The Narrator in D.H. Lawrence's Travel Fiction: Nostalgia, Disillusion, and Vision

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Abstract

The center of interest in D.H. Lawrence's travel books -- Twilight in Italy, Sea and Sardinia, Mornings in Mexico, Etruscan Places -- is the first-person narrator, the travel hero. His engagement with the world is discussed in terms of three narrative tones, identified as a nostalgic, a disillusioned, and a visionary "voice." They describe the basic pattern of the travel experience: a desire to return to an ideal past by seeking an unknown place, the disappointing discovery that "place" fails to fulfill the narrator's expectations, and a return asserting the power of the self and its ability to envision the paradisal, despite the disillusion of the previous experience. The narrative counterpoint between yearning and disappointment is interpreted as a thematic tension between freedom and necessity: the infinite capacity of the individual imagination versus a mundane and narrow reality, myth versus history, the comedic versus the tragic perception of human existence.

Résumé

Les récits de voyage de D.H. Lawrence -- Twilight in Italy, Sea and Sardinia, Mornings in Mexico, Etruscan Places -- retrouvent leur héro dans le narrateur qui raconte à la première personne, le voyageur lui-même. Son engagement avec le monde qui l'entoure nous parvient à travers "voix" narratives, dont la voix nostalgique, la voix désenchantée, et la voix visionnaire. Ces voix décrivent le motif principal de l'épreuve du voyageur: le désir de retrouver, dans un endroit inconnu, le passé idéal; la découverte décevante que cet endroit ne peut satisfaire aux attentes; et, enfin, un retour affirmant le pouvoir du soi qui peut bien réussir à envisager le paradis, malgré les déceptions antérieures. L'opposition narrative entre le désir et la déception révèle une tension thématique entre liberté et necessité. La capacité illimitée de l'imagination s'oppose à une réalité banale et étroite, la mythologie s'oppose à l'histoire, et, enfin, le comique s'oppose à une perception tragique de la vie humaine.

Dedication

I would like to dedicate this thesis to the memory of my father, Constantine Grimanis, and my grandfather, Georgios Zaharis.

Contents

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Key to Travel Works Cited

TI	Twilight in Italy
SS	Sea and Sardinia
MM	Mornings in Mexico
EP	Etruscan Places

Introduction

More often than not, critical interest in D.H. Lawrence has focussed on his novels, though some attention has been given to his poems and short stories. This may say more about our own prejudices in literary taste than about Lawrence's accomplishment. The corpus of Lawrence's work reveals him to have been a multifarious writer -- a voluminous essayist, a playwright, a reviewer, a translator, a social critic, an avid letter-writer, and an accomplished travel writer. It is in Lawrence the travel writer that I am interested here.

Lawrence's travels, which circumnavigated the globe, took place almost non-stop between 1919 and his death in 1930. The first sentence of SS declares, "Comes over one an absolute necessity to move" (SS 1), and, we may add, to write about it. As a result, we have a body of travel works which expose Lawrence's unique contribution to, and understanding of, an elusive genre. He wrote four travel books, which span the period from his pre-war travel in Italy (September 1912-June 1914) to a week with Earl Brewster in April of 1927 touring Etruscan sites: Twilight in Italy (1916), Sea and Sardinia (1921), Mornings in Mexico (1927), and Etruscan Places (1932). There are, in addition, the travel sketches collected in Phoenix (1936), a major statement on travel writing in an unpublished review of H.M. Tomlinson's Gifts of Fortune, and comments on his conception of the "spirit of place," such as those found in the introductory chapter of Studies in Classic American Literature (1924).

Lawrence's travel prose has been overshadowed by his novels and poetry not only because of their critical emphasis on the latter, but also because of a lack of interest in the travel genre itself. Two recent studies have helped to remedy this situation: Paul Fussell's Abroad: British Literary Traveling between the Wars (1980) and The Art of Travel: Essays on Travel Writing (1982), edited by Philip Dodd. Dodd's collection of essays implies a tradition of literary travel writing originating in "the activities of Renaissance travellers" (Mezciens 2), and continuing to present-day writers such as V.S. Naipaul.

Fussell's Abroad includes Lawrence's travel books within a unique historical and literary context, i.e., the period between the two world wars, when British writers such as Graham Greene, Robert Byron, Norman Douglas, Evelyn Waugh, and Lawrence, embarked on "what it felt like to be young and clever and literate in the final age of travel" (vii). Fussell claims that travel writing flourished during this period because of the effects of WWI. In travel, young people sought to re-establish a pastoral world, compensating for the loss of an "innocent" pre-war Europe. In his final chapter, "Travel Books as Literary Phenomena," Fussell attempts to define the travel genre and to delineate its conventions.

There have been two critical studies of Lawrence's travel books: Del Ivan Janik's The Curve of Return: D.H. Lawrence's Travel Books (1981) and Billy T. Tracy's D.H. Lawrence and the Literature of Travel (1983). Janik's book primarily discusses the expository aspect of the travel

books as Lawrence's own struggle between the opposing impulses of the imagination and the intellect. Tracy's book is a study of the traveller's quest for a male civilization. In this thesis, my central goal is to further reveal the quality and depth of the Lawrentian travel narrative, emphasizing the role of the first-person narrator. I want to study the ways in which Lawrence exploits the conventions of the travel genre to develop his thematic concerns. The basis of the genre may be said to be the narrative of a single sensibility and its encounters with the phenomenal world. The key to Lawrence's achievement in travel writing is his use of the first-person narrator, which distinguishes the travel prose from the omniscient narration of his prose fiction. Lawrence's growing mastery of this technical device allows him to manipulate the tone and mood of the travel book, and to articulate his thematic concerns. I want to concentrate on critical readings of the four travel texts on the level of narrative voice rather than on changes in syntax and vocabulary.[1]

Lawrence's innovative use of the first-person traveller-narrator has not previously been explored, though Ronald S. Weiner recognized that the function of the travel books was mainly "rhetorical" (243). Most critics treat the travel prose as the area of Lawrence's writings in which one discovers the theoretical bases of the novels and poetry. One example is David Cavitch. In D.H. Lawrence and the New World, he states that the Indian dances described in MM are "expository counterparts of the fiction" (275). Janik and Tracy concentrate on the thematic, if not

ideological, concerns of the travel books, though they acknowledge them as "fully articulated works of the imagination." Janik recognizes a "central conflict" in the four travel books: "between the vision of community fostered by the prophetic mind and the insistence upon the fundamental importance of the individual." Lawrentian literary travels, says Janik, describe the "apparent contradictions and reveal the underlying consistency of his world view" (11,9,23). For Tracy, they describe his search for a "male civilization" (77-83). Tracy also dedicates a helpful and articulate chapter on Lawrence's place in the tradition of literary travel writing.

"Travel books," says Fussell in Abroad, "are a sub-species of memoir in which the autobiographical narrative arises from the speaker's encounter with distant or unfamiliar data" (203). Lawrence's travel writing is based on this dynamic relation between external and internal reality and the response it elicits in the traveller-narrator, which is communicated to the reader by a specific voice. In fact, the interplay between shifting tones and moods creates a multiplicity of voices. I want to examine these contradictory shifts in the mood and tone of the traveller-narrator in order to point up narrative texture particular to the travel books.

The pervasive attitude of the Lawrentian traveller-narrator towards the phenomenal world is nostalgic. For example, he occasionally feels nostalgic for a pre-industrial world. More importantly, the sight of a certain place, a landscape for example, may inspire a yearning for a

formerly relinquished idyllic world, and the hope that it may be regained.[2] This tone, in turn, is undermined by a voice of disillusion upon arrival at the desired place. Lawrence's own assessment of travel writing, in his review of Gifts of Fortune, describes the travel experience as a process exhibiting an interplay between yearning and disappointment:

> We travel perhaps with a secret and absurd hope of setting foot on the Hesperides ... This hope is always defeated. There is no Garden of Eden and the Hesperides never were ... There are no happy lands. But you come upon coasts of illusion when you're not expecting them. (Phoenix 343)

Lawrence suggests that out of the traveller-narrator's contradictory reactions to an alien environment there exists the possibility of arriving at a renewed vision of the world.

The artistic success of the travel book depends on Lawrence's ability to sustain this visionary voice. (This ability becomes increasingly apparent when the travel books are studied in order of conception and publication.) This voice can temporarily overcome the vacillation between the lyricism of the pastoral strain and the spleen of disillusion. In the last three travel books, which exhibit a fascination with archaic societies, it speaks of an attempt to penetrate primal consciousnesses. Lawrence's traveller-narrator aspires to transcend the individual experience to speak from, and for, humanity's mythic memory, which for Lawrence is bound with its animistic spirit. It is during

empathetic moments of union with archaic being that the Lawrentian travel narrative captures the communal experience and eradicates the western subject/object dichotomy.

As has been recognized, the Lawrentian travel narrative does not offer a simplistic return to, or re-establishment of, lost worlds.[3] The vacillation between the demands and desires of the individual imagination (i.e., the lyric or nostalgic voice) and the realities of the external world (the disillusioned or ironic voice) can be viewed as a tension between freedom and necessity. What I am claiming is that the shifting narrative texture of the travel books points out the thematic nature of their search, and the role of the traveller-narrator vis-à-vis the reader. What begins as a nostalgic impulse (to return to an ideal past) culminates in the vision of an ideal world in a specific place and time. This world is always destroyed for the traveller-narrator by the realization that Utopian dream and historical necessity do not coincide. What becomes apparent about the traveller-narrator is a desire to escape from western perceptions of time and history. This becomes an act of self-effacement; the part that is determined by a historical and cultural context. The narrator realizes that we cannot escape "who we are," the "crucifixion" of consciousness (SS 90); his search for ideal places becomes an attempt to experience another "way" of being in the world.

Thus, the freedom celebrated in the travel books presupposes the ability to cross the boundaries of our own traditions and conventions and enter another world on the basis of a common humanity. "Whatever the

spirit of man may be, the blood is basic," says Lawrence in MM. It is the ability simultaneously to affirm the differences between diverse peoples and times and to level them. Through the travel narrative, the narrator invites the reader to experience alternative modes of being for himself, often urging him to visit the place for himself, to be a witness to it.

My view of the traveller-narrator is different from Janik's, who conceives of the narrator as "Lawrence in his role of analyst and teacher ... the closest literary approximation we have to the man himself" (11). Janik presumes an autobiographical and didactic purpose behind the travel books; this leads him to concentrate on what Lawrence is saying rather than on how he says it. It is true that there is an emphasis on exposition in TI, which Janik much admires and on which he concentrates. But retrospective self-analysis, which is the core of autobiography, is in the main absent from the travel books. In my view, the traveller-narrator is a persona or character in a fiction. David Ellis has also chosen to deny the autobiographical and didactic purposes of the travel books. His assessment of the traveller-narrator's role is closer to my own, and in contradistinction from Janik's: "Lawrence is a character in his own drama and forbidden by his chosen form from being both that and general overseer of the action, the reader is given a freedom of interpretation denied him in most travel writing of an autobiographical cast" (55).

In effect, the multiplicity, and at times inconsistency, of the narrator's reactions to external stimuli urge the reader to experience the world for himself and to appreciate the very subjectivity of the narrative account he is being offered. The reader is never compelled to accept what the traveller-narrator has to say as the "truth" about a given place or culture. This is not to say that the "I" does not "take sides"; he judges, conjectures, and argues. But the narratives depend on the reader's ability to engage himself with the traveller-narrator and with his world view, even though the traveller-narrator constantly tries to convince us of the legitimacy of his view. As Lawrence warns at the end of EP, "What one wants is a contact. The Etruscans are not a theory or a thesis. If they are anything, they are an experience" (114). I believe that between TI and SS, Lawrence's treatment of the first-person narrator undergoes a change, which I will comment on in greater detail as I discuss each travel book.

TI has been rightly seen as an account of Lawrence's regret for the passing of the rural and communal world of the Italian peasant. The changes occurring in Italy had already occurred in England. Italy becomes an image of England's past as England becomes an image of Italy's future. The changes are due to the advance of industrialization and democracy that has altered England and will alter Italy. Regret is coupled with the narrator's growing anxiety over an impending war

encompassing all of Europe. This analysis of the north and south of Europe does not speak only of historical change. The north-south dichotomy is a way of speaking about a Europe bound by time and destiny. Italy had, at the Renaissance, lapsed back "to the original position, the Mosaic position of the divinity of the flesh." "The Northern races" thought that "we are one in Christ: we will go on" (35,37). Lawrence calls both the retrogressive and future-oriented positions "the two Infinites"; neither direction can fulfill the individual or the whole; both are restrictive.

In the same vein, the traveller-narrator describes a series of encounters with the individuals in northern Italy. They are either static and remain in the past or they move toward what becomes an increasingly ominous future. Though the traveller affirms "it is better to go forward into error than to stay inextricably in the past," his realization of the nature of that future leaves him increasingly horror-stricken, fearful, and despairing. He feels that "the terror of the callous disintegrating process was strong in me." The narrator acknowledges that the past is inaccessible and the future holds nothing but "the perfect mechanizing of human life" (53,166,168).

TI reveals a rift between the traveller and the narrator. This rift keeps the book from offering the necessary illusion that its expository passages are inextricably connected to the traveller's immediate sense impressions. Thus, it fails to fulfill the most important feature of the travel book, which Osbert Sitwell has defined as a "discursion," an

attempt "that unites in the stream of travel ... many very personal random reflections and sentiments" (qtd. in Fussell 204). As we shall see, this is due to the circumstances and conditions under which Lawrence revised his "Italian Studies," which were published in a 1913 issue of the English Review.

The split between narrator and traveller takes form as a voyage recollected in agitation: the idyllic landscape of Italy coupled with the spectre of war and the drabness of war-time England. All passages of description, including the eulogizing of Italian peasant life, are narrated by a "past" self in the past tense. Expository passages of historical and cultural analyses are narrated in the present tense. We accept this narrator as the narrator proper, a Lawrence contending with his need to understand the cataclysm of WWI as he revises his "Italian Studies" into TI. The narrator looks back on his voyage and tries to attach symbolic significance to its events as a means of explaining the present. But the attempt leaves the reader confused. The pronouncements of the cultural and historical analyst do not coalesce with the traveller's sense impressions; the expository passages appear as unconnected digressions from the narrative of the journey, and the incongruity of the tense shifts adds to this impression.

SS is about the traveller-narrator's desire for a place "left outside of time and history" (55). Just as he sought in Italy an escape from the consequences of history in England, he now seeks to "escape" from mainland Italy. What was uncertain at the end of TI is clearer after the

cataclysm of the Great War: the rural and communal world of Europe is dead. The narrator now feels nostalgia for pre-war Italy: "Romantic, poetic, cypress-and-orange tree Italy is gone ... heavy around you is Italy's after-the-war atmosphere" (28). The future only glimpsed at the end of TI has fulfilled the traveller-narrator's prophecies. In Sardinia, though, he finds the changes, the restlessness, and the expansion of the post-war world. For example, the colorful costumes still worn by some Sardinians are contrasted with the "mechanical greyness" of the still visible army uniforms. But the costumes of the Sardinians arouse in the traveller a nostalgia, "a heart yearning for something I have known and which I want back again" (63). This "nostalgia," I hope to show, is the root of Lawrence's empathetic insight into the culture and perceptions of archaic peoples. It is the root of the visionary voice of MM and EP, which attempts to break down the barriers between the self and the cosmos and recover a lost sense of "unspoiled being."

Lawrence's experience in Sardinia has to be described as a series of aborted epiphanies. He never articulates what he yearns for, and departs dissatisfied and restless. It would take America and contact with American Indians for him to begin to formulate what he only glimpsed in Sardinian eyes, "a stranger older note: before the soul became self-conscious: ... one searches ... without being able to penetrate to the reality" (67). This voyage to Sardinia was as disillusioning as his travels to mainland Italy; Lawrence could not yet be reconciled to an

Eden outside of time and space, a wholly imaginative construct. He believed that it would be found in a place that had escaped the historical process. America was the epitome of this for Lawrence, as for other Europeans. But he was not yet aware that its source is mythical, not historical.

The value of SS lies not in the fact that it repeats the concerns of TI, but in the way it is written. Reading TI and SS closely, one after the other, one recognizes a metamorphosis in Lawrence's manipulation of the first-person narrator. Unlike the disjointed effect of TI, SS seeks in Lawrence's own words from the preface to his New Poems, "the quality of life itself ... the rapid momentaneous association of things which meet and pass the forever incalculable journey of creation: everything left in its own fluid relationship with the rest of things" (Phoenix 220). Unlike TI, Lawrence writes SS almost totally in the present tense, which gives the illusion of being "unpremeditated, unpolished, and therefore artless" (Ellis 52). Lawrence has written a travel book which achieves Sitwell's status of "discursion." It is wholly contrived, yet totally convincing in its presentation of the immediacy and instantaneity of experience.

Another thing happens in SS which lends to this effect; it is described by Avrom Fleishman as "Lawrence orchestrating a multitude of voices, each one of which is capable of itself becoming such an orchestrator" (167). The first-person narrative seemingly "swallows" the voices of the figures the traveller-narrator encounters, i.e., he often

does not offer dialogue so much as indirect discourse. He reports to us what others have said, including the formidable figure of the traveller-narrator's wife, the "queen-bee," abbreviated to "q-b" for most of the text. This gives the impression that not only the scenes, objects, and people, but also the sounds of the journey are filtered through a single sensibility and consciousness.

Anthony Burgess has stated that the significance of "Lawrence's fiction lies in the narrowing of the gap between poetic and prose statements" (207); and Ellis has noted that in SS, "appropriate feeling flowers naturally into appropriate expression." In SS, Lawrence brings the travel book as close to prose-poetry as it is possible to get. Through the techniques described, Lawrence convinces us that he is simultaneously "character and narrator of his own drama" (Ellis 62,55). MM and EP, the travel books that follow SS, do not deviate from the manipulation of the first-person narrator. Their achievement lies in a certain reconciliation of the themes raised in TI and SS, and in the development of a narrative voice which speaks from the communal experience of humanity, from the union and participation of the human in nature.

In MM, this can only be achieved by "having a little Ghost inside you which sees both ways" (55), the Indian and white "ways" of perception and being; they are Lawrence's metaphor for the tension between freedom and necessity. This shows a significant change in the nature of Lawrence's search for Eden. Eden is not a place or time one goes to, but a way one

is, a way of living with the environment and other beings. For this reason, MM is the least "nostalgic" in tone of the travel books. It claims that the experience is available in the "here-and-now": it is only the West that has "lost" it, and so uses the metaphor of Eden to describe that loss.

MM begins with a rejection of the Western conception of time and history: "I don't believe in evolution, like a long string hooked onto a First Cause, and being slowly twisted in unbroken continuity through the ages" (12). The traveller-narrator's empathetic penetration of Indian spectacle is an attempt to create a human experience unconscious of time and history. The Indian participates in the "wonder"; i.e., the Indian religion does not distinguish between spirit and matter; the Indian has no sense of the past and no concern for the future because he exists for the moment. The Indian does not experience nostalgia because he has no conception of linear time.

