

Lawrence's letters

by Michael L. Ross

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence. Volume II: June 1913–October 1916. Edited by George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton. (The Cambridge Edition of the Letters and Works of D. H. Lawrence.) Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981. £20.00. Pp. xxviii, 691; 33 photographs.

THE PUBLICATION OF the Cambridge edition of D. H. Lawrence's letters, which will eventually run to seven large volumes, represents a major event for Lawrence scholars. The recent appearance of the second volume represents an event of some significance for students of Bertrand Russell as well. The book covers the turbulent months of Russell's acquaintance with Lawrence, and includes the letters—twenty-five in all—that Lawrence is known to have written to Russell (the letters written by Russell to Lawrence are, regrettably, not extant).

As regards the import of the letters to Russell, the Cambridge volume contains no real surprises. All but one had been published as early as 1948 in Harry T. Moore's *D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell*. The only item Moore leaves out, a letter Lawrence wrote from Cornwall on or around 24 February 1916, is in effect a brief postscript to a longer letter from Frieda Lawrence, adding an invitation to Russell to come down for a visit. The Cambridge editors' description of this letter as previously unpublished is, uncharacteristically, in error; both Lawrence's and Frieda's portions of the letter were printed by Armin Arnold in *The D. H. Lawrence Review* some years earlier.¹

The real value of the Cambridge *Letters* for those interested in the Russell–Lawrence relationship comes not from any startling newsworthy revelation, but rather from the mass of relevant contextual material the volume provides. The fullest prior collection of Lawrence's letters, Moore's two-volume *The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (Heinemann, 1962), now looks embarrassingly thin by comparison, and the thinness shows up in the treatment of Lawrence's correspondence with Russell. Even though edited by Moore, the *Collected Letters* includes only fourteen of the letters in question. Over all, for the period it

covers—June 1913 through October 1916—the Cambridge Volume II contains 721 letters occupying about 650 pages of text, as opposed to the Moore collection's 244 letters occupying 270 pages. More than 200 letters are identified by Zytaruk and Boulton as previously unpublished. Few, if any, of these newly available letters alter in spectacular fashion one's idea of Lawrence and his development; many of them are mere business notes addressed to his agent or his typist, and possessing at best a documentary value. Nevertheless, in aggregate, the new material does its share in bringing into sharper focus the confusing lights and shadows of Lawrence's relationships with his fellow men and women.

What gives the Cambridge edition its special value, however, is its systematic gathering of material which earlier, even when accessible to students, had been so only in an exasperatingly scattered fashion. Instead of hunting for Lawrence's letters under a multiplicity of roofs, one can now examine them under a single roof that is both handsome and convenient. To take the example of Lawrence's numerous letters of 1915–16 to Lady Ottoline Morrell, documents which are, of course, closely relevant to his relationship with Russell: the Cambridge edition provides seven letters to Ottoline described as previously unpublished. The coming to light of these letters is important; but it is equally important that the total number of letters to Ottoline in the Cambridge volume—sixty-nine—nearly doubles the thirty-five in the Moore *Collected Letters*. We now have, in one place, virtually the whole story about Lawrence's correspondence with Ottoline, instead of at best half the story.

In addition, the editorial apparatus of the Cambridge volume renders infinitely more assistance to the reader than do the rudimentary aids provided by such collections as Moore's or Aldous Huxley's still earlier (1932) one. Occasionally the annotation seems gratuitous—how eager is the scholarly reader to be told that the verses Lawrence quotes to Harriet Monroe, "The owl and the pussy cat went to sea/In a beautiful peagreen boat" are "the opening lines of 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat' by Edward Lear (1812–88)" (p. 219)? Nevertheless, the notes are in the great majority of cases welcome and pertinent. The editors' introduction, though it offers predictably few striking insights into Lawrence's life and work during the years covered, is similarly workmanlike and informative. The account given of Lawrence's friendship with Russell is unavoidably sketchy, and should be supplemented by the thorough and searching analysis in Paul Delany's *D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare* (reviewed in the summer 1982 number of this journal). While the Cambridge volume reproduces only Lawrence's covering "apology" for his hectoring marginal comments on Russell's outline of his projected lec-

