and replaceable.<sup>16</sup> For example, Woolf’s grotesqueries and comedic turns around the prosthetic body in her diaries betray an anxiety about her own wholeness. Whilst her model of consciousness, like those of contemporary writers on the subject, is discontinuous,<sup>17</sup> the body’s contribution to it represents a stable, continuous factor in the production of such discontinuity. Hence her success in writing how the ill body consequently destabilizes consciousness and perception. Whereas we saw above that the hand in the *Lady Chatterley* manuscripts carried a lot of its humour, for Woolf, it is the encounter between bodies and machines that tends to disclose the farcical, the futile, and, like her account of using the typewriter, a strong class snobbery. There is even a suggestive correspondence between the difference in her attitudes towards organic body parts and prosthetics and the different media in which she records them. It is in her letters that she entertains her reader with the incongruity of certain body parts and the comedy of a less than coherent body. But she tends not to address the

prosthetic relationship between the human and machine, rather the incompatibilities of their meetings, such as this to her sister in 1911:

Mauds brother has had four fingers cut off by a machine for making pear drops. The sweets stuck – he put his hand in to free them, and it was drawn into the mill. The misery of the lower classes impresses me very much. Think of losing a hand making pear drops!<sup>18</sup> (*L1*, 466)

Whereas her diary entries display her anxiety towards the prosthetic body and her thinking about it in posthuman terms:

It is just perceptible too that there are very few wounded soldiers abroad in blue, though stiff legs, single legs, sticks shod with rubber, & empty sleeves are common enough. Also at Waterloo I sometimes see dreadful looking spiders propelling themselves along the platform – men all body – legs trimmed off close to the body. There are few soldiers about.<sup>19</sup> (*2D*, 93)

Moreover, her phrase – “men all body” – in blurring the human and the animal, suggests that, for Woolf, like Heidegger, it is these very limbs that differentiate the being and materiality of the human.

The same “negative” (in Armstrong’s terms) prosthesis is also that registered by Lawrence in a letter to Ottoline Morrell after being driven to Bognor in May 1915:

I saw a soldier on the pier, with only one leg. He was young and handsome: and strangely self-conscious, and slightly ostentatious: but confused. As yet, he does not realise anything, he is still in the shock. [...] I could see him under chloroform having the leg amputated. It was still in his face. But he was brown and strong and handsome.

It seemed to me anything might come out of that white, silent, opalescent sea; and the great icy shocks of foam were strange. I felt as if legions were marching in the mist. [...] I am afraid of the ghosts of the dead. They seem to come marching home in legions over the white, silent sea, breaking in on us with a roar and a white iciness. Perhaps this is why I feel so afraid. I don’t know. But the land beyond looked warm, with a warm blue sky, very homely: and over the sea legions of white ghosts tramping. I was on the pier. (*2L*, 342)

The uncanny perception of the prosthetic body weighing against the “homely” land beyond brings Lawrence back to his own body. A subtle substitutive effect between their bodies on the pier questions the wholeness of the body and projects Lawrence’s

fear of conscription into the body. However, unlike Woolf's soldier, the prosthetic body is never conceived of in less than human terms. When Lawrence rewrote the scene in "The Crown" later that year the prosthetic itself stood in as an extension of the soldier's remade attitude towards life as he moved down the pier on his crutches (*P2*, 401-2). The anaesthetized peace in both versions is disturbing and can be compared with the itching fingers that build "The Reality of Peace" two years later. But, as "The Crown" version makes explicit, insofar as "we fight to remain ideally intact", "we are obscene". Lawrence argues that by giving oneself over to and accepting the destruction of the old forms of consciousness along with that of the body, from the reduction of the old tissue can come the birth of new consciousness (*P2*, 404-5).

This point is crucial for our discussion of prosthesis for both Lawrence and Woolf. The question of how prosthetics are viewed is bound up with how their use affects the body and whether the resultant prosthesis is "positive" to life. Whilst Armstrong's terms ("positive" and "negative") are useful, Wills's ("emulation" and "superceding") are perhaps the more supple. It is this suppleness that is needed when looking at Lawrence's and Woolf's responses to prosthesis. In particular, the posthuman poetics built into their consideration of prosthesis. As we saw above, the prostheticized hand at the point of writing "superceded" oppositionally fixed terms like human/animal by blurring one into the other. "Superceding" through prosthesis is therefore for these writers a sideways move in which the human body is not necessarily that which is "emulated", rather, they often look to those of animals. However, as with Lawrence's concept of "Blutbrüderschaft", above, for him, the new (posthuman) whole should disclose rather than conceal the sum of its parts, thus keeping separate an

essential part of the human (e.g. “the hand”) as well as the other (e.g. the typewriter) in setting the terms of his posthumanism. Or, as Jeff Wallace finds in his writing, “a human commitment to some kind of posthuman condition”<sup>20</sup>. Two examples from Lawrence’s fiction will demonstrate how his presentation of prosthetics negotiates these varying concerns.

A month after Lawrence wrote the letter above, recording the soldier on the pier, Cynthia Asquith recorded in her diary that he had “taken to a typewriter” and that “a war story was coming to life on it”<sup>21</sup>. The story was “England, My England” and, in its concern about the collapse of every establishment “unless it is renewed or restored by living hands” (*EME*, 15), it touches on our discussion of the place of the hand in Lawrence’s writing and those essays mentioned earlier in which he expresses himself in similar terms. In the story, Egbert’s daughter, Joyce, falls on a sickle left lying about by her father and becomes lame “with iron supports to her leg, and a little crutch” (*EME*, 25). Joyce is born with the “white, slim beautiful limbs” (*EME*, 10) of her father and the prosthetic is also passed on, almost biologically, from his sickle to her crutch. However, unlike the soldier Lawrence sees on the pier, Joyce is “by no means subdued” (*EME*, 25) and, whilst her parents are horrified by the sight of her moving (her mother even discourages her from doing so) she courageously lurches about “with a wild, crippled agility” (*EME*, 29). In this way, the prosthetic also acts as a metaphor of dissent, again passed on from her father, against the war and the mechanized status quo supported by her mother. This “positive” attitude for life sets Joyce apart from other prosthetic subjects in Lawrence’s fiction.

The way in which her prosthetic “supercedes” the exclusively human and instead “emulates” the human, mechanical, and animal is more subtly presented. Animals, in particular snakes, are the reason the sickle is left on the lawn. It is Joyce’s mother’s fear of them (and what the animal represents) that is the reason Egbert is made to mow the long grass. By taking the already exchangeable sickle-cut/snakebite metaphors and looking at them in the same biological framework, in which the prosthetic is passed on from father to daughter, Joyce’s body becomes the site of meeting between the human, animal, and mechanical and which, through her “positive” attitude, incorporates these categories to become a being more alive.

There is a sense in which her mother’s distrust of the country practitioner’s touch and belief in “modern treatments” such as X-ray and electricity result in Joyce being more dependent on the mechanical than she otherwise needed to be. Much later in his life, Lawrence remarked on the power of touch over such modern medical treatments in a letter recording the healing of Frieda’s ankle by an Italian country doctor.<sup>22</sup> The letter, written a year after the publication of *Lady Chatterley*, reflects the belief in touch Lawrence developed during the course of writing the novel, from which our second example is taken. In the first two versions of the novel, the regenerative, “wonderful” light in which Constance regards the normally wheelchair-bound Clifford’s attempts to walk with crutches is supplanted by an “uncanny” fear when she discovers that he has not learnt for his own sake, or for the sake of their relationship, but for the sake of more efficiently exploiting both labour and land: “He was a kind of robot after all, and she was not with him in his assertion of will” (*FLC*, 171).<sup>23</sup> Connie, on the other hand, wants neither the “clawing” (*JT*, 106) of a possessive relationship

nor to be “pawed” promiscuously. The novel feels its way towards what might be a satisfactory way of touching another being. In so doing it points towards the “emulation” of the touch of other beings, such as Connie’s perception of Parkin’s “sensitive, live human paws” (*JT*, 350) before she feels her own “finger-ends full of awareness” like “frail bud-tips” (*JT*, 371). The language shows that neither human nor animal nor vegetable is privileged. Rather, a synthesis of these different modes is vital to the renaissance of touch.

“England, My England” is but one example of the most common prostheticized bodies in Lawrence’s fiction: mowers. The example of George Saxton in *The White Peacock* (1911) is much like Woolf’s early journal entry on the gardener, Mr Gabriel, who swings his scythe all day “so regularly” that “you might fancy him a figure moved by clockwork” (*EJ*, 373). George’s pastoral quality is undercut by his perceived mechanisation, and the damage to his hands through the use of the scythe doubles metaphorically how socially and linguistically he stays out of touch with the other characters and the modern world. As in the two examples given above, the considerations of prostheticized bodies by Lawrence and Woolf occasion revaluations of the terms in which bodies considered, and mechanistic and aesthetic ways of judging the human questioned and presented “negatively”. In returning to our discussion of hand- and type-written correspondence the point is germane. In light of their attitudes towards prosthesis, we can go further here in our discussion and show how language is conceived of as a tool for them as much as it is for Heidegger and contemporary writers on cognitive science.<sup>24</sup> The work of George Lakoff and Mark Johnson on metaphor is also pertinent here to a discussion of language as a kind of prosthetic that

is detachable from the body but which “emulates” and carries traces of it in its structures.<sup>25</sup>

Just as Lawrence intimately knew the hay harvests of his youth, Woolf likewise was a reasonable gardener and after spending two days laying tiles at Asheham, a letter she wrote to Violet Dickinson shows her thinking of writing as a handicraft in such terms: “I can neither sit, stand, or write, owing to a great circle of bare flesh in my palm, where I flourished a hoe, and broke it. I see the management of the earth is a great art” (*L1*, 494). Another letter, this time to Leonard Woolf, illustrates Virginia’s use of the language-as-handicraft metaphor: “Knitting is the saving of life; Adrian has taken to it too. The wonderous thing is that it transmutes Stephenese into Saxonese, so much that the poor old creature thinks himself echoed, and suspects malice” (*L1*, 491). Likewise in Lawrence’s *St. Mawr*, the dialogue between Lou, Mrs Witt, and the Vyners is like clever scriptwriters who are “knitting and crocheting words together”<sup>26</sup>. As we have seen, Woolf’s writing of the body’s relationship with machines in her letters and diaries shows her flair for a comic turn combined with a fascination with the grotesque. But they also contain much “positive” material regarding prosthetic communication technologies other than those of writing. In a letter to Duncan Grant, by then Vanessa’s lover, she wrote in March 1917:

As for gossip, I daresay I had better think what there is, though I expect the true version of every single thing is known at Charleston long before it is here. In fact, I always think of you and Nessa like the young women at the telephone exchange, with the wires ringing and little bells round them, as loves, divorces, and copulations and insanities blaze out in London. (*L2*, 144-5)

Whereas she wrote in her diary, in July 1918, about how Robert Trevelyan reminded her of “the man with the pointed stick, who picks up scraps of paper. So Bob collects

scraps of gossip within reach – & even stretches after those that are still beyond his reach” (*ID*, 169).

If Lawrence was “bewitched” by the way in which the typewriter altered the written word, he, like Woolf, was equally aware of its alteration by other communicative technologies:

I want to shout down the telephone ear-hole all kinds of improper things, to see what effect they will have on the stupid dear face at the end of the coil of wire. After all, words must be very different after they’ve trickled round and round a long wire coil.<sup>27</sup> (*FU*, 21)

His counterbalance to this can also be seen in his treatment of language as a handicraft, most vividly in the first version of *Lady Chatterley* in which Connie’s “word” that she will not break it off with the gamekeeper-come-handyman, Parkin, is sealed when he takes hammer and nails from his workbench and they each drive the nails into an oak tree (*FLC*, 97). The “Blutbrüderschaft” with the typewriter on which he wrote “positively” about prosthesis relies on maintaining one’s touch with the word as a craft. He is therefore more skeptical than Woolf of disembodied technology, particularly that not premised on touch, such as the telephone.

In her relation to these technologies, Woolf has a tendency to abdicate meaning to the machine itself: “What an interesting letter I could write if it weren’t for this appalling machine! Not only does it misspell; it talks nonsense” (*L3*, 71). Both writers, however, seem to be in accord that the word is a prosthetic like a handicraft, which keeps in play the personal touch in production, even if this is by mechanical means. Although for Lawrence the ideal “Blutbrüderschaft” in *Women in Love*, or between himself and the typewriter, between man and machine, would compromise the integrity of neither party and make the “wounds [...] obsolete” (*WL*, 239-40), in practice, he

acknowledges that to be “in touch” with the other involves risking oneself in the material exchange. Likewise, in the way they engage with these technologies in order to bridge the gulf between themselves and others through the word, both writers acknowledge the risk but concur with Derrida in “Plato’s Pharmacy” that it is deluded to think that, in writing, one can survey all the “threads” of a text at once and want to look at it “without touching it, without laying a hand on the ‘object’”. Rather, it is, for Lawrence and Woolf, as much as for Derrida, only by “risking – which is the only chance of entering into the game, by getting a few fingers caught” that there can be “the addition of some new thread”<sup>28</sup>.