To the narrator, the experience is available only for the moment. He exists in time and history and has to re-admit the "gulf of mutual negation" between the animistic vision of the aborigine and the mental and spiritual consciousness of the West. Nevertheless, the traveller-narrator does achieve some connection with the Indian "way." As Thomas R. Whitaker has observed, MM proceeds from a portrait of the limitations of the single being, the "I" of the traveller-narrator, to a "comic acceptance" of his bonds with the external world (221). The experience culminates in the two chapters entitled "Dance of the

Sprouting Corn," and "Hopi Snake Dance"; the spectacle allows the traveller-narrator to describe, and by describing to participate in, "the animistic soul of man ... an experience of the human blood stream, not of the mind or spirit ... one experience, tribal." It is at this point that Lawrence achieves the effect of a "tribal" or communal voice, recovering for the West "Paradise and the Golden Age ... long lost," for "all we can do is to win back" (56-57,89). For the Indian this is an unconscious "way" of being; in order for us to capture the experience, we must transcend our conception of time and history, and our way of relating to nature.

At the same time, Lawrence refuses "to substitute any system for felt experience" (Whitaker 222). Description and interpretation are rendered with the "fluidity" of felt experience. The quality Lawrence had sought and achieved in his art is the quality of life he finds in the Indian; and the Indian "way" is the way life should be lived. Lawrence writes with the illusion of capturing experience as it occurs in order to convey the potentiality of authentic being to, and for, his reader. If he had written in "retrospect" as he did in TI, then we would have to accept his eulogy for the Italian peasant as irrevocable and irredeemable. That world may have died, as may the world of the American Indian, but the experience is always possible because it is the essence of the relation between humanity and place. Only its embodiments die: the Indians, the Etruscans.

MM has a peculiar closing chapter. It undermines the disillusion arising out of the failure to sustain the experience "outside of time and history" that the traveller sought. The traveller has returned to Italy; he is nostalgic for Mexico though he has no desire to return. There is a sense of peace and acceptance at the end of MM. In "Europe v. America," an article collected in Phoenix, Lawrence wrote:

> I've been a fool myself, keeping a stranglehold on myself ... saying Europe is finished for me. It wasn't Europe at all, it was myself, keeping a stranglehold on myself ... The past is too big, and too intimate for one generation of men to get a stranglehold on it. (118)

He no longer seeks a place "outside of time and history"; he has learned that Eden and the Hesperides are not a place but a "way." He has seen his own efforts mirrored in those of white America, who wished "to get away from everything they are and have been," but "it is never freedom till you find something you really positively want to be" (Studies 9-10).

The past may be "intimate" with us; i.e., it may direct and shadow us but we can transform it because we can rewrite it. This is largely what EP is about: the revival of a dormant tradition. The traveller exhumes the ancient Etruscans in an effort to express the enduring and indestructible element in human experience. In order to do this, Lawrence juxtaposes his perceptions of the "life-loving" Etruscans against "Rome with a big R," Lawrence's symbol for a society that values force, expansion, and wealth. EP is about these two "ways" of being for

individuals and societies: one is positive and life-enhancing, the other is negative and life-destroying. At the core of both is how the one and the whole relate to nature.

Part of the power of EP lies in the parallels drawn between the Romans and the Fascist régime of Italy, between the Etruscans and the Italians around him. The conflict is eternal and universal, not temporal and local. Lawrence is not just writing a critique of a specific country, but is choosing betwen two eternal sets of values, which are as alive now as they were in the past. The values are "the endless patience of life" against "the endless triumph of force." One is free because it recognizes the passage of time as natural; the other sees the passage of time as tragic and seeks permanence in fixed forms for the individual, for society, and for art. Roman art, for example, becomes fossilized through worship of convention, tradition, and monuments. To the Etruscans art was dispensible and accountable to life.

Ultimately, Lawrence urges, the "patience of life" triumphs because it is ever-present, "unborn and undying," beyond the artificiality of the man-made world. Lawrence translates this force into the images and cycles of nature:

> The Pyramids will not last a moment compared with the daisy. And before Buddha spoke the nightingale sang, and long after Jesus and Buddha are gone into oblivion the nightingale will sing ... And in the beginning was not a Word but a chirrup. (29)

Lawrence recognizes and celebrates an eternal but impersonal quality in nature and in the relation between place and people. It is the quality he seeks in his own art. There is regret at the disappearance of the Etruscans, but not tragedy. They were only one manifestation of this force and "Italy today is far more Etruscan in its pulse than Roman; and will always be so."

EP is a tour de force of language and theme. One reason is that in the book the concern with alternative modes of being in archaic culture is transformed to universalist themes. Yet Lawrence accomplishes this without losing the power to evoke the specific and the immediate. The visionary voice that penetrated Indian consciousness now creates a complete world from the silent fragments of a lost culture. Sitwell's "discursion" reaches an apogée in EP: confronted with the faded and fragmented images and structures of the tombs, the speculations of a single sensibility recreate an entire civilization that is believable and palpable.

EP is a triumph of language not only because of the imaginative recreation of a culture and a people. One indication is his adroit use of the second person, a device not easily sustained. The traveller-narrator urges the reader to join him, to follow him into the tombs; then he encourages the reader to visit the sites for himself. By thus distinguishing a "you," the traveller-narrator seems to point to the subjectivity of his account, to point to an "I." This subjectivity gives the impression, once again, of recreating the flow of experience and speculation.

The Etruscans' world speaks about the essence of an eternal relation between a place and its inhabitants. To speak about this relation, Lawrence evokes the rhythms, cycles, and images of nature. His prose, in this case, aspires to the quality of the "nightingale," "because it is neither preaching, nor teaching, nor commanding, nor urging. It is just singing" (29). Like his preface to New Poems (1918), EP celebrates the prose, if not the poetry, of the present moment.[4] Lawrence's narrative modulation (between ancient Etruria, modern Italy, the Roman conquest, and the Fascist presence) is accomplished because he retains the ability to render all this with the immediacy of felt experience. He convinces us of the interconnections between all these worlds, the presence of the past in the present, the presence of Eden, albeit a peculiarly Lawrentian Eden, in a "fallen" world.

In the next four chapters, I want to identify and exemplify Lawrence's qualities as a travel writer, in particular to discuss his manipulation of the tone and mood of the travel narrative through the use of the first person narrator. In my conclusion, I want to suggest possible connections and differences between Lawrence's novels and short stories, and his travel writing. By isolating the travel prose, per se, I have already implied one difference; by distinguishing first-person narration from omniscience, I have created another. But all of Lawrence's writing is permeated with what he called the "spirit of place." The link between

the travel works and the prose fiction is the common relation they describe between the "spirit of place" and human consciousness or will. My final chapter would concentrate on the implications of this relation as it is informed by the narrative point of view.

II. Twilight in Italy: The "Old, Olive-Fuming Shores"

Of the four travel books, TI is the most nostalgic in mood and tone. From the perspective of war-time England, the narrator recalls the impressions of his pre-war Italian travels in search of an Edenic stillness. Enacting over and over again the exile from the paradisal world, TI becomes an account of a voyage of disillusion. The traveller-narrator repeats one basic experience: arriving at the desired place, he realizes that it carries the marks of change which precipitate it, too, into the same period of dissolution and death that the traveller has recognized at home. It is not only the narrator but also the people he encounters in Italy that have to admit their exile from this world. They act out this exile by emigrating from their native place, and they become embodiments of the fundamental perception of TI, i.e., loss and exile.

This is not the only significance of TI. It is the book in which we can study the apprenticeship of Lawrence as a travel writer. As one might expect, it shows the flaws of an author just beginning to master a specific genre: a diffuseness but a certain bravado as well. Much of TI is based on travel sketches (published in the English Review 1913) that are largely anecdotal; they were revised in England in 1915 for publication in book form. They often cannot carry the symbolic value that Lawrence's 1915 revisions place on them, though the effect is not always bad. The narrative theme of someone, the "I" persona, developing

from ignorance to maturity was strengthened. When this elicited changes that take the form of self-revelatory passages, the effect is powerful (especially if one considers that the traveller-narrator's "loss of innocence" is implicitly connected to that of the European world during the Great War). The war-time narrator, however, also imposes sweeping historical and cultural analyses on a travel book version of a Bildungsroman, thus diverting the reader's attention from the crucial moments of self-realization. Because these essayistic passages are not connected to the immediate scene, nor in character with the traveller, they prove unsatisfactory. Lawrence's revisions do tell us that exposition is a fundamental element of the travel narrative; and Fussell believes it is "possible to consider between-the-wars travel books as a subtle instrument of ethics, replacing such former vehicles as sermons and essays" (164,204). But as Tracy says, those sections of TI in which "Lawrence exchanges his walking stick for a lectern" are "declamatory and turgid" (24).

TI's introductory section, "The Crucifix Across the Mountains," is an account of the traveller-narrator's walk through Bavaria and the Tyrol, following the imperial road to Rome. It sets the basic pattern of the journey and determines the shape of the book. TI is composed of four sections: the first and last two sections are accounts of walking journeys that proceed from north to south; these sections flank the middle section, describing Lawrence's stay on the Lago di Garda, at Gargnano and San Gaudenzio. TI is thus shaped from two parallel journeys

both moving toward Italy, and a middle section which exhibits the traveller-narrator's efforts to discover and enter the idyllic world of the Italian peasantry.

This shape deviates from "the usual circuit of the travel writer who begins at home, journeys out to strange lands, and then returns, once more to familiar surroundings" (Tracy 27). TI is the first of the travel books that never sees the traveller return home, i.e., return to England. It concludes with the traveller once again on the road. Consciously or unconsciously, Lawrence seems to affirm his wanderer role in the world: he is an exile, one of the dispossessed. It is also implied that the Eden that was sought cannot be found, and must be re-sought.

The introductory section records the traveller's confrontation with the crucifixes that the mountain peasants have set up along the imperial road. As the traveller proceeds along the "Bavarian uplands and foothills," he realizes that "here is another land, a strange religion ... a strange country, remote, out of contact ... it belongs to the forgotten imperial processions" (3). This is a standard moment for the Lawrentian travel narrative; the narrator finds a place which, at least from a distance, holds several promises: it is a world different from his own; it is exempt from the changes of history that have corrupted his world, thereby making it seem a world that does not experience the flux of time. These expectations are usually dashed.

The traveller's entry into this world is recorded as a moment of awareness and enlightenment:

> I was startled into consciousness one evening, going alone over a marshy place at the foot of the mountains, when the sky was pale and unearthly, invisible, and the hills were nearly black. At a meeting of the track was a crucifix, and between the feet of the Christ, a handful of withered poppies. (4)

Moments like this are signals for the reader. They hold the promise of a revelation which the traveller-narrator will share with us. The traveller becomes our guide and interpreter; he brings the alien world to the familiar world he shares with his readers. Like a foreign language, a foreign culture is incomprehensible to the uninitiated. In TI, Lawrence the traveller-narrator wants to reveal the reason behind this: his desire is "to help his reader waken to the saving realization of the unknown vital regions within and without the self" (Weiner 232).

The promise of an older, more glamorous world, with which TI opens, is soon dispelled. As the traveller proceeds "across the mountains," he encounters more crucifixes, each of which indicates cultural and historical change. The crucifixes develop from highly stylized figures that are unconscious expressions of religious dogma to conscious expressions of trained artists, "trying to convey a feeling." As he turns "the ridge on the great road south, the road to Rome," a decisive change takes place, "the crucifixes were more or less tainted and vulgar" (9,13); they become "sensational" (the traveller-narrator's way of expressing decadence).

As the traveller nears civilization, i.e., populated valleys, neither remote nor isolated, he seems to be recoiling from the crucifixes. But he then becomes nostalgic for the first crucifix he had seen; only in the crucifix of the mountain peasants "is there left any of the old beauty and religion." At the end of the chapter, he catches sight of the "last crucifix," suggestive of the true spirit, the desire to convey a religious truth, not a sensational experience." This Christ has fallen and is "looking all wrong upside down." Yet, the traveller "dared not" touch the fallen body, and hurries away from the scene (13-15).

This rejection of the crucifix is a significant moment in TI. Critics identify it as a positive turning away from the past. Kenneth Churchill, for example, views it as "a symbolic renunciation of Lawrence's past as he prepares to meet the influence of pagan Italy" (185). And to L.D. Clark, the traveller at this moment "is the male spirit extricating himself from the native spirit of place gone dead in order to find atonement with a new spirit of place to the south" (116). But in rejecting the crucifix, he is not simply driven by positive feelings of moving on to a new world. He seems to be afraid; he "dares" not pick up the fallen Christ. (This incident parallels several others; when the traveller is later asked to commit himself to some action or person, he runs away.) The fallen Christus is an image of a world about to collapse. It is an omen, a foreshadowing of the imminent death of the European world, not only the world he has left behind but the world to the south he is about to discover.

This moment is not a part of the original essay, "Christs in the Tyrol" (Phoenix 82-86). It was added to the 1915 revisions, and connects the war with the death of the European tradition. In The Great War and Modern Memory (1980) and the opening chapter of Abroad, Fussell has discussed the effects of WWI on a generation of post-war writers. Their work bears witness to a cataclysmic disillusion with the world and a stance that views the pre-war self as innocent, and the pre-war period as idyllic. TI is a good example of this; most of it was written or revised in 1915 in England; yet, it is about Lawrence's 1912-13 travels in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy. Though Lawrence had no direct experience of the war, his war-time letters, as well as TI, identify it as an apt conclusion to a world overcome by industrialization, urbanization, and increasing alienation from the natural world. TI records his awakening to this fact.

As we can see, the rejection of the fallen Christus is an affirmation of Lawrence's belief (also prominent in The Rainbow and Women in Love) in the dissolution and death of a world. The chapters that follow are about the dying rural world of Italy. Lawrence's WWI letters, many of which were written at the same time as the revising and writing of TI, are a witness to this conviction. In November 1915, he wrote to Lady Cynthia Asquith: "this great wave of civilization, 2000 years, which is now collapsing, that it is hard to live ... the past, the great past, crumbling down, breaking down ... For the winter stretches ahead where all vision is lost and all memory dies out" (ed. Moore, Letters 1:378).

These are Lawrence's thoughts as he writes and re-writes TI. When the traveller refuses to pick up the Christus, he rescinds the right to hold up this world. He accepts its death. He becomes, in effect, one of the causes of its demise, atoning for his action by chronicling its beauty, corruption, and dissolution. Nowhere does Lawrence capture this better than in the "On the Lago di Garda" section of TI; but this section also contains many of the book's weaknesses. It is in these essays that the traveller-turned-philosopher inserts expository writing into the narrative of the English Review sketches.

This difference between the early studies and the TI essays has been succinctly expressed by Paul Delany: "What was originally a moment of vision has become a moralized picture" (138). Lawrence revised in order to interpret and attach symbolic significance to the original experience. Admittedly, Lawrence added an important component to his travel writing. But he has also done so at the loss of a certain spontaneity, and an effacement of the narrator as traveller, which is the primary interest of the travel book.

"The Spinner and the Monks," the opening chapter, finds the traveller gauging himself against the strange presence of the Italians. It is a psychologically appropriate portrayal of the stranger's feelings of alienation, even paranoia:

> Women glanced down at me from the top of the flights of steps, old men stood, half-turning, half-crouching under the dark shadow of the walls, to stare. It was as if the strange

> creatures of the undershadow were looking at me. I was of another element ... venturing through the labyrinth made by furtive creatures, who watched from out of another element. And I was pale, and clear and evanescent, like the light, and they were dark, and constant, like the shadow.
>
> So I was quite baffled by the tortuous, tiny, deep passages of the village. I could not find my way. (20)

These initial impressions of alienation and fear are in keeping with the theme of exile. The promised land has not manifested itself as the traveller expected. Instead of an Arcadian world, he experiences a moment of despair and disorientation.

The nightmarish quality of the village is enhanced by the fact that the traveller is trying to find the church of San Tomasso, a mountain-top edifice he had noticed. It attracted him and stopped him in his tracks, just like the first crucifix. San Tomasso is now the desired place. It holds the promise of escape from the disillusioning effect of the Italian village. When he climbs to the church, he perceives it as "another world ... like the lowest step of heaven, of Jacob's ladder" (21).

As he explores the church, he meets an old woman spinning, an emissary from a timeless world. Instead of spiritual uplift, the traveller experiences even more intense feelings of fear and alienation: "she made me feel as if I were not in existence ... In my black coat, I felt myself wrong, false, an outsider ... I was a bit of the outside, negligible ... I became to her merely a transient circumstance" (22-24).

The traveller is confronted with a realm that is timeless and indifferent. He clearly does not belong and he runs away. But, curiously enough, he now takes on the qualities of the Italian - darkness, furtiveness - that had previously appeared so sinister to him.

Critics have seen the old woman as a manifestation of a primal unconsciousness or rather un-self-consciousness. Louis Tenenbaum views the meeting as an indication of the "gulf which separates the sophistication and self-consciousness of the North from the eternal, self-centered wisdom of the peasant of the South" (122); Janik identifies the old woman "with the primitive or original absolute of the body unconscious of the self and of the existence of others on anything but a physical level" (32); while Tracy says "the meeting becomes a clash between the northern consciousness with its sharply defined ego and the southern consciousness with its outward extending ego" (31). But not much has ever been made of the old woman's spinning, an image of the passage of time. The old woman herself is ageless; the narrator describes her as "a sun-worn stone" and "eternal, unchangeable." But he seems unduly aware of her spinning activity. When her shuttle catches in a chicory plant, he breaks it free. When her thread breaks, "she seemed to take no notice ... and set the bobbin spinning again." Her ignorance of time and a world outside herself associates her with "the Creation, the beginning of the world." Is this not the world the traveller is seeking? If it is, he has to turn away from it. To commit himself to it would mean self-annihiliation. He descends to the village, an action

that suggests he is accepting his place among the Italians and recognizing a common humanity. The lower world to which both he and they belong, albeit in different capacities, is the world of self-awareness, of mortality, and of time; witness what he says about that world in a passage from the "Crucifix" chapter: "this our life, this admixture of labour and of warm experience in the flesh, all the time it is steaming up to the changeless brilliance above, the light of the everlasting snows" (23-26,6). The narrator may yearn to be separate in a timeless world but he also realizes this may be antithetical to life. He never loses his desire for a pastoral world, a desire for "retreat, a human need" (Lerner 26), but he does reject monastic isolation.

This desire for retreat becomes a way of achieving an artistic detachment. This is in evidence as he returns to the village; descending with a bird's eye-view of the terrain below, he experiences a moment "when a strange suspension comes over the world" (28). This moment furnishes the central symbol of the travel book: the twilight which symbolizes the dissolution of a certain world. The twilight moment is the moment of elegy for the beauty of the old world:

> My heart seemed to fade in its beating, as if it too would be still. All was perfectly still, pure substance. The little steamer on the floor of the world below, the mules down the road cast no shadow. They too were pure sun-substance travelling on the surface of the sun-made world. (29)

Then he sees a pair of monks walking back and forth in the garden below, a signal that "another world was coming to pass, the cold, rare night" (29). These monks become the symbol of a lost promise, of a failure in the world: "they paced the narrow path of the twilight, treading in the neutrality of the law. Neither the blood nor the spirit spoke in them, only the law, the abstraction of the average" (30). Though it is difficult to discern what Lawrence means by the "law of the average asserted," there is no doubt that the world he has returned to is represented by this image of failure and sterility.

An additional significance of this passage is the transformation of the traveller, the wanderer, into the philosopher and social critic. It introduces the dualistic speculations that mar the Gargnano chapters that follow. In "The Lemon Gardens" and "The Theatre," anecdotal incident becomes an occasion for historical and cultural analysis. "The Lemon Gardens," the second chapter of "On the Lago di Garda" section, begins with an incident that is verbatim that of the English Review studies. The narrator is sought by his landlord for help with a doorspring whose directions are in English. The narrator agrees to help him, thinking "I have the honour of mechanical England in my hands." There is some bitterness here against being immediately identified with England. The only suggestion we have about the padrone is "the signore is a gentleman, and the last, shrivelled representative of his race" (32-33). (The narrator dislikes being associated with his "race," but does not hesitate to associate others with their own.) The padrone, in this case, is the

first of the symbolic figures that come to embody the death of a rural and communal Italy.