¹ Armin Arnold, ed., "Three Unknown Letters from Frieda Lawrence to Bertrand Russell", *The D. H. Lawrence Review*, 2 (summer 1969): 157–61. I would like to thank Dr. Carl Spadoni for bringing Arnold's contribution to my attention, and indeed for his generous assistance with this article.

ture series ("Don't be angry that I have scribbled all over your work ..." [c. 8 July 1915, p. 361]), Moore in his 1948 volume of the letters to Russell gives the complete text of the outline with the pencilled comments, and Delany provides a partial synopsis. The Cambridge editors revise Moore's dating of a number of the letters, in several instances appreciably; they conjecture a date of 14 July 1915 for a letter to Russell that Moore dates as 6 July, and a date of 15 November for one that Moore assigns to 6 December. In both instances the method of determining the date is clearly explained, a practice which the editors normally, if not invariably, follow.

All in all, the story that the Cambridge Volume II tells is a sad one, and the sad story of Lawrence's friendship with Russell becomes more fully intelligible when it is traced (as I will attempt to do) as a central strand within this somber larger fabric. Lawrence's life from 1913 to 1916, and especially after the outbreak of war in 1914, composes a study in loss—the loss of faith, of hope and (most emphatically) of charity. The loss of the last-named quality is nowhere more visible than in the notorious letter to Russell of 14 September 1915:

Your basic desire is the maximum of desire of war, you are really the super-war-spirit. What you want is to jab and strike, like the soldier with the bayonet, only you are sublimated into words.... You are simply *full* of repressed desires, which have become savage and anti-social. And they come out in this sheep's clothing of peace propaganda.... The enemy of all mankind, you are, full of the lust of enmity. It is *not* the hatred of falsehood which inspires you. It is the hatred of people, of flesh and blood. It is a perverted, mental blood-lust.... Let us become strangers again, I think it is better." (P. 392)

Although Lawrence was always a vehement correspondent, he had never heretofore written a letter to match this venomous diatribe. Surprisingly, the correspondence and association between the two men staggered on for some months longer; but there is substantial truth in the judgment of Lady Ottoline Morrell, the most perceptive of commentators on the friendship: "This letter really separated them for ever."²

What impelled Lawrence to write such a letter? Ultimately, no doubt, the explosion can be ascribed to the irreducible friction between his temperament and the other man's. To quote Lady Ottoline again: "Bertie found Lawrence too wild, too intellectually undisciplined, and Bertie

seemed rigid to Lawrence, who always grew impatient with anyone who was not pliant to his domination.... He threw himself against Bertie like a wave dashing itself against a rock, he believed that he could make him more human, not so encased in his hard steel-like intellect."³ Compounding such differences was Lawrence's disgust with the essay, "The Danger to Civilisation," which Russell had just submitted for publication in Lawrence's *The Signature*. Russell's appraisal of the threat posed by world conflict rested on assumptions which to Lawrence could only have seemed perniciously misconceived:

There is a wild beast slumbering in almost every man, but civilised men know that it must not be allowed to awake. A civilised man who has once been under the dominion of the wild beast has lost his moral self-respect, his integrity and uprightness: a secret shame makes him cynical and despairing, without the courage that sees facts as they are, without the hope that makes them better.⁴

Unlike Russell's, Lawrence's own major grievance against civilization was, precisely, that it attempted to keep "the wild beast" in an unhealthy, drugged half-slumber, or in a "sheep's clothing" beneath which horrors like the war itself were covertly engendered. In a letter to J. M. Murry of just a few months later, Lawrence was to summon up a pointed analogy with a "wild beast" to project a melodramatic image of his own predicament: "I feel absolutely run to earth, like a fox they have chased till it can't go any further, and doesn't know what to do.... There is nothing but betrayal and denial, nothing at all: no trust, no faith, no hope from anybody, only betrayal and denial" (9? Jan. 1916, p. 500).