If a prosthesis through which gossip can be transmitted more easily tends to make the status of the body of secondary importance for Woolf (in privileging being “in touch” rather than the qualitative aspects of the touch itself), literary creation, her letters show, is just as much a matter of “touch” (both materially and emotively) as it is for Lawrence. Whilst the bodies of the acquaintances in her letters and diaries are often caricatured,<sup>29</sup> they also record the importance of her own body and body space to her writing of cultural and fictional space, in particular that designated by the hand. In her account of the process of writing *Mrs Dalloway* on the 15<sup>th</sup> of October 1923, she writes: “I’ve only been feeling my way into it – up till last August anyhow. It took me a year’s groping to discover what I call my tunneling process, by which I tell the past by instalments, as I have need of it. [...] One feels about in a state of misery [...] & then one touches the hidden spring” (2D, 272). Her other process had been what she termed her “quick change theory” (whereby she alternated the writing of fiction and criticism), but, just as we saw her mediating “theories” through the embodied practice

of walking in chapter two, she would also describe it, in early September 1922, in terms of manual labour or handicrafts: “The new plan of rotating my crops is working well so far” (2D, 198). Not only is touch, then, the model for perception in the writing of both Lawrence and Woolf, but, as writers, the hand is literally and metaphorically the medium through which the world is approached.

As other diary entries, show, Woolf almost resents not being “capable of catching it all, and holding it all at the moment” but nonetheless is immensely interested in “trying to grasp” all the development of life by tentatively “putting out [her] fingers” as she “gropes” her way down the creative tunnel (2D, 311). By grounding meaning in the body and through bodily metaphors, both writers are able to broach abstract concepts. The diary entry in early 1926, discussed in the previous chapter, in which Woolf, works towards “Something one can lay hands on & say ‘This is it?’” is a prime example of her grounding her exploration and discovery of life (and its equivalent fictional space) in the body and thereby giving meaning to the “it-ness” through the hand. Acknowledging “it” as an abstraction as much as, say, “beauty”, Woolf demonstrates how this “something there, which is ‘it’”, arises from a particular objective relationship between “it” and the body, through the latter’s activity, or touch, that is more than just static observation (“I’m looking; but that’s not it”), through which “it” means.

Indeed, as we have seen, the diaries stress the importance of physical movement to Woolf’s thought, such as that which records *Jacob’s Room* being made up “incessantly on my walks” (2D, 69) or that which records the room “all out of focus” because she “can’t walk through it” when ill (2D, 134). The latter entry also

contains an example of how she perceives, conceives, and writes space through the activity of the hand even when unable to move from her bed. Imagining a bicycle ride (one of her favourite prosthetics) she says how she would “notice everything – the phrase for it coming the moment after & fitting like a glove” and, in turn, maps out the space through which she “travels” deictically: “There! I’ve written out half my irritation” (2D, 133-4). Similar moments of deixis can be found in both the fiction and non-fiction, such as her descriptive touches in a 1926 entry recording the Blackmore Vale as “a vast air dome & the fields dropped to the bottom; the sun striking, there, there; a drench of rain falling, like a veil streaming from the sky, there & there” (3D, 75) or *To the Lighthouse*, the first part of which she finished the day before that entry: “‘See the little house,’ he [Mr Ramsay] said pointing, wishing Cam to look. [...] Did she really think they lived right out there? And he pointed again, and showed her where the house was, there, by those trees” (TL, 180-2).

Lawrence uses the hand similarly in his letters to put his reader in touch with himself and the scene of writing, such as the lengthy description of a mountain scene summed up to Edward Garnett with the deictic “So!” (2L, 65) or his letter to Helen Corke that expresses the interrelationship between the body, world, and qualia: “Suddenly, in a world full of tones and tints and shadows I see a colour and it vibrates on my retina. I dip a brush in it and say, ‘See *that’s* the colour!’ So it is, so it isn’t” (1L, 129). The importance of the hand, in bringing life into proximity with artistic creation, in this way, is neatly summarised by Earl Brewster’s reminiscence: “Lawrence had painted recently the pictures which were to be exhibited in London. [...] He referred often to their tactile qualities. Instead of a brush he frequently painted

with his thumb”<sup>30</sup>. This haptic intelligence makes them the productions of “me alive” hands and thus tangibly different from those of the “rather clever fingers” (2*L*, 46) that Lawrence sees at the Royal Academy for example. It is this intelligence of touch that unites these two writers and which underwrites their own creations.

### **Jacob’s Room and Mrs Dalloway**

In 1924, Woolf reflected in her diary that it was the place in which she “practised writing”, in particular *Jacob’s Room* and *Mrs Dalloway*, and that it had greatly helped her style and “loosened the ligatures” (2*D*, 319-20). Earlier in the summer she had felt her brain “weak like an unused muscle” (2*D*, 309). These comments are worth bearing in mind as we turn to look at the importance of letters in these novels in light of the discussion above because at the beginning of chapter eight of *Jacob’s Room* we find Jacob, likewise, at the office: “letters accumulate in a basket, Jacob signs them, and each evening finds him, as he takes his coat down, with some muscle of the brain new stretched” (*JR*, 121). Chapter eight of the novel explores how a handwritten letter affects the body of its reader and in so doing evaluates the differences between manuscript and typescript, the private and the public. However, thinking of these as binary opposites is itself questioned given that the image Woolf uses to define “a true letter” (the “film of wax pressed close to the graving in the mind” quoted above) is used almost verbatim to describe Jacob’s newspaper at the end of the chapter as “thin sheets of gelatine pressed nightly over the brain and heart of the world”<sup>31</sup> (*JR*, 133). As mentioned above, Woolf’s image foreshadows that of Freud’s

“Mystic Writing-Pad” and Freud’s essay is doubly apropos of our discussion of the (posthuman) hand in perception, given that, in it, Freud imagines the unconscious itself “stretch[ing] out feelers”<sup>32</sup> towards the external world.

The body language of Jacob’s mother as she “scribbles” her letter to him with her “feet on the fender” (*JR*, 122) draws an equivalence between her own private missive and those published by Byron and Cowper, whom we are told later in the chapter, drew “close to the fire” and “addressed themselves to the task of reaching, touching, penetrating the individual heart” (*JR*, 126). The way in which their letters affect the body of their recipient is contrasted with letters that “merely say how dinner’s at seven”, “order coal”, or “make appointments” since in these “The hand in them is scarcely perceptible, let alone the voice or the scowl” (*JR*, 125). The importance of this body language of letters is paramount when the chapter moves on to question whether such reaching or touching of the individual through words is possible. Echoing the letter above in which Vanessa was imagined “like the young women at the telephone exchange”, the chapter observes that “everywhere we go wires and tubes surround us” (*JR*, 126) to carry the voices that try to “penetrate” us. Words it is felt have been “used too often; touched and turned, and left exposed to the dust of the street” (*JR*, 126). Nonetheless, letters are “venerable” and the telephone “valiant” as through them we are, Woolf says (through a haptic metaphor), “bound together”. The body language of “the Captain knocking out his pipe” in his mother’s letter is repeated by Jacob himself at the end of the chapter and so, through their shared non-verbal behavior, Woolf writes the effect of the letter on Jacob’s body as more than simply linguistic. Moreover, in presenting letter writing as a handicraft that as such affects

both the addresser and addressee, Woolf's advice that "The words we seek hang close to the tree. We come at dawn and find them sweet beneath the leaf" (*JR*, 126) accords with Heidegger's that a cabinetmaker's craft is maintained by his "relatedness" to wood: "Without that relatedness, the craft will never be anything but empty busywork [...] Every handicraft, all human dealings are constantly in that danger. The writing of poetry is no more exempt from it than is thinking"<sup>33</sup>. Like Derrida's "stitching", Connie and Parkin's "hammering" in the first version of *Lady Chatterley*, or Woolf's idea of "penetration" above, in thinking of words as handicrafts that involve a risk to the body in the performance of them, handicrafts and words, like prosthetics, involve the permeability of matter by an other in order to make a new whole.

Just as *Jacob's Room* meditates on the qualities of letters from "their yellow stamps and their green stamps" and immortalizing "postmark" to the effect of the "hand" itself, the form and presence of Clarissa Dalloway's letter to Peter Walsh discloses how she must have "sat down and written it directly he left her", "stamped it" herself, and "sent somebody to the post" (*MD*, 171). Woolf's approach is much the same as in *Jacob's Room*, although the focus is placed more on the effect of a letter than on its creation. In *Jacob's Room*, Mrs Flander's letter is placed on the table by Florinda and when Jacob sees his mother's "hand" on the envelope he leaves it there and goes to bed with Florinda. It is only afterwards that Jacob reads his mother's letter, which attempts to but fails at expressing "this" ("going with bad women") before ironically seeing Florinda's infidelity.

In *Mrs Dalloway*, Clarissa's letter is given to Peter at his hotel. He knows it is a letter from her from "This blue envelope" and "that" "hand" and, after having read it

and being made to see the “impersonality” of the hotel in contrast with her personal touch in the letter’s production, the contrast is made between the life he and Clarissa might have had as against the “this” (middle age and mediocrity) of the present. The “this” and “that” of the envelope and the hand show themselves as working physically like touch on Peter and the letter’s effect “like a nudge in the ribs” (*MD*, 170) shows how it acts prosthetically, in lieu of touch. Mrs Flanders and Mrs Dalloway both write their letters in tears, before they pass through many hands to their recipients. The “delivery” of these letters, then, in a double sense, shows how bodies change the way in which the world is perceived, and how, in turn, their letters, prosthetically, touch their readers and effect an equivalent change in their perception of the world. Peter Walsh even fiddles with his own prosthetic (his pocket-knife) when thinking about Clarissa’s letter. Just as Lily Briscoe’s tears distort her perception, her painting, like these letters, brings together “this and that and then this” and so makes “something” (*TL*, 175). As in the letters discussed above, in this way abstractions are grounded in and given meaning through the body. So that, for Lawrence, as much as for Woolf, whilst the “‘you’ and ‘I’ and ‘she’ pass and vanish” and, most importantly, “change”, the prosthetic vestiments of words allow a risky “attempt” at a space in which bodies are for a moment brought into touch with one another.

### ***The Hand in Close-Up***

As we saw above, after spending two days gardening and laying tiles at Asheham in the spring of 1912, Woolf wrote to Violet Dickinson of how she could not

write owing to “a great circle of bare flesh” where she had injured her palm (*LI*, 494). If the “circle of flesh” arrested Woolf’s activity in 1912, it would be the “raised saucer of pink flesh” where the fingernail should be on the carpenter’s right hand that would stop Orlando in 1928. The ability of modern, prostheticized bodies to see the hand in this way is satirised as Orlando feels “as if she had a microscope stuck to her eye”<sup>34</sup>. Nevertheless, the hand in close-up is self-consciously present throughout the “biography” and, in the case of Orlando’s playing with a skeleton hand in the crypt, a signifier of “so many instances of what a hand can do”<sup>35</sup> that the mind is incapable of fully conceiving it. In his essay “Why the Novel Matters” (discussed above) Lawrence, like Woolf, criticises the prosthetic, microscopic point of view: “To the scientist, I am dead. He puts under the microscope a bit of dead me, and calls it me. He takes me to pieces, and says first one piece, and then another piece, is me” (*P*, 535).

As we have seen, for Merleau-Ponty, the “living body” is also seen neither by its inspection, through a microscope, at too short a distance nor, through a magnifying glass, at too great a distance. Rather, the living body itself appears when its microstructure is neither excessively nor insufficiently visible (*PP*, 352). Their shared poetics aside, Merleau-Ponty’s emphasis on touch as a paradigm for vision connects him both to Modernism (as a project seeking sensory paradigms for perception other than the visual) and to contemporary “enactive” models of perception also based on touch. In this final section, I will also take a phenomenological approach to the hand. Taking up Lawrence’s conception of the fingernails, as the “ten little weapons” that “cross the mysterious Rubicon between me alive and things like my pen”, I will use it as a lens through which to read the focalization of fingertips and fingernails by modern

writers and look at how, close up, the hand occupies the liminal position between the animate and inanimate and the importance of touch as an intersubjective channel between self and other.

In light of the consideration of Lawrence's and Woolf's involvement with language as a handicraft above, it is worth briefly looking at James Joyce, who, in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916) describes the artist "like the God of creation", "within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails"<sup>36</sup>. But it is *Ulysses* (1922) to which we turn and, in particular, the Hades chapter where the fine line between the animate and the inanimate is foremost in Bloom's mind. Reviewing the nails of his left and right hands in turn, Bloom becomes involved in a reflection on his own body and those of his wife, Molly, and her lover, Blazes Boylan:

Is there anything more in him that they she sees? Fascination. Worst man in Dublin. That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails. I am just looking at them: well pared. And after: thinking alone. Body getting a bit softy. I would notice that from remembering. What causes that I suppose skin can't contract quickly enough when the flesh falls off. But the shape is there. The shape is there still. Shoulders. Hips. Plump.<sup>37</sup>

The cluster of pronouns signifies a complex focalization of Bloom and Boylan by Boylan and Molly, as well as the sense of Bloom seeing himself (him) in his fingernails (they) imagining that that is the same image of himself for Molly (she). Indeed, the repetition of "that" is in keeping with the sense discussed above, in which it is a signifier that grounds the sense in the body. As with Lawrence's sense of the fingernails, Bloom's hand "feels" what a person is through its own instinct and it is the fingernails that are this point of contact. The paragraph, like Woolf's diary entry

above, distinguishes between knowledge through touch and “just looking” at the fingernails. However, just as the letters above pass through many hands, in their destabilization of the pronoun’s signifieds, the nails of Bloom’s hand become apt metaphors for the lasting and discarded history of touches remembered by the hand. Bloom’s meditation on his fingernails thus moves towards and recovers a memory of intimacy and touch.