The narrator's entry into the Casa di Paoli becomes an occasion for a long digression on the opposing yet synchronous development of the northern and southern countries. The argument suggests that the north has followed the way of the spirit; the south, the way of the body. It is a way, as Fussell has suggested, of pleading for a "unified sensibility" (152). It is also an example of the imposition of Lawrence's wartime philosophic concerns on the 1912-13 narrative. Here is a representative passage of 1915 from "The Crown": "These are the cries of the adversaries, the two opposites.... First of all the flesh develops in splendour and glory out of the prolic darkness ... it develops to a great triumph ... travelling towards the wise goddess, the white light, the Mind" (Phoenix II 371). But in Europe these two infinites" or "opposites," represented by the lion and the unicorn," are gone mad." Lawrence, of course, is referring to the war that is occurring as he writes. Similar passages in TI are digressive and unconnected to the impressions of the traveller. Lawrence breaks up his original impressionistic narrative with tangential argument, such as that quoted above. He also changes his original essay, written in the present tense, to a retrospective perspective. This is not totally unsuccessful, since it adds to the impression of a world now lost to us, and makes the force of the traveller's nostalgia more powerful.

But at the end of the chapter, one is grateful that Lawrence has returned to the immediate scene; in a fusion of image and mood, he eulogizes the passing of this world. The chapter's closing passages are much more successful than those on the monks. The padrone suggests to the narrator that they walk in his lands; strolling in his abandoned lemon gardens, the narrator evokes the loss of something magnificent:

> ... naked pillars rising out of the green foliage, like ruins of temples: white, square pillars of masonry, standing forlorn in their colonnades and squares ... as if they remained from some great race that had once worshipped here ... grey rows of pillars rising out of a broken wall, tier above tier, naked to the sky, forsaken. (48)

Lawrence draws an analogy between the ruined lemon houses and the ruins of the ancient world, so closely associated with the Mediterranean countries. This suggests that the tragedy of the world he is witnessing is no less a loss than that of the Golden Age of antiquity. The lemon culture has been abandoned for the vine, which brings greater profits but also exhausts the soil. The ruined lemon houses are parallel to the figure of the padrone di Paoli: "a little figure of dilapidation, as dilapidated as the lemon houses themselves" (51). The narrator is drawing a connection between the death of a certain way of life and the collapse of a certain class; and the uselessness of the lemon houses parallels the sterility of the padrone.

As the traveller-narrator stands amidst the upper reaches of the padrone's "petites terres," he expresses, on a microscopic scale, the pattern of nostalgia and disillusion that is the kernel of Lawrence's travel writing:

> I sat on the roof of the lemon-house, with the lake below and the snowy mountain opposite, and looked at the ruins on the old, olive-fuming shores, at all the peace of the ancient world still covered in sunshine, and the past seemed to me so lovely that one must look towards it, backwards, only backwards, where there is peace and beauty and no more dissonance. I thought of England ... it was better than the padrone ... It is better to go forward into error than to stay fixed inextricably in the past. (53)

Turning toward England, he thinks "England was conquering the world with her machines and her horrible destruction of natural life ... If she still lived, she would begin to build her knowledge into a great structure of truth" (53-54). This passage has obvious echoes from the closing paragraph of The Rainbow: "She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth" (548). But, unlike The Rainbow this does not give the final note to TI. The promise of England is left dangling as the journey continues.

This is part of the frustration that TI poses for the reader. The traveller experiences the nostalgia and disillusion already discussed,

yet he never arrives at a "new vision" of the world. The closest he comes to it is this moment about the future of England. But he leaves it behind as if he had been mistaken. The war-time Lawrence had experienced a final disillusionment with his homeland, which persecuted him during the war and suppressed The Rainbow. In a letter to Ottoline Morrell, written 11 November 1915, he spoke of England's legacy: "We must either die or go away dispossessed, exiled in body and spirit" (ed. Moore, Letters 1:380). The failure of the traveller to re-discover the Garden in Italy parallels the disillusion of the war-time narrator who can only reject his former vision for the native place.

The next chapter, "The Theatre," is the weakest chapter of the travel book. The occasion of a series of plays, presented by an Italian peasant company, offers the narrator the opportunity to digress into cultural and historical realms. As Jeanie Wagner has noted in her comparative study of "Italian Studies" and TI, "it is extremely difficult, if not impossible to combine a philosophical examination of 'the mystic reason' with a quasi-humorous account of the players' version of Hamlet" (264). The players' company is presenting northern plays, Ibsen's Ghosts and Shakespeare's Hamlet. Its ignorance of the Northern Europe theatrical tradition results in parodic versions of the plays. The traveller-narrator's tone is light-hearted, amused by the spectacle but holding back his laughter for fear of giving offense. He uses this opportunity to satirize the concerns of the north. The play's Hamlet, Enrico Persivalli, becomes "the caricature of Hamlet's melancholy

self-absorption" (66). In the middle of this account, the narrator turns to an analysis of the breakdown of the aristocratic consciousness in Europe and the subsequent rise of the democratic one. This interrupts the narrative and introduces a tone, as well as themes and concerns, seemingly unconnected to the immediate scene. But, more importantly, they are unconnected to the tone and mood of the traveller-spectator who "tries not to grin" as he watches.

Chapter four, "San Gaudenzio," is the centre of both the Lago di Garda section and the entire book. The search for an idyllic community is abandoned, and from this point on TI concentrates on the narrator's vision of certain individuals he had encountered. He enters not a social but a personal Eden, the relation between a man and a woman. He and his companion move to an isolated farm inhabited by Paolo and Maria Fiori. The entry to San Gaudenzio is appropriately described in this allusion: "Through the gate, inside the high wall, is the little Garden of Eden." Despite the promise of spring and a description of the surrounding natural scene, whose flowers are "little living myths," there is trouble in paradise. The Fioris, instead of being an image of balance and harmony, are an image of strife. Maria is of a new order, she "wanted the future, the endless possibility of life on earth"; she believes she can grasp its promise by accumulating wealth. Paolo is of the old order, "he reckoned in land and olive trees" (83,87-88); the centre of his world is the mountain farm. The strife of the couple epitomizes the failure of the past and the future to achieve continuity. Maria embodies the

encroachment of history, i.e., of the modern world, on the cyclic life of the peasant; it is she who dominates the family.

This chapter introduces the subject of emigration, another variation on the theme of exile and dispossession. Paolo is the first of the Italian male figures that have emigrated. They parallel the narrator's own loss of home. The effects of emigration are tragic; they have made Paolo "a ghost in the house" (93); despite his return from America, this dislocation has destroyed his original connection to his land. For Lawrence, emigration is a symptom of the disintegration of the world, a part of the coming of the "cold, rare night"; on 22 February 1914, he wrote to May Chambers Holbrook:

> Italy is a country on the change and suffering it acutely ... It is queer how the old, unconscious carelessness and fatalism of indisposition is working rapidly, decomposing, making the nation feverish and active ... seven men out of ten emigrate from the villages round about go for seven years at least -- then the stability of the world seems gone. (ed. Moore, Letters 1:266)

Emigration, as well as industrialization and urbanization, is at the core of the dislocation and instability that are the norms of the modern world. It is another reminder that humanity has not only been unable to recover the lost garden, but keeps getting further away from it. Emigration is a metaphor for the destruction of the bonds to the "spirit of place," a notion that Lawrence was already pondering in his essays on American literature.

The last two paragraphs of the chapter are a bleak image of the present: they are written from the perspective of the war-time narrator who sadly wonders what will happen to Giovanni, the eldest Fiori child: "In my loft by the lemon houses now I should hear the guns. And Giovanni kissed me with a kind of supplication when I went on to the steamer ... He will make a good fight for the new soùl he wants -- that is, if they do not kill him in this War" (95). Unlike the analytical digressions, the narrator's commentary in this passge is powerful because it is linked to a specific memory. One also senses a certain nostalgia for the world he knew in San Gaudenzio. His hopes for Giovanni are all eclipsed by his awareness of the war.

The next chapter, "The Dance," chronicles a night's entertainment at San Gaudenzio, including mountain peasants dancing with some Northern European women (one of whom was Frieda). It embodies the desire for fusion with elemental or primal forces, which becomes increasingly prominent in Lawrence's travel writing (culminating in his two Indian dance chapters in MM). The peasants, of course, are the emissaries of the primitive, while the Northern women are representatives of the civilized and self-conscious states. But the dance fails, the women recoiling from their peasant partners, "without the fusion in the dance" (102).

This chapter is distinguished from the rest of TI because of a curious stance on the part of the narrator. He is strangely detached from the action -- only present in his capacity as observer. It is

anomalous because it is the only one in which the traveller-narrator maintains this "disinvolvement" from the world around him. Most of the time, as he confronts, or is confronted by, a fact of the external world, he must understand and interpret; we are only aware of what he thinks and feels. In this chapter, he is not seeking or confronting these primitive "wild men" but watching others approach them. He is thus able to penetrate the feelings of both the men and, especially, the women, as they are transported by the rhythms of the music and dance. It is a foreshadowing of the "disinterested" suspension of his own emotions and thoughts which in MM and EP will allow him to tap archaic ways of perceiving the world. Inexplicably, the traveller-narrator never resumes this perspective. For the rest of TI, we are privy only to his thoughts, his feelings, and his reactions.

"Il Duro" chronicles another encounter with a nature alien to the traveller-narrator's. In some ways, it reiterates the meeting with the old spinning woman. Il Duro, the vine-grafter, and the old woman share a certain "hardness," a certain indestructible timelessness that the traveller can never share. But there is one important difference between them; unlike the old woman, Il Duro (also called Faustino), becomes another symbol for the dissolution of the pastoral world. The narrator, though, is greatly attracted to Il Duro, whose eyes are like "a god's pale-gleaming" and who has "the malignant suffering look of a satyr." Il Duro is a manifestation of Pan; he belongs to "the sylvan gods." As such, he is associated with the pastoral world the traveller seeks. But

Il Duro belongs to another world; there is no place for him in this one. He remains childless and unmarried and with his passing, his kind will disappear from the world. The special relation he shares with the land is now obsolete: "a creature in intimate communion with the sensible world knowing purely by touch the limey mess he mixed amongst, knowing as if by relation between that soft matter and the matter of himself" (104,109,108). The narrator can never know this relation, separated as he is from it by hundreds of years of history. The narrator aligns himself with the world of time and history but regrets the incompatibility between himself and Il Duro.

The traveller next meets with "John" (once Giovanni), an Italian who belongs to his world. Unlike other Italians, John is an instrument of historical change, not a victim or a relic of a dying world. The "precursor of a redeemed or redeemable future, a John the Baptist to the fallen world" (Fahey 57), John reveals to the narrator his past in the village and his aspirations for the future. He does not have the fatalism of the other Italians but rather views life as a self-creating process. He, too, had emigrated to America, just like Paolo and Il Duro. Unlike them, he did not return untouched by the experience. He became a part of the life there. In an interesting final paragraph the narrator uses spatial metaphors to discuss his past and future: "His father was the continent behind him; his wife and child the foreshore of the past; but his face was set outwards, away from it all -- whither, neither he nor anybody knew, but he called it America." But the promise

of a new world is a double-edged sword, for it precipitates John, "a fragment inconclusive, into the new chaos ... That he must suffer disintegration from the old life" (118-119).

As this description suggests, John is a hybrid of two worlds. The following image connects this section to the two that follow: "tall and thin and somewhat German looking, wearing shabby American clothes ... he looked entirely like a ne'er-do-well who plays a violin in the street, dressed in the most sordid respectability" (112). Shabby or not, he has taken on the quality of the other's world; he appears to belong nowhere. "John" is the last chapter of the Lago di Garda section; in the two sections that follow, "Italians in Exile" and "The Return Journey," one cannot help but find parallels between the stance of the traveller-narrator and that of John, who can adapt to two worlds and yet belong to neither. In these sections, the traveller-narrator affirms his role as a wanderer and an exile: he, like John, becomes a soul "in trajectory."

These final sections are accounts of hiking journeys Lawrence took in Switzerland and northern Italy during the week of 19-26 September 1913. In "Italians in Exile," the narrator meets with a group of Italians in a Swiss town. This is the first time he has encountered Italian immigrants, those who have arrived, not those who are leaving. He now has to deal with the new world he had hoped they would create. He meets them in a Swiss inn where he has stopped for the night. Entering, they create "a tiny, pathetic magic-land far away from the barrenness of

Switzerland" (129). They begin to rehearse a play. Attracted by their world and nostalgic for Italian company, the narrator enters their group. But uneasiness does not take long to visit him.

As the Italians rehearse and the traveller observes them, their play becomes a metaphor for the functioning of society. This society has a leader with

> ... a look of purpose, almost of devotion on his face, that singled him out ... They quarrelled, and he let them quarrel up to a certain point; then he called them back. He let them do as they liked so long as they adhered more or less to the central purpose, so long as they got on in some measure with the play. (133).

Like John, these men are the kernel out of which a new world will be born; yet, the traveller-narrator must reject this world. Their leader Guiseppino asks the traveller to join them. His reaction is very painful: "He wanted something which was beyond me. And my soul was somewhere in tears crying helplessly like an infant in the night ... I did not believe in the perfectability of man. I did not believe in infinite harmony among men." These men are Italian anarchists; in them, the traveller senses "a new spirit." But the traveller affirms his role as a wanderer, as a seeker: "I wanted to arrest my activity, to keep it confined to the moment, to the adventure." At the end of the chapter, commenting from the perspective of war-time England, he states: "I cannot really consider them in thought. I shrink involuntarily away" (138-39,141).

To the traveller-narrator, this incident is a rejection of the Utopian future. Laurence Lerner remarks that "the Golden Age belongs to the past; and to put it in the future is to change it into Utopia" (64). We have already said that much of TI re-enacts the exile from the garden; the exile is manifested by the disillusion the traveller experiences; but the promise of a new Jerusalem is still potent. Faced with its embodiment in the world, the traveller-narrator has to reject it and affirm the supremacy of the journey.[1] It is from this point on that the Lawrentian travel narrative becomes a quest of the imagination. The traveller no longer seeks the idyllic in the world, whether it be that of the past or that of the future. Tracy has correctly recognized that pattern of the travel books as "a search for Eden that begins in the real world and progresses to the world of his own imagination" (273). The impulse behind his nostalgia is never satisfied in the world, but only in his ability to explore primal states of being, to recover dormant relations between humanity and its environment.

The final section of TI, "The Return Journey," continues the walking tour that moves toward the south and Italy. It is a celebration of the open road, freedom of movement, and the joy that comes from being alone: "So whilst I walk through Switzerland, though it is a valley of gloom and depression, a light seems to flash out under every footstep, with the joy of progression." Though the traveller seems to be free and happy, he is often overtaken by violent and black moods of depression. This occurs when he notes the northern wasteland with its "inert, neutral, material

people" (145-46). Part of his anger against Switzerland has to do with the fact that it reminds him of England. Whatever promise England had held is now snuffed out. It is also important to keep in mind that this journey was presumably made after the traveller had returned home. He no longer feels alienated in Italy. Yet he also lacks the reverence and hope with which he had approached it last. It now seems only the lesser of two evils.

Continuing his journey after a night spent in Lucerne, he travels through a bleak and threatening world, a "dark, cold valley." Walking through the Alps, the traveller projects onto the landscape a sense of imminent disaster and death:

> It seemed as though some dramatic upheaval must take place, the mountains fall down into their own shadows. The valley beds were like deep graves, the sides of the mountains like the collapsing walls of a grave ... all the people of the mountains, on the slopes, in the valleys, seemed to live upon this great, rushing wave of death, of breaking-down, of destruction. (152-53)

Whether this did or did not have a connection to the coming war (these sections are written in 1915) these are images of a world collapsing out of existence. To the narrator, beyond the historical occasion of the war, this landscape is a reminder of "the rushing of Time that continues throughout eternity ... something that mocks and destroys our warm being" (155).

The traveller then experiences a moment of meaninglessness and the "open road" almost becomes an excuse not to return to the world. His "separatedness" becomes, not a stance necessary to the guide and the artist, but one which rejects his humanity: "this continent all beneath was so unreal, false, ... one looked down on it, and it seemed to have lost all importance ... It was so big, yet it had no significance. The kingdoms of the world had no significance: what could one do but wander about? ... should one ever go down to the lower world?" Just as the traveller-narrator is about to make his decision, a German youth comes striding toward him, descending the mountain. With this guide, the narrator descends out of the timeless world of the mountains, "over the ridge of the world from the north into the south" (158-59).

The south once again acts as an image of the promised land. As he nears the Ticino valley, the traveller envisions it as the abode of a more glorious world:

> The head of the valley had that half-tamed ancient aspect that reminded me of the Romans. I could only expect the Roman legions to be encamped down there; and the white goats on the bushes belonged to a Roman camp.
>
> But no, we saw again the barracks of the Swiss soldiery, and again we were in the midst of rifle-fire and manceuvres. (162-63)

The traveller's moment of nostalgia for the Roman world (paralleling his first journey on the imperial road to Rome) comes across the disillusioning presence of a different soldiery. He has once again been

invaded by the historical reality of a world preparing for a war that will have nothing to do with the traditions of the ancient world.

Entering Italy, the traveller makes a statement that is one of Lawrence's first pronouncements on the "spirit of place":

> It is strange how different the sun-dried, ancient, southern slopes of the world are, from the northern slopes. It is as if the god Pan really had his home among these sun-bleached stones and tough sun-dark trees. And one knows it all in one's blood, it is pure, sun-dried memory. (163)

The landscape that he hails as Pan's now becomes a wasteland; change is laying waste to Italy. The narrator re-enters the nightmare of history, associated with the marks of industrialization, urbanization, and displacement: "I walked on and on, down the Ticino valley ... the quality of its sordidness is something that has entered Italian life now, if it was not there before ... Down the road of the Ticino valley I felt again my terror of this new world which is coming into being on top of us." The annihilation of the landscape becomes the central image of his nightmare, "where great blind cubes of dwellings rise stark from the destroyed earth." When he finally enters Milan, he finds "the same purpose stinking in it all, the mechanizing, the perfect mechanizing of human life" (164-65,168). The differences he had established between north and south are only epiphanic. In TI, there seems no way out of the nightmare of history, which is carrying the world to destruction. At most, the traveller-narrator has only the satisfaction of remembering the "other" world he glimpsed at the twilight moment of its demise.

High hopes and disillusion dominate all of Lawrence's travel books. But only in TI does the final note strike such despair and bitterness. The subject of my next chapter, the tonal qualities of SS, is an appropriate dénouement to that of TI. It is Lawrence's "after-the-war" book on "after-the-war-Italy." While it too contains the extremes of hope and disillusion, a kind of stoic amusement seems to underlie the traveller's reactions to the vagaries Italy throws his way. A sense of irony, a satiric outlook, and a penchant for caricature and hyperbole overcome the effects of an embittered disillusion and despair. The spirit of the pilgrim that marks TI is replaced by the presence of a "tongue-in-cheek" cosmopolitan, "abroad."