Such a statement obliquely anticipates the short novel, "The Fox", which Lawrence was to undertake in the closing months of the war. At the same time, it recalls, by poignant contrast, Lawrence's buoyant declaration to Murry of not quite two years earlier: "I am rather great on faith just now. I do believe in it" (3 April 1914, p. 160). The debacle of Lawrence's capacity for faith originates not in any single personal disappointment, but in the whole nightmare of the war and its attendant circumstances. The collapse was multiple, entailing a loss of trust in humanity in general and in England in particular; in friendship; in the efficacy of his own influence and persuasiveness. In virtually every such instance of loss, however, it is Russell who stands at the centre of Lawrence's troubled stage.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 55.

⁴ Bertrand Russell, "The Danger to Civilisation," *The U.D.C.*, I (March 1916): 53. Reprinted in *Justice in War-Time* (Chicago and London: Open Court, 1916), pp. 105–22.

² R. Gathorne-Hardy, ed., *Ottoline at Garsington: Memoirs of Lady Ottoline Morrell 1915–1918* (London: Faber & Faber, 1974), p. 65.

By throwing in his lot with that of an exceptionally self-assertive German aristocrat, the wife of a highly respected university professor and the mother of three young children, Lawrence had already, before the war began, put at risk his standing with his country, with his friends, and with conventional opinion. The second letter in Volume II, of 10 June 1913, shows him appealing wanly for support to Edward Garnett: "I hope you will stand by me a bit; I haven't a man in the world, nor a woman either, besides Frieda, who will. Not that anybody else has, I suppose, who goes his own way. But I haven't yet got used to being cut off from folks—inside:—a bit childish" (p. 21). During these pre-war months, however, cut off though he may feel, Lawrence sustains a prevailing cheerfulness, even a jauntiness. If he is sometimes unenthusiastic about his homeland, he can be fondly indulgent of her inhabitants. To the painter Ernest Collings he writes on 22 July 1913: "I don't like England very much, but the English *do* seem rather lovable people. They have such a lot of gentleness" (p. 47). Such tolerance belongs to a different world from an outburst like the following, to Russell, of not quite two years later: "I am hostile, hostile, hostile to all that is, in our public and national life. I want to destroy it" (29 April 1915, p. 328).

Lawrence's progressive alienation from his countrymen and finally from humanity—as it were, the "Timonizing" process that overcame him—went hand in hand with his estrangement from Russell. The close connection between the personal disillusionment and the more general one may be inferred from a letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith written just over a week before the climactic verbal assault on Russell: "As for lectures, I have quarrelled in my soul with Bertie Russell—I don't think he will give his, I shall do nothing at all in that line. The sight of the people of London strikes me into a dumb fury. The persistent nothingness of the war makes me feel like a paralytic convulsed with rage" (5 Sept. 1915, p. 386). Before the war, potently affected by his first exposure to Italy, Lawrence had begun to ponder the inadequacy of straight-jacketing English habits of being and behaving. "You should watch the free Italians, then you'd know what we've done," he writes to Henry Savage on 30 October 1913. "We've denied the life of our bodies, so they, our bodies, deny life unto us. Curious, dried people we've become, always submitting ourselves to some damned rigid purpose, some idea, instead of fructifying in the sun while it shines" (p. 95). Shortly afterward he complains, again to Savage, "God, but all Englishmen are swathed in restraint and puritanism and anti-emotion, till they are walking mummies. Lay an Englishman on his back, and he is a mummy" (15? Nov. 1913, p. 102). Russell was vulnerable to caricature as such a quintessentially English walking mummy—even Lady Ot-

toline, then Russell's lover, noted in her journal that "he gets dreadfully on my nerves, he is so stiff, so self-absorbed, so harsh and unbending in mind and body, that I can hardly look at him"⁵—but Lawrence had, at first, little inclination to lay the philosopher on his back.