The same can be said of Mr Morel’s bathing scene from the “Strife in Love” chapter of *Sons and Lovers*. He is portrayed throughout the book as detached from the body of his family. However, this scene and the one preceding it, in which his children help him make fuses for the pit, recover the hand as a site of openness and tenderness from its use throughout as one of violence: “fist” is one of Lawrence’s watchwords. Through Paul’s eyes we get a close-up of his father’s “thick, brownish hands, all scarred, with broken nails, rubbing the fine smoothness of his sides”, the incongruity of which leads Paul to reflect upon the strangeness that “they were the same flesh” (*SL*, 235). Paul verbalises this by saying that he supposes his father once had a “good figure”, which, in turn, leads to Mr and Mrs Morel’s opinions about his body and, through Mrs Morel’s mimicry, a flicker of the physical passion they once had for one another. Like the complex of pronouns in the passage from *Ulysses* above, the scrutiny of the fingernails not only guides the eye to the body as a whole but also leads to multiple images of the body from different points of view. After all, the “incongruity” that strikes Paul is not only that between their separate flesh but also that between his father’s broken nails and his smooth flesh. The intimacy achieved or recaptured through this recognition of difference brings these characters into touch like “a strange

assembly of apparently incongruous parts, slipping past one another" (*P*, 536) as Lawrence puts it in "Why the Novel Matters". These passages show that the deixis itself needs to be as sensitive as touch. Trying to put one's finger on this new whole and make it "this" or "that" fixes it beyond being alive. Rather, like Bloom, Lawrence advocates the development of an "instinct" rather than a "theory" of touch and being in touch. As Classen says, touch requires something different from "typical scholarly elucidation" and is better served by an approach, such as I have tried to show these modern novelists have, "that grapples with the tangled, bumpy and sticky nature of the topic"<sup>38</sup>.

As the "Rubicon" between the animate and the inanimate, between the "cut and dried" and manifest renewal, the fingernails are an excellent metaphor and Lawrence must have had them in mind later in "Why the Novel Matters" when he wrote: "You can cut your cloth to fit your coat, but you can't clip bits off your living body, to trim it down to your idea" (*P*, 537). Given the familiar liminality of the fingernails, however, there is perhaps a shade of uncertainty in this sentence. Clearly, these are the very parts of your body you can clip. This detachability of body parts is germane to our discussion of attitudes towards prosthesis. Here, however, I want to look at how handheld objects function like fingernails as, at once, detachable and bearing a trace of the hand that held them in acting as a kind of prosthetic touch. In an essay comparing *Paul Morel* with *Sons and Lovers*, Helen Baron draws attention to Lawrence's use of "transactional objects" through which the characters interact.<sup>39</sup> In the way that they facilitate characters' body language and bring them into contact with one another, these objects may be regarded as prosthetics. Other writers have commented on signs or

objects linked to and evoking a body whose entity has disappeared in lieu of physical presence in Lawrence's fiction.<sup>40</sup> But Lawrence is by no means alone in the use of this technique. A brief survey of modern writers provides us with memorable examples from the poignant boots at the end of *Jacob's Room*, to the playful *jeu du furet* at the end of volume two of *In Search of Lost Time* (1918). For Proust, Lawrence, and Woolf, flowers often operate as such transactional objects. Here, however, I will confine myself to one example from *Mrs Dalloway* by way of concluding this chapter, in order to complete its detailed look at the place of the hand in Woolf's work. What I want to evaluate here is how these objects operate in place of language, like touch, but also often fail to replace touch and body language itself.

In *Mrs Dalloway*, Clarissa's husband, Richard, wanting to "come in holding something" (*MD*, 127), buys her flowers. As "transactional objects" or a "positive" prosthetic the flowers change the way in which it is possible for Richard to interact with others and the way in which others approach interaction with him. So, the sight of Richard "bearing his flowers like a weapon" (*MD*, 128) as he passes a female vagrant allows "for a spark between them" even though they never speak. The manner in which Richard carries the flowers and the body language through which he interacts with the vagrant invites comparison with Peter Walsh and his transaction with the busker, earlier in the book, into whose hand he presses a coin. Although Richard cannot say in so many words that he loves Clarissa, as he had intended, "taking his flowers" we are told she understands "without his speaking" and that he "had not said 'I love you'; but he held her hand" (*MD*, 130-1). For Richard, "this" is happiness and, again, touch and deictic signifiers premised on a particular embodied perspective go

hand in hand. Peter's understanding of his feeling about Clarissa is summed up in similar terms in the novel's closing sentence ("For there she was") but there is a crucial difference between them.

Like Bloom's or Mr Morel's fingernails above, the hand and its transactional objects bear the traces of its history of touch. At Clarissa's party, when she and Peter reminisce about how he was meant to write to her from India, his perception of her hand spread "on her knee" (*MD*, 206) recalls their meeting earlier in the day at which Clarissa has comforted Peter by taking his hand and holding it before finally "folding her hands upon her knee" (*MD*, 53). Clarissa's own love for Richard at this point is also expressed in haptic terms ("as a sleeper in the night starts and stretches a hand in the dark for help"). The mutual acknowledgement of Peter's failure to write, or touch even prosthetically, characterises their different ways of "touching" each other throughout. Whereas Clarissa's and Richard's transactional objects (letters, flowers) allow them to "touch" others prosthetically, Peter's fidgeting and "par[ing] his nails with his pocket-knife" (*MD*, 52) expresses his lack of bodily capacity to sympathise or be in touch with another. In this way, through the flowers and the pocket-knife, Woolf reprises the interplay between the posthuman and prosthesis discussed in relation to Lawrence's "England, My England" and other texts above. So, although the language in which both Richard and Peter conceive of their relationship with Clarissa is deictic, the "this" that is between Richard and Clarissa is premised primarily on haptic contact, whereas the "there" between Peter and her, without having been bridged through meaningful touch, or prosthetically through his letters, is primarily proxemic. Being in touch with Richard, in this way, is what distinguishes their relationship and makes his

being “there” (*MD*, 203) reading *The Times* at the end of the novel signify with a deeper resonance than Peter’s “there-ness”. It is also this that allows Clarissa to receive the life given “into one’s hands” and thereby escape perishing as Septimus Warren Smith does by discovering meaning outside of herself in a haptically based language; finding “something of her own in it, this country sky, this sky above Westminster” (*MD*, 204). “This” signifies the active (albeit transient) possession of a haptic relationship with the other in the present, whereas the more optic “there”, like Paul Morel’s instruction to Miriam “See!”, signifies no such stable intersubjectivity nor necessary connection between subject and object.

### **The future was still to hand!**

In a letter to Eddie Marsh in October 1913 that takes on a renewed resonance in light of the discussion of *Mrs Dalloway*, Lawrence wrote that rhythm in poetry was “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] is a dead bit of metal” (*2L*, 93). In the foregoing discussion that has looked at the range of attitudes towards the hand and prosthetics held by Lawrence and Woolf, this stands as one example among many of the power of paralanguage and, specifically, touch itself. Their sensitivity to and intelligence in performatively writing phenomenological aspects of touch, in both fictional and autobiographical genres, mark them out amongst other Modern writers. Indeed, for Lawrence, it became a sense upon which he based much of his philosophical project and language. His final novel, *Lady Chatterley*, is

testament to it. As we saw above in the example of Clifford's prosthetics, through its three different versions, Lawrence worked out his feelings towards the body and technology, and through the gamekeeper presented a man "more conscious in his hands than in his brain" (*JT*, 350).

For Lawrence and Woolf, working out the life of touch, as we have seen, involves a rethinking of traditional material categories. But in harnessing the power and appeal of the mechanical and animal, they point the way to a mode of being in which humans can be more in touch with each other and their environment. It is no surprise, then, that when Lawrence revised the conclusion of the first version of *Lady Chatterley* from Connie's monologic, "The future was still to hand!", he replaced it with the dialogic second and final versions of the novel that conclude with letters; the hand, having brought the lovers into touch, continues to keep them in touch to the last.

Santanu Das, in *Touch and Intimacy in First World War Literature* (2005), writes that Lawrence remains one of the most exciting figures in whose writing the discourse of war, intimacy, and the male body come together as he shows "how touch gets under the guard of consciousness"<sup>41</sup>. Woolf is no less exciting in this respect, as the example of Richard Dalloway receiving his change from the florist shows: his body registers the touch, "grasps" the flowers, and enumerates the coins almost independently, below the threshold of his conscious thinking on the miracle of being alive after the war. It is a technique Joyce would also use earlier in *Ulysses*. Indeed, empirical studies, such as Fisher's "Hands Touching Hands" (1976) provide important scientific evidence supporting the ways in which these novelists wrote an awareness of touch.<sup>42</sup> But this was always only of secondary importance for these writers who, in

their attempt to put human beings back into touch with their environments, embraced a language, at once, rooted in embodiment but which was also sensitive enough to the body that the inexact, intangible, and even the tangible might speak. As Lawrence put it in an early letter:

Somehow I think we come into knowledge (unconscious) of the most vital parts of the cosmos through touching things. [...] I know my phraseology is vague and impossible. But there must be some great purposeful impulses impelling through everything to move it and work it to an end. The world says you feel the press of these impulses, you recognise them, in knowledge – science; but I, joining hands with the artists, declare that also and supremely the sympathy with and submission to the great impulses comes through *feeling* – indescribable – and, I think, unknowable. (*IL*, 99 [Lawrence's emphasis])

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<sup>1</sup> Jacques Derrida, "Plato's Pharmacy" in *Dissemination* (London: Continuum, 2004) 111.

<sup>2</sup> Martin Heidegger, "Hands" in *The Body: Classic and Contemporary Readings*, ed. Donn Welton (Oxford: Blackwell, 1999) 111-5.

<sup>3</sup> Scott Sanders, "The Left-Handedness of Modern Literature" in *Twentieth Century Literature* 23.4 (1977) 423.

<sup>4</sup> Sanders 421.

<sup>5</sup> Sanders 418.

<sup>6</sup> Sanders 433.

<sup>7</sup> Donna J. Haraway, "A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century" in *Posthumanism*, ed. Neil Badmington (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2000) 82.

<sup>8</sup> Haraway 84.

<sup>9</sup> Badmington 6.

<sup>10</sup> Fukuyama 169.

<sup>11</sup> The manuscript versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are held at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. The manuscripts of the first, second, and third version will be referred to as *MS. 1*, *MS. 2*, and *MS. 3*, respectively, in this chapter and the next.

<sup>12</sup> However, two years earlier when "re-doing" *To the Lighthouse* she wrote that "improvis[ing] on the typewriter" was "much easier than re-writing in pen & ink" (3*D*, 117).

<sup>13</sup> Cf. Lee, *Body Parts* 86-99.

<sup>14</sup> Cf. *L3*, 163: "Being bedridden, my view of the world has had a great thumb put over it. I can't think how you keep so sharp and clear"; *3D*, 175: "not a drop [of *Orlando*] came, all, forsooth, for the usual physical reasons, which declared themselves today. It is the oddest feeling: as if a finger stopped the flow of the ideas in the brain".

<sup>15</sup> Heidegger, "Hands" 112-3.

<sup>16</sup> Wills 15.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Dennett 356: "One of the most striking features of consciousness is its *discontinuity* – revealed in the blind spot, and saccadic gaps to take the simplest examples. The discontinuity of consciousness is striking because of the *apparent* continuity of consciousness. Neumann points out that consciousness may in general be a gappy phenomenon, and as long as the temporal edges of the gaps are not positively perceived, there will be no sense of the gappiness of the 'stream' of consciousness".

<sup>18</sup> Cf. *L2*, 357: "she [Logan Pearsall Smith] said her hands were red; when I looked, I saw they were not only red but very clumsy, with thick joints into the bargain"; *L2*, 378: "Leonard played Bridge there [at Adrian Stephen's] last night and saw something of such girth and grossness on a chair that he cried out in horror: it was Karin's leg"; *L2*, 572: "I am racking my brains to think of some gossip to send you but as I suppose this to mean something spicy – Dora Sanger for example, raping Goldie in Piccadilly, or Ottoline redeeming her soul by some act of unparalleled magnanimity – I wait and wait – sitting over the fire, Lottie chattering about the best way to toast muffins and how the woman next door has had half her toe cut off because of an ingrowing nail".