III. Sea and Sardinia: The "Restored Osiris"

Sea and Sardinia (1921) is about the desire to discard the burden of the past. Its narrator wishes to escape the deadening effects of the post-war world by making contact with a place that lies outside the historical process. His goal is to re-discover a pristine land and by that exploration and discovery to renew the self. But as Tracy has noted, "Lawrence's stress upon Sardinia's lack of history and culture tells us about his own needs, not about the island ... Lawrence evidently wanted to escape his own past" (44). Because the "imagined" Sardinia is a projection of his own desires, his quest becomes a disillusioning experience. Nevertheless, this "disillusionment" allows the narrator to gain a new perspective on his relation to Italy and the past. Initially, he views the past as a dead thing, the war and the post-war period having completely disconnected the present from the pre-war world. He eventually realizes that our relation to the past is analogous to that of Osiris to the disparate members of his body. His relation to the past becomes complex and, at times, contradictory. It is a dead thing inhibiting the individual; yet, at the same time, it holds potentially revelatory experiences, clues to self-understanding and identity.

The narrative of SS modulates between the two tones - satiric and lyric. The satiric perspective conforms with the narrator's attitude toward the modern world. The lyricism becomes apparent when he fleetingly glimpses the mystery and beauty of another world in the last

vestiges of Sardinian culture and senses the "spirit of place" inspired by the Sardinian landscape. Despite this, satire and invective dominate SS, suggesting that the satirized world, the modern, machine world is (at least for the moment) conquering the archaic cultures and the land. Ronald A. Knox once noted in "On Humour and Satire" that "the impetus to write satire comes to a man ... as a result of disappointment" (Satire 62). This can be seen to be the case with SS. Lawrence's post-war experience was one of great disappointment. On 9 September 1915, he wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell that he hoped the world conflict would serve as a preamble to "a new heaven and a new earth" (ed. Moore, Letters 1:366). Unfortunately, the worst aspects of the pre-war world emerged intact in the post-war period. This impression remained unchanged upon his return to Italy in November 1919. When he went to Sardinia in early January 1921, he wanted to escape the historical process that had led Europe through the war to this deadened and mechanized condition. If the war had not proven to be the "preamble" to an ideal world, he must now seek a culture and a landscape that escaped the European fate.

The butt of Lawrence's satire is the "machinery" of the modern world, not just its instruments and vehicles but its "systems" -- of communication, transportation, etc. As Margery Sabin has indicated, "a ticketed, timetable world is the very image of being caught in that insane 'machine persistence' which Lawrence hoped to escape" (96). In TI, despite the traveller-narrator's despair at the "perfect mechanizing" of human life, the world he travels through is accessible. He feels free

on the "open road," and he crosses boundaries without the modern encumbrances.[1] The world of SS (especially the embarkation and return to Sicily) is a claustrophobic one. The traveller spends most of his time deriding the features of the modern world: he never walks but takes trains, ships, and buses; he encounters self-important officials; he discusses the economy, the "cambio" or exchange and the price of bread; the army is present everywhere and there are scenes of political tension. One such scene, for example, takes place near the end of his voyage: on the train to Naples, the defeated soldiers of Gabriele D'Annunzio's failed "coup de main" clash with an officer of the regular Italian army.

Lawrence's main satiric devices are caricature and hyperbole. He often carcicatures by reducing the human to the bestial, or rather the entomological. That most sacred object of his life, Frieda, is not his wife, friend, companion, but the "queen-bee," reduced to "q-b" through most of SS; avaricious waiters become "bluebottles"; station-masters, "honey-bees"; a ship's carpenter, a "mosquito." In the first chapter, the narrator makes a specific reference to the comic device he is using: waiting for the train to Messina and observing his fellow passengers, the narrator remarks: "Humanity is, externally, too much alike. Internally, there are insuperable differences. So one sits and thinks, watching the people on the station: like a line of caricatures between oneself and the naked sea and the uneasy, clouding dawn." This pensive tone introduces one of the narrator's main preoccupations: the loss of

cultural diversity. His condemnation of it often goes beyond carcicature to invective: "Alas, most of the men are still khaki-muffled, rabbit-indistinguishable, ignominious. The Italians look curiously rabbity in the grey-green uniform: just as our sand-coloured khaki men look doggy" (6,88). In these descriptions, anger and contempt override humour.

The basis of Lawrence's lyric voice is nostalgia, not for home but for some world now lost. One example is the narrator's paean for the town of Orosei:

> Oh wonderful Orosei with your almonds and your reedy river, throbbing, throbbing with light and the sea's nearness, and all so lost in a world long gone by, lingering as legends linger on. It is hard to believe that it is real. It seems so long since life left it and memory transfigured it into pure glamour, lost away like a lost pearl on the east Sardinian coast. Yet there it is, with a few grumpy inhabitants who won't give you a crust of bread. And probably there is malaria ... Yet, for a moment, that January morning, how wonderful, oh, the timeless glamour. (158)

Implicit in this passage is the transforming power of memory. This is the root of nostalgia and lyric: the sense of some irrevocable loss. Grim reality, in the form of grumpy inhabitants and malaria, is always just around the corner -- waiting to destroy the reverie of the nostalgic dreamer. These sentiments are also roused by Sardinians in peasant

costume who seem to offer an alternative identity to that offered by post-war Europe. The narrator tries to capture that identity through vivid descriptions of the color and movement of their costumes. But he conveys only image -- with no substance -- "brightly coloured puppets," as Weiner has described them (236).

As I noted in chapter I, SS is a series of aborted epiphanies: the narrator never captures the world the Sardinians seem to promise. He can see their externals but has no inkling of their interior world. In a review of SS, Padraic Colum identified this failure in the narrator, stating that "the great recognition did not come to him and so the excursion remains only a memorable excursion. There is momentary recognition" (194).

The lyricism of SS is also found in Lawrence's descriptions of landscape and his conception of the "spirit of place." But the landscape is almost always devoid of human beings (though occasionally a peasant appears driving an ox). The connections between people and land that were at least visible in TI are now obsolete. The narrator is moved by the landscape, though rarely is it associated with the activities of the people around him. This strict division between human activity and the spiritual core of the land is best described by a comment Lawrence made in a letter to Edward Garnett dated 10 November 1921: "It is lovely here and the morning landscape is just like Homer. But only the landscape. Not man" (ed. Moore, Letters 2:674). Lawrence's disillusion (and his satiric aim) is always toward humanity. The Homeric Eden he glimpses in

landscape can only fulfill an aesthetic need. But in SS the two experiences, the human and the natural, the social and the sublime, just like the two narrative moods, are never reconciled.

Despite a thematic concern with the past, SS is dominated by the present tense. The truly vital moment is the present moment. Its extreme agitation and modulation of tone are conveyed by a particular quality of prose -- the prose of instantaneity. Ellis has connected this Lawrentian travel prose with statements in Lawrence's manifesto, "Poetry of the Present" (1918), also known as the preface to the American edition of his New Poems. There, Lawrence divides the Western poetic tradition into two camps: poetry of the past, i.e., an elegiac strain; and poetry of the future, i.e., a transcendent strain. He then defines a third type, obviously suggesting that his own poetry is its culmination: the poetry of the "immediate present." It is a poetry that explores the "one great mystery of time [which] is terra incognita to us: the instant" (Phoenix 218). I would agree with Ellis that these statements aptly describe the prose of SS. Lawrence's Sardinian experience conforms to his choice of narrative tense. After all, his trip was short (9-10 days) and yet covered much territory. He observed the island and its people from the window of his bus seat, train compartment, or upper deck. The impressionistic fluidity of rapid transit is manifested by the style and form of the travel book, what Ellis calls his "minute adherence to chronology" (54).

There are other reasons for the narrative qualities of SS. They reflect a change in the sensibilities and concerns of the narrative presence introduced in TI. One reason is expressed by John Alcorn, who describes the plot of the travel book as "a sequence of impressions, often rationally unconnected." He goes on to say that the narrator achieves this effect by exhibiting "an abandonment to the accidents of the present moment" (58). The ability to convey this shows a writer in command of the travel genre: one who unites external phenomena with internal states. In chapter I, I discussed Sitwell's definition of the travel narrative as "discursion ... the manner in which a traveller formulates his loose impressions, as, for example, he sits in a train, ... and allows the sights he so rapidly glimpses ... to break in upon the thread of his ... thoughts" (qtd. in Fussell 204). Not surprisingly, Sitwell uses a travel metaphor to describe the qualities of travel prose. Similarly referring to the train junction as an image of suspension in travel, Lawrence describes the moments that make up the "fluidity" of his narrative:

> A coincidenza is where two trains meet in a loop. You sit in a world of rain and waiting until some silly engine with four trucks puffs alongside. Ecco la coincidenza. Then after a brief conversazione between the two trains, ... the tin horn sounds and away we go, happily, towards the next coincidence. (13)

This describes the quality of the incidents, meetings, and conversations of the book: the traveller meets people and sees places, yet they are always left behind, never referred to again.

The other reason behind the "prose of the present" is connected to Lawrence's use of the past tense in TI. The tense shift occurring between TI and SS suggests a different relation to the past. A comment Lawrence made about memory helps us to understand the change in narrative tense: "Memory is not truth. Memory is persistence, perpetuation of a momentary cohesion in the flux ... It is no good living on memory. When the flower opens, see him, don't remember him" ("The Crown," Phoenix II 414). The idealization and worship of the past is anathema. Nostalgia as a "retrograde emotion" becomes an excuse to avoid life; and life can only be lived in the present, through an acceptance and even a celebration of the "flux," the passage of time. In TI, the use of the past tense was elegiac; it evoked a lost world, and mourned its passing -- it suggested loss. Its underlying desire is to preserve and return to the past. (The Orosei passage cited earlier is an example of the nostalgic effusions of TI.) In most cases in SS, the narrator's nostalgia, embedded as it is in the immediacy of the account, speaks of gain. Nostalgia contains the possibility of recovering something lost -- a truth, a source, still alive and potent in humanity, only forgotten and not lost. This different perspective towards the past is what paves the way for the apocalyptic voice of the later travel books. The traveller's quest becomes an attempt to revivify the past by bringing its secrets into active service of the present.

SS can give a reader the initial impression of "formlessness." Yet, if considered carefully, certain patterns emerge. SS consists of eight chapters that form certain patterns and exhibit a certain progression. One motif that emerges involves the traveller's means of transport, alternating between train, ship, and bus. Implicit in these movements is a celebration of sea travel (hence, the title) and a disparaging of land travel. The initial two chapters describe a departure from Sicily; the four middle chapters, a sojourn in Sardinia; the last two chapters, a return to Sicily. Unlike TI, SS returns to the place of origin. Another pattern that emerges is that of a familiar world left behind, followed by an alien world (Sardinia) and a return to the familiar world of Sicily. This can also be seen as a movement away from the modern world, to a primitive world, and a subsequent integration with the modern world. In effect, Lawrence gives a "shape" to his book without losing the impression of randomness and fluidity of the diary and note-book form.[2]

A restless tone dominates the initial chapter of SS, "As Far As Palermo." In his Sicilian home, the narrator confesses a need for constant movement and stimulation. The opening paragraph describes the travel motive: "Comes over one an absolute necessity to move. And what is more, to move in some particular direction. A double necessity then; to get on the move and to know whither." Absent is the hope of discovering a pastoral world that was found in TI. The narrator is restless for escape; he is not going somewhere; he is leaving some place. It appears he is fleeing Etna, who "makes men mad ... takes his

soul away from him ... and leaves him ... intelligent and soulless" (1-2). Most critics see Etna as symbolic of a female principle Lawrence is rejecting and interpret SS as Lawrence's search for a male civilization. But if Lawrence is rejecting anything in SS it is the entire post-war world, and the traditions and conventions that led to it.[3] If TI is partly about Lawrence's rejection of his personal past, i.e., England, then SS is his attempted denial of the entire Western tradition, especially the historical and universal consciousness that created it. Etna is the embodiment of this consciousness.

When SS is interpreted solely as search for a male Utopia, the narrator is identified as Lawrence the man and his book as autobiography. Admittedly, the employment of a first-person narrator inhibits the adoption of any other perspective. Scenes, as well as voices, are filtered through a single consciousness. Yet, if we do not equate the narrator with Lawrence the man, we have to treat him as a character in a fiction (as Ellis does), and his opinions and comments as the inevitable limitations of a single fictional perspective. For example, despite his admiration and eulogy for the "old, hardy, indomitable male," he is often foiled by the presence of the queen-bee. Though Frieda is reduced to a level other than the human and is kept silent most of the time, her down-to-earthness sometimes acts as a counterpoint to the narrator. In Sorgono, the narrator got into a "black, black, black" rage over every detail of their reception in the town. Her reply was as lucid and reasonable as his anger was not, "Why

take it morally? You petrify that man at the inn by the very way you speak to him, such condemnation! Why don't you take it as it comes? It's all life." He ignored her and "cursed them all, and especially the q-b for an interfering female." And at the end of SS, when he sings the praises of a Palermitan marionette show, it is easy to overlook the fact that it was the q-b that "insisted on going" (62,99-100,199). This can only be to Lawrence's credit as a skillful travel writer: to sustain the intimacy and subjectivity of the first person account, and yet to leave room for alternate figures.

Returning to the embarkation in the first chapter, the narrator decides to travel to Sardinia because it "has no history, no date, no race." The self-questioning is left behind. He turns to the more mundane scene of preparing for the trip. They rise at 5:00 A.M. and arrange their knapsack. Leaving the house is treated as a curious reversal of the exile from the garden: "Ah dark garden, dark garden, with your olives and your wine, your medlars and mulberries ... your steep terraces ledged high above the sea. I am leaving ... out between the rosemary hedges, ... on to the cruel, steep stony road" (3,5). The familiar gives way to the unknown, dangerous journey (as the description of the road suggests). But there is also a hint of leaving the old and the worn behind: conventional pastoral imagery is rejected in SS. The Sardinian "paradise" is harsh and rough. This passage makes a hero out of the narrator, an adventurer. This tendency to self-dramatization will continue throughout SS.[4]

After a night spent in Palermo, the second day of their journey and the second chapter of SS begin to move away from crowded and official-ridden Sicily. On board the Sardinia-bound ship, the narrator's satiric tone is maintained with comments on the crew and his fellow-passengers. At the same time, he manifests a joy and a sense of freedom inspired by the movement of the ship. Despite the "bluebottle" crew, the "mosquito" carpenter, and the bad food, the narrator feels rejuvenated by the ship's motion. He approaches Cagliari with due reverence, recognizing in it the "historyless" place he is searching for.

There are three things that soothe, divert and fascinate him, and prepare him for the debarkation at Cagliari: the ship, the sea, and the sight of Mount Eryx. In all three cases, there is the suggestion of yearning -- a nostalgia for an alternate world and a certain delight in its discovery and recognition. The ship is old and well-built, reminding him of the days when craftsmanship was the norm: "There was a wonderful, old-fashioned, Victorian glow in it, and a certain splendour ... a certain homely grandeur still in the days when this ship was built." Transformed into a splendid vehicle, the ship puts him into the proper frame of mind for transport into an Edenic world. There is an implicit comparison between this old ship and the ship he takes to return to Palermo. The latter is a luxury liner and though he initially enjoys the comfort, eventually "it partakes of vulgar, vulgar, post-war commercialism and dog-fish money-stink" (22,198).

Once in open sea, there is a change of mood and tone. The narrator experiences a sense of liberation from the frustrations of the post-war world:

> One is free at last ... of all the hemmed-in life -- the horror of human tension, the absolute insanity of machine persistence ... the long drawn-out agony of a life among tense, resistent people on land, and then to feel the long, slow lift ... I wished in my soul the voyage might last forever, that the sea had no end, that one might float in this wavering, tremulous, yet long and surging pulsation while time everlasted: space never exhausted. (26-27)

The sea voyage becomes a metaphor for the narrator's desire to escape the spatial and temporal limitations associated with the land, symbol of the imprisoning effects of the post-war world. As often happens in SS, this hopeful mood is destroyed. He is interrupted by the annoying "mosquito" carpenter and breaks off his celebratory tone to mourn the loss of pre-war Italy: "Romantic, poetic, cypress-and-orange-tree Italy is gone. Remains an Italy smothered in the filthy smother of innumerable lira notes ... heavy around you is Italy's after-the-war atmosphere, darkly pressing you, milling you into dirty paper notes." Like England, Italy is now associated with machine activity, not only industrial "production," but also the rendering of human identity into a seemingly uniform value. This mood is sustained; going into supper, even the food the narrator is served is seen as a symbol of the annihilating effects of

the modern world: "thick, oily, cabbage soup ... a massive yellow omelette, like some log of bilious wood ... meat ... tasting of dead nothingness and having a thick sauce of brown neutrality." The cigarettes of this world are not "nourishing": "they are quite good, when they really have tobacco in them. Usually they are hollow tubes of paper which just flare away under one's nose and are done" (28-29,31-32, 116). The food, the clothes, even the cigarettes, symbolize the lack of a spiritual centre, "the discrepancy between social reality and the hunger of the stomach as well as the imagination" (Sabin 93-94).

Again on deck and hidden under a tarpaulin (safe from human company) the narrator is soothed by the movement of the ship. Once his anger is purged, he is receptive to the world flowing by, for example, the sight of Trapani: "There was something impressive -- magical under the far sunshine ... waiting far off, waiting far off like a lost city in a story, a Rip Van Winkle city." This is a typical reaction. From a distance, place holds much promise. Stopping there hours later, he and the q-b decide to look for some cakes. Immediately, his original impression is destroyed: "One should never enter into these southern towns that look so nice, so lovely from the outside" (33,37). The Trapani experience, though still in Sicily, is a foreshadowing of all the disillusioning towns of Sardinia.

Still on deck, before entering Trapani, the narrator is diverted. Echoing the sensations of his first glimpse of the Bavarian peasant crucifix in TI, he experiences a moment of revelation at the

sight of Mount Eryx: "why ... should my heart stand still as I watch that hill ... Watching Africa ... Venus of the aborigines, older than Greek Aphrodite ... this centre of an ancient, quite-lost world ... from the darkest recesses of my blood comes a terrible echo at the name of Mount Eryx" (33-34). To Lawrence, the "blood" was the undiscovered realm of the human psyche. It could offset the destructive effects of the universal and historical consciousness. Even before the writing of SS, he had said in "The Two Principles" that "in the blood, we have our strongest self-knowledge" (Phoenix II 236). Though the blood will also be linked with Sardinian costumes, its significance is never clarified. It seems the call of the blood is the strongest call of nostalgia, compelling the narrator, representative of "modern man," to search for Eden, "beginning a movement backwards from paradise lost" (Alcorn 50).

On deck the next day, the narrator catches sight of Cagliari. From a substantial distance, it fulfills his expectations: "The city piles up lofty and almost miniature, and makes me think of Jerusalem ... remote as if back in history ... It has that curious look, as if it could be seen but not entered. It is like some vision, some memory, something that has passed away" (52). There is an implicit admission of failure and irredeemable loss: Cagliari should be seen but not entered. To enter Cagliari is to destroy the vision of Cagliari, and to do so is to admit the illusoriness of the artist's imagination. Antithetically, Gendron interprets this passage as "the impossibility of extinguishing the romantic imagination" (226). Even if the romantic imagination (i.e., the

ability to conceive the paradisal) is an eternally resurging source, then its price is still the disappointing realization that it must always be fed by the "new place," the new promise.