Lawrence's initial attraction to an ally as improbable as Russell had much to do, ironically enough, with the other man's representative Englishness; in Lawrence's eyes he, like Lady Ottoline, stood for the progressive intellectual arm of the English upper-class establishment, and partly for that reason Lawrence was avid to join forces with him, to turn him into a spokesman for his own views. The outbreak of war, together with his return to England and with growing personal tensions, had swiftly changed Lawrence's dominant mood from sunny confidence in himself and the world to depression and encroaching misanthropy. The letters make this calamitous change strikingly apparent. On 5 August 1914 he writes to S. S. Koteliansky, "I am very miserable about the war" (p. 205); on 9 August to Amy Lowell, "Everything seems gone to pieces" (p. 206); on 25 August to Edward Marsh, "The war is just hell for me. I don't see why I should be so disturbed—but I am. I can't get away from it for a minute: live in a sort of coma, like one of those nightmares when you can't move" (p. 211); on 21 September to Gordon Campbell, "The war makes me depressed, the talk about the war makes me sick, and I have never come so near to hating mankind as I am now" (p. 218). The only available alternative to hating mankind was to persuade mankind to change its views; but to do so one had first to catch its ear, a task which Lawrence felt uneasy about accomplishing. On 3? March 1915 he writes, again to Campbell, "... there is something I *must* say to mankind and I can't say it by myself—I feel so dumb and struggling" (p. 302). Paradoxical as it may seem for a man of Lawrence's expressive genius to complain of dumbness, the barriers to his communicating effectively with his fellow Englishmen were by no means trifling. He may, in particular, have feared the muffling effect on his speech of his working-class, provincial background. What he began searching for, accordingly, was a voice with the "right" accent to capture the ears of the fastidious elite.

On 24 January 1915 Lawrence wrote wistfully to E. M. Forster, "I want somebody to come and make a league with me ..." (p. 262). For a time, it would appear, Lawrence had hopes of finding in Forster the needed silver-tongued intermediary between himself and the reigning Oxbridge intelligentsia; but Forster's temperamental and ideological reluctance to commit himself brought about a severe disappointment.

⁵ *Ottoline at Garsington*, p. 45.

Lawrence reports his failure to “fertilize” Forster in a letter of 11 February 1915 to Barbara Low: “We have talked so hard—about a revolution—at least I have talked—it is my fate, God help me—and now I wonder, are my words gone like seed spilt on a hard floor, only reckoned an untidiness there. I must tell you I am very sad, as if it hurt very much” (p. 280). The beginning of Lawrence’s friendship with Russell, just in these days, has therefore somewhat the character of a ricochet from Forster to a more promising substitute—a switching of bets, in effect, from King’s to Trinity. To Forster’s friend H. O. Meredith he delivered toward the end of the year a grimly dismissive verdict: “E. M. is dead und schon verweste” [“and already mouldered”] (2 Nov. 1915, p. 426).

Why should Russell have impressed Lawrence as a vital alternative to the “moribund” Forster? Forster’s sensibility was, after all, closer to Lawrence’s than was that of an academic mathematician and philosopher, and therefore would have offered a likelier ground, on the face of it, for the sort of solidarity Lawrence desired. One answer is that Russell, academic or not, was a far less private personality than Forster; that he was far readier to engage himself passionately with political causes, and could be far more outspoken in a public forum. Only a day after his complaint to Barbara Low about Forster, Lawrence is already firing off to Russell a formula for “instant social revolution”: “There must be a revolution in the state. It shall begin by the nationalising of all ... industries and means of communication, and of the land—in one fell blow.... Which practically solves the whole economic question for the present” (12 Feb. 1915, p. 282). Convinced that he and his new ally, with little more than a shove of their joined shoulders, could clear the way for the millenium, he breaks into one of his recurrent rhapsodies of hope: “I feel like a bird in spring that is amazed at the colours of its own coat” (letter to Russell of 2 March 1915, p. 300).

But, however amazing the colours of his coat, Lawrence was, now as always, a man garbed in contradictions. In the letter just quoted, looking nervously ahead to his visit to Cambridge, he appeals to Russell: “Don’t make me see too many people at once, or I lose my wits. I am afraid of concourses and clans and societies and cliques—not so much of individuals.” Yet almost in the same breath he writes to Gordon Campbell: “You see we are no longer satisfied to be individual and lyrical—we are growing out of that stage. A man must now needs know himself as his whole people, he must live as the centre and heart of all humanity, if he is to be free” (3? March 1915, pp. 300–1). A man fearful of crowds might, one would think, find living as the centre of all humanity somewhat oppressive. Nor is this the only contradiction exposed by Lawrence’s intimacy with Russell. Captivated by the verbal fluency of the Cambridge-

educated philosopher, he cannot help feeling intimidated and excluded because of that very facility. “I am still a bit scared of Mr. Russell—I feel as if I should stutter”, he writes to Lady Ottoline before his introduction to the other man; and an early letter to Russell himself suggests that his fears have been confirmed: “I feel quite sad, as if I talked a little vulgar language of my own which nobody understood” (24 Feb. 1915, p. 295). Russell’s attitude, as noted by Lady Ottoline in her journal, was hardly calculated to make Lawrence feel easy about the “vulgar English” that he spoke:

He [Russell] said yesterday on our walk together, “I find it difficult to talk to the ordinary mortal, for the language they use is so inaccurate that to me it seems absurd. The ordinary view of life is too immature to be tolerable to me. When I talk to an ordinary person I feel I am talking baby language, and it makes me very lonely....” He went on to discuss his lectures and his view of truth, comparing it with Lawrence’s view of truth....⁶

It was Lawrence’s visit to Cambridge in Russell’s company, however, that inflicted the first substantial shock on the friendship. His initial glimpse of that stronghold of the English intelligentsia dealt him—above all, as S. P. Rosenbaum has argued, because of his recognition of John Maynard Keynes’ homosexuality—an unexpected and disorienting moral blow.⁷ The consequences are vividly reflected in the letters. Where on 18 January he had been exalting to W. E. Hopkin the virtues of his contemplated utopian community, “established upon the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of ... badness” (p. 259), he now writes in Manichaeian fashion to Lady Ottoline: “There is a principle of evil. Let us acknowledge it once and for all. I saw it so plainly in Keynes at Cambridge, it made me sick” (24 March 1915, p. 311). Writing to her on 8 April, he adds: “Do you notice that Shelley believed in the principle of Evil, coeval with the Principle of Good. That is right” (p. 315). Evidently his revulsion from Cambridge did not at once impair his relationship with Russell, but it obviously caused him to reconsider his belief in the “goodness” of the intellectual elite from which his new ally had sprung.

What Lawrence now hoped was that his influence (helped by the force of events) would succeed in weaning Russell away from the intellectual establishment whose support looked so alluring from a distance, but

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 43.

⁷ S. P. Rosenbaum, “Keynes, Lawrence, and Cambridge Revisited”, *The Cambridge Quarterly*, 11 (1982): 252–64.

whose citadel, when visited, had proved so sickeningly alien. "Bertie Russell is being separated out from the pack", he writes Ottoline on 2 June. "I am very glad. Soon he will be an outlaw.... Then we are brothers" (p. 352). But by 22 July he reports to Koteliansky: "My feelings are confused and suffering under various sorts of shocks in one direction and another" (p. 369). Some of the shocks certainly originated from his conversations and correspondence with his brother-to-be. His letter of 12 July to Ottoline suggests the mounting strain on the relationship: "I rather quarrelled with Russell's lectures. He won't accept in his philosophy the Infinite, the Boundless, the Eternal, as the real starting point, and I think, whosoever will really set out on the journey towards Truth and the real end must do this, now." He adds, optimistically, "But I didn't quarrel with him. We have almost sworn Blutbruderschaft" (p. 262). Nevertheless, "rather quarrelled" is a demure understatement of the criticisms Lawrence pencilled on Russell's lecture outline, objections doubtless vigorously reiterated *viva voce*. Russell himself reports to Ottoline, in a letter of early July, that he and Lawrence "had a terrific argument but not a disastrous one. He attacks me for various things that I don't feel to blame about—chiefly, in effect, for having a scientific temper and a respect for fact.... His attitude is a little mad and not quite honest, or at least very muddled. He has not learned the lesson of individual impotence."⁸ Shortly afterward he writes, "I am dreading seeing Lawrence tomorrow. He is so dictatorial about matters of opinion", adding ingenuously, "I suppose people with vigorous minds always are."⁹