<sup>19</sup> Cf. *ID*, 41: "Went to post at Southease. L.'s foot very bad. Saw wooden pews put into a traction engine at Rodmell Church; a man without a hand, a hook instead"; *ID*, 41: "To picnic near Firle, with Bells &c. Passed German prisoners, cutting wheat with hooks"; *ID*, 177: "These are queer meetings; so impressed on one at the time; then so rubbed out. Already I've half forgotten the soldier with the nickel knee plate & metal arch to his foot, though he talked at the top of his voice, & boasted, & made me hate him".

<sup>20</sup> Wallace 118.

<sup>21</sup> Asquith 37.

<sup>22</sup> Cf. *7L*, 479: "They [all the famous doctors who treated Frieda's ankle in England] all said, it was strained ligaments, and ordered massage. The farmer knew in the first touch [that the bone was out of joint]. Why didn't they? She now goes all right – limps a bit out of habit, and scare". A remarkable contemporary story of how, through the touch of a handshake, a GP diagnosed a man with a brain tumor was reported by the BBC in February 2008, *Handshake Diagnosed Brain Tumour*, February 2008, <<http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/health/7246419.stm>> (Accessed 22.06.2008).

<sup>23</sup> Cf. *6L*, 239: "My God, these writers [with money, specifically Michael Arlen and Somerset Maugham], they are *dismal!* I believe the race of men is dying out: nothing left but women, eunuchs, and Robots"; *7L*, 438: "I got your letter at the Ludwig-Wilhelmstift today. Well really it's monstrous,

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dragging you to Ellis Island. No, I don't want to come to America, you are quite right. A robot inhumanity!"

<sup>24</sup> Cf. Andy Clark, *Being There: Putting Brain, Body, and World Together Again* (Cambridge, MA: MIT P, 1997) esp. chap. 10 "Language: The Ultimate Artifact" pp. 193-218.

<sup>25</sup> Cf. Mark Johnson, *The Body in the Mind: The Bodily Basis of Meaning, Imagination, and Reason* (London: U of Chicago P, 1987); George Lakoff and Mark Johnson, *Philosophy in the Flesh: The Embodied Mind and Its Challenge to Western Thought* (New York: Basic, 1999).

<sup>26</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *St. Mawr and Other Stories*, ed. Brian Finney (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1983) 61.

<sup>27</sup> Compare this with Paul Morel's "wonder" when he begins work at Jordan's and is startled by "a faint voice, like a woman's, out of the mouth of the tube", "never having seen a speaking tube before" (*SL*, 130).

<sup>28</sup> Derrida 69.

<sup>29</sup> For example, Woolf's caricature of Kot through his handshake: "We worked at Kot's book. Have I left him out too? His clasp of the hand crushes the little bones: his hand though inches thick is hard as bone, & typifies that dense, solid, concentrated man" (*2D*, 34).

<sup>30</sup> Brewster 112. Cf. *6L*, 329: "I've done three more water-colours [*Yawning*, *The Lizard*, and *Under the Haystack*]: not bad, but I'd rather do oils: one can use one's elbow, and in water it's all dib-dab"; *6L*, 406: "I think there is a certain phallic beauty in my pictures too. I know they're rolling with faults, Sladeily considered. But there's something *there*" [Lawrence's emphasis]. Barbara Weekley Barr, in her "Memoir of D. H. Lawrence" in *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, Poet, Prophet*, ed. Stephen Spender (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1973), remembers that Lawrence was "a discerning [art] critic" although at first was "disparaging about my 'studio stuff'": "'Play with the paint,' he urged me. 'Forget all you learned at the art school'" (21). She also remembers Lawrence collaborating with her on a picture (*Peasants Building a House*) (22) and that his own paintings "lacked what is called 'technique', but they were alive and mystical. They had a shiny surface like oleographs, caused by Lawrence sometimes smearing on the paint with his hands" (26).

<sup>31</sup> The trope is also used at the opening of the novel when Betty Flanders cries whilst she writes a letter. Her tears distort her perception and the mast of Mr Connor's little yacht bends "like a wax candle".

<sup>32</sup> Sigmund Freud, "A Note Upon the Mystic Writing-Pad" in *Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works: Volume XIX*, ed. James Strachey (London: Hogarth, 1961) 231.

<sup>33</sup> Heidegger, "Hands" 111.

<sup>34</sup> Woolf, *Orlando* 209.

<sup>35</sup> Woolf, *Orlando* 42.

<sup>36</sup> James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960) 215.

<sup>37</sup> Joyce, *Ulysses* 89.

<sup>38</sup> Classen 5.

<sup>39</sup> Helen Baron, "Interwoven Words, Interactive Feelings: *Paul Morel* and *Sons and Lovers*" in Poplawski (ed.) 31-43 (esp. p. 38).

<sup>40</sup> Cf. Michelucci, "D. H. Lawrence's Representation of the Body" 26.

<sup>41</sup> Das 235.

<sup>42</sup> Jeffrey D. Fisher, Marvin Rytting, Richard Heslin, "Hands Touching Hands: Affective and Evaluative Effects of Interpersonal Touch" in *Sociometry* 39.4 (1976): 416-21: "touch recipients who were not consciously aware of being touched did not differ significantly on any of the dependent measures from those who were aware of being touched. Thus, whether or not the touch was perceived, it generally had a positive effect on the recipient's responses".

## Touching up *Lady Chatterley*: Non-verbal Behaviour and Revision

In the previous chapter, we saw that the hand and haptic behaviour are intimately bound up with the production and effectiveness of certain modern texts. In so doing, I touched on the manuscript versions of Lawrence's last novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In this final chapter, I will dwell on these in order to consider, in detail, the emerging importance of the hand and touch within each version.<sup>1</sup> By looking at the revisions of certain scenes across the different versions of the novel, we will see how Lawrence revised the novel in order to incorporate non-verbal behaviour. Accounts of the different versions of the novel often draw attention to the way in which the body assumes less of a realistic than symbolic or (in Poyatos's terms) "poetic" function with each subsequent revision.<sup>2</sup> However, by returning to the manuscripts, I seek to challenge this dichotomy and show that, through his revisions to the non-verbal behaviour of the novel, Lawrence brings realistic and poetic body language into line: in other words, touch and "tenderness" go hand in hand.

Critical approaches to the three versions of the novel diverge upon the question of whether they should be considered as three distinct novels,<sup>3</sup> or revisions of one and the same.<sup>4</sup> Michael Squires's *The Creation of Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1983) is the only book-length study of the three versions, and is "less concerned with each version as a separate work than with the whole three-version novel in flux, developing stage by stage. Usually, therefore, I think of the three-version sequence as a single novel"<sup>5</sup>. By focussing on the different versions and, what he calls, Lawrence's "imaginative processes", Squires is also "less concerned with what the novel says than how and why

it develops as it does”<sup>6</sup>. This, along with his approach to the novel “in ways that would yield fresh insights into the nature of Lawrence’s mind”<sup>7</sup>, has led critics to call the study “both illuminating and controversial”<sup>8</sup> and even “pseudo-explanation” and “pseudo biography” that “makes no attempt to illuminate the work in terms of, for example, its contemporary cultural, literary or historical context”<sup>9</sup>.

Nonetheless, in its appraisal of the manuscripts themselves the book remains unrivalled today as the major examination of them, twenty five years after its original publication. Squires’s attention to the manuscripts allows him to speculate on the “physical habits”<sup>10</sup> that helped to shape their content, although some of his conclusions have since been questioned.<sup>11</sup> In returning to the *Lady Chatterley* manuscripts, the present chapter is indebted to Squires’s study, whilst also challenging its readings. As the examples discussed in the previous chapter show, the kind of qualitative changes in the manuscripts that are often important to a discussion of the novel (and which are brought out in Squires’s study) are lost in print, even in his Cambridge apparatus.<sup>12</sup> This chapter is not the place for a wholesale, exhaustive reappraisal of the “creation” of the novel as whole, after Squires. However, by selecting scenes less discussed or only partially tackled by him, I look at some of the revisions to non-verbal communication in each manuscript version and the typescript in order to question Squires’s assertion that, in making Mellors articulate, “the emphasis on silence and nonverbal communication slowly wanes, and the novel thereby loses some of its originality”<sup>13</sup>. Rather, I argue that language and paralanguage, rather than being oppositional, in fact, are revised and develop together.

For Squires, as a “‘sexual’ novel *Lady Chatterley* has shockingly little kinetic action” and what there is “decreases with each version”: “The novel’s real action is internal: the *motion* of the novel is emotional; the kinesis lies in feelings”<sup>14</sup>. However, many critics have argued the contrary with regard to different versions the novel. Stephen Gill and Philip M. Weinstein both argue that the specific (sexual) acts and actions underpin the more fabulous, metaphysical and psychological dimensions of the first and the third versions of the novel, respectively.<sup>15</sup> My own approach will, likewise, be to consider how realistic description underwrites the poetic body language through an examination of the way in which Lawrence “touched up” or revised certain scenes across different manuscripts with this end in mind. By focussing on the kinetic motion of the novel and its outward body language (emotion) before the inward dimension (feeling), we can better see how the former gives rise to the latter.<sup>16</sup>

Another problem for Squires is that, in making Mellors more articulate, not only does the final version “compromise its most original and insightful theme – the value of emotional intelligence expressed in nonverbal ways” but also, he goes on, it moves the novel away “from simple sensory awareness to sexual intercourse”<sup>17</sup>. This claim, which the present chapter challenges, perhaps largely follows from the way in which he contextualises his analyses of character and theme, which are, he says, “always humanistic”<sup>18</sup>. Both early and more recent accounts have drawn attention to the increasing “de-humanization” of the characters with each subsequent version.<sup>19</sup> However, it is in the second version in which we see the most advanced evolution of Lawrence’s posthuman characterisation, more so than the contaminated image of Mr Morel’s internalisation of coal dust into his body in *Sons and Lovers*, and more so than

Birkin's or Mellors's vision of a humanless world in *Women in Love* or the final version of *Lady Chatterley*. Through Connie, who has been "transplanted" (JT, 156) into the Midlands herself, Lawrence reflects on what will become of the miners. In their subservient relation to the coal they are, for her, "Men not men, but merely the animae of coal and steel, iron and clay. Strange fauna of the mineral elements, of carbon and iron and silicon!" (JT, 163). However, she thinks that if they can enter into a new relationship with it, by "really *us[ing]* the iron, for the flowering of their own bodies and anima, instead of, as now, being used by it" (JT, 164 [Lawrence's emphasis]), she says that they may "bring forth, perhaps, a luxuriant, uncanny, beauty, some of the beauty that must have been in the great ferns and giant mosses of which the coal was made: some of the beauty of the weight and the resistance of iron, and the blueness of steel, and the iridescence of glass" (JT, 163-4). Parkin is of a piece with these Midlanders for Connie, and something of the oppositional thinking that underlies her class prejudice (that is insurmountable in the first version and which continues to trouble the second) underwrites her overly simplistic reversal of the material user-used binary here. Rather than the sensitive *rapport* with the environment that, as I show below, Lawrence pointedly wrote into version three, the exploitation of Connie's vision sounds very much like a communistic version of Clifford's capitalistic exploitation of the mines. What distinguishes it from becoming so, over all, is the focus on the individual "bodies" and "anima" rather than their being seen *en bloc*. At this level, Lawrence's metaphors appeal, at once, to pre-historical forms ("some of the beauty that must have been in the great ferns and giant mosses of which the coal was made") and make the human-centred perspective unavoidable. The past and tradition are

important. However, on the other hand, the metaphor simultaneously counters this reading by imagining different material futures and lines of evolution, rather than the one continuous line that has determinedly and “progressively” resulted in the ferns now being coal. Lawrence’s metaphorical structures, then, move to destabilize historical, humanistic, and class binaries even as they centre the future of the human as the subject of contestation. To posthuman theory I suppose Lawrence would put the question: when have we ever been fully “human” in order to be “posthuman”? Nonetheless, reading the novel in an exclusively humanistic context, at the expense of such possibilities, tends towards positions, such as Murry’s, that see the final version as forcing and privileging certain modes of “organic” touch (the human, the sexual) over others, which, after all, is no more fruitful than Mellors’s own a-human apocalypticism.

Indeed, Weinstein’s article on the three versions of the novel attempts to demystify what he calls “the cliché version of Lawrence’s attack on cerebral culture” by suggesting that Lawrence never sees “talking” and “fucking” as “opposed activities”: “Intimacy in talking increases with physical intimacy. As the lovers’ intercourse grows more complex, as its physical and emotional range becomes enlarged, so too does their capacity to release themselves in speech”<sup>20</sup>. Of course, at a certain level, this distinction between “talking” and “fucking”, or “love” and “chatter”, is the very one Lawrence is making. However as other critics of the novel have suggested, language is important precisely because it is a “symbolic form” that, as such, “can re-create intersubjectively the quality of an inner experience” such as “sexual feeling”<sup>21</sup>. Words “mean nothing in themselves” but rather “function only in

their appropriations and relations”<sup>22</sup>. Lawrence’s novel, then, does not strictly offer the alternative of “deeds” to “words”, rather, speech-acts harmonise the verbal and the non-verbal into a “hybrid discourse of the body”<sup>23</sup>. As Lawrence himself put it in “A Propos of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*”: “thought and action, word and deed, are two separate forms of consciousness, two separate lives which we lead. We need, very sincerely, to keep a connection. [...] The two conditions, of thought and action, are mutually exclusive. Yet they should be related in harmony” (*P2*, 489). It is to the way in which Lawrence revised his own novel to this end to which we now turn.