On the whole, Cagliari is not a negative experience. It offers the first sight of peasant costumes (though the post-war atmosphere is here too). This Cagliari chapter initiates a series of visits to towns. It introduces the central section of SS (the sojourn in Sardinia) and can be seen as equivalent to the "On the Lago di Garda" section of TI, though there are significant differences. These suggest another change in the sensibilities and concerns of our narrator. We note a lack of interest in personality and an emphasis on landscape. The chapters of TI, for example, are entitled with human names, but those of SS with town names. This indicates a shift away from the symbolic import of character. The interest is in "the spirit of place" as well as its symbolic possibilities: a "Rip Van Winkle city," the "world's end," the "New Jerusalem." Even the peasants who come to mean so much to the narrator are treated as impersonal entities in the surrounding world. The figures of TI are symbolic of moments in the historical and psychic development of the modern world. The peasants of Sardinia, unself-conscious, manifest an eternal and elemental quality in humanity.

Exploring Cagliari that afternoon, the narrator and his companion discover a terrace and look over the town and its surrounding landscape. They feel they have reached "the world's end." The desolate landscape affirms his initial desire to arrive at a place outside of time and

history, "as if it had never really had a fate." The scene also inspires this thought on the "spirit of place": "The spirit of place is a strange thing. Our mechanical age tries to override it. But it does not succeed. In the end the strange, sinister spirit of place, so diverse and adverse in differing places, will smash our mechanical oneness into smithereens" (55). This is the first of several statements on "spirit of place"; Lawrence deftly uses it to suggest the presence of a nemesis awaiting modern society.

In SS, Lawrence realizes that the link between people and place is preserved and manifested only by archaic cultures. This is suggested to him by Sardinian men in a Cagliari street: "that curious, black and white costume: I seem to have known it before: to have worn it even: to have dreamed it ... It belongs in some way to something in me - to my past." The next morning, again catching sight of the costumes, he reinforces his original impressions: "my dream of last evening was not a dream. And my nostalgia for something I know not what was not an illusion ... a heart yearning I have known and which I want back again" (62-63). Later in the day, again he questions himself on this sense of "blood-familiarity":

> ... faces in Cagliari ... they strike a stranger, older note: before the soul became self-conscious: before the mentality of Greece ... remote, as if the intelligence lay deep within the cave, and never came forward. One searches into the gloom for one second, ... without being able to penetrate to the reality.

> It recedes like some unknown creature ... There is a creature, dark and potent, but what? (67)

Unlike the search for a green Arcadia in TI, the narrator's nostalgia is hauntingly familiar, yet dangerous. It is the first stirring of Lawrence's concern with the primitive as a means of probing the elemental psyche of modern humanity.

Despite these new sensations and thoughts, the post-war world predominates in Sardinia. Its presence, and hence its destructive influence, elicits this tirade: "They tell me there used to be flocks of these donkeys, feeding half wild ... But the war -- and also the imbecile wantonness of the war-masters -- consumed these flocks ... The same with the cattle." On route to Mandas, he continues his tirade. Catching sight of some peasants, he rails against the abandonment of regional costumes: "the peasants of the South have left off the costume. Usually, it is the invisible soldiers' grey-green cloth ... symbolic of the universal grey mist that has come over men, the extinguishing of all individuality" (63,71). Lawrence is describing the destruction of regional culture by internationalism. His preference for the former has to do with his conception of "individuality." The idea of a "costume" (as opposed to a uniform) as an expression of "singleness" is, at first, seemingly contradictory. Not so when one understands that in the topical Lawrence found the unique cultural manifestation of the relation between people and place.[5] This contradicts the Western notion of "ego": a self-consciousness that begins by a sense of the self's alienation from the world around it.

In the central chapter of SS, "To Sorgono," the narrator admits his failure to penetrate the remote world of the Sardinian peasantry. Observing the Sardinians that enter his bus, he defines the source of their unapproachability as "a gulf between oneself and them. They have no inkling of our crucifixion, our universal consciousness" (90). The narrator has admitted his "crucifixion" within his own tradition. His desire to escape his "era" has been foiled by an inability to shed his cultural identity: much as he would like to identify with the Sardinians, he has to re-instate the frustrating barrier that exists between the self and the phenomenal world. The enormity of this is comprehended when one realizes that the narrator does not want to know or understand rationally but to "be" it.

In Sorgono, two encounters that follow the bus incident symbolize the narrator's quandary in the presence of Sardinians. An "elderly bearded man" enters the dining room of his Sorgono hotel. This old man embodies the antithesis of the universal consciousness and reinforces the "gap" the narrator has already defined. He is handled with due reverence; his activity (roasting a skewered kid) is presented as a "Lawrentian rite" (Weiner 239), his presence as mysterious and elemental:

> ... he watched the flame and the kid ... went on to say there was a war -- but he thought it was finished ... the born roaster ... looked for a long time at the sizzling side of meat ... as if he would read portents ... as if time immemorial were toasting itself another meal. (102-103)

The roaster's vague notions about the war make him an opposing figure to the narrator, hypersensitive to the war and its consequences (Tracy 49-50). Again, the narrator's crucifixion within time and history prevents him from penetrating the serenity of the old man.

He turns to another person in the room, a pedlar. This is a figure who almost tempts him away from his original quest. He embodies a nihilistic approach to life. He deals in dubious religious objects, selling to gullible women and hinting he has fathered children in every village. He is a drifter and a ne'er-do-well but he attracts the narrator as "the strongest personality in the place." Nevertheless, the narrator rejects the "girovago," discovering "a gulf between me and him ... something a bit sordid about him" (111). The narrator denies his careless drifting, preferring the trials of the quest to the meaninglessness of the open road. The notion of eternal motion or travel is rejected; it turns "sordid." For Lawrence, "men are free when they are in a living homeland, not when they are straying and breaking away ... Men are not free when they are doing just what they like" (Studies 6). This statement describes the girovago and, more importantly, implicates the narrator himself.[6]

Echoing the Sorgono incident, the satiric vein of the initial chapters is resumed. The identifying marks of the modern world are felt once more. The narrator takes on a frenzied pace, moving from town to town, from vehicle to vehicle, as if unwilling to admit his disillusioning Sardinian voyage. At this point, SS borders on the

tragic. Its central image, the "crucified" narrator (bearing the full burden of "our crucifixion, our universal consciousness") expresses no possibility of release from the modern world, identified by the constrictions of time and history. The narrator has to admit his failure to find a world that lies outside of these restrictions. He has to re-instate the post-war world and his place in it. Is the voyage meaningless and quixotic? He is able to answer "not quite"; having left the familiar for the unknown gives him the perspective necessary to his understanding of his relation to, and role in, the modern world. He realizes that Italy and the Mediterranean world embody for him the entire European tradition; as such, they give him roots within a cultural identity:

> ... to penetrate into Italy is like a most fascinating act of self-discovery -- back, back down the old ways of time. Strange and wonderful chords awake in us, and vibrate again after many hundreds of years of complete forgetfulness ... and then -- there is a final feeling of sterility ... It is all known, ... Italy has given me back I know not what of myself, but a very, very great deal ... like a restored Osiris. But ... I realize that apart from the great rediscovery backwards, ... there is a move forwards. There are unknown, unworked lands. (123)

Thus the "crucified" narrator becomes the "restored Osiris," an image of regeneration and freedom in place of sacrifice and entrapment. The voyage is not meaningless. Admittedly, his links to the past give him

the impetus to transcend it. Ironically, one senses that he may be indulging in the same delusion he had concerning Sardinia, assuming that a "historyless" place exists and, having been found, can erase the past and renew the self.

Serving as an epilogue to the action, the final incident of SS, a visit to a Palermitan marionette show, is another attempt by the narrator to cross the gap towards the side of the "blood." The narrator watches the Paladins of France destroy the old "white witch" of the "mental and spiritual intelligence"; his sensations are familiar to us: "it was the voice that gained hold of the blood. It is a strong, rather husky male voice that acts direct on the blood ... Again the old male Adam began to stir at the roots of my soul." The white witch is akin to Etna, another embodiment of the crucifixion of universal consciousness, a presence that inhibits spontaneity and community. Her defeat by the knights is deceiving: "And would God the symbolic act were really achieved ... Men merely smile at the trick. They know well enough the white image endures." Psychic barriers can only be overcome vicariously. The figures on the stage enact a psychic drama; they are "symbolic creatures formed out of human consciousness" (203-204). What Lawrence is suggesting here will be clarified in MM and EP. The barriers of Western consciousness can only be temporarily transcended through art. (For Lawrence, of course, this is a second-hand experience. There is always a sense of disillusion stemming from this.) In MM and EP, Lawrence develops a narrative voice which speaks from this psychic level. This

voice, though stimulated by the external world, seems to come from within. It is neither Lawrence as autobiographical figure, nor as quest-traveller. It is a voice that transcends the ego bound by time and history to express the eternal and the elemental.

Despite the disappointment of only vicariously experiencing the death of the Western consciousness, there is one undeniable fact about SS that triumphs. This lies in Lawrence's brilliant evocation of life in the present moment, recording scenes, sensations, and thoughts "like a vivid film, flickering yet flooded with light" (Van Doren 19). Passages that describe the passing scene are particularly powerful in this respect. Lawrence uses various narrative devices to give an impression of movement, physical as well as psychological. The first thing one notices in SS is the double-spaced gaps that occur between passages. They indicate the passage of time from one experience, incident, or insight to the next without interrupting the narrative with extraneous transitions. This makes each passage, at times only a paragraph long, a self-contained moment. Lawrence does this in order to enable the inclusion of minute details. Here is an example of the narrator's observations as he walks to the Palermo train:

> The village is all dark in the red light, and asleep still. No one at the fountain by the Capucin gate: too dark still. One man leading a horse round the corner of the Palazzo Corvaia. One or two dark men along the Corso. And so over the brow, down

> the steep cobble-stone street between the houses, and out to the naked hill front. This is the dawn-coast of Sicily. Nay, the dawn-coast of Europe. Steep, like a vast cliff, dawn-forward. A red dawn, with mingled dark clouds, and some gold. It must be 7 o'clock. The station down below, by the sea. And noise of a train. (5)

One notes in these occasionally staccato phrases an absence of verb and pronoun: as if the recording hand could not keep up with the observing eye (and ear). This is how Lawrence seems to include all the details of his voyage, through a subtle process of "selection and condensation" (Ellis 63).

This fact about SS does not necessarily redeem the narrator's experience, though it foreshadows the quality of life and community that he will encounter in Mexico and ancient Etruria, which are Lawrence's versions of the paradisal. In TI and SS, Eden is an unchanging, fixed world -- a place of repose rather than activity. Yet, the Indian and Etruscan worlds he will present (once he has really begun to comprehend archaic cultures and their "animistic" spirit) are unconscious of time as past or future, of the self as separate from everything around them. Their quality is "fluidity" and a lack of introspection.

In February 1922, the "restored Osiris" embarked on his longest voyage: Ceylon, Australia, New Mexico, Mexico. He writes to the Baroness von Richthofen on 22 February 1922: "we saw our Etna like a white queen or a white witch there standing in the sky so magic-lovely.

She said to me, 'You come back here,' but I only said 'No,' but I wept inside" (ed. Moore, Letters 2:694). The image of Etna endures as well. For Lawrence, it expressed his adherence, even his love, for Europe, and the attraction of refuge in the known past. His relation to the past always remained ambivalent. Drawn deeper and deeper into it by "nostalgia" for a known but forgotten source, he never relinquished the necessity of the move forward. At the same time, he always yearned for life lived in the shadow neither of the past nor the future, but lived with a spontaneity he eventually called "insouciance."

IV. Mornings in Mexico: The "Little Ghost"

Mornings in Mexico (1927) is about achieving contact with an alien culture, an enterprise in which the narrator of TI and SS had failed. In attaining an understanding of the aboriginal culture of the American Indian, the narrator of MM transcends his own Western tradition. In its gradual effacement of a strong sense of narrative personality, this travel book is different from TI and SS, in which the "I" had been the central presence. The previous travel books had also been marked by the narrator's frustration with his inability to close the gap between himself and the phenomenal world. The narrator's "quest" was for a meaning innate to the external world, and the "world" always seemed to come up short. Finally, in MM, the narrator realizes that "meaning" has to do with "perspective," and perspective has nothing to do with how one sees the world, colored as it usually is by mood. It has to do with culture, a particular, inescapable, unconscious, and inherited world-view. In order to experience a different perspective, the narrator must suspend his own: in his case, the notion of a central self, an "I" (or an "eye") through which the world is measured and judged and which is the core of the Western tradition.

This causes the gradual disappearance of the first-person narration and its replacement with something impersonal. The emerging narrative voice speaks from the communal experience it associates with the American Indians, who live unconscious of past or future in an eternally

repetitive cycle of rituals connected to the seasonal cycles of the earth. In the course of this chapter, the question to be asked is: why was it important for Lawrence to achieve this understanding of primitive ritual? The answer lies in the ethical scheme behind MM. Lawrence offers the animistic spirit of Indian religion as a cure for Western alienation, a means of healing the gap between the self and the surrounding world.

To begin to understand what happens in MM, one has to realize the profound effect that the American Southwest had on Lawrence. Years after he had left the American continent, he wrote that "I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I had ever had. It certainly changed me forever ... liberated me from the present era of civilization" ("New Mexico," Phoenix 142). The note of bitterness and anger against the post-war world, so prominent in SS, is absent from MM. But this region did not simply free him from his European past and "the present era" determined by that past. It also gave him an unprecedented experience.

The first piece Lawrence wrote on America describes the feelings the country and its inhabitants aroused in him. The tone is by now familiar to us; here is a passage from "Indians and an Englishman":

> Listening, an acute sadness and a nostalgia, unbearably yearning for something, and a sickness of the soul came over me ... Again something in my soul broke down, letting in a bitterer dark, a pungent awakening to the lost past, old darkness, new terror, new root-griefs, old root-richnesses. (Phoenix 92-95)

Yet this "nostalgia" was unlike any he had known before: Mexico and New Mexico were more alien to him than anything he had previously encountered. The region and its native peoples had no possible cultural or historical associations with his own tradition. A total imaginative leap was necessary to "cross over" to their side; the "strangeness" of America elicited unknown intuitive abilities in his travel persona. Here, he is able to transcend the time- and ego-encircled historical perspective of the West. While it is of course incorrect to argue that this area is "historyless" (even Lawrence was aware it was not), Lawrence sought and found in the American Indian a brief experience of the "ahistorical," not an absence of history but an experience beyond it.

Lawrence's goal in MM is to take his travel persona beyond its story of alienation from, and disillusion with, external reality, to break through the "isolation of the ego." Whitaker describes MM as an account of the ego's descent "to meet and accept ... its own unconscious," moving toward a "comic acceptance" of the alien in the form of "a man, an animal, a people, or a landscape" (220-21). Evidence of this is that each chapter concludes with an achieved contact between the narrator and something originally alien to him.

The book divides itself into two sections, each containing four chapters. The first part describes Lawrence's Oaxaca experience. Chronologically, these incidents occurred after the first three chapters of the second section, which describes Lawrence's stay in New Mexico and Arizona. (The last chapter is about the return to Italy.) The

chronological re-arrangement of the chapters is understandable once one realizes their individual import in the journey. Each chapter comprises a stage in the narrator's movement toward greater cohesion with the world around him. In the Oaxaca chapters, a common ground is established in the domestic and social spheres, and bonds with the simple life around him are developed. Three of the last four chapters contain the narrator's vision of cosmic unity between humanity and its "circumambient universe" -- for Lawrence, the essential function of art[1] - by describing several Indian rituals. The last chapter re-establishes the presence of the "I," suggesting a disturbing self-disorientation provoked by the Indian experience.

It is important to point up the nostalgia that Mexico and New Mexico aroused in the travel writer because the opening chapter of MM, "Corasmin and the Parrots," gives a very different impression. Its tone is sardonic and it uses the presence of certain animals on Lawrence's Oaxaca house patio to create an "ironic fable" (Whitaker 220) about the Western conception of evolution. The chapter opens with the familiar presence of the traveller-narrator; it mocks the pretensions of an author who believes himself capable of encompassing reality by the strokes of his pen (Pritchard 165): "We talk so grandly, in capital letters, about Morning in Mexico. All it amounts to is one little individual looking a bit of sky and trees, then looking down at the page of his exercise book" (9). This is an image of the travel writer at work. Limited by personal experience, he persists in drawing general pictures for us: "Still it is

morning, and it is Mexico." This is an apt, though unfamiliar, opening for MM. The acknowledgement of limitation, even the parodying of the task of the travel writer, is appropriate to the gradual open-mindedness towards Mexico that the traveller exhibits. If the reader is to experience "other worlds," egoistic propensities must be humbled; personality must not interfere with vision. He and Mexico can then become "media" through which the reader can expand his vision of the world.

The writer notes the whistling of parrots above him. They are reproducing the whistling of the servant Rosalino, then of someone calling the dog. The narrator is amused. Reflected as it is in the "parroting" of the parrots, this parody of human speech makes him think: "Is it possible that we are so absolutely, so innocently, so ab ovo ridiculous?" (11). He questions the arrogance and self-confidence of a humanity that sees itself as the pinnacle of the natural world. The parrots begin to "yap" like the dog Corasmin, who squirms in "self-consciousness" and embarrassment. There is an obvious sympathy with Corasmin against the antagonistic parrots. The presentation of these animals has been said to have "a clear didactic and ethical function, carrying suggestions of universal human behaviour" (Inniss 13-14). Corasmin, who, unlike the parrots, has a name and is a domesticated animal, is associated with a humanity that feels the ludicrousness of its position vis-à-vis the external world. The parrots humiliate him; any cherished idea of superiority is dispelled.

The narrator carries his critique into the theoretical sphere. He turns to a discussion on the theory of evolution, offering his opposition to the reader:

> Myself, I don't believe in evolution like a long string hooked onto a First Cause, and being slowly twisted in unbroken continuity through the ages. I prefer to believe in what the Aztecs called Suns: that is, Worlds successively created and destroyed ... This pleases my fancy better than the long and weary twisting of the rope of Time and Evolution, hitched on to the revolving hook of a First Cause. (12)

"Time" and "evolution" are a way of talking about the inevitability of change, but also a way of ensuring the superiority of the human species and denying the role of destruction and death in the process of change: death is inevitable but it is also a stage in an eternally linked and evolving process. Evolution is about the survival of the old in the new. Lawrence fears this leads to determinism. The Aztec Suns appealed to him because they do not preserve man's place in the universe; they accept annihilation; the creative act that follows destruction occurs "ex nihilo" and therefore is totally unprecedented. There is no anthropocentric imposition of continuity.

In this chapter, Lawrence begins the breakdown of the anthropocentric Western vision of the cosmos. He condemns the willingness to personify the world rather than acknowledge the essential difference between all creatures. Acknowledgement comes only by recognizing their rightful

place in that world; the reader's own role in all of this in intimated through the use of the second person: "If you come to think of it, when you look at the monkey, you are looking straight into the other dimension ... There's no rope of evolution linking him to you, like a navel string. No! Between you and him there's a cataclysm and another dimension." Western man's fatal mistake has been the personification of the world of nature. When we realize this, external reality mocks us, as the parrots do to Corasmin. We desperately try to keep our control over it: "What's the length and the breadth, what's the height, and the depths between you and me? says the monkey. You get out a tape-measure and he flies into an obscene mockery of you" (15-16). Lawrence is attacking our only way of knowing the world: through measurement, i.e., through science and mathematics, what he calls our penchant for "invisible exactitudes." MM leads up to an alternative way of knowing the world: the recognition of essential difference as reverence for an essential mystery. This does not mean that communion is not possible; he and Corasmin share a moment together: "He and I, we understand each other in the wisdom of the other dimension." The narrator has achieved a temporary bond with another creature.