Rather than learning "the lesson of individual impotence", always the least congenial of lessons for him, Lawrence became increasingly impatient not only with Russell but, inevitably, with Lady Ottoline as well. From about this time on, he turned increasingly for support and sympathy to another well-born lady of less strongly marked temper, Cynthia Asquith. The shift is palpable even in numerical terms; in the three months from May through July of 1915 Lawrence wrote a combined total of twenty letters to Ottoline and Russell, compared with three to Lady Cynthia, while in the succeeding three months he wrote ten to Lady Cynthia, and only seven to the other two. To Lady Cynthia, he began to voice his grievances against the offending pair: "I am sick of people: they preserve an evil, bad, separating spirit under the warm cloak of good words.... I've got a real bitterness in my soul, just now, as if Russell and

Lady Ottoline were ... traitors—they are traitors. They betray the real truth. They come to me, and they make me talk, and they enjoy it, it gives them a profoundly gratifying sensation" (16 Aug. 1915, pp. 378–80). The "treason" for which Lawrence blames his friends so bitterly depended on facts which, as Russell protests, they could not possibly "feel to blame about"—their fundamental adherence to rational discourse, together with their inability to take seriously Lawrence's politics, as distinct from his personality. Even Lawrence's outburst of 14 September accusing Russell of being the "super-war-spirit" did not, despite Russell's own later testimony, drive him to the verge of suicide by undermining his belief in his own devotion to public causes.¹⁰ His letters to Lady Ottoline (with whom his love-affair was at this point in crisis) suggest, rather, that Russell's distress over Lawrence's attack was more personal in origin. Such a breakdown in relations aggravated his fears that his nature disqualified him for intimacy with other human beings: "Last Thursday evening, in my despair, I realized that I shall never be in close touch with anyone" (#1320, n.d.). "Then my instinct fastened on what you [Lady Ottoline] said Lawrence said, that I might have been a much better man if physical restraint had been broken down, & I made it a grievance that you hardly ever allow it to be *really* broken down. This brought me back to the memory of former violent moods" (#1321, n.d.).

Russell's reaction to Lawrence, then, was closely bound up with the state of his feelings toward Ottoline; in fact, the relation between the two men cannot be properly extricated from the intricate interplay of feeling among a whole quartet of extreme individualists—Russell, Ottoline, Lawrence and Frieda. Lawrence himself shows little sign of having taken this personal Gordian knot, in all its complexity, clearly into account; he insisted throughout on seeing the disintegration of his friendship with Russell simplistically, as purely the result of the other man's wilful political and intellectual perversities. (In fairness, one should add that Russell's retrospective account of the collapse, in his autobiography, is no less reductive.) To Lady Cynthia, Lawrence describes his broadside at Russell as a benign dispersing, by natural process, of ugly ideological smog: "Russell stuck by an old formula, that I hated, so I just had a violent sort of row, a thunder-storm, and went on without him.... Now the air is clearer, there is a sort of washed freshness in the sky, and the light is beginning to shine for a new creation, I think" (20 Sept. 1915, p.

⁸ *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell*, Vol. II: 1914–1944 (Toronto and Montreal: McClelland and Stewart, 1968): 53.

⁹ Russell to Lady Ottoline Morrell, #1303, n.d. (Morrell papers, Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin).

¹⁰ See *Autobiography*, II: 22: "I find it difficult now to understand the devastating effect that this letter had upon me. I was inclined to believe that [Lawrence] had some insight denied to me, and when he said that my pacifism was rooted in blood-lust I supposed he must be right. For twenty-four hours I thought that I was not fit to live and contemplated suicide."

397). The expected miracle did not, however, materialize; and the failure with Russell effectively put an end to Lawrence's hopes that he might sooner or later help to lead a programmatically political renewal of English society. Only a month later, again writing to Lady Cynthia, he shows his readiness to exchange his old sky, washed or not, for an entirely new one: "I am sick in my soul, sick to death. But not angry any more, only unfathomably miserable about it all. I think I shall go away, to America if they will let me" (21 Oct. 1915, p. 414).