### ***The Mirror Scene***

Surfaces are always double-edged in Lawrence’s work. On the one hand, they are liberatory points of intersubjective contact at which new forms come into being. On the other hand, they are the limitations of particular life-forms. These competing positions are at work in the first scene we will consider, that in which Connie, after seeing the gamekeeper’s body, considers her own in the mirror. Here the face is a surface par excellence and one against which Lawrence presses his concerns about language and the body as a whole. Through the scene, Lawrence sets in motion a trajectory along which Connie must travel “to escape the face”<sup>24</sup>. Through the novel, Lawrence, like Deleuze, suggests that this may be achieved “not by returning to animality, nor even by returning to the head, but by quite spiritual and special becomings-animal”<sup>25</sup>. We will see in “The Marriage Scene” below that the face, for

Lawrence, is neither entirely human nor entirely animal, but that it is a rich site of intersubjective communication, not just an expression of “personality”.

In the first version of “The Mirror Scene”, the face is the site of contestation between Connie and Clifford Chatterley over its expression of “personality”. When Connie says that she thinks that “the face is probably the worst part of most people”, Clifford replies that it is functional because it, after all, “reveals the personality”, leading Connie to question whether the body itself might not have “a life of its own – perhaps truer than the personality”. Lawrence illustrates their different positions metaphorically (Clifford thinks of Renoir’s paintings whereas Connie asks “Why is a torso, in sculpture, often so lovely, without a head?”) and through their different non-verbal intelligence (Clifford tries to look his wife in the face (“He looked closely at his wife. But she was sewing so quietly”) and finds undue meaning there (“Constance lifted her head and gazed at him with her big blue eyes, so pondering and touching”), whereas Connie listens “with bent head” avoiding his gaze). In this version, Connie’s thoughts on the face and body fall along class lines, in keeping with the problem of class division Lawrence explores in version one: “men who had beautiful bodies, had common, stupid faces”. But, for all the problems she has with the face, when she later stands naked before the mirror, despite veiling her face “like a Mohammedan woman, leaving only her eyes”, when looking at “her slow, golden-skinned, silent body” she cannot see it in less than facial terms: “Her breasts were also eyes, and her navel was sad, closed, waiting lips. It all spoke in another, silent language, without the cheapness of words” (*FLC*, 28-30).

Like much of the second version, the scene in *MS. 2* is expanded and then revised in the process (*MS. 2*, 73-6). As in version one, the discussion of the face preceding the scene is occasioned by Clifford reading *Hajji Baba* aloud whilst Connie embroiders. Clifford is unaware of the thoughts teeming in Connie's "[head]<skull>"<sup>26</sup> until she lifts "her face to him" and looks at him with "her wide blue eyes", asking:

"Don't you think Hajji is right?" she said. "Don't you think people's faces *are* the worst part of them?" [– like clocks telling their personal time. I hate people's faces. They belong to their personalities, like clock-faces belong to the work. I think people's personalities are usually terribly repellent, and that's why they have such unattractive faces. Perhaps something else about them is nice. Perhaps the individual[ity] was intended to be quite nice: only the personality goes like clock-work, and spoils everything. – I wish there was a law making people's cover their faces, like Mohammedan women. Then I wouldn't mind if they all went naked]

Lawrence then cancels the section indicated and inserts the following:

<"No I don't exactly see it."  
"They're like clocks, to tell the time of their personal feelings by. I rather hate people's faces. There are so many of them, and they all tell more or less the same time, like clocks."  
"They express more or less what their owners feel," said Clifford. "What else can you expect?"  
"I know! That's just the trouble! Their owners all feel such monstrous, and usually mean things – and usually they're pretending something else, like clocks that tell the wrong time. I'm tired of people's faces. I wish there was a law making them all cover them up, like Mohammedan women. If they did that, I wouldn't mind if they went with all the rest naked">

The shift from monologue to dialogue allows Lawrence to sharpen his presentation of the stronger difference between Connie and Clifford in version two. Although in the emendation to the content as well as the form we can see that Lawrence, rather than making the face the site of his own somewhat esoteric distinction between "personality" and "individuality",<sup>27</sup> chooses to focus on Connie's uncertainty about non-verbal expression and interpretation ("usually they're pretending something else, like clocks that tell the wrong time").<sup>28</sup> In version two, then, the face assumes an

indeterminate position. It is, at once, a potential source of the lively expression of distinct individuals but, often, a faulty tool of personae and dissimulation. The body and *its* language, then, are not, as Katie Gramich says, “incapable of duplicity”<sup>29</sup> because, as we saw, Lawrence is not comparing them but rather the uses made of them.

Later in the chapter, the scene in which Connie looks in the mirror in *MS. 2* (the paragraph beginning “When Constance went to bed”) is written in darker ink and in a hand similar to that of the rewritten dialogue above. This, at the very least, indicates a break to refill his pen, but it is likely that Lawrence finished the discussion between Connie and Clifford (to the sentence ending “He burst into a loud, jarring laugh”) then revised the monologue into dialogue before beginning the scene in which Connie stands in front of the mirror. This is in keeping with the scene in version two as Connie’s defiance of Clifford’s opinions on the face.

When Connie looks at herself in the mirror in *MS. 2*, Lawrence omits the detail about her covering her face. In fact, whereas the facialization of the body in the first version makes the face conspicuous by its absence, here the face is not mentioned at all. What is more, as well as expanding on Connie’s scrutinization of her body, in *MS. 2* it is no longer “golden-skinned” but “not white, [but] a little tawny”. The sickening effect of her marriage at Wragby, then, is inscribed onto the surface of her body (in the mirror) less equivocally than in version one. Other emendations to the scene itself substitute words such as “[charming]” and “[grace]” for “<fluid>” and “<flow>” to describe the proportions of her body in terms of movement rather than abstraction:

But somehow, she felt, it had not come off. Instead of ripening into a warm, voluptuous, [desirableness,] <curving fulness,> her body was like a fruit still greenish at the end of summer. There had not been enough sun to swell it to its delicate, ripened [fulness.] <curves.> Her breasts were already sinking a little flat, her belly had lost the young, expectant beauty, and was

becoming a little slack, meaningless, her thighs too that used to [look] <glimpse> so quick in their odd, female roundness, that looks almost like a subtle, fleet spiral, now were becoming heavy and inert. Inert! Inert! That was what was happening to her body, it was [going inert and] <sagging a little and going> expressionless. It was not yet [clayey,] <deadish,> like poor Clifford's. But neither was *quite* alive. Not *quite* alive!

The effect of such emendations and of focusing on the surface (“<curving fullness>”, “<curves>”, “<sagging>”) rather than the volume (“[desirableness]”, “[fullness]”, “[inert]”) of her body is, at once, a sense of its objective corporeality but, again, that as such it remains only an outline or two-dimensional simulacra void of an inner life of desire.

In the third version, the scene opens Chapter VII, whereas, in version two it closes Chapter IV. Its position in *MS. 3*, then, in not arising from Connie and Clifford's discussion of the face, makes it clearer that Connie's actions come in response to seeing Mellors's body. The addition of the short second paragraph of the chapter on the frailty of the human body in general is also in keeping with the frailer Mellors. Lawrence makes no cancellations in *MS. 3* but rather silently adapts *MS. 2*. So, “downward-sinking [grace] <flow>” (*MS. 2*) becomes “a certain fluent, down-slipping grace” (*MS. 3*) and the description of her thighs “that used to [look] <glimpse> so quick in their odd, female roundness” (*MS. 2*) becomes “that used to look so quick and glimpsey, in their odd female roundness, somehow they too were going flat, slack, meaningless” (*MS. 3*), silently replacing the rather abstract simile about the “spiral” in *MS. 2*. Her skin now is only “faintly tawny” but the final version shows that it is not the colour of her body that is important as much as the way in which it has become “flat” and “meaningless”. The way in which language is inscribed onto the surface body can be seen in another simile, this time for Connie's “haunches” (another silent

emendation from *MS. 2*'s "buttocks"), that are "Like hillocks of sand, the Arabs say". Whilst the simile is a little out of place in version three without the preceding reading of *Hajji Baba* to ground it in Connie's consciousness, it mobilizes other linguistic metaphors (of translation, of speech) to describe the body, which, along with other alterations to version three, such as the addition of Connie's thought "now she was a little out of fashion" concerned with how her body is "read" socially, demonstrate that Lawrence's concern in the revision of the scene was to establish that the body has an equivalent, non-verbal language. From the "silent language, without the cheapness of words" in version one, the "going expressionless" in the second, to the "fluent" grace of the third, with the revision of each version, Connie's body language is neither a simple contradistinction to that of language ("words") or that of the face, nor an absence of language ("silence", "expressionless"), but rather comes to be modeled on the tenor, tone, and translation of speech ("the Arabs say") and, most importantly, the skill of its use ("fluent").

As Lawrence revised the versions of "The Mirror Scene", then, he increasingly took issue with the fetishization of sight (face) over touch (body) by showing Connie's increasing dissociation from the latter through the expanded descriptions of the images of herself in the mirror. Another difference between *MS. 2* and *MS. 3* illustrates how Connie's perception of her body comes to be based less on motility and thus becomes more of a simulacrum in the latter. In *MS. 2*, Connie "twist[s] to look at her back, her waist, her hips and buttocks" whereas in *MS. 3* she simply looks in "the other mirror's reflection at her back, her waist, her loins". For Merleau-Ponty, too, the body in the mirror is given as a "simulacrum of [the] tactile body since it imitates the body's

actions instead of responding to them by a free unfolding of perspectives" (*PP*, 105). However, through the synthesis of vision and touch in the lovers' exploration of this very part of Connie's body ("haunches") whose contours suggest volume rather than surface and an animal rather than human life, Lawrence continues to criticise the human face as an exclusive channel of communication whilst acknowledging it, as he does in *Fantasia*, as an important site of sensory contact with the world. Mellors watches "the beautiful, curving drop of her haunches" before stroking "her tail with his hand" until it seems "as if a slippery sort of fire came from it into his hand. And his finger-tips touched the two secret openings to her body, time after time, with a soft little brush of fire". That final phrase in free indirect discourse ("with a soft little brush of fire") blends Connie's and Mellors's perceptions of touch and is phenomenologically close to Merleau-Ponty's metaphor for the same phenomena: "There is a human body when, between the seeing and the seen, between touching and the touched, between one eye and the other, between hand and hand, a blending of some sort takes place – when a spark is lit between sensing and sensible"<sup>30</sup>. In another late essay, "We Need One Another", Lawrence wrote: "The light shines only when the circuit is completed. The light does not shine with one half of the current. Every light is some sort of completed circuit. And so is every life, if it is going to be a life [...] It is in the living touch between us and other people, other lives, other phenomena that we move and have our being" (*P*, 190). In the revision of "The Mirror Scene" in version three, in order for it to contrast with Connie's shock at seeing Mellors's body more so than with her and Clifford's discussion of the relative merits of the face, the scene occupies a pivotal point in the novel as one which marks Connie's realisation of

the need for the optic (face, surface, vision, human, verbal) as well as the haptic (body, volume, touch, animal, non-verbal) and Lawrence's awareness, too, that the "body can assume segments derived from the body of another, just as my substance passes into them; man is a mirror for man. The mirror itself is the instrument of universal magic that changes things into a spectacle, spectacles into things, myself into another, and another into myself"<sup>31</sup>.

### ***Running in the Rain and Getting Married***

By looking at the development of the scenes in which Connie and Oliver run in the rain and "get married", we will see Lawrence's concern to write the interrelationship "between us and other people, other lives, other phenomena" through this kind of "living touch". In the first version, the couple do not run in the rain and "marry" as in later versions before Connie's departure for Venice. Rather, "The Marriage Scene" is delayed until her return from the continent and, in the face of the lovers' class division, does little to change the trajectory of the novel. However, in light of "The Mirror Scene" above, in which Connie is "supposed to have a good figure" (in versions two and three), Parkin's description of Connie in the first version of "The Marriage Scene" ("You look a figure!") is significant:

"Do you think I am beautiful?" she asked, standing back from him naked and white in the moonlight. To him the shadows where her eyes were made her ghostly.

"I should think so," he said, noncommittal, without any feeling at all.

She laughed.

"You don't!" she said. "Not a bit. And I don't even think *you* are. We are Adam and Eve naked in the garden and with no desire left in us. But I don't care. I like us as we are."

She went and picked campion flowers and stuck some in the hairs of his breast, some in the hairs below the navel. And she made a trail of honeysuckle stay round her own breasts.

"Look at me!" she said. "Do I look nice?"