The opening chapter is also noteworthy for its skillful counterpoint between description and exposition, fable and essay, the presentation of a world and an ideology. This was likewise apparent in SS; yet we note one difference in MM. The narrator seeks to implicate the reader in his text. The narrator does not describe and offer opinion; he persuades by

avoiding the obviously subjective travel account. This narrative strategy also deprives the reader of a non-participatory role in the work. In a 22 January 1925 Oaxaca letter to Carlo Linati, Lawrence described his ideas on the relation between writer and reader; they are essential to an understanding of MM (and probably to all of Lawrence's work):

> You need not complain that I don't subject the intensity of my vision ... to some vast and imposing rhythm by which you may isolate it ... look down on it like a god who has got a ticket to the show ... whoever reads me will be in the thick of the scrimmage. (ed. Moore, Letters 2:827)

The implication and participation of the reader in the work of art is Lawrence's goal in MM. As we shall see in the chapter entitled "Indians and Entertainment," Lawrence hoped to inspire the same participation in the Western reader that he saw in the Indian vis-à-vis his rituals.

The second chapter, "Walk to Huayapa," is much more subdued. It describes the narrator's first venture out of his patio. It is the closest to SS in the rhythms of the narrator's emotions. Unlike SS, it begins with a reluctance to move: it is Sunday and morning and the narrator wants no human company: "I will stay at home, in the hermitage of the patio ... I will avoid the sight of people." It is not long, though, before the sunshine lures him out for a walk with the Senora (Frieda) and his "mozo," Rosalino. The walking journey is recounted in the present tense, preserving narrative continuity by frequent references

to the rising sun: "morning is still early, the brilliant sun does not burn too much," and "Ten o'clock and the sun getting hot" (17,19-20).

They have decided to walk to a town in the hills. From a distance (one of the narrator's ideal perspectives from which to view the world) the town holds a promise: "It lies so magical, alone, ... as if a dark-green napkin with a few white buildings had been lowered from heaven and left ... So alone, and, as it were, detached from the world in which it lies, a spot." Unlike the Sardinian towns, it does not evoke the ideal past, nor does it disillusion him with a squalid present. Nevertheless, it does disappoint him. He experiences a feeling of nothingness: one of the town streets is "disappearing to nowhere"; there is "not a soul anywhere ... Everything hidden, secret, silent. A sense of darkness ... lurking, ... unwillingness." This threatening atmosphere may have to do with the narrator's own alienation. He hopes to make up for it by finding some human beings (though the ones they had met on the road treated them as suspect strangers). He seeks the central point of the town, the meeting place, the "plaza": "The sense of nowhere is intense ... But ... where there is a church there will be a plaza. And a plaza is a zocab, a hub. Even though the wheel does not go round, a hub is still a hub" (19,23-24). Reaching the plaza, the narrator does not achieve any contact with the Indians. He finds a "silence" that is "furtive, secretive." The entomological motif of SS is used: the natives "stir like white-clad insects." He has not dispelled "our alien presence in this vacuous village." The narrator then tries to buy some

fruit. Though fruit hangs from the trees, he is rebuffed and becomes enraged.

Leaving the village to picnic on the mountain, the narrator's temper is calmed by food and shade. Here, he is able to share a smile with Rosalino when he makes a cup, a "taza," out of an orange peel. Near their picnic ground, he glimpses some Indians bathing. Their strangeness becomes "beauty" and the narrator realizes their mystery: "What beautiful, suave, rich skins these people have; a sort of richness of the flesh. It goes perhaps, with the complete absence of what we call 'spirit'." With this quiet recognition the narrator begins his journey towards the Indian "way" even if it is the antithesis of his own. At the end of this chapter, he quietly adopts a Mexican perspective: "We lay still for a time, ... A long, hot way home. But manana es otro dia. Tomorrow is another day. An even the next five minutes are far enough away, in Mexico, on a Sunday afternoon" (31). He uses their language to describe his feelings, his mood, and his experience; therefore, he has achieved some understanding. The fret and temper of SS have found respite.[2]

The next chapter, "The Mozo," is about friendship as an expression of "cross-cultural understanding" (Tracy 59); it concerns the relation between the narrator and the servant Rosalino. Reluctance, fear, suspicion are as much a part of Rosalino as of the narrator. Each will find sympathy for the other in his own way. The chapter commences on a note of anything but friendliness. There is one difference between

Rosalino and other Indians: Rosalino is a "mother's boy." The narrator distinguishes his individuality in order to arrive at certain conclusions about other Indians. The mistrust he feels for them is evident in the statements that follow. It stems from the fact that they do not acknowledge the individual self. While Rosalino may be different, the Indian mother gives birth to an "obsidian knife" (32). Ironically, the metaphor is apt. Part of the chapter takes place on Christmas Eve: the Indian stands in contradistinction to the Westernized babe, representative of individual consciousness. Indian being is the negation of the values of the West. As Kate expresses in The Plumed Serpent, the narrator realizes that America is "the great death continent, the continent that destroyed again what the other continents had built up" (85).

The threatening sinister quality of the Indian becomes a means of destroying life-denying Western values, our need for precision and control. The narrator compares the Indian and white notions of space, distance, and time, adopting the Indian perspective in order to satirize the West:

> Now to a Mexican, and an Indian, time is a vague foggy reality ...
>
> But to the white monkey, horrible to relate, there are exact spots of time ...
>
> The same with distance: horrible invisible distances, called two miles, ten miles. To the Indians, there is near and far. (34)

Indian being is the negation of the Western self:

> Strip, strip, strip away the past and the future, leaving the naked moment of the present disentangled. Strip away memory, strip way forethought and care; leave the moment, stark and sharp and without consciousness, like the obsidian knife. The before and after are the stuff of consciousness. The instant moment is for ever keen with a razor-edge of oblivion, like the knife of sacrifice. (35)

The Indian lives in the present. This is the quality of life sought in SS; when the narrator is confronted with it, it entails the destruction of his identity: memory, forethought and care are the stuff of the evolving self. To "strip away" (suggesting the activity of the knife) is to sacrifice the ego-bound self and reach for other ways of being.[3]

For now, the narrator turns to the personal sphere, to Rosalino. He recounts how Rosalino's growing affection for his employers disorients and frightens him. He decides to leave; after a lovely day spent with them in the market, he decides to stay, having accepted this new world of interpersonal relations. It is still left to the narrator to find a link with Rosalino. He finds it when he learns the story of Rosalino's resistance to "the revolutionaries of the winning side" who wanted to recruit him. Rosalino resisted them and was persecuted. The narrator comments: "He is one of those, like myself, who have a horror of serving in a mass of men" (42). They are brought together by a common experience. As Anthony Burgess has said, sympathy is struck "where the

demands of a revolution and the demands of a European war-machine excite a common terror" (165).

In the next chapter, "Market Day," the suspicion the Indians aroused is absent. It is a celebration of community; the narrator describes his first truly communal experience. The chapter begins quietly with a description of the patio flora. He notices that flowers, sky, and tree tops all exhibit "a larger roundward motion." The round, swaying movements of flowers, trees, and clouds lead to an important statement on travel metamorphosing into Lawrence's new conception of the journey of life:

> Strange that we should think in straight lines, when there are none, and talk of straight courses, when every course, sooner or later, is seen to be making the sweep round, swooping upon the centre. When space is curved, and the cosmos is sphere within sphere, and the way from any point to any other point is round the bend of the inevitable ... If I have a way to go, it will be round the swoop of a bend impinging centripetal towards the centre. The straight course is hacked out in wounds, against the will of the world. (45)

Implicit in this passage is Lawrence's critique of the Western notions of interpreting the world in "straight lines." He condemns linear time, the basis of the historical consciousness. His criticism centers on the fact that it is artificial, human-imposed; it is unnatural. His plea is for an organic way of relating to the cosmos, hence the suggestion that our

way is in opposition to "nature's way." He takes it upon himself ("If I have a way to go") to plead for a life lived in space, i.e., lived with participation and integration in the "circumambient universe."

It would also not be incorrect to say that this parabolic movement describes the structure of MM: opening with a single, isolated individual, achieving contact with an alien people, and returning to the place of origin, Italy, with a new sense of self. This movement describes most travel narratives and, by implication, the journey of the travel hero and the course of human life, moving toward a central point out of which life begins and then returns.[4]

Following this lyrical, even mystical passage, is an account of the narrator's participation in an Indian market day. Here is the "hub" he was searching for in "Walk to Huayapa." The suspicion and dislike he felt for the Indians in that chapter is replaced by a sense of mystery and awe. He watches them moving through the mountains, going to market; he finds in their movements a certain piety: "the road is like a pilgrimage." Mingling with them in the market, he realizes what the social experience is: "To buy, to sell, to barter, to exchange. To exchange, above all things, human contact." He bargains for some flowers and the tiny market-place becomes a metaphor for life: "An intermingling of voices, a threading together of different wills. It is life. The centavos are an excuse" (46,48-49). Lawrence rejects the traditional Western notion of society as an imposition of the human will; in MM, it is an instinctual response from one creature to another.

The movements of the Indians and their animals become a critique of the narrator's own restless travel: "the eternal patience of the beast, that knows better than any other beast that every road curves round to the same centre of rest, and hither and thither means nothing." Representative of Western consciousness, the restlessness behind his travel was based on his need to discover a lost paradisal world. The Indians of the market place accept the inevitability of loss, which is the acceptance of the flow of time:

> There is no goal, and no abiding-place, and nothing is fixed ... Everything is meant to disappear. Every curve plunges into the vortex and is lost, re-emerges with a certain relief and takes to the open, and there is lost again.
>
> Only that which is utterly intangible, matters. The contact, the spark of exchange. (51-52)

The movement toward the center is also the movement toward annihilation and death. This passage, which foreshadows EP as well as Last Poems, can explain why Mexico was a revelatory experience for Lawrence: it compelled him to abandon the search for the lost Paradise and accept the moment as the sole expression of immortality, an immortality that is not "forever" but "somewhere." The "coincidenza" of SS, cynical in tone, becomes a lyrical, even mystical, momentary fusion with the "other."

In the next chapter, "Indians and Entertainment," Lawrence returns to a more expository style. It is about the Western and Indian notions of entertainment or spectacle. After the lyricism of the market chapter, it

appears incongruous; yet, it is the result of a "broadening of philosophical perspective" (Janik 59): the personal and communal experience of the Oaxaca chapters will be extended to the cosmos. A cosmic meeting, the Indians' achievement, is shared by narrator and reader. It is also the chapter that reveals the purpose behind the travel books' visionary voice.

To reach an understanding of the cosmic unity symbolized by the Indian dances, the narrator has to take a step back. He has to discuss the fundamental division between a self-conscious culture and a culture unaware-of-itself-as-a-culture. In the essayistic passages that open the chapter, the narrator discusses the theatre and the cinematograph: "we detach ourselves from the painful and always sordid trammels of actual existence, and become creatures of memory and of spirit-like consciousness." Our introspection and self-reflective capacities have divorced us from life; we have lost the capacity for spontaneous being. The relation betwen the theatre and audience is a metaphor for a disembodied consciousness. The Indians have no notion of entertainment, "there is no spectable, no spectator." Indian ritual is an expression of participation in the world: "They are not representing something, not even playing. It is a soft, subtle being something" (53,60). He hopes to convince us to re-discover life through an experience of primitive ritual.

It would appear that there is a contradiction here: is not Lawrence himself asking us to experience these rituals vicariously through the

narration of the travel book? It is undeniable that he is. Whitaker helpfully suggests that "agreeing with the Indians that 'mind is there merely as a servant,' ... he must nevertheless use his mind differently to attain that end" (230). In the next few passages, the traveller himself explains how those of the spiritual and historical consciousness must paradoxically suspend consciousness through a conscious act:

> The consciousness of one branch of humanity is the annihilation of the consciousness of another branch ... we can understand the consciousness of the Indian only in terms of the death of our consciousness ... the same paradox exists between the consciousness of white men and Hindoos or Polynesians or Bantu. It is the eternal paradox of human consciousness. (55)

That last sentence saves Lawrence's statements from the accusation that he came to believe in fundamental racial divisions between human beings.[5] A passage from Studies in Classic American Literature may clarify the situation:

> Blood-consciousness annihilates, obliterates, and annuls mind-consciousness.
>
> Mind-consciousness extinguishes blood-consciousness, and consumes the blood.
>
> We are all conscious in both ways. And the two ways are antagonistic in us. (91)

The Indian and white "ways" are metaphors of psychic states: "The soul of man is the theatre in which every mystery is enacted" (MM 62). These

psychic states are shared by every human being: if one is prominent or conscious, the other is latent or unconscious. The Mexican experience is thus not only a cultural and geographical journey, but also a psychological one.

Using the second person, he convinces his reader to enter temporarily the Indian way of consciousness as a means of accepting not only a culture antithetical to our own but also rejected aspects of ourselves. The desire to integrate an alien culture results in one of Lawrence's most interesting statements on the human capacity for communion with outer reality:

> The only thing you can do is to have a little Ghost inside you which sees both ways, or even many ways. But a man cannot belong to both ways, or to many ways. One man can belong to one great way of consciousness only ... So that, to understand the Indian conception of entertainment, we have to destroy our own conception. (56)

This passage is the raison d'être of the travel books' visionary voice. The "little Ghost" is our own latent archaic memory. It is not surprising that Lawrence's image for the native American is a "ghost"; the American continent is "full of grinning, unappeased aboriginal, demons, too, ghosts, and it persecutes the white man." He doubted "that the Red Indian will ever possess the broad lands of America. At least I presume not. But his ghost will" (Studies 56,40). The aboriginal ghosts of America are within us, not without. In the next two chapters, the

visionary voice of the travel book sets out to heal the wounds, to cross the gap, to forego the ego, to resurrect the ghosts in a search for psychological wholeness and historical atonement.

In the next chapter, the narrator describes the Indian dance of the "sprouting corn," a ceremony of "germination," a celebration of spring. It attempts to recover the sacramental quality of food (Tracy 69), the result of both man's manipulation of, and concession to, the world of nature. Thus, the narrator endeavors to make his reader participate in the cosmic consciousness of the Indian. His attempt to revivify ritual through language for the Western reader is best explained by reference to Victor Turner's "African Ritual and Western Literature: Is a Comparative Symbology Possible?" Turner asks if "ritual and literary symbols can be meanigfully compared"; his answer is that "The difference between (African ritual) and European dominant symbols is not in their semantic structure but in the oral vs. written traditions in which they are embedded" (45-60). Ritual is a communal, objective (its symbols or acts all mean the same thing to those in it) and participatory action; writing and reading are individualistic, subjective, and reflective activities; they are conducted in isolation and repose. It is, therefore, to Lawrence's credit that he is able to translate the former into the latter.

The prose of the two dance chapters is some of the most powerful in Lawrence's travel books. He makes us experience the world as the Indians do through several narrative devices. Here are two examples:

> Bit by bit you take it in. You cannot get a whole impression save of some sort of wood tossing, a little forest of trees in motion, with gleaming black hair and gold-ruddy breasts that somehow do not destroy the illusion of forest.
>
> They weave nakedly, through the unheeding dance, ... prancing through the lines, up and down the lines, calling something down from the sky, calling something up from the earth, and dancing forward all the time ... as they catch a word that means earth, earth deeps, water within the earth, or red-earth-quickening, the hands flutter softly down, and draw up the water, draw up the earth-quickening earth to sky, sky to earth, influences above to influences below, to meet in the germ-quick of corn, where life is. (66,69)

In the first part of the chapter, the combined use of the second person and the present tense gives the reader the illusion of living through the experience: writer and reader are both "vitally" present witnesses. Having led us into this sacred wood, the first- and second-person narration is replaced by third-person narration, lulling us into believing that this is, above all, not a subjective account, or interpretation, of the events. The most powerful aspect of this description is Lawrence's manipulation of language, what Whitaker has identified as its "incantatory" quality, using repetition in language as the dance does in gesture. The second passage thus gives the illusion of

being "purely" descriptive; yet it is not so. Lawrence does not forego exposition (or interpretation) for the sake of description but skillfully weaves the two by effacing "opinion," the ego-bound effusions of the first person travel account.

While the corn-dance chapter tries to recover a symbiotic relation between man and the immediate world of nature, the snake-dance chapter attempts to re-connect humanity with invisible cosmic forces. The necessity for this is stressed in "Pan in America," where Lawrence diagnosed Western alienation:

> Man has lived to conquer the phenomenal universe ... Once you have conquered a thing, you have lost it. Its real relation to you collapses.
>
> ... We need the universe to live again, so that we can live with it. A conquered universe, a dead Pan, leaves us nothing to live with. (29)

The Hopi snake-dance is Lawrence's manifesto for a living universe: in it, he resurrects animism. "All is alive" in the animistic religion, which "is the religion of all aboriginal America, Peruvian, Aztec, Athabascan: perhaps the aboriginal religion of all the world" (74,76). The key to understanding this religion is to understand its relation to the "spirit of place": the Indian has to conquer "not merely ... the natural conditions of the place. But the mysterious life-spirit that reigned there." The West's science and technology have conquered natural conditions: "we have no seven years' famine" but we have neglected "the

strange inward sun of life" (77). We conquer matter and worship spirit; the Indians conquer and worship both, as they are, for them, indelibly connected. We do not die of famine but "we die of ennui." Through the travel persona's experience, Lawrence sets out to bring "the wonder back again" ("St. Mawr" 50). It is the closest expression we have of what Lawrence meant by religion (Vivas 88).

This dance takes place over two days and culminates with the priests carrying the snakes in their mouths. The snakes are humanity's "emissaries" to the sun at the center of the earth from which emanate the Potencies or dragon-gods, Rain, Thunder, Light, etc. (86). The priests breathe upon the snakes both command and prayer. Humanity's role vis-à-vis the "origin-powers" is both submission and conquest; the universe is both benevolent and malignant. The description of the dance and the interpretation of its gestures concludes with this expository passage on the differences between the white and Indian traditions:

> To us, God was in the beginning, Paradise and the Golden Age have been lost, and all we can do is to win back.
>
> To the Hopi, God is not yet, and the Golden Age lies far ahead. Out of the dragon's den of the cosmos, we have wrested only the beginnings of our being, the rudiments of our Godhead.
>
> Between the two visions lies the gulf of mutual negations.
>
> But ours was the quickest way, so we are conquerers for the moment. (89)

The impersonal voice that described the dance now functions as the voice of the Western tradition: ours is the way of loss, memory, and time. (And yet, the "we" is kept to speak about the Hopi, an indication that his way has been incorporated into the psyche of the narrator, the reader, and even the culture the travel book is addressed to.) We are to be plagued by feelings of nostalgia and yearning; the illusory recovery of Eden in the travel book allows us to "win back." The "little Ghost" must be laid to rest, and a return made to the narrator's and reader's world of time and history.

MM concludes with the narrator's return to Italy. It is St. Catherine's day (Nov. 25) nearly a year after the snake dance. This chapter assesses the American experience. The previous chapter had concluded with the irreconciliable state that exists between white and Indian. This chapter symbolizes the relation between these two ways of consciousness after contact has been achieved, even if not sustained: "I doubt if there is possible any real reconciliation in the flesh between the white and the red ... That leaves us only expiation, and then reconciliation in the soul. Some strange atonement" (Studies 42-43). The sensitive individual can empathize with the Indian way. The two dance chapters have been an expiation for the conquest of the Indian by the white. In Italy the narrator feels nostalgic for America. The American "ghosts," the aboriginal ghosts, lure him back: "It is the ghosts one misses most, the ghosts there, of the Rocky mountains ... I know them, they know me: we go well together. But they reproach me for

going away. They are resentful" (92). He interrupts this musing, saying "I give it up," symbolically settling for "vermouth," since there is no moonshine with lemon, which he would have had at the ranch. He has fulfilled his obligation to the American ghosts and shared his journey with the reader. Though he feels some nostalgia for America, he has expiated his role in the aboriginal drama: he has been irrevocably changed by the experience with them.