Even though Lawrence had now resolved to switch bets once again, this time from the Old World to the New, his persistent yearning to retain Russell's talents—along with their lustre—for the cause prompted him to make at least a gesture at gaining not simply Russell's blessing, but his participation as a fellow-traveller or even figurehead: "Won't you come to Florida too? Do! It is hopeless to stay in England. Do you come and be president of us" (29 Dec. 1915, p. 490). But if Russell had earlier found it hard to sympathize fully with Lawrence's airy projects for the renewal of England, he found it flatly impossible to emulate Lawrence's abrupt decision to abandon the country. "I am glad Lawrence was so wonderful. I have no doubt he is right to go, but I couldn't desert England", he wrote to Ottoline on 29 October. "I simply *cannot bear* to think that England is entering on its autumn of life—it is too much anguish. I will not believe it, and I will believe there is health and vigour in the nation somewhere" (*Autobiography*, II: 55). So the association between the two men, which had begun as a joint venture to restore England to health, finally dissolved in a disagreement over the patient's chances for survival. From this point on, Lawrence could find little better to give to Russell than the waspish nagging of his letter of 19 February 1916: "I didn't like your letter. What's the good of living as you do, any way. I don't believe your lectures *are* good. They are nearly over, aren't they?" (p. 546). A previously unpublished letter from Lawrence to Ottoline banishes any doubts that Lawrence was fully aware of the provocativeness of his tone to Russell: "... how was Bertie, and what do you think of his lecture? He is cross with me for another impudent letter I wrote him" (9 March 1916, p. 572).

If the friendship between the two men temporarily drove Russell into a more desperate sense of his isolation from others, it helped to turn Lawrence, in a more lasting and disruptive fashion, away from his earlier trust in the value of friendship, especially friendship with Cambridge- or Oxford-educated intellectuals. His words to Catherine Carswell *a propos* of another such disappointing friendship, with John Middleton Murry, apply equally to the one with Russell: "How I deceive myself. I am a liar to myself, about people.... I give up having intimate friends at all. It is a

self-deception" (19 June 1916, p. 617). Writing to Cynthia Asquith just under a year after his bitter denunciation of Russell, he overtly casts himself in the role he had accused the other man of secretly playing: "I am no longer an Englishman. I am the enemy of mankind. The whole of militarism is so disgusting to me that—well well, there is silence after all. But I hate humanity so much, I can only think with friendliness of the dead" (1 Sept. 1916, p. 648).¹¹ Such an attitude amounts to a siege-mentality on all fronts, personal as well as political—the desperation of a man who has come to see hostility as the inescapable medium of life. "I feel that the war must end this year," he writes to Ottoline on 18 April 1916. "But in one form or another, war will never end now" (p. 597).

The second volume of the Cambridge *Letters*, so full of disconcerting swings of mood upwards and downwards, could be said to close on a double upswing. Writing to Koteliansky on 15 October 1916, Lawrence displays soberly moderated expectations of his fellow men, but immediately afterwards takes refuge yet again in his still unshakeable utopian visions: "I refuse to see people as unified Godheads anymore. They are this and that, different and opposing things, without any very complete identity. Individuality and personality bores me.... I have felt sick about the world. Now I hardly care. I believe we shall see changes. I believe we shall be able to set our hands to the remaking of the world, before very long" (667). But some days earlier, writing to Ottoline Morrell, he had enthusiastically described a "remaking of the world" in which he was concretely engaged: "I know it is true, the book. And it is another world, in which I can live apart from this foul world which I will not accept or acknowledge or even enter" (3 Oct. 1916, p. 659). "The book" was Lawrence's work-in-progress, *Women in Love*. It constituted a world which Lawrence's cast-off allies, Russell and Ottoline, were both destined to enter in unflattering effigy, not as unified Godheads but as the dry and learned baronet, Sir Joshua Malleon, and as the neurotic blue-stocking, Hermione Roddice. Lawrence's personal wars had not ended; he was moving the theatre of operations, however, to the sort of battlefield where he could count on having a decisive advantage.

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¹¹ By late 1916 Russell himself was harbouring remarkably similar misanthropic sentiments, as his letter of 28 December to Constance Malleon amply testifies: "I hate the world and almost all the people in it. I hate the Labour Congress and the journalists who send men to be slaughtered, and the fathers who feel a smug pride when their sons are killed, and even the pacifists who keep saying human nature is essentially good, in spite of all the daily proofs to the contrary. I hate the planet and the human race—I am ashamed to belong to such a species" (*Autobiography*, II: 77).