“You look a figure!” he said, smiling. (*FLC*, 173-4)

Connie’s proxemic behaviour (“standing back from him”) and imperative (“Look at me!”) ensure that the beauty in question and of which she wants assurance is nothing less than the visual, facial beauty so criticised in “The Mirror Scene”. But such beauty is not recognised by Oliver, as seen in his perception of her ghostly “eyes”. Rather, his jokey comment (“You look a figure!”) illustrates that, in the dark, Connie’s figure or contour is, in fact, all he can see, whilst also continuing the critique of the face through a “figure” that is without surface detail. It is only later in the scene when Connie suddenly runs “into his arms” that his thoughts are given the “feeling” they lack previously: “he felt her cold freshness against him and the sprays of honeysuckle between. And the bloom of cold, jasmine-like beauty filled him like another sort of consciousness, her beauty occupied his whole body” (*FLC*, 175). Again, this is a beauty based on movement, touch, and scent and one that, in turn, is not exclusively human (“jasmine-like”). Whilst, in version one, Connie and Oliver do not liken these actions to marriage they set the precedent for Lawrence’s revision of the scene in versions two and three.

In version two, Lawrence includes the scene before Connie goes to the continent and precedes “The Marriage Scene” proper with that in which the lovers run in the rain.<sup>32</sup> Watching Connie run “with her arms extended, queer and pale and bright, in the sharp rain”, he sees “her soft waist full and yielding, her haunches bright and wet with rain, leaping with queer life of their own, as she became more shimmery and indistinct in the rain. Flossie ran after her, with a [queer,] <sudden,> wild little bark, and she turned, holding off the brown dog with her naked arms, visionary and bright in

the distant rain" (*MS*. 2, 386). Whereas earlier in this version Connie has thought that (the reflection of) her body has "lost distinction" in front of the mirror, here, "indistinct", through Oliver's eyes, becomes a positive measure of Connie's *rapport* with her environment. This is made more explicit in the third version, in which Connie is seen "spreading her arms, and running blurred in the rain" (*LC*, 221).<sup>33</sup> Lawrence's emendation of "sudden" for "queer" appears largely to avoid unnecessary repetition. But it is noteworthy that, in version two's original draft, he used the term "queer" to describe Connie's response to the animal, one which, as we saw in chapter three, suggested an uncanny relationship of familiarity and otherness, and one that illustrates here that she recognises her own increasingly animalistic behaviour as such.

The same can be said of Lawrence's term "inhuman". For example, after they run in the rain, in version two, Connie watches Oliver "running towards the hut" with the flowers, "his knees lifting wild and quick, his red face glistening with an inward, intent look" and feels "a certain fear" (*JT*, 259). In version three, however, Connie's perception of Mellors returning from gathering the flowers for their "wedding" is given thus: "She was a little afraid of him, as if he were not quite human. And when he came near, his eyes looked into hers, but she could not understand the meaning" (*LC*, 227). In both version two and three, then, the face and eyes continue to be subjected to criticism. But, in the latter, the alienation that comes about through them is written in terms of the "figure" when Mellors's body is subjected to Connie's gaze, as he gathers the flowers, without the mediating reciprocity of touch: "Connie watched his thin, white figure" (*LC*, 227).

In writing the lovers into touch, it is often the less conspicuous alterations that carry much of the tenderness in *MS. 2*, and which show how sensitive Lawrence's mind was to the details of spatial and bodily relations that create intimacy. The paragraph following that discussed above, contains a minor emendation in which Lawrence prefers Oliver's "hands" to his "arms" to press in on Connie's "posteriors"<sup>34</sup>. But the emendations to the fireside scene four pages later are the best indicators of such tenderness. After Parkin becomes fearfully silent (a reflection of their temporarily unbridgeable solipsism), it is paralanguage that bridges the gap:

Suddenly he held out his arms to her [.]<,> and his knees.

"Come here a bit!" he said. "Come an' sit with me!"

He was seated on a low log before the corner fire. She came and [crouched] <squatted> between his [knees] <thighs>, leaning back on his naked body. And he pressed her between his thighs, with uncanny quivering power.

"If they knowed we was like this," he said, "they'd want to kill us". (*MS. 2*, 391)

In the first sentence, the spacing between the main clause and the phrase after the comma (larger than Lawrence's standard use of the punctuation), suggests that he initially wrote the sentence up to the cancelled full stop and added the phrase after revising the second sentence of the following narrative ("She came and [crouched] <squatted> between his [knees] <thighs>, leaning back on his naked body"). There, the way in which "thighs" is formed (the stem of the "t" beginning beneath the line unlike the other two instances on the page which begin above the line) suggests that it is written over a full stop. The sentence would thus have read, "She came and crouched between his knees", before Lawrence replaced "knees" with "thighs", "crouched" with "squatted", and then added "knees" in the first sentence, in order to show Parkin's bodily sensitivity and responsiveness to Connie. By having Connie

between his “thighs” she is not only in touch with more of his body but also able to “lean back” against him, so it is likely that Lawrence emended the scene as he wrote, before writing this dependent clause. What is more, the creation of intimacy through closer proxemic relations is in keeping with the cancellation of “crouched”, which, in Lawrencean vocabulary, signifies an undue subjection to an other. The cancellation of it here is another mark of the intimacy Lawrence creates through his revision.

As in version one, the couple never “marry” in version two as they do in version three. Nonetheless, Lawrence’s revision to their decoration of each other’s bodies with flowers is in keeping with the increased intimacy between the lovers (above) that comes of his attention to their non-verbal and haptic communication, in addition to and as distinct from their increasingly sexualized relationship. So, whereas in the scene in version one Connie decorated herself and orchestrated the scene through distance and vision, in version two the scene becomes intimate through its mutual construction through proximity and touch:

She sat with her knees open, receiving the fire-glow on the soft folds of her body. He looked at her with interested scrutiny, and at the fleece of brown hair that hung in its soft point between her thighs. Suddenly, he leaned over and threaded a few forget-me-not flowers in the golden-brown fleece of the mount of Venus.

“There’s a forget-me-not in the right place,” he said.

“Doesn’t it look pretty!” she said, looking down at the milky, odd little stars at the lower tip of her body, among the hair.

“The prettiest part of you!” he said, smiling. (*JT*, 258-9)

Whereas Connie “stands back” in version one, here Oliver “leans over” and brings Connie within touching distance, thereby softening his initial visual “scrutiny” of her. Version two is not without the humour of version one, but this time it comes about through a softening of Connie’s imperative, “Do I look nice?” to the less strident, “Doesn’t it look pretty!”, that, in turn, allows Oliver’s risqué reference to her “flower”.

By the third version, then, Lawrence has made much progress in writing the intimacy between Connie and Mellors through his revisions to their non-verbal behaviour. But, as we also saw, when they run in the rain in version three, the *rapport* of the humans with their environment is also rendered non-verbally. This can be seen, in particular, in what Squires calls “Mellors’ Visionary Lecture to Connie” in the scene preceding it. In Appendix C of *The Creation of Lady Chatterley*, Squires indicates the passages that Lawrence cancelled and added in proof and says, rightly, that the material exhibits “a new dimension of Mellors’ character” and reveals “not only that his ideas were originally much fuller but that rebuilding the lives of the colliers is Connie’s secret dream”<sup>35</sup>. However, this does not distinguish between the stages of its composition within *MS. 3*. Not only is this important to an understanding of Lawrence’s thought process, but the emendations to the “Visionary Lecture” in *MS. 3* also reveal his most successful attempt at writing sensitive consciousness. In the second version, Lawrence frames the dialogue before the couple go and run in the rain between two sentences concerning the weather: the first tells us that it is raining, the second that, although the rain has abated during their dialogue, it suddenly comes “peppering down, as if it had a touch of thunder”, precipitating Connie’s desire to go out in it. In the third version, the composition is remarkably fluid. One exception to this is the writing of the weather that accompanies the “Visionary Lecture”. The insertions, recorded below in triangular brackets, are often in a different or smaller hand (usually due to limited space on the page where he was trying to fit these short sentences at the ends of lines) and, tellingly, in a different ink, suggesting that

Lawrence added these after the composition of the scene, when he was revising *MS. 3*.

Numbers refer to the pagination in *MS. 3*:

Another day she asked him about himself <They were in the hut, and there was a thunderstorm.> (499)

She sat and ruminated. <The thunder crashed outside. It was like being in a little ark in the Flood.> (500)

He sat there in the hut, his face pulled in to mocking irony. <Yet even he had one ear set backwards, listening to the storm over the wood. It made him feel so alone.> (503)

“If we go on at our present rate of bolshevism – and we move far more [completely] <wholesale> in England than they do in Russia, *en bloc* : then in a hundred years’ time there won’t be ten thousand people in this island : there may not be ten. They’ll have lovingly wiped each other out.” < – The thunder was rolling further away.> (504)

Again he was silent, his face sullen. <Outside there was only the threshing of the rain.> / “It’s not quite true!” she whispered. “It’s not quite true! There’s another truth.” (506)

She pulled open his clothing and uncovered his belly and kissed his navel. Then she laid her cheek on his belly, and pushed her arm round his warm silent loins. <They were alone in the flood.> (506)

She softly rubbed her cheek on his belly, and gathered his balls in her hand. The penis stirred softly, with strange life, but did not rise [right] up. <The rain beat bruisingly outside.> (507)

There fell a complete silence. Connie was half listening, and threading in the hair at the root of his belly a few forget-me-nots that she had gathered on her way to the hut. <Outside, the world had gone still, and a little icy.> (512)

[The rain,] <The thunder had ceased outside, and the rain,> which had abated, suddenly came [peppering] <striking> down, [as if with a touch of thunder. Connie] <with a last bleach of lightning and mutter of departing storm. Connie> was uneasy. He had talked so long now – and he was really talking to himself, not to her. (515)

Why did Lawrence make these additions? For Gerald Doherty, in *Lady Chatterley* “‘water’ in general has a negative range of associations, where it signifies disintegration, decline and the universal disaster of war”. But he goes on to say that

the third and fourth orgasmic encounters introduce a “rich new matrix of associations of water with tides, currents and whirlpools blots out its symptomatic associations with degeneration and death”<sup>36</sup>. However, Doherty does not mention the rain and, in any case, to emphasise its metaphoric role as part of the hydraulic trope at the expense of its literal function would be to underplay much of what Lawrence was attempting here in the third version. In the first version, the rain is, in fact, more often than not positive, in that it generally accompanies the appearances of the gamekeeper (as the embodiment of the Holy Ghost). If this is less pronounced in the second version, the rain in the third version is a chance for Lawrence to show human responsiveness to the natural world at varying levels of consciousness. Admittedly there is an element of pathetic fallacy to the weather. Nevertheless, what I think Lawrence was attempting to show through the examples above was how Connie’s and Mellors’s awareness of the weather operates seamlessly at the periphery of their consciousness, alongside the subjects to which they actively attend (each other, the dialogue). And, as the scene progresses, their consciousnesses move through different conceptions of the weather. What better example of Lawrence’s revision of the manuscript in order to incorporate non-verbal *rapport* alongside verbal behaviour than this, where the body’s sensory awareness of its circumambient surroundings encompasses the personal, interpersonal, and environmental, and, in so doing, is a measure of the potential life of human consciousness.<sup>37</sup>

But, as the novel demonstrates throughout, whilst this unconscious *rapport* with one’s surroundings is an indispensable part of human experience, such experiences need to be tested, like that of visual perception, by active and direct contact with their

objects. Again, by looking at Lawrence's revisions to the novel we can see his preference for non-verbal modes over verbal in achieving this end. For example, in the second version, after the thunderstorm Connie verbalizes her desire to run in the rain:

The rain, which had abated, suddenly came peppering down, as if it had a touch of thunder.

"I want to run in the rain!" she said, her eyes glowing.

"To get wet?" he asked ironically.

"With nothing on! I want to feel it!" she said. (*JT*, 257)

Whereas, in the third version, Lawrence omits this dialogue altogether and the scene and Connie's desire is written through her non-verbal behaviour (*LC*, 221). Moreover, in *MS. 3* we can see how Lawrence emended the scene so that her action and visual perception would function seamlessly together: "She <opened the door and> looked at the straight heavy rain, like a steel curtain, and had a sudden desire to rush out into it, to rush away" (*MS. 3*, 515). If there were any doubt as to the importance of these meteorological perceptions in the third version, the draft version of Mellors's final letter to Connie ends: "Now I hate even leaving off writing to you. But I never leave off being with you, and you don't leave off being with me, because I feel it as I feel the weather"<sup>38</sup>.

At the penultimate quotation in the sequence given above (512), Lawrence's handwriting becomes smaller, scratchier and the ink darker, and by the end of the "Visionary Lecture" (515) becomes even more so as he picks up the pace of the composition as his characters themselves become active, running out into the rain. His cancellation of "peppering" from this quotation is a measure of his reliance on *MS. 2* from which he copied here and the speed at which Lawrence could copy and revise simultaneously. His composition of the running in the rain scene in *MS. 3* is equally

fluid. Lawrence only made four minor emendations in two full pages of manuscript. Two of these are to correct the formation of letters themselves (overwriting the “e” and the “s” of “glistened” and “haunches”, respectively, on page 516) but the emendations on page 517 of the manuscript show him thinking about the accurate writing of tactile experience: “She was nearly at the wide riding when he came up and flung his naked arm around her [full] <soft> , naked-wet middle. She gave a shriek and straightened herself, and the heap of her soft [chilled] <chill> flesh came up against his body”. A description of the immediate texture and surface of her skin is preferred here, in contact, to (a more measured response to) the voluminous weight of her flesh.