Peculiar to this chapter is the disoriented tone of the first person narrator. We realize that the American experience has upset his sense of a fixed identity:

> Sono io! say the Italians. I am I. Which sounds simpler than it is.
>
> Because which I am I, after all, now that I have drunk a glass also to St. Catherine, and the moon shines over the sea, and my thoughts ... must needs follow the moon-track south-west, to the great South-west, where the ranch is. (91)

Again, "I wonder if I am here, or if I am just going to be at the ranch" (92). The self has become a more fluid entity, ranging over time and space, not entrapped by history, by circumstance. The tone of frustration, anger, and disillusion is absent; the post-war world has been laid to rest.

Lawrence's return to Europe from America is best described by a statement from The Plumed Serpent and by the feelings recorded in "Europe vs. America":

> It was as if she had two selves: I, a new I, ... was her sensitive, desirous self: the other hard and finished, accomplished, belonging to ... England, her whole past (446).

> How could I say: I am through with America? America is a great continent; it won't suddenly cease to be. Some part of me will always be conscious of America. But probably some part greater still in me will always be conscious of Europe, since I am a European. (117)

Ironically, Lawrence's American experience reconciled him with the European world because he realized the range of "other worlds." If America held such "root-richnesses," why not Europe? The experience of one individual, even of one generation, that of the war for example, is not the sum of possibilities in the cosmos. It is, above all, not a fate, if one looks at the world "with the eyes of the spirit wide open" (Durrell 162). For the Western consciousness, the key to a sense of freedom is the appropriation, not the exclusion, of other cultures, other ways of being. As for the archaic past represented by the Indians "one cannot go back. It is one's destiny inside one" (Studies 144-45). It was left to Lawrence to find the same empathy for the European past that he had found for the strange world of the American Indian. He does so in one of his last and best works, Etruscan Places.

V. Etruscan Places: The "Art of Living"

In April of 1927, Lawrence visited a series of Etruscan sites with his friend, Earl Brewster. In the tombs of this archaic people, he conducted "a spiritual act of excavation" (Hassall 71), allowing him to envision a longed-for paradise in the form of a travel book, Etruscan Places (published posthumously in 1932). Emerging from the Etruscan tombs is the vision of a life-affirming people whose "tenderness" extended beyond the human sphere to the entire universe. Their animistic perspective on the world is an echo of the American Indian culture described in MM. Two other things that emerge are no less powerful. The first is evident on the opening page: "the Etruscans were wiped out entirely in order to make room for Rome with a very big R." This observation launches Lawrence's condemnation of the life-denying Romans and their domination of our political, artistic, philosophical, and ethical traditions. The second is Lawrence's analogy between the Romans and Mussolini's Fascists, and the Etruscans and contemporary Italians. By insisting on the historical continuity of these two traditions, he is representing, and distinguishing between, two eternal sets of human values. The historical necessity represented by the Romans and Fascists and the mythical reality of the Etruscans and Italians reside side by side, just as the tombs of the lower world and the upper world do in the narrator's physical journey. The recognition of this symbiosis is available to the human being of vision, whose quest for the fulfilled

life becomes a continuous voyage in and out of both worlds. These opposing sets of values are also conveyed by the narrational tone: the Romans and Fascists are treated satirically, while the Etruscan world is lyrically rendered.

In "The Man Who Died," the Christ-like character who watches the bound rooster intuits the nature of human existence; his thoughts are similar to the vision of our Etruscan guide: "the voice of its life, crowing triumph and assertion, yet strangled by a cord of circumstance" (117). We live bound by circumstance and history and on this level life is tragic. In the upper world of Fascist Italy, the irrevocable decimation of the Etruscan is tragic but inevitable. Nevertheless, we are endowed with the ability to envision the mythical, to seek the "passing out of the space-time continuum" ("Reflections," Phoenix II 471). In the underworld of the tomb paintings and in the narrative voice that interprets and recovers their esoteric meanings, the Etruscans live. But Lawrence has had to admit that what makes paradise "paradisal" is our deprivation of it; to recall Lerner's description of pastoral, the longing this inspires "retains its intensity, and can even offer the joy of attainment without the fact" (54). Rome and Etruria, history and myth, pain of loss and joy of discovery, are inexorably linked.

In contrast to MM, EP exhibits the re-emergence of a strong narrative "I." This is not however, a regressive step in Lawrence's development as a travel writer. Rather, it is a consequence of his rhetorical concerns. In MM, his task was no less than the description of all

aboriginal culture. We could say that the concerns of MM are ideological, while those of EP are ontological. In EP, he addresses himself to the individual: how, through the Etruscan medium, can the self renew its knowledge of "the art of living."[1] By fulfilling a personal quest for meaning, the narrator becomes our guide to a better life: "excavating" the ancient Etruscans and offering their world as a paradigm for ours. An archaeological interest becomes a gift to a spiritually starved modern world; the possibility is offered of learning to experience the Edenic without denying the tragic, i.e., life bound by time and space. After all, says Lawrence in "Flowery Tuscany," the universe ultimately "contains no tragedy, and man is only tragical because he is afraid of death" (Phoenix 58).

EP consists of six essays, each exploring a different Etruscan site.[2] The first is about Cerveteri, the site closest to Rome. It records the narrator's first enthusiastic impressions of the Etruscan civilization. But it is also imbued with a sad questioning of their destruction which adumbrates one of the major themes of EP: the Etruscan confrontation with the Roman culture and its opposing values. Had Lawrence finally found his Eden only to admit that, with the Roman presence, it existed only in the imagination?

The opening of "Cerveteri" echoes the revelatory moment found in other travel books. Before visiting the tombs, Lawrence made a trip to museums housing Etruscan things: "the first time I consciously saw Etruscan things, ... I was instinctively attracted to them" (1). Later

on, he describes his first impression of the tomb sites: "There is a queer stillness and a curious peaceful repose about the Etruscan places ... it was good for one's soul to be there" (9). Etruscan places inspire a sense of psychic rejuvenation in the narrator. When he enters one of them, he feels they are "warm to the heart, and kindly to the bowels." They embody a psychological and physical revivification.

The life-affirming atmosphere of the Etruscan sites contrasts with the dreary and soul-destroying ambience of the modern world. Arriving at "a station in nowhere," traveller and companion are greeted by surly and unhelpful station officials. Walking toward the modern, rebuilt Cerveteri, the Mediterranean "flat and deadish," they glimpse "a ragged bit of grey village with an ugly grey building" (3). Another image of the destructive modern world is the Maremma shepherd who enters their tavern: "an old, old type, and rather common in the South ... They were all, apparently, killed in the war ... They can't survive, the faun-faced men, with their pure outlines" (5). (Despite its absence in MM, Lawrence was still haunted by the war.) But the modern world in EP is more than a particular set of historical circumstances, as Sardinia was in his second travel book; it is an image of human and natural life deadened, even strangled by history.

In EP, history is a cruel lesson. This is apparent in the narrator's regret over the Etruscans' disappearance. Sighting some Etruscan writing on a tomb wall, he notices that "many Romans spoke Etruscan as we speak French. Yet now the language is entirely lost. Destiny is a queer

thing." Etruscan endeavour "was in terms of life, of living. Yet everything Etruscan, save the tombs, has been wiped out. It seems strange" (11-12). The joy of finding in the tombs all he had hoped for is offset by his awareness of the tragic decimation of an entire people. On this level history and tragedy seem the dominating principles of the way of the world. On the bus out of Cerveteri, "a grey, forlorn little township in tight walls ... and some empty burying places," he glimpses some Italian women who appear Etruscan: "in the full, dark, handsome, jovial faces surely you see the lustre still of the life-loving Etruscans" (16). This is the first suggestion of a powerful, natural force that goes beyond political and historical circumstance. The image of these women momentarily defeats Rome and the Roman way: after all, Rome has fallen, while in these faces, Etruria lives.

In seeking to discover the cause of Etruscan disappearance, the narrator defines their being through comparison with the negative qualities of the Roman world. From the first paragraph of EP what defines the Romans is "expansion with a big E." In describing Rome, Lawrence also has one eye on the negative aspects of the contemporary world: both are satirized in passages such as the following: "they wanted empire and dominion and, above all, riches: social gain. You cannot dance gaily to the double flute and at the same time conquer nations or rake in large sums of money" (14). What begins as a criticism of Rome is subtly extended to the modern world through a rhetorical switch to the present tense and the second person, a powerful rhetorical effect found over and over again in Lawrence's travel books.

The disillusioned voice of the earlier travel books here becomes a powerful tool of social satire, rather than the registration of the complaints of a single man's disappointment. The nature of the satire of EP is perhaps best suggested by a statement in Lawrence's essay "John Galsworthy": "Satire exists for the very purpose of killing the social being ... the satirist helps the true individual, the real human being, to rise to his feet" (Phoenix 543). For Lawrence, "the real human being" is indelibly associated with the "natural" being. In the classical world, he finds the roots of social and political humanity, "the first successful retreat of man away from his primitive awareness of the cosmos" (Swan 281). Satire as condemnation of "social being" releases the individual from the stranglehold of inhibiting conventions and institutions and allows him to achieve a liberating experience of being, such as that experienced by the narrator of EP.

While Rome is defined by artificial and egocentric activities, Etruria is described in terms of what Lawrence calls "natural proportion": "a simplicity combined with a most peculiar, free-breasted naturalness and spontaneity ... The things they did, in their easy centuries, are as natural and as easy as breathing" (12). The reconciling, creative principle embodied by the Etruscans is symbolized in the evanescent fragility and beauty of nature. The natural and the sensitive are Etruscan. The abstract, the artificial, and the brutal are Roman:

> ... in the end, that which lives lives by delicate sensitiveness ... It is the grass of the field, most frail of all things, that supports all life, all the time ... Because the Roman took the life out of the Etruscan, was he therefore greater than the Etruscan? Not he! Rome fell, and the Roman phenomenon with it. Italy to-day is far more Etruscan in its pulse than Roman ... The Etruscan element is like the grass of the field and the sprouting of corn. (29)

The Etruscan world is associated with an eternal, elemental, libidinous force represented by the abundance, and the endurance, of the natural world. The triumph of the Etruscan world was its immersion in the physical world. Its symbols were the phallus and the womb, standing in contradistinction to the "mental and spiritual Consciousness we are accustomed to" (10). These symbols were destroyed, though not the force they represent. In EP, Lawrence's task is to recover their meaning and have his reader experience, if only momentarily, an immersion in the physical world that was the core of Etruria.

The next chapter, "Tarquinia," is a prelude to the two following chapters, "The Painted Tombs of Tarquinia," 1 and 2. These are the center of EP. Descending into the tombs, the narrator interprets their contents through a blend of speculation and intuition. The "Tarquinia" chapter exhibits a skillful interweaving of descriptions of external reality and musings on the origins of Etruscan civilization. The narrator's passive observation of the Tuscan landscape conjures visions

of the ancient Etruscan world. While watching the Tyrrhenian sea, for example, he makes a convincing guess concerning the arrival of the Etruscan ships on this coast. In effect, what Lawrence is doing is writing a history without the aid of verifiable fact. It is our adherence to "fact," a fixed interpretation, a fixed reality, that makes history a cruel lesson of deterministic cause and effect. As he and Brewster drink coffee and look at a clearing next to the city gate, the narrator envisions "a sacred clearing with a little temple to keep it alert" (25). We may call these speculations a kind of historical reverie, historical day-dreaming. They are much more convincing than those of TI. There, the external world became an opportunity to interpret general patterns of European historical development; TI relied much more on "verifiable" fact, which was or was not "verifiable" depending on your perspective. In EP, "history" is directly linked to the topical and the subjective: place, culture, event, and perspective coalesce. As a historical experience, "travel" must be "a science of intuition," as Durrell put it, and not a research project (160).

This expository procedure becomes a major theme of EP: how to experience the world in all its varied forms. The goal is to show the conventionally educated how to explore the external world through intuition, how to replace what Burgess calls "cerebral abstraction" (171) with gut-feeling. Nevertheless, Lawrence still feels that his method needs justification: "having read all the learned suggestions, most of them contradicting one another; and then having looked at the tombs and

the Etruscan things that are left, one must accept one's own resultant feeling" (20). (Even his "justification" gently condemns the "learned" and wins us over to the sensitivity of his perspective.) Part of the uniqueness Lawrence brings to the travel essay is this method of knowing "not through orderly ratiocination, but through emotional perception" (Gilbert 132). Trusting "one's own resultant feeling" becomes the revelatory moment of human comprehension, and the nucleus of human consciousness:

> ... Prayer, or thought or studying the stars or watching the flight of birds, or studying the entrails of the sacrifice, it is all the same process, ultimately: of divination. All it depends on is the amount of true, sincere, religious concentration you can bring to bear on your object. An act of pure attention, if you are capable of it, will bring its own answer ... The soul stirs, and makes an act of pure attention, and that is a discovery. (55)

Hassall has called this a "terrible discipline of sincerity" (75-76). Lawrence recognizes that it demands a relation between the self and the object independent of the conglomeration of formulae and scholastic minutiae of "modern knowledge." It goes beyond disciplines and methodologies to a complete receptivity toward life.

This intuitive approach to external stimuli is obvious in the two chapters describing the narrator's impressions of the tomb paintings as he progressively intensifies his focus of "attention" on them. He

descends into his first painted tomb; it is a "dark little hole ... very badly damaged." Looking closer, birds are visible "with the draught of life still in their wings" (34). Painstakingly looking at all the figures, he realizes that "the scene is natural as life, and yet it has a heavy archaic fullness of meaning" (36). To really "see" the paintings is to realize their symbolic import: one must really look, otherwise "there is nothing but a pathetic little room with unimposing, half-obliterated, scratchy little paintings" (40). Once he realizes that the figures have a "depth of significance that goes beyond aesthetic quality," the narrator becomes a guide and an interpreter through the world of archaic symbology.

As he descends into tomb after tomb, "the underworld of the Etruscans becomes more real than the above day of the afternoon" (40). Since the reader is supposed to feel likewise, the tomb scenes are described in the present tense, with an emphasis on their illusion of movement; before one's eyes, the Etruscans dance, twirl, eat, and play with the "quiet flow of touch." The purpose of this is to convey the Etruscan vision of the universe: "every creature and tree and lake and mountain and stream, was animate, had its own peculiar consciousness. And has it today" (49). In the Etruscan world, the physical and the spiritual, the figure and its significance, were not separate. Lawrence wants to re-merge the physical and the spiritual, so that our world and our ideas about that world are one.[3] At the end of this first day, however, he ascends spent from the tombs, unable to search any longer "for the unconquerable life of the Etruscans" (48).

The first of the two tomb-painting chapters has an epilogue in which one learns that even after leaving the tombs, the narrator is "haunted" by their images, and particularly one that is repeated, "the lion against the deer." This lion-deer image, which is called the "key-picture," begins an attempt to comprehend the significance of these symbols by allowing the mind, as Lawrence put it in Apocalypse, "to move in cycles, or to flit here and there over a cluster of images" (54). Here is a metaphor for Etruria and Rome, Italy and Fascism. The deer symbolizes "prolific, boundless procreation ... the endless, endless engendering." He admits "this must not be so." Akin to "the wolf that nourished the first Romans: prophetically, as the destroyers of many deer, including the Etruscan," the lion represents "the destroyers" (56-57). This double image is a justification for the destruction of the Etruscan and, one senses, for death itself. More importantly, it is an image of cosmic balance, necessary to the relation between life and death. Nevertheless, in our world, the death-dealing Roman values dominate; Lawrence's emphasis on the Etruscan element attempts to redress the balance.

The narrator begins his second section on the Tarquinian tombs with a dismal vision of the upper world. Sipping coffee at a café table, he watches the Tuscan peasants coming in from the fields just as the Etruscans must have long ago. The Etruscans had something "the modern Italians have lost," i.e., the "art of living" (59). Something we have all lost. In Italy, the Fascists are the kill-joys of the upper world and the inheritors of the Roman brutality that "believed in the supreme

law of conquest" (21). The Fascist state is distinguished by its suspicion and its war-time atmosphere. When the narrator arrives in Civitavecchia, he is harassed by an official asking for his passport. This throws him into a Sardinia-like rage, "I was furious ... There was so much suspicion, one would have thought there were several wars on." As he nears Tarquinia, the name of the town inspires thoughts of the Fascists: the town was called Corneto until "the Fascist regime ... struck out the Corneto, so the town is once more, simply, Tarquinia ... put up by the Fascist power to name and unname" (22-24). Obviously, to the narrator who seeks something more essential than historical evidence of what a place was or was not called, Tarquinia or Corneto is unimportant. The Fascist power imposes the Etruscan name in order to serve its own interests in the pursuit of power; our guide resurrects ancient Etruria to help us rediscover hidden sources of sensitive awareness of the world around us. But to be fair to Lawrence, he never equates Fascist power with the Italians. On the contrary, he makes a point of distinguishing between the two, as much as he distinguishes the Etruscan from the Roman: "of all the Italian people that ever lived, the Etruscans were surely the least Roman. Just as, of all the people that ever rose up in Italy, the Romans ... were surely the most un-Italian, judging from the natives of today." The Italian spirit, associated with Etruria, is being suppressed by the Fascist power, the dominating principle of the modern world which "reverts to the Latin-Roman mechanism and suppression" (24,29).

In the second tomb painting chapter, the narrator and his companion are accompanied by a young German archaeologist. He personifies the modern diseased perspective of nihilistic indifference: "nothing amounts to anything," he says. For him the world is meaningless. He serves as a foil for the narrator's own sense of the symbolic import of Etruscan paintings. He cannot always experience the upper world as the Etruscans did but he glimpses a people whose world was undeniably meaningful. For the young man, the symbols are dead; they mean "nothing," just done "for effect."[4] But the Etruscan world was "alive"; i.e., it was meaningful. Our world is meaningless. This chapter is mainly about how and why the Etruscans saw the world as they did. Is the Etruscan "art of living" a possibility for the modern world? What kind of "leap of faith" do we have to make to attain the Etruscan sensitivity? "In those days," says our guide, "a man riding on a red horse was not just Jack Smith on his brown nag; it was a suave-skinned creature, with death or life in its face, surging along on a surge of animal power that burned with travel" (63-65,68). The Lawrentian travel book tries to recover "the everlasting wonder in things."

The guide, the companion, the narrator, and the young scholar make their way in and out of the tombs, nearing the modern cemetery of Tarquinia. Entering the last tomb, built after the Roman take-over of Etruria, the hypersensitive narrator instantly senses a change: "Etruscan charm seems to vanish ... The dancing Etruscan spirit is dead." The Etruscans experienced a period of "decadence" (73,76) after

their first contact with the Romans. The Etruscans, he says, were not destroyed. But they lost their being" (74). Here, the narrator finds the tragic face of his own world reflected in Etruscan experience: we too have "lost" our being. From now on, the story of Etruria is the story of the modern world: the Etruscan element "continued to beat" only in isolated cases (for example, the narrator identifies it in Giotto). Etruria becomes the victim of power, "the flower always being trodden down again by some superior 'force'," a symbol of "the endless patience of life and the endless triumph of force." Tragedy has permanently entered the world: it is time to return to the upper world. In Tarquinia, the houses "seem dark and furtive," the people "like rats," the ravages of history evident everywhere. But some aspect of Tarquinia, beyond its names and its scars, survives "where age overlaps age" (75,79).