Further comparison of the second version with the third illustrates that Lawrence wrote the effect of the environment on the body more successfully in the latter and that, as well as its non-verbal behavior being more precise, he introduces, at the same time, an increasingly metaphorical language in order to write the body:

But he gathered it in, voluptuously, pressed it all up against him, the heap of soft, female flesh, that became warm in an instant, and his hands pressed in on her lovely, heavy posteriors.

She for the moment was unconscious, in the beating overtone and the streaming privacy of the rain. (*JT*, 258)

He pressed it all up against him, madly, the heap of soft chilled female flesh that became quickly warm as flame, in contact. The rain streamed on them till they smoked. He gathered her lovely heavy posteriors one in each hand and pressed them in towards him in a frenzy [.]<,> quivering motionless in the rain. (*MS. 3*, 517)

So, in *MS. 3*, we are given the precise, realistic detail (“one in each hand”) and the effect of touch bringing their bodies at large into closer proximity/contact (“pressed them in towards him”), rather than it just being an effect of his hand on her body (“pressed in on her...”). Consequently, in *MS. 3*, this increasingly realistic body language is accompanied by the metaphorical description of the temperature of touch

(“quickly warm as flame, in contact”) that is itself a measure of the poetic, metaphysical aspect of touch in the third version of the novel. Lawrence’s concern to write the couple into touch with each other and the environment can be seen here in the oxymoronic phrase closing the passage in *MS. 3*, which was added, like those during the “Visionary Lecture” above, in revision after he emended the punctuation from a full stop to a comma and inserted the phrase. Whereas in the second version, Connie is “unconsciously” in contact with the rain, the effect of this emendation in the third version is to illustrate an active bodily *rapport* with it. Likewise, the first sentence on the following page (*MS. 3*, 518) is added in the darker ink and scratchier hand used to emend the “Visionary Lecture” above, and is further evidence of Lawrence’s intention to render the sensitive, physical reaction of beings to the natural phenomena around them through the insertion and revision of non-verbal behaviour in the third version: “He got up in an instant [.]<,> wiping the rain from his eyes”. It is this kind of detail that Lawrence includes in the third version that distinguishes it from the earlier ones.<sup>39</sup>

In the third version, then, we can see the importance of non-verbal behavior to both the realistic and poetic elements of the novel through Lawrence’s revisions in the manuscript. The “Marriage Scene” in version three is in keeping with this, and illustrates the increasing importance of paralanguage to the dialogue and, in turn, the haptic to vision and the visionary. We can see this, for example, in the interlinear addition of Connie’s response to Mellors’s language (in the darker ink as above): “‘An’ if tha shits an’ if tha pisses, I’m glad. I don’t want a woman as couldna shit nor piss.’ <Connie could not help a sudden snirt of astonished laughter, but he went on unmoved.> ‘Tha’rt real tha art! Tha’rt real, down to the ground’” (*MS. 3*, 517). As we

saw, the emendations to the fireside scene in which the couple decorate each other with flowers in version two increased the proximity, intimacy, and responsiveness between their bodies non-verbally in comparison with version one, and here, in version three, Lawrence continues this process. Whereas Parkin explicitly invites Connie to sit with him in version two, in version three she instinctively “turn[s] round and climb[s] into his lap, clinging to him” (*LC*, 223). Lawrence then emends the dialogue in order to include a close up of the hand (“With quiet fingers he threaded...”) and to emphasize the deixis (“There!”):

Suddenly, he leaned over and threaded a few forget-me-not flowers in the golden-brown fleece of the mount of Venus.

“There’s a forget-me-not in the right place,” he said.

“Doesn’t it look pretty!” she said, looking down at the milky, odd little stars at the lower tip of her body, among the hair.

“The prettiest part of you!” he said, smiling. (*JT*, 258-9)

With quiet fingers he threaded a few forget-me-not flowers in the fine brown fleece of the mount of Venus.

“There!” he said. “There’s forget-me-nots in the right place!”

She looked down at the milky, odd little flowers among the brown maidenhair at the lower tip of her body.

“Doesn’t it look pretty!” she said.

“Pretty as life,” he replied. (*LC*, 223)

For Squires, Lawrence rewrites dialogue “with two aims in mind: drawing out the characters’ thoughts, primarily by means of Connie’s questions, and lacing those thoughts with political ideology”<sup>40</sup>. However, we might add that, as these emendations show, with each version deixis and gesture occupy increasingly important roles in dialogue. Indeed, the passage from version three above continues with Mellors placing “a pink campion-bud among the hair” and saying “There! That’s me where you won’t forget me! That’s Moses in the bull-rushes” (*LC*, 224). It should also be said that the

cancellation of Mellors's insinuating smile and innuendo in his reply to Connie's imperative in version three suggests the serious undertone pursued by Lawrence in the revision of this albeit playful scene.

It should be said that the intimacy created between the lovers through their gestural language is in complete contrast to the manner in which other characters use deixis. For example, in version two, Clifford controls Ivy Bolton through such language:

“Do you mind placing that jar of narcissus where the light falls on them? – on the bureau! There! – no, a little forward! – to the right a little! So! Now I can see them at their best. They're very beautiful, don't you think?”

“Oh, they're lovely” she would chime in, baffled and frustrated. “And their scent!”

“Their scent I don't care for, it's a little funereal.”

“Perhaps it is,” she would add.

He was always getting the better of her. Yet by always giving in, she was getting the best of him. (*JTLJ*, 107)

Of course this scene is intended to criticize how this kind of language can exploit imbalances of power. But it also shows that, as purely optical appraisal objects, deixis does no more to deconstruct subject-object dualism than vision alone. The visual “beauty” that Clifford forces Ivy Bolton to see is, as we saw above, criticized throughout the novel. However, in her synthesis of both vision and olfaction (“And their scent!”), rather than privileging one sensory mode over another, Ivy shows herself to be, in touch, with the flowers in more ways than one. In so doing, the subversive power of scent and touch (aligned with Ivy Bolton, the gamekeeper, his dog) undermine class hierarchies founded on an optical distance between individuals prevented from coming into contact. Moreover, the novel's sensory synergies throughout, I would argue, are safeguards against it being read, narrowly, as one which

advocates an imperialism of touch, and readings that mistake the increased sensuousness of its non-verbal behaviour as primarily sexual.

The revisions to the “Marriage Scene” in version three use scent and touch in a similar way to guard against possessiveness. At the same time, by allying the absurd and the visual, the scene restates the political aspect of the senses of touch and scent as alternative agencies of social reconstruction in the face of the social alienation produced by modern industrialization. By reclaiming the senses that close the distance between the subject and its environment, indeed, which put the subject in the very midst of it in the case of olfaction, Lawrence suggests, through *Lady Chatterley*, that the subject, rather than relinquishing the visual altogether, must synthesise them, once again, if they are to come into a *rapport* with others and the world.

Lawrence’s attempt at this through the “Marriage Scene” is broadly successful, although he cancelled his first attempt at Mellors’s marriage speech in the manuscript and inserted another interlinear version in dialect above it. The revised version is in the slightly darker blue ink of the three word sentence that ends the paragraph (“<He sneezed again>”) and which is used to finish the scene in the paragraphs that follow, meaning that Lawrence composed the speech in full and then went back to revise it before continuing (the revised version of the speech ends “But ’appen”, whereas the original draft does not and Connie’s response “‘appen what’” would make no sense were this sequence of composition not the case):

[“Now we’re Adam and Eve,”] <Tha’rt Eve, an’ I’m Adam’> he said. [“Allow me to make you mistress of all my estate, Eve dear! It is called Paradise, but it isn’t on the map.”] <An’ sithee, tha’rt mistress of all I possess. We’n got a grand property ca’d Paradise, on’y it isna on’ th’ map. But’appen – ’> He spread out his hand with a gesture, [but] <and> then he sneezed, sneezing away the flowers from his nose and his navel. <He sneezed again.> (MS. 3, 532)

The casting of Connie and Mellors as “Adam” and “Eve” shows Lawrence reworking Connie’s comment in the first version (“We are Adam and Eve naked in the garden and with no desire left in us”) in the mouth of the gamekeeper in order to surmount the problem that plagued the scene in version two, namely, that she does not want to marry and become Mrs Parkin. The revision in dialect brings a levity to the passage in addition to its physical comedy which is needed after the lengthy, foregoing “Visionary Lecture”. The significance of Mellors’s “gesture” is also altered from one that primarily indicates the space of his speech to one that is part of his comic sneeze, through the emendation of “[but]” to “<and>” that blurs the line between these different readings of it.

But, as readers familiar with the novel, we know that the version here is far from that found printed today. A look at the revised typescript finds Lawrence retaining these pseudonyms but cancelling ideas regarding the possession of property in autograph:

<we mun ma’e th’ best on’t.>

“Tha’rt Eve, an’ I’m Adam” he said. “An’ [sithee, tha’rt mistress of all]

<But ’appen -->

xx

[xxx. I possess.] xxx [We’n got a grand prospect ca’d paradise, on’y it isna  
on’ th’ map. But ’appen ---”]

And the extant version reads:

“This is John Thomas marryin’ Lady Jane,” he said. “An’ we mun let Constance an’ Oliver go their ways. Maybe --” He spread out his hand with a gesture, and then he sneezed, sneezing away the flowers from his nose and his navel. He sneezed again. (*LC*, 228)

By looking at the revisions of these different versions of the scene we can see that, like Ranim, the paradise envisioned by Mellors is, as Lawrence put it in a letter, a landscape of the soul; in other words, a space that is as much created between those in it as it is “[on the map]”. These revisions are bound up with Lawrence’s concerns about marriage, class, and ownership (of property, of people). In the extant version, the concern over the latter is omitted and the centre of attention shifted to the self. If, as I have argued, Lawrence was increasingly concerned, with each subsequent version of this scene, to demonstrate how a renewed *rappor*t with the environment is crucial to a similar renewal of that between human beings, I would suggest that he found it necessary to revise his original draft of “The Marriage Scene” in version three because he realized that falling back on the vision of utopic space in which Connie and Mellors assume archetypal male and female roles would work against the radical revision advocated in the speech of and enacted by consciousness in the foregoing “Visionary Lecture”. In both the manuscript and typescript, the sneeze (caused by Mellors’s olfactory relationship with the nature that is, literally, right under his nose) and its accompanying gesture interrupt his attention to the abstract vista of his estate. Again, olfaction disturbs the regularity of vision and rational discourse (and, in the extant version, the established social structures it supports, such as marriage). The non-verbal behaviour Lawrence introduced alongside dialogue during the revision of these scenes, from version one to that extant, illustrates its increasing importance to the political as well as the realistic and poetic aspects of the novel.

In our discussion of the importance of non-verbal behaviour to the emergence of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* in this chapter and, indeed, the present thesis as a whole,

we have seen that Lawrence's hyphenation or dashes operate as a gestural notation, in addition to the content of his writing. We see it here closing Mellors's speech prior to his actual gesture and throughout the novel, in dialogue (for example, Mellors's, "I was reared here – ' / He gave another slight bow..." (LC, 46)), in narrative (to signify, for example, the gamekeeper's non-visual presence when Connie goes to the wood "She saw nobody there – " (LC, 65)), and as Mellors's final gesture in its closing letter ("John Thomas says good-night to lady Jane, a little droopingly but with a hopeful heart –" (LC, 302)). By examining Lawrence's revisions to the non-verbal behaviour of the novel, we have seen that, through its kinetic action and "emotion", human beings are written into touch both literally (through the hand) and metaphorically through other senses such as hearing (the lovers' perception of the rain during the visionary lecture) and smell (the flowers in the different versions of "The Marriage Scene"). This, in turn, underwrites, at once, the "feeling" of tenderness between others and their *rapport* with the environment, allowing Lawrence, in writing the embodied mind as such, to thereby expand our conception of the human as human. It is something that Merleau-Ponty would address himself, on the subject of the interrelation between language, gesture, and intersubjectivity, in terms remarkably similar to those of *Lady Chatterley*: "Our view of man will remain superficial so long as we fail to go back to that origin, so long as we fail to find, beneath the chatter of words, the primordial silence, and as long as we do not describe the action which breaks this silence. The spoken word is a gesture, and its meaning, a world" (PP, 214).