"Vulci," the penultimate chapter of EP, is about a site that does not yield its mysteries: the narrator can only wonder what these tombs were like. He knows "this is a place where life has once been intense" but its gutted tombs are "gruesome" and "gloomy holes," "black, damp chambers" (93-94). The dilapidated appearance of the tombs does afford the narrator an opportunity to condemn the self-interested modern world that destroyed them. In 1828, Lucien Bonaparte had had all Etruscan ceramic ware smashed, thus preventing the cheapening of the market for Grecian-style vases. The Etruscans were doubly destroyed: first, by the Romans; then by a world whose conventionalized taste and market values pulverized their spontaneous art forms.

The significance of art to daily life is another way Lawrence has of distinguishing between the Romans and Etruscans. This extends to a critique of our own "modern" notions of art. For the Etruscans, life and art are one. Art is not a reflection of the ideal world, the loss of which is mourned or projected to the future. These two conceptions of art begin to be distinguished in this passage:

> ... Myself, I like to think of the little wooden temples of the early Greeks and of the Etruscans: small, dainty, fragile, and evanescent as flowers. We have reached the stage when we are weary of huge, stone erections, and we begin to realise that it is better to keep life fluid and changing than to try to hold it fast down in heavy monuments. Burdens on the face of the earth are man's ponderous erections. (25)

Etruscan art arose from the desire to express the double nature of life: "life" itself, and its demise. This was not a tragedy for the Etruscans, though it is for us. For, to borrow lines from a late poem of Lawrence's, "the breath of life is in the sharp winds of change/mingled with the breath of destruction" (Poems 2:698). For us, art has become an Absolute beyond life; this has led to its fossilization into convention and taste. Our art is a reflection of ideals, a realm we have elevated above daily life; the mundane has connotations of the banal which it never had for the Etruscans. Lawrence is not wrong in saying that a civilization's art is a testament to its spiritual reality, to the way life is lived in it. Our "ponderous erections" are symptoms of an

inability to live in the present. To acknowledge the present is to acknowledge death; this is frightening. We endeavour to suspend the present; our monuments speak of a desire for immortality which is actually a denial of life.

Art and life continue to be a major theme of EP's last chapter, "Volterra," though here the satire thickens and the exposition is polemical. The narrator's condemnations are directed toward a very modern phenomenon, the museum. In the museum, the emotional and social effects of art are neutralized. To dissociate art from daily living, to "house" it outside the course of daily life, is to undermine its possibly socially subversive role. To assuage what may be called a bad conscience, we create "houses" of worship where we admire art as an unattainable ideal, or as objects for academic study and aesthetic appreciation. His condemnation, however, is coupled with a plea for a re-evaluation of how we perceive art, a re-evaluation of how we perceive the world around us having already been called for:

> ... who wants object-lessons about vanished races? What one wants is a contact. The Etruscans are not a theory or a thesis. If they are anything they are an experience.
>
> And the experience is always spoilt. Museums, museums, museums, object-lessons rigged out to illustrate the unsound theories of archaeologists, crazy attempts to co-ordinate and get into a fixed order that which has no fixed order and will not be co-ordinated! It is sickening! Why must all experience

> be systematised? Why must even the vanished Etruscans be reduced to a system? ...
>
> ... A museum is not a first-hand contact: it is an illustrated lecture. And what one wants is the actual vital touch. (114)

The institutionalization of art is condemned: our world offers only an experience of art which removes the reader, the observer, etc., from "contact," i.e., from experiencing the emotional effects of art. The aesthetic and the academic replace the symbolic. Implicitly, this passage suggests the significance of the travel genre in Lawrence's oeuvre. What we have called the visionary voice or the speculative mode (in this particular chapter) is no less than Lawrence's manipulation of narrative tone to re-inspire "vital" contact between reader and world, to re-integrate and re-harmonize thought, emotion, and sensory experience.

EP ends with an addendum which offers two choices to the reader and, by extension, to the modern world. The choices are offered obliquely through parable. As the narrator and his companion walk toward Volterra, the narrator notices the state prison:

> ... There is a man, an old man now, who has written an opera inside those walls. He had a passion for the piano: and for thirty years his wife nagged him when he played. So one day he silently and suddenly killed her. So, the nagging of thirty years silenced, he got thirty years in prison, and still is not allowed to play the piano. It is curious.

> There were also two men who escaped. Silently and secretly they carved marvelous likenesses of themselves out of the huge loaves of hard bread the prisoners get. Hair and all, they made their own effigies life-like. Then they laid them in the bed, so that when the warder's light flashed on them he should say to himself: "There they lie sleeping, the dogs!" And so they worked, and they got away. (115)

At the start of this study, the Lawrentian travel book was defined as a struggle between freedom and necessity. The same existential quandary is encapsulated in these anecdotal stories. We are the prisoners and our world is the prison. As with the opera-writer, if we accept only its tragic aspect, our life becomes a bitterly ironic comment on human existence, one nihilistic gesture at most; or, like the sculptor-prisoners, through guile and humour we can deceive the mundane and the literal-minded and escape. The fulfilled life is one which accepts the prison, creatively accommodates its circumstances, and yet has the vision to see beyond the prison gates. It all depends on our view of the world and use of the imagination. The narrator plays the same role as that of the sculptor: without quixotically denying the upper world, he creates his paradise despite it. In the midst of Fascist Italy, with its connotations of Roman imperialism the traveller can find the life-loving Etruscans and see their spirit reflected in the faces of Tuscany's inhabitants.[5]

EP has been called the "last travel book in the old laborious tradition -- the eye slowly taking it all in" (Burgess 223). It is an account of a walking journey; as such, it can be compared to TI, allowing us to evaluate all of Lawrence's literary travel books. TI was a book of far-ranging topological interest, of movement, of restlessness, and in many ways, of dissatisfaction. In it Lawrence covered much philosophical, as well as geographical, ground. The ambitions of the narrator often left one cold; satisfied only with the passages in which the topical and the philosophical, the descriptive and the expository, were indistinguishable. EP, on the other hand, covers very little territory while its thematic scope seems much deeper. It has been said that Lawrence's "ability to capture what he saw in writing made him assume that outward reality is nothing but the periphery of the real" (James 160). This ability is certainly in evidence in EP. In EP though, external reality (Etruria and its tombs) and internal speculation coalesce perfectly. The search for Eden that began in TI is fulfilled in EP through the power of the imagination, not through the discovery of an ideal place, which inevitably leads to disillusion.

VI. Conclusion

Several interesting points arise when one reflects on the relation between Lawrence's travel books and his novels. One of them concerns what Kermode calls "the relation of doctrine to tale." Lawrence's "metaphysic" (23-25) has been sufficiently recognized by critics and utilized in commenting on the late work, especially on what has been called the "leadership" novels. These are Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent, all dealing with the usurpation or abdication of political, social, and familial authority, as well as the role of the individual vis-à-vis the figure of the charismatic leader. In the travel books, this relationship between doctrine and tale takes form as a counterpoint between descriptive and argumentative passages. Could it be that in this respect Lawrence's travel prose has succeeded where some of his novels have failed? Another shared characteristic of both travel and novel prose is Lawrence's apocalyptic, unavoidably affiliated with his "metaphysic." With the exception of Sons and Lovers (and possibly The Rainbow), a sense of imminent doom and cataclysmic annihilation pervades all of his major work, without being accompanied by a concrete presentation of what the longed-for future will be like. The Apocalypse without the New Jerusalem. The travel books MM and EP, [and a magnificently set short piece called "Autobiographical Fragment" (Phoenix 817-36), in which Lawrence describes what we may call the landscape of "futurity"] offer a vision of the New Jerusalem, or at least

the possibility of attaining it. This is within our grasp through psychic and social reform, in the sense of restoring and renewing, not reproducing, the origins of human society and thought.

But this is only to skim the surface of these two important matters. What, in closing, I would like to point up in a little more detail is the relation between "spirit of place" and human consciousness. All of Lawrence's work emphasizes the "spirit of place" and its effect on human personality. As noted in my introduction, this translates into a central thematic concern: the tension between necessity and freedom. "Place" is one more image or symbol of those potent and mysterious forces that Lawrence believed existed under the surface of conscious life (i.e., under the "appearance" of things), and which, if released, could redeem a mechanized and deadened world. But as an embodiment of these forces, place could also consume, even destroy, the individual conscious being: its very potency was a danger. The question was how to maintain freedom of thought and action, while paying homage to "other worlds" not dreamt of in our philosophy. The answer would seem to lie in what we may call Lawrence's doctrine of spontaneous being.

An interest in Lawrence's notion of the "spirit of place" must take into account Mark Schorer's succinct and pioneering remarks in his introduction to Poste Restante: A D.H. Lawrence Travel Calendar (1956). He discusses the role of "place" in Lawrence's fiction as it develops into a "major character," a "symbol" often "usurping" the place (no pun intended) of human personality (282). Schorer realizes that this leads

to the central dilemma in Lawrence's fiction: how "free" is a character who is affected and changed by his relation to environment. His introduction assesses Lawrence's major works as attempted resolutions of this quandary: the triumph of either place or person. I will suggest that the tension between freedom and necessity is often more successfully resolved in the travel books than in the novels and short stories. It might be anathema to raise the possibility that Lawrence as travel writer is more "successful" than Lawrence the novelist; but at least one critic has recognized his inimitable contribution to the travel genre, remarking that "he almost might be said to have invented [the genre which] ... deserves the sort of systematic investigation it will inevitably receive" (Moynahan, Deed xiv).

Though it came late in Lawrence's career, "St. Mawr" is a good place to begin because it is an extreme example of the triumph of place, as Schorer too suggests. Lou Witt's disgust with the social world of London and the emptiness of her marriage to Rico lead her to the Las Chivas ranch by way of St. Mawr and Phoenix, two other embodiments of a non-mental and primal force underlying existence. Her paean to the ranch spirit and its effect on her brings the story to a close:

> Now I'm here. Now I am where I want to be: with the spirit that wants me. -- And that's how it is. And neither Rico nor Phoenix nor anybody else really matters to me. They are in the world's back-yard. (159)

The abandonment to spirit of place comes as a result of a profound disillusion with the world. Only Mrs. Witt's softly spoken statement is there to remind us that Lou's surrender demands total withdrawal: "Very well daughter. You will probably spend your life keeping to yourself" (158). Withdrawal is skillfully represented by a spatial metaphor. The world, i.e., that of social action, recedes into the background of the overwhelming and destructive impulses of nature.

Lou's failure to live meaningfully in the social and domestic world (have they failed her? does Lawrence imply that Lou is "blameless?") is akin to the experience of the narrator of the travel fiction, but with one important difference. At the end of "St. Mawr," despite an experience of profound psychic upheaval, Lou's life has been diminished. Despite its beauty, the world of the ranch has an impenetrable mystery so alienating and so alien to the human that it is destructive. We sense this from Lawrence's inclusion of the New England woman's story, which intimates what will eventually happen to Lou. She too had given herself over to the spirit of the landscape, but its very conditions have defeated her. This is because her role vis-à-vis the world is passive: "And if it had been a question simply of living through the eyes, into the distance, then this would have been Paradise" (148). But human life is not an aesthetic experience, it is an unconscious participation, an engagement precisely with those defeating conditions: "all savagery is half sordid. And man is only himself when he is fighting on and on, to overcome the sordidness" (153). This initiate, who confronted the

elemental in human existence, learned that life and disillusion are intertwined.

The narrator of the travel books enacts the same paradigm. Like her, he inevitably advocates participation, not withdrawal, as Lawrence himself does in a letter to Earl Brewster dated 28 May 1927: "We shall never go to Cyprus, nor to any other happy isle ... I shall go out into the world again to kick it and stub my toes" (ed. Moore, Letters 2:980). Much has been said about Lawrence's presentation of modern alienation and his prescription for the recovery of a lost sense of fusion, but it is undeniable that recovery undermines the conscious being. The price Lou will pay, the price the New England woman did pay for that fusion, is a complete disorientation of the self. Lawrence's travel persona also glimpses the Paradisal "into the distance," and undergoes the disillusion his approach to it entails. But unlike Lou, the traveller's life is never diminished: each experience is an expansion of consciousness (not simply of "knowledge" like a museum's "object lessons"). The vision purported by Lawrence's four travel books indicates a widening of perceptions and possibilities. Lou's fate is reflected in that of the New Englander. As Fussell points out, the traveller's experience, if it is determined at all, is an enactment of the archetypal journey, defined (from Joyce's Finnegans Wake) as the "monomyth" (Campbell 30). Its pattern in the travel experience takes shape as a departure from the known, an experience of the unknown, and a return to psychic balance and potency, not diminishment and disillusion.

I have taken a circuitous route to reiterate the fact that Lawrence's first-person travel narratives exhibit a level of individual freedom not enjoyed by his other fictive characters. After all, it is the very nature of the modernist travel book to be "an implicit celebration of freedom ... a poetic ode, an Ode to Freedom" (Fussell 203). This triumphant tone, included in the Lawrentian travel book, arises from the narrator, the seemingly autobiographical "I" transformed into both wanderer and seeker. When one labels the tone of the travel narrative "celebratory," "triumphant," "lyric," one does not exclude the disillusioning experience. On the contrary, the former depends on the latter. Many critics have referred to the etymology of "travel," and I do so here to explain how travel "disillusion" is indelibly connected to travel "lyric." According to the OED, the root of "travel" is "travail," and it suggests "labour, toil, suffering, trouble." Travelling is hard work; the narrator's "troubles" are recorded: sometimes with humour, as in SS, when the search for ship's tickets is rendered in battle terms: "I recognize the place where I have fought before. ... I plunge into the fray. It literally is a fight" (189); or with rage, as in the confrontation in EP with a Fascist official demanding his passport: "I was furious ... I wanted to know why he demanded it, what he meant by accosting me outside the station as if I was a criminal ... and so forth, in considerable rage" (22). Mock heroics or genuine anger, the traveller endures and triumphs over circumstance. It is his "freedom" that we admire; and his resistence to the debasement of having to surrender the passport makes of him a modern travel hero.

The journey and the voyager are both fundamental metaphors of the West's literary experience. The modern travel hero is one of the "faces" Lawrence chose to adopt as his part in this experience. At times, the world felt very small, its scope, too narrow; but despite the bureaucratic squabbles, the bad food, the sordid rooms, the atmosphere of mistrust and despair, and most importantly his own disillusion, Lawrence recorded the travel experience as the <u>essential</u> experience of his age in vivid and touching details and, in the end, with a certain equanimity and hope for its outcome. This is his legacy to the travel genre.

Notes

Chapter I. Introduction

1. This is also the approach taken by Avrom Fleishman; see "Polis" 163-64.

2. The dominant nostalgic or elegiac tone of Lawrence's travel fiction has been previously noted, as it has for the travel book in general. Fussell claims that an important element of the travel book is the "pastoral strain." "Pastoral," he continues, "has built into it a natural retrograde emotion. It is instinct with elegy ... a celebration of a Golden Age" 210; John Alcorn states that the "naturist travel book is, in fact, the story of a search for Eden" 50; Tracy claims that Lawrence's travel books are controlled by a "secret quest," "a search for Eden" 2; and Weiner calls them "fables in search of unspoiled being" 231.

3. In a study of SS, Charisse Gendron claims that the "problem of the self's alienation in a devalued world must be solved not by an antiquarian turn to the past but by fully apprehending the present" 219; Mara Kalnins affirms Lawrence's drive to penetrate the past not because he "advocated a return to primitive forms but because he recognized the unchanged qualities of human nature" 73.

4. Christopher Hassall, for example, has stated that EP is a "most revealing statement on the name and nature of poetry ... a prose poem on the theme of literary criticism" 71.

Chapter II. TI: The "Old, Olive-Fuming Shores"

1. Clark states that the incident of the Italian anarchists is a "subconscious rejection of Rananim ... in favour of individual separateness and the momentaneity that goes with it" 137.

Chapter III. SS: The "Restored Osiris"

1. In the chapter entitled "The Passport Nuisance," Fussell remarks: "When the illicit lovers, D.H. Lawrence and Frieda Weekley, fled England for Metz in 1912, they simply went, leaving from Charing Cross station and crossing to Germany. No one asked to see any passports, and they carried none" 24.

2. Lawrence originally planned to call this travel book Diary of a Trip to Sardinia. See his "To Mary Canaan," 12 February 1921, ed. Moore, Letters 2:641.

3. James asserts that Lawrence's travel is a "revolt" against "everything he knew in the present and all the past he ever came to know" 159.

4. The narrative presence of SS is a "dramatized consciousness" Ellis 62.

5. This Lawrentian notion of the self is analyzed further in F. von Broembsen's "Mythic Identification" 137-54; it also forms the basis of Janik's thesis, see especially 21.

6. The narrator is always in danger of the "touristic aestheticism" of "the drifting artist type" Sabin 100.

Chapter IV. MM: The "Little Ghost"

1. In "Morality and the Novel," he remarks that "The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment" Phoenix 527.

2. Charles Rossman holds a different view about the conclusion of this chapter: "the overall mood of the essay's conclusion is not so much sympathy as resignation" 205.

3. F. von Broembsen remarks: "Articulation of time, before and after, its measurement, short or long, a second or a season, projection and memory, regret, fear, and desire, so crucial to consciousness, to the making of a life, are all insignificant to pure being which is what it is to be ... In being itself space is the significant category" 152.

4. See Martin S. Day's observation that "travel literature is not a genre. It is a great metaphor, or if you prefer, an archetypal pattern. The gripping appeal of travel literature and its ultimate claim to artistic value ... is the theme of the journey of life" 40.

5. Fussell comments: "Indian dance, the heart of the book and an illustration of the principle of inevitable racial and national distinctions at which he finally arrived" 160.

Chapter V. EP: The "Art of Living"

1. Janik has said that he seeks to guide the individual soul to "overcome the isolation of the ego" 88; Aldous Huxley was the first to note the significance of EP by defining its narrator as a "psychological diviner" 629.

2. Lawrence had planned 12 essays and a number of illustrations but died before he could complete his project. However, like Hassall, I believe that "on the plane where archaelogical facts may be found to serve a symbolic purpose the book was a completed thing" 71.

3. In Tracy's interpretation, "Lawrence hoped that gradually the reader would make less and less distinction between the symbol and the thing or event symbolized, until he was simply captivated by a total impression. If this coalescence of the symbol and what it signified took place, Lawrence thought that the reader could once again re-enter that old world where everything appeared alive" 115.

4. Many critics have explored the relation between the narrator and the young scholar. Clark distinguishes between the two as "the scientific spirit as against the poetic spirit" 395; Janik says "the Etruscan consciousness, in the form of Lawrence's subjective, intuitive, understanding of the Tarquinian tomb paintings, triumphs over the Roman-like objective knowledge of the young German archaeologist" 82.

5. These final passages of EP have inspired much commentary. Here is a sampling of opinion: "Lawrence is implying a two-fold function for art contingent on historical circumstances" Morris 34; "The prisoners defy authority, not through violence but through art, to gain their freedom -- much as in the art of his travel book Lawrence charted a path

from the prison of the modern mechanized world back through dead and dying civilizations, to a point from which new possibilities for freedom and fulfillment could be seen" Janik 96; the composer is "the passionate shepherd ... who represents the Etruscans ... the two prisoners ... recall the Etruscans who sail out of the world with their ephemeral household effects on the ship of death, revealed by the guide's sudden light in the underground tombs" Meyers 27-28.

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