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<sup>1</sup> The different meanings of “touching” have occupied critics from the very first reviews. John Middleton Murry’s contribution to the *Adelphi* in June 1929 used the popular idea of Lawrence as sex-obsessed (“Mr Lawrence, as all the world knows, happens to believe in Sex”) in his own distortion of Lawrence’s message in the novel: “He is not content to say that it is right and necessary that men and women should come to a sensitive awareness of the sexual mystery; he goes on to say something much more questionable. He says, in effect, that the only sensitive awareness we need, the only one indeed that is real, is the awareness of and in the sexual mystery”. Murry goes on to (somewhat accidentally) put his finger on the very way of touching through the written word that, I argued, Lawrence himself was after in the previous chapter (“Do I not touch Mr. Lawrence at this moment through his book, even though he hides himself within?”). However, he takes it to an extreme with which Lawrence would not have agreed (“Veritably touch him, and closer than by laying my hand upon his arm?”). Moreover, in his own obsession with the sexual contact of the novel (or eagerness to tout Lawrence’s) his argument that, “Organic contact is in many modes. In the name of one to deny the others is to impoverish life. Our duty is to see to it that the contact in every mode is organic indeed”, in fact, echoes Lawrence’s own throughout the novel. A fact to which he seems oblivious. All references in *D. H. Lawrence: The Critical Heritage*, ed. R. P. Draper (London: Routledge, 1970) 281-3.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Kenneth Muir, “The Three Lady Chatterley’s” in *The Literary Half-Yearly* 2.1 (January 1961): 23: “the third version of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* is unrealistic. The characters, as he admitted, are symbolic”; Louis L. Martz, “The Second Lady Chatterley” in Salgado and Das (eds.) 121: “In *The Third Lady Chatterley* Lawrence has chosen to compose a polemical, frequently satirical novel, in which all figures, except Connie, and to some extent Mellors, operate as types or symbols”.

<sup>3</sup> Martz shows “the immense difference between the two novels [versions two and three] – yes, different novels, not truly different versions, for they do not connect at heart” (120); Stephen Gill’s “The Composite World: Two Versions of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*” in *Essays in Criticism* 21 (1971) 347-64 compares the differences between the first and third versions, favouring the former (esp. p. 356); Doris Lessing, in her piece “Testament of love” in the *Guardian Review* (15.07.2006), writes that, “The three versions of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* were written in the four years before his death. It was his way to completely rewrite, not so much as revision as a fresh vision. He valued the liveliness of the new more than a reworking. We may argue that the third version is not the best, and many people have, but it is the one Lawrence took his stand on. It is the most emotional, insistent, urgent”. For online access to the latter see: <<http://books.guardian.co.uk/departments/classics/story/0,,1820579,00.html>>.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Muir 22: “Roughly speaking, the second version is midway between the other two”; Philip M. Weinstein, “Choosing between the Quick and the Dead: Three Versions of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*” in *Modern Language Quarterly* 43 (1982) 267: “This Parkin [of the second version] is midway between Parkin in I, the already shaped product of his class, and Mellors in III”; In his article on “The Touch-Sight Metaphor in *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*” in *Etudes Lawrenciennes* 3 (1988) 179-88, Stephen Rowley considers the way in which Lawrence revised descriptions of eyes and eye-behaviour in each version; Dieter Mehl and Christa Jansohn in their introduction to *The First and Second Lady Chatterley Novels* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1999) give a nuanced account of the relationship between the three versions (they also summarise many other critical opinions on the status of each version/revision pp. xxxii-v); John Worthen, in *D. H. Lawrence and the Idea of the Novel* (London: Macmillan, 1979), reads Duncan Forbes’s remarks on aristocracy at the end of the first version and its use of obscene words as “like an author jotting down a recantation towards the end of a draft, so as to cope with it properly in a rewritten version” (171) and “like Lawrence’s reminder to himself that this language for sexuality is worth developing” (172) respectively, and thereby implies that, what other critics might read as infelicities, Lawrence left deliberately as cues for revision.

<sup>5</sup> Michael Squires, *The Creation of Lady Chatterley’s Lover* (Baltimore: John Hopkins UP, 1983) 21.

<sup>6</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 21.

<sup>7</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 22.

<sup>8</sup> Martz 124.

<sup>9</sup> Helen Baron, “The Richly Concrete Path: *The Creation of Lady Chatterley* by Michael Squires” rev. in *Essays in Criticism* 36 (1986) 170-1.

<sup>10</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 155.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. Baron, esp. 168-70 “The Richly Concrete Path; Mehl and Jansohn, xxiii n6.

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<sup>12</sup> For a discussion of some of the lengthy and challenging editorial problems faced by Squires during his work on the manuscripts for the Cambridge edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* see "Editing the Cambridge *Lady Chatterley*: Collaboration and Compromise" in *Editing D. H. Lawrence: New Versions of a Modern Author*, ed. Charles L. Ross and Dennis Jackson (U of Michigan P, 1995) 117-34.

<sup>13</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 113.

<sup>14</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 170 [Squires's emphasis].

<sup>15</sup> Cf. Gill 354; Weinstein 289.

<sup>16</sup> My terms and argument here lean on the work of Antonio Damasio. Damasio is a neuroscientist whose work concerns the evolutionary significance of emotion and its role in the creation of human consciousness. Damasio's work centres around his "somatic-marker hypothesis" by which he says that "emotion is integral to the processes of reasoning and decision making". In his second book, *The Feeling of what Happens: Body, Emotion and the Making of Consciousness* (London: Vintage, 2000), Damasio proposed that "the term *feeling* should be reserved for the private, mental experience of an emotion, while the term *emotion* should be used to designate the collection of responses, many of which are publicly observable. In practical terms this means that you cannot observe a feeling in someone else although you can observe a feeling in yourself, when as a conscious being, you perceive your own emotional states" (42). For Damasio, feeling an emotion consists of "having mental images arising from the neural patterns which represent the changes in body and brain that make up an emotion" (280). However, "knowing that we have that feeling, 'feeling' that feeling, occurs only *after* we build the second-order representations necessary for core consciousness" (281). One such mechanism for this Damasio calls the "body loop", whereby humoral (bloodstream) and neural (nervous) signals (triggered by the organism's engagement with an inducer of emotion, that can be external or internal) change the body landscape which is then "subsequently represented in somatosensory structures of the central nervous system" (281). If "emotion" is a "specifically caused transient change of the organism" (282) then "feeling" that emotion is the "representation of that transient change" which, when accompanied by "a sense of self in the act of knowing, and when they are enhanced, they become conscious" as "feelings of feelings" (282). Expression (emotion), then, for Damasio, "precedes feeling" and "knowing a feeling" (283-4). Emotions, Damasio says, "are useful in themselves" but, he goes on, "the process of feeling begins to give the organism *incentive* to heed the results of emoting" (284). In turn, knowing these feelings or "'feeling' feelings extends the reach of emotions by facilitating the planning of novel and customized forms of adaptive response" (285). Damasio also proposes "background feeling", closely related to "mood", that is, the sense of the "general physical tone of our being" (i.e. fatigue and energy, as well as more nuanced ones such as balance, imbalance, harmony and discord) (286). The close relationship between emotion and feeling accords well with Lawrence's characterisation in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (for example, the immediate emotional effect that seeing Mellors washing has upon Connie which, in turn, triggers the feelings working through her body that take time for her to consciously "know", but which, in the meantime, exist as background feelings or moods). One of Michael Squires's claims in *The Creation of Lady Chatterley* is that Lawrence employs a "Loop Method" of composition through which he can structure, expand, and revise material already in his mind (161). These "Loops" take on renewed significance in light of Damasio's "body loop" mechanism for feeling. For Squires, Lawrence depended, more so than most novelists, on "bursts of feeling to advance the narrative" (161). These bursts "tend to form loops" and "usually begin with a highly resonant word or two" (he gives examples such as "emotional soul" or "shock") and are prominent in, what he calls, the "the narrator mode" (161), although later he gives an example of Connie's consciousness, in this mode, "merg[ing] with the narrator's mind" (167). Here, not only can we see that the movements in consciousness for Squires are, in fact, more dependent on the external events ("bursts") which trigger them than he is willing to admit, but also that, in the fluctuations between first- and third-order representations of consciousness in narrative (character/narrator), how Lawrence writes the transition from "emotion" to "feeling" to "the feeling of a feeling". Such readings of Lawrence, in light of Damasio's work, would warrant further research and, I feel, would shed new light on his writing of consciousness and the close relation between thought and action he himself suggested underpinned it. As Lawrence put it in "A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*": "All the emotions belong to the body, and are only recognised by the mind. We may hear the most sorrowful piece of news, and only feel mental excitement. Then, hours after, perhaps in sleep, the awareness may reach the bodily centres, and true grief wrings the heart" (P2, 493).

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<sup>17</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 114.

<sup>18</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 22.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Esther Forbes's "Manuscript Report" for the Dial edition (qtd. in Mehl and Jansohn, xxxi-ii) which found: "a de-humanizing of the characters (so clear and true in the first draft) [...] Instead of the cloying, sticky atmosphere of the others the first draft has a fresh, almost rustic quality to it". More recently, Jeff Wallace has shown that "Lawrence plots the possibility that creatureliness might be an understanding of bodily or creaturely complexity – a mode of the posthuman, requiring advanced thought" (227).

<sup>20</sup> Weinstein 280.

<sup>21</sup> Michael Bell, *D. H. Lawrence: Language and Being* 217.

<sup>22</sup> Wallace 231.

<sup>23</sup> Katie Gramich, "Stripping Off the 'Civilized Body': Lawrence's *nostalgie de la boue* in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*" in Poplawski (ed.) 160.

<sup>24</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 189.

<sup>25</sup> Deleuze and Guattari 189.

<sup>26</sup> Cf. *FU*, 112: "Our 'understanding', our science and idealism have produced in people the same strange frenzy of self-repulsion as if they saw their own skulls each time they looked in the mirror".

<sup>27</sup> For more on Lawrence's definitions of "individual" and "person" see his essay "Democracy" (*P*, 710).

<sup>28</sup> In version one, when Connie goes to see Oliver prior to her departure for France, her inability to read the meaning of his facial expression is accompanied by Lawrence's parenthetical gloss of his dialect, "(like a wind up clock)" (*MS. 1*, 201). This may be a reminder, of the kind commented on by Worthen (cf. n4), regarding material worth developing in revision, which perhaps explains this simile, here, in version two.

<sup>29</sup> Gramich 160.

<sup>30</sup> Maurice Merleau-Ponty, "Eye and Mind" in *Maurice Merleau-Ponty: Basic Writings*, ed. Thomas Baldwin (London: Routledge, 2004) 295.

<sup>31</sup> Merleau-Ponty, *Basic Writings* 300.

<sup>32</sup> In his paper, "The Teller and the Tale: Lawrence and the Changing Side of the Triangle – the Gamekeeper – in the Chatterley Novels", International D. H. Lawrence Conference, University of Nanterre, Paris, 2007, Nick Ceramella suggested that the biographical basis of this scene lay in a walk Frieda took with an Italian peasant when the Lawrences were living in Sicily. When they were caught in the rain, the pair, Ceramella suggested, ran through some vineyards in which they also had sex.

<sup>33</sup> In Pascale Ferran's 2006 film *Lady Chatterley*, based on the second version of the novel, the body language of Connie's "extended" (*MS. 2*) or "spread" (*MS. 3*) arms is adapted to the point that she and Oliver mimic war planes shooting each other. It is clearly an effective way of showing the continuing effect of the war in the film but, I feel, at odds with the body language of the novel that is intended to show the lovers' temporary ecstasy in and *rapport* with the wood's utopic space, however illusory that may be.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. *MS. 2*, 387: "But he gathered it in, voluptuously, pressed it all up against him, the heap of soft, female flesh, that became warm in an instant, and his [arms] <hands> pressed in on her lovely heavy posteriors."

<sup>35</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 212.

<sup>36</sup> Doherty, *Theorizing Lawrence* 109-10.

<sup>37</sup> In a letter to Juliette Huxley alluding to the novel in the July after it was published, Lawrence balances the different meanings of the rain in his own response to it by giving, at once, a sacred (the Edenic allusion), a secular wonder (wet peace in the world), and a more down to earth response to the weather (the peasants need rain to grow crops). Moreover, his asides – between those hyphens – on the felt proximity of the locations show, again, the kind of imaginative geography shared by both real and fictional places in Lawrence's mind, discussed in chapter one: "Now there's just been a thunderstorm and an hours heavy rain – which the peasants badly wanted – so now there's that wet peace in the world, of the dripping pine trees. – It seems very near Diablerets – not only in miles – I almost feel that Eve is waiting for me to put a few stitches in her arm, and that we are going to have your mothers jam and wurst for tea" (*6L*, 460).

<sup>38</sup> Reproduced in Appendix D of Squires's *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 217-20.

<sup>39</sup> Another example of this can be seen in the scene in which Connie asks Ivy Bolton why it is she thinks her husband, Ted, died in an accident in the mine and others escaped. In the second version, the narrator

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only comments “It was a woman’s question to a woman” (*JT*, 177) before she answers. Whereas the third version reads: “It was a woman’s question to a woman. Mrs Bolton put aside a strand of hair from her face, with the back of her hand” (*LC*, 162). The addition of this seemingly innocuous body language richly conveys the response of Ivy’s body to the question and her suffering over the topic, whilst at the same time functioning practically in the context of the scene (obviously she would not want to touch her hair with the same muddy fingers with which she is gardening so the back of her hand is a natural alternative).

<sup>40</sup> Squires, *Creation of Lady Chatterley* 114.